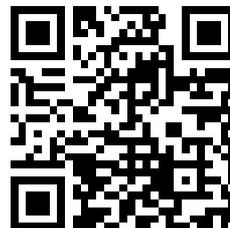
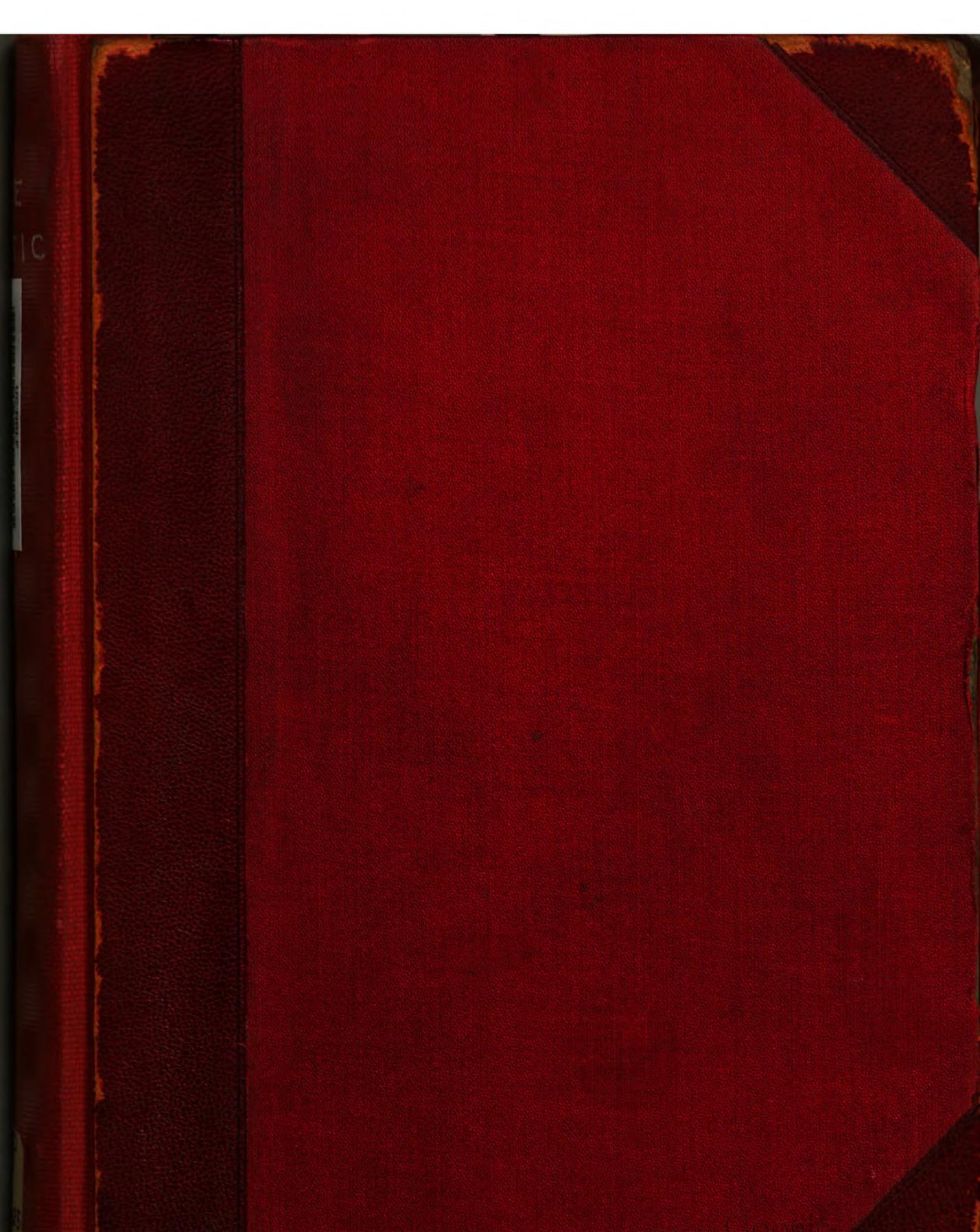

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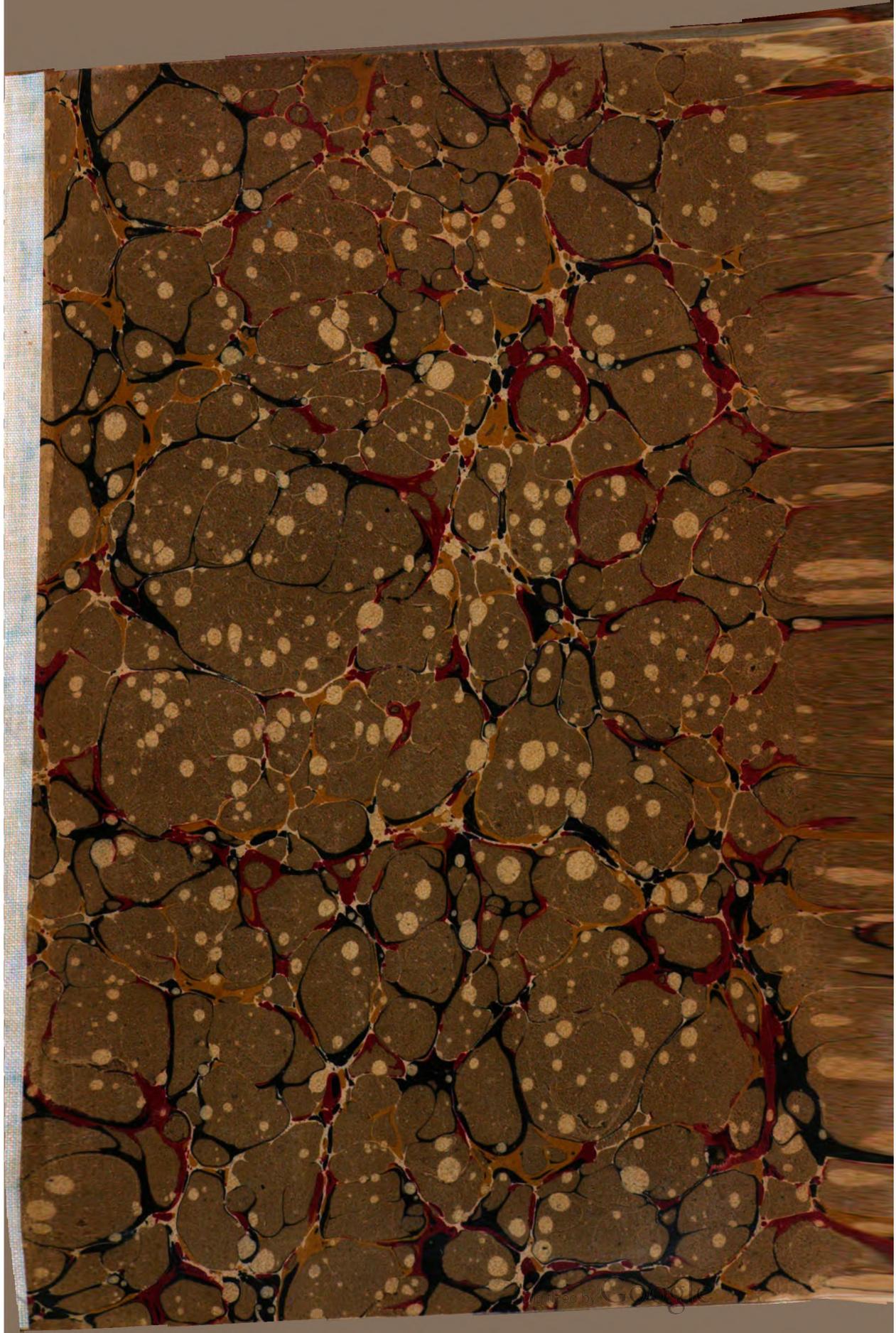
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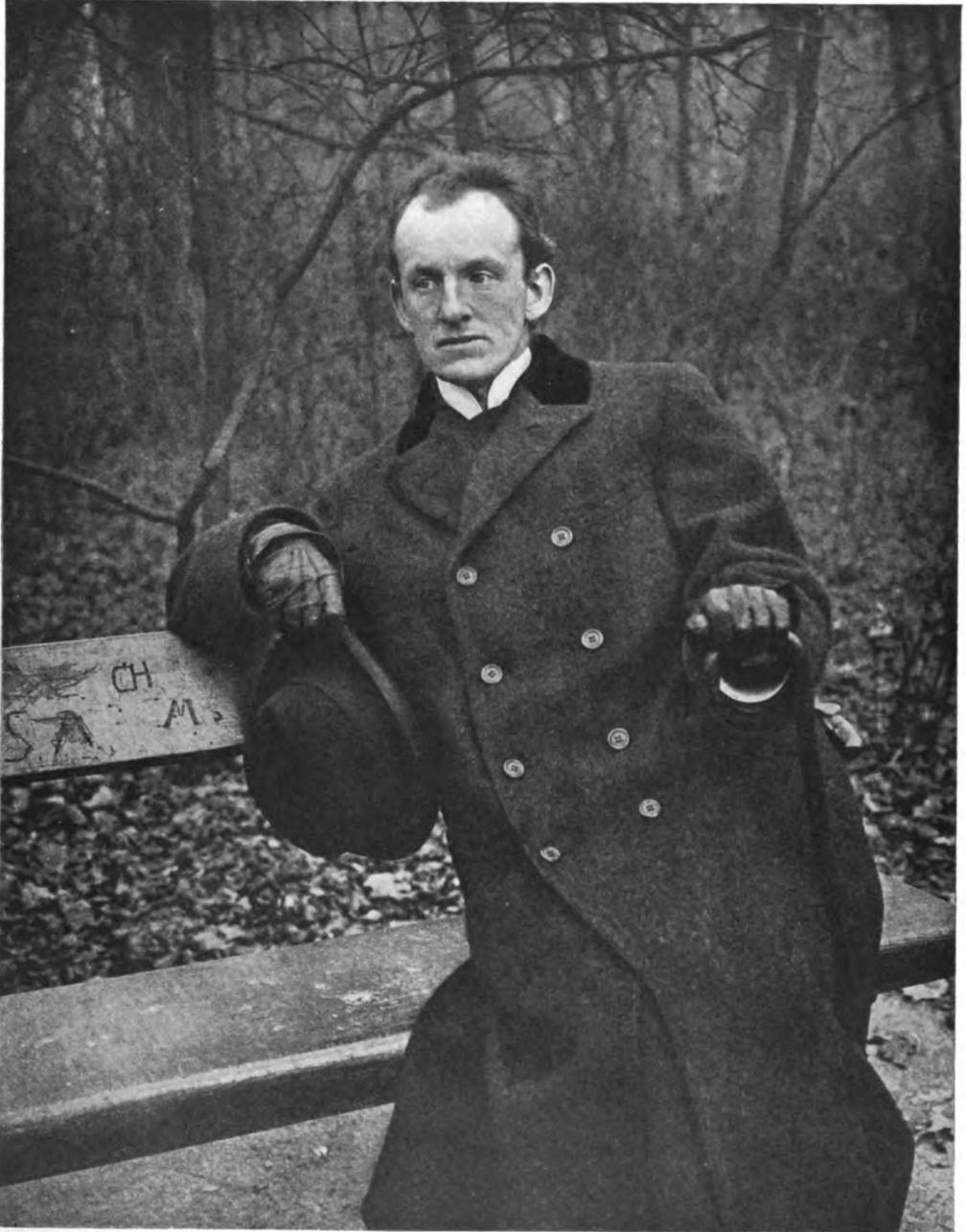
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No 1.

The Lounger

IT IS NOT generally known that Gerhardt Hauptmann, the young German dramatist, is a confirmed nomad. Loving nothing more than work and the quiet of family life, he yet finds it impossible to remain long in any given place. Wherever he elects to reside he must have his own house, and, if none proves suitable, he thinks little of building according to his tastes and whims. In rapid succession Herr Hauptmann has established himself near Schreiberhau among his beloved Silesian Alps, at Grünewald in the environs of Berlin, at Aguetendorf, and, some months since, he again moved, settling this time in Dresden. It now appears that Herr Hauptmann has just completed a fantastic residence at Blasewitz on the Elbe not far from the Saxon capitol. The ornamental features of this new structure are all inspired by motifs from "The Sunken Bell." On the capitals, in the tympani, and dotted about the roof are carved figures of "Nickelmann," "Rautendelein," and the wood sprites who gave such color to the most poetic and profoundly symbolical drama since "Peer Gynt."



It is futile to speculate whether or not Herr Hauptmann will be content to remain here in the latest version of

his fancy, from the windows of which he daily watches the sweep of the river, the heights of Pillnitz, and the towers of Albrechtsburg. He may stay or he may go, but in any event this restless spirit seems just now to hold in his keeping the future of the German drama. He alone of all his colleagues has proven that he has the courage to fail as well as to succeed.



December has been a good month for education. Thirty million dollars from Mrs. Stanford to the University of California and ten million dollars from Mr. Carnegie for a University at Washington! Mrs. Stanford's University is already an established fact. Mr. Carnegie's is still to be established, and it is not, as we are given to understand, to be a University in the sense that Harvard and Yale are Universities, but is to supplement the instruction of other universities. A man can take his degree at Harvard and Yale and take another from the Carnegie University, but, as I understand it, it is as a graduate of his first University that he declares himself before the world,—that he is still a Yale or a Harvard man. Mr. Carnegie has gone about his new enterprise in the right way. He never wants to make mistakes and

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The Lounger

he usually takes precautions against so doing. In the present instance he has consulted all the leading educators in America, Professor Nicholas Murray Butler being his guide and philosopher from the start.



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MRS. BURTON HARRISON

(Author of "The Unwelcome Mrs Hatch," now running at the Manhattan Theatre)

Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, who wrote the life of his friend Parnell, has performed a similar service for his friend the late Lord Russell of Killowen. The book (Longmans) abounds in anecdotes illustrative of Lord Russell's peculiarities. Here is one which shows that he was not always a pleasant person to call upon. The visitor is Mr. Y.:

Y. : How do you do, Sir Charles? I think I had the honor of meeting you with Lord ——

R. : What do you want?

Y. : Well, Sir Charles, I have endeavored to state in my letter——

R. : Yes, I have your letter; and you write a very slovenly hand.

Y. : The fact is, Sir Charles, I wrote that letter in a hurry in your waiting-room.

R. : Not at all, not at all. You had plenty of time to write a legible note. No; you are careless. Go on.

Y. : Well, Sir Charles, a vacancy has occurred in——

R. : And you are very untidy in your appearance.

Y. : Well, I was travelling all night. I only——

R. : Nonsense! you had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on.

Y. : Well, Sir Charles, this vacancy has occurred in——

R. : And you are very fat.

Y. : Well, Sir Charles, that is hereditary, I am afraid. My father was very fat——

R. : Not at all. I knew your father well. He was n't fat. It's laziness.



There are only a few Harpers left in Franklin Square now, a number of them after the reorganization having turned their attention to other businesses, some in the old line, others in very different ones. Mr. James Thorne Harper, one of the best-remembered of the family,—for it was he who sat at the entrance gate to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest,—has just set up for himself. He was known as Captain Harper among his friends, and he certainly deserved the title if a military appearance counts for anything. The Captain was among the first to leave Franklin Square, but he is near the old place again. Together



From

Literature

MR. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

with Mr. Thomas Farrington, who has been for fifty years in the service of the Harpers, he has set up a general electrotyping business in Dover Street, next door to the place where J. & J. Harper started in business more than half a century ago.



What is the matter with Mr. Henley? Why is he always defaming the dead? Suppose he did have a quarrel with his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson; why did n't he have it out with him before he died? Why did he wait until he was in his grave before calling him names? It is a great pity that Mr. Henley should do this sort of thing. He has n't hurt Stevenson in the least, but he has hurt himself. If he had said that Stevenson was not a saint and that some of his admirers were hysterical in their attitude towards him one might have agreed with him, but when

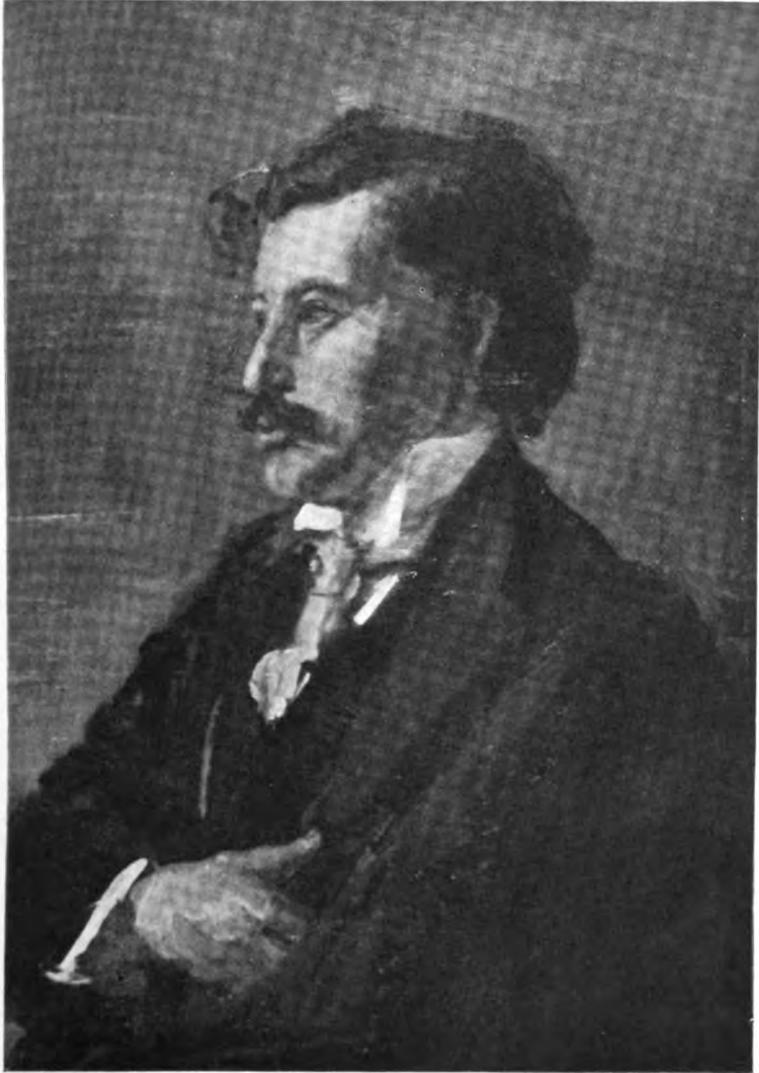
he comes out and brands as vain, deceitful, and hypocritical, a man whom we care for as much as we do for Stevenson, we are disgusted. If Mr. Henley wrote the article to attract attention to himself he has succeeded, for since his paper appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* it has been the subject of hot discussion both in America and England. Mr. Henley has been interviewed, but he sticks to his guns. He quotes Bishop Berkeley: "They say. What say they? Let them say." Mr. Henley seems to think that the criticisms of his actions are not worth the trouble of replying to. Perhaps he has nothing to say,—certainly nothing in extenuation. If Mr. Stevenson were alive and could answer his friend's charges he would not do so, of course, but he would do "a heap of thinking." I should not like to be thought of by anyone as Mr. Henley would be thought of by him.



MR. JAN KUBELIK

The *Evening Sun* devotes an entertaining editorial to the papers by Mr. Andrew Lang and Miss Agnes Morton, published in the November number of THE CRITIC. The writer for the *Evening Sun* notices what Mr. Lang and Miss Morton say on the subject of reviewing and adds its own suggestion, which is, "if reviewers would only refrain from reading books perhaps they would entertain a more kindly feeling toward them." I am sorry to say that there are undoubtedly a great many who pursue this method, but not always with this result.

Jan Kubelik has come and played and conquered. He is not yet a Wilhelmj, but he may be by the time he is ten years older. He has all the hall-marks of genius and a facility that is little less than magical. He has big tones, too, and a delicacy like that of the playing of fairies on cobweb strings. In build Kubelik is slight. His chest is narrow and he stoops as he walks on and off the stage with little mincing steps. His manner is modest, almost shy, but he does not appear to be the least bit self-conscious.



Courtesy of

Knoedler & Co.

EDUARD ZELDENRUST
(From the portrait by Josef Israels)

It is with more truth than usually accompanies such characterizations that Eduard Zeldenrust is called the "Dutch Rubinstein." Though he is unlike Rubinstein in many respects he resembles him in one—the chief point—in his mastery over the keyboard. Zeldenrust is now in this country on an extended concert tour, having recently made a successful *début* with the Cincinnati Orchestra. His delight in New York is tinged by timidity and by naïveté. He fears sky-scrapers

and adores fire-engines; indeed, the next best thing after hearing Zeldenrust play the piano is to watch him pursue a fire-engine. The accompanying portrait of Zeldenrust was painted by his friend, Josef Israels, the *doyen* of Dutch artists. Though more notable for its freedom of execution than for its fidelity to the sitter, it nevertheless affords a spirited version of the young pianist, who will shortly make his appearance in New York with the Kneisel Quartette.



Photo by

Frank Forfey

MR. HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, the author of those two delightful books, "The Inn of the Silver Moon" and "The Last of the Knickerbockers," comes of Dutch and Huguenot stock, his ancestors having been among the first settlers of New York. His grandmother was one of the "Knickerbockers of Schaghticoke," made famous in the preface to the History, and it was through the friendship of Irving for this family that the name became a generic one for the New York Dutch. He received a scientific education and adopted the profession of his father, General Egbert L. Vielé, who has been for many years distinguished as a civil engineer. His profession has taken him to many odd corners of the coun-

try, and he has been domiciled and domesticated in towns enough to make a time-table. When little more than a boy he gave up routine work for a time and struck out for Leadville on his own account. He spent two years in the mountains mining and prospecting, and, having a good basis of scientific knowledge, was not unsuccessful. He had always been fond of sketching and soon found his work in demand for reproduction in countless prospectuses. Here, too, he did his first literary work. Mr. Vielé's last and chief engineering work was the extension of the city of Washington, which occupied six years and involved several million dollars. It was at the time of the successful completion of this enterprise that he

came into an inheritance that removed the necessity for profitable employment and he promptly retired from business. Since then he has travelled more or less every year. Mr. Vielé's brother, Francis Vielé-Griffin, lives in France, and is, I believe, the only Anglo-Saxon who has received the Red Ribbon as a writer of French verse. He is, in a way, a leader among the younger French writers, and his château on the Loire is a rendezvous for the Symbolists and those who rally around the *Mercure de France*.



Since its December 7th number, *Harper's Weekly* has borne the name of George Harvey as editor. Mr. Harvey has dropped the initials B. M. in assuming editorial control. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, who was editor of the *Weekly* after Mr. Nelson, still writes for it, but is now more intimately connected with the book department of Harper's publishing business. Mr. Harvey has more or less changed the appearance of the *Weekly*; he has added many pages and enlarged the scale of illustration. Special articles are not signed,

but we are told at the head of the editorial column who the contributors to the number are.



Miss Margaret Horton Potter, the author of that very clever novel, "The House of De Maily," is twenty years of age and she has already written four books. She has another just finished called "Istar of Babylon" which is said to be the most original of any book that she has written. Her publishers announce the approaching marriage of Miss Potter to Mr. John Donald Black of Chicago.



Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has just published a book of sea adventures called "The Derelict" through Messrs. Lewis, Scribner, & Co. Mr. Hyne, who is the inventor of Captain Kettle, is a great traveller. He counts a year as lost if during its twelve months he has not covered at least ten thousand miles of new country. This picture of Mr. Hyne was taken in his study at Oak Vale, near Bradford, England.



MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE
(In his library at Oak Vale)



MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

Never in all the years that I have been more or less connected with the publishing business have I seen so many books published as within the last year. There has been absolutely no cessation. Usually in the summer there is a letting-up, but last summer there was hardly a publishing house in New York that did not issue books with almost as much rapidity as in the fall and winter. Of course, since September a great many more books have been published. Not only hundreds, but thousands.

I was speaking with a publisher on the subject to-day, and he groaned over the enormous output, although he was one of the greatest sinners in this respect. When he mentioned the subject of novels he groaned an even

deeper groan and said, with a melancholy tremble in his voice, that the question of novels was getting to be appalling, that ever since the era of record-breaking had set in, every publisher was publishing a great deal more than was his custom, in hopes of striking a bonanza; and added that he was publishing books that a few years ago he would have thrown down without hesitation. There is no chance for a novel to-day, he argued, unless it has something striking about it. He gave as an instance a story that he published last year and which had a sale of some twenty thousand copies or more. This year he published quite as good a story by the same author, and he does not believe it will sell ten thousand copies, and this because of the enormous quantity of novels on the market.



Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who made so successful a play for Mr. Sothern on the life of François Villon, has written a novel on the same subject, which is published by R. H. Russell. The life of Villon, without any embellishments, is sufficiently romantic to make a novel, and Mr. McCarthy would not have to go far for all the material he wants. It has been truly said that nothing succeeds like success. Mr. McCarthy's play, "If I Were King," has proved so great a success that every actor and manager in the country wants a play from his pen. He may make another as good as his Villon play, and he may not. The chances are that he will, for he knows the stage intimately and he is a writer, and not only a writer but a prose writer with a poetic touch.



One of the successful of recent novels is "Bagsby's Daughter," by Miss Marie Van Vorst and Mrs. John Van Vorst, her sister-in-law. The book is published by Messrs. Harper, and has not only been well received in this country but has been exceptionally well received in England. The father of Miss Van Vorst and the father-in-law of Mrs. Van Vorst was the late Judge Van

Vorst of this city, who was supposed to have done as much as anyone towards breaking up the Tweed ring. He was a judge of the Superior and Supreme Courts, Chancellor of the State of New York, President of the Century Club, and founder of the Holland Society.



“Bagsby’s Daughter” is not a serious effort. It was something of an experiment, but has proven a successful one. The story was written in France and sent to America for publication. It ran through *Harper’s Bazar* and was finally published in book form. One would not suspect either of the authors of doing this sort of work. What they have done heretofore is much more serious in its character. Miss Van Vorst has just completed a novel called “The Sacrifice of Fools,” which Messrs. Harper will publish in the spring. It is a very different story from “Bagsby’s Daughter.” Miss Van Vorst is now in this country, but she will return immediately to France, where she and her sister-in-law make their home.



Apropos of “J. P. M.,” a reader of THE CRITIC writes:

I have only just read in your “Lounger” that the Cleveland (Ohio) *Spectator* declares J. P. Mowbray, the author of “A Journey to Nature,” to be no other than Andrew C. Wheeler, who “whilom did marke” in the pen name of “Nym Crinkle.” Many a time, since I first saw “A Journey to Nature” in the *New York Evening Post*, has the suspicion occurred to me that this very thing might be so, and here (omitting certain names) are the facts which excited my suspicion:—

In September, 1898, a certain musical weekly was published in Union Square, the founder, proprietor, and editor being a veteran of musical journalism. Among the contributions received at the office in Union Square, by far the best were those signed “J. P. M.” The editor was requested to send checks for these to J. P. Mowbray, care of the *New York Evening Post*. “But,” said this veteran of many periodical enterprises, speaking to himself at first, and later to all those about him, “but these things remind me of my old friend, A. C. Wheeler, to whom I have not spoken this long

time.” And at last, reading one superlatively rich bit of “J. P. M.,” he exclaimed, “This is either Wheeler or the devil.”



MISS MARIE VAN VORST

With his curiosity most fully aroused, the veteran editor wrote to J. P. Mowbray asking “J. P. M.” to call at the Union Square office and allow his acquaintance to be made there; but he was coy and did not come. Then the editor went down to Fulton Street and learned Mr. Mowbray’s address,—for at that time, at least, if not now, there really was a Mr. J. P. Mowbray connected with the *New York Evening Post*. Going, one Sunday afternoon, to this address, the editor was shown into a sitting-room where, first, he recognized the portrait of A. C. Wheeler on the wall, and, later, he was welcomed by a lady whom he had formerly known as a little girl. What with the framed portrait on the wall and the living family likeness in the lady, circumstantial evidence had now grown too strong for even the coyness of “J. P. M.,” so far as concerned the office in Union Square. Mr. Wheeler renewed friendly intercourse with the veteran editor, frequently calling at the

office after that, and occasionally railing at printers and proofreaders in the most amicable way. But even to the last of the paper—which did not survive that year by many weeks—his contributions were never signed otherwise than "J. P. M."



It would be difficult to name any contemporary writer better equipped for the task of depicting the eternal conflict between Man-God and God-

and Anti-Christ." The first volume, called "The Death of the Gods," has already achieved success, both in Russian and in the English version translated by Mr. Herbert Trench, and published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The second volume, known as "The Resurrection of the Gods," and treating of Leonardo da Vinci, is now in press for early publication.



DMITRI MÉREJKOWSKI

Man, between Apollo Belvedere and Christ, than Dmitri Mérejkowski. A subtle and scholarly translator of the classics, a richly equipped student of the Renaissance, and an accurate historian of modern times, Mérejkowski has fused his learning and his imagination into the trilogy entitled "Christ

In order to acquire the proper local color for the last volume of the trilogy, the central figure of which will be Peter the Great, Mérejkowski and his beautiful wife, Zenaïde Heppins, the poetess, have been living on the scene of many of the master builder's struggles and triumphs.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses" will be produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, early in the year. Calypso will be played by Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter.



Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour of the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, has made

Mrs. Laura E. Richards comes of a talented family. She is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe and the late Samuel Howe and her home is in Boston. Mrs. Richards has written a great many books, the most of them for children, and all have been successful. Her latest story, "Geoffrey Strong," is for older people, and has met with all the

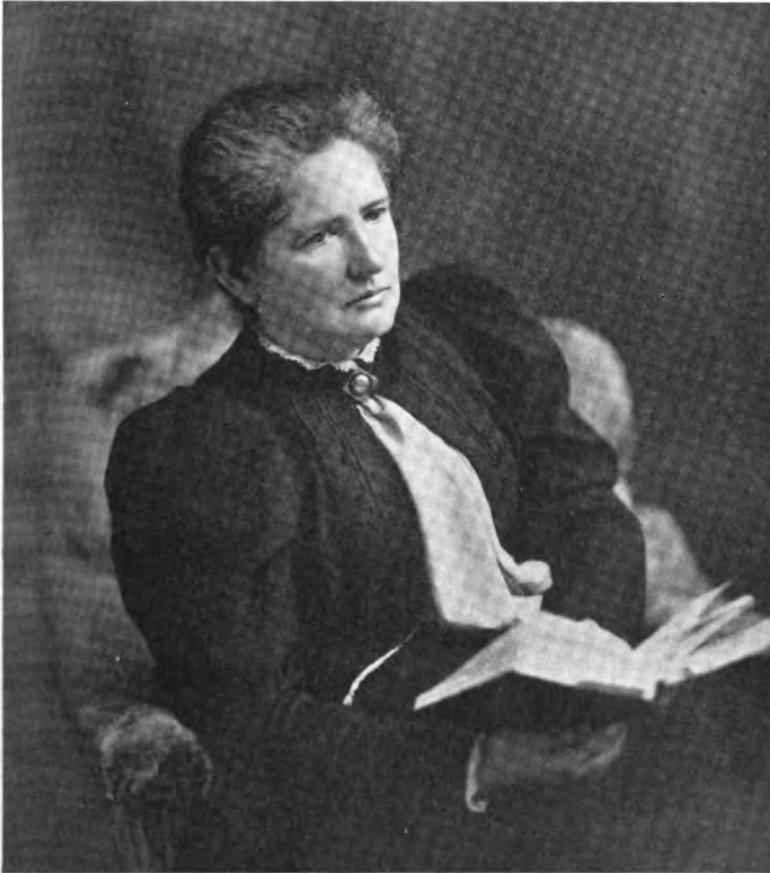


Photo by

MRS. LAURA E. RICHARDS

Reynolds

a beautiful book of Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," published in the December number of THE CRITIC. The inside of the cover and the opposite fly-leaf are of gold with black decoration and the whole poem is printed in black and red on hand-made deckle-edge paper. Mr. Seymour is doing splendid work and I am proud that THE CRITIC had the distinction of printing so much of it in its Christmas number.

success of her juveniles. I am indebted to her publishers, Messrs. Dana, Estes, & Co. for this admirable portrait of Mrs. Richards.



Some time ago long names were the fashion for books. Now the other extreme seems to be in favor. I find "Ugly" the name of one book, "Dumb" the name of another. Do you suppose that the names describe the heroes or heroines of these stories?



MISS PEABODY

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, whose dramatic poem, "Marlowe," has brought her many compliments, was for two years in the English Department of Radcliffe and is now giving two courses at Wellesley, having taken the place of Miss Vida D. Scudder. Miss Peabody's drama is a tragedy built on Elizabethan lines. It is not, however, without humor. Miss Peabody is thoroughly acquainted, not only with the life and character of Marlowe, but with his time, and she has made a drama which will add much to her reputation. She is a young woman, as her portrait shows, and will do more good work before she is much older.



It is illustrative of the wide gap still existing in our prided familiarity with contemporary English authors worthy of note, that with "Sons of the Sword," a stirring Napoleonic romance, just published by McClure, Phillips & Co., the name of Margaret L. Woods should first challenge general attention in this country. It is ten years and more since Mrs. Woods's first book, "A Village Tragedy," and a little volume of lyrics obtained for her the recognition of men whose critical opinions rule the day in England. Her "Village

Tragedy" has been published here, with other of her works, works certainly of an unforgettable quality, and Mr. Mosher has done his best to bring her exquisite verse within our reach, but her name, until now, has been little heard in libraries and bookshops. Mrs. Woods herself furnishes this amusing account of her literary career:

In 1887, the year in which the "Village Tragedy" appeared, my husband became head of his college at Oxford. The life of an official lady—as the French put it—under modern conditions, especially if she is also the mother of a family, is about as favorable to a literary career as that of a bishop. It is by itself a severe strain on any delicate woman. Nevertheless, I published in 1891 "Esther Vanhomrigh." I could not have written it if I had not had a good knowledge of the eighteenth century, acquired by general reading in earlier years with a view to writing; and also if circumstances had not taken me away from Oxford for a whole term. In 1894 I published "The Vagabonds," a novel of circus life. I had here the disadvantage of a personal knowledge, of which my critics were for the most part wholly innocent. The respectability of my circus people shocked all their conventional ideas, and they declared my circus to be the "baseless fabric of a vision." It was some time after I had written "The Vagabonds" that I came across the Goncourt's book about show people in France; and was amused to read how much his acrobatic heroes were bored by the vulgar respectability of their colleagues in England. I never copy a character from life, but "The Vagabonds" was not written without knowledge of the *milieu*. In 1898 I published a volume of short stories under the title "Weeping Ferry." I published a poetical play, "Wild Justice," and a very



MRS. WOODS

small volume of poems, "Aëromancy," in the Shilling Garland Series, edited by Mr. Lawrence Binyon in 1896. In the end of 1897 my husband resigned the headship of his college, which he had held with great success for nearly eleven years. I had then two years of complete holiday, of which I spent one in mending broken health, the other in writing "Sons of the Sword" and some poetry, which I hope will also see the light sometime.



Professor Léopold Mabileau, corresponding member of the Institute of France, Director of the Musée Social of Paris, Officer of the Legion of Honor, comes to this country early in January to deliver a course of lectures in French on Contemporary French Society, before the Boston and Cambridge Group of the Alliance Française. Professor Mabileau is one of the most distinguished French lecturers ever brought to this country. He is a man of cultivation, of great personal charm, of courtly manners, and especially gifted as a lecturer. He is a professor in the Collège de France, has had a special chair founded for him at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métier and is frequently sent on missions by the French Government to Italy, Spain, and Germany.

He is an author of note, several of his most important works having been crowned by the Institute of France. A very brilliant book by him is that on Victor Hugo. He writes for the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, the *Revue de Paris*, and the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. His tour in this country will be a short one, as he returns to Paris as soon after his Boston lectures as the few engagements he has accepted in the different universities will permit him.



The subject of the author's agent seems to be one about which authors and publishers are never tired of writing. In the October number of the *Author*, Mr. Heinemann came out flat-footed against the agent, whom he was opposed to on several grounds: from the point of view of the publisher, of the author, and of literature. In the November number of the *Author*,



M. LÉOPOLD MABILLEAU

several writers come to the rescue of the agent and say in effect that no author can be happy without him. Mrs. Craigie, who has just put herself into the hands of Mr. A. P. Watt, is one of the most enthusiastic in his praise. She terms Mr. Heinemann's remark that "the agent makes authors greedy" as nonsense. She says, "This snobbish attitude in the matter of an artist and his fees was never found at any time among the distinguished," and she goes on to say: "I take it that of all peculiar signs of commonness in an artist this one of prattling about the indignity of accepting money for art is the most striking. I have never met a person with such insincere views who did not live on the complaining generosity of acquaintances and friends."

It seems to me that the subject is one that is hardly worth discussing. To some authors the agent is a boon; to some publishers he is not. If an author does not want to be bothered with the cares of business he had better put his affairs in the hands of an agent. If he is a good business man he might

as well attend to them himself. The agent is neither all a saint nor all a sinner. He is usually a practical business man who often makes more money for the author than the author could make for himself.

Mr. Isaac Henderson, author of "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," produced in London by Mr. Wyndham, is an American by birth, and a Roman by residence. He wrote, some years

as did William Hamilton Gibson. The simplicity of style as well as the charm of his pen-and-ink illustrations won for him a following large in number and sincere in its admiration.

It is pleasant to note that a biography of Mr. Gibson has recently appeared. The biographer is the Rev. John Coleman Adams, himself a nature student and writer, whose "Nature Studies in Berkshire" attracted pleasant attention. The book is entitled,



THE GUNNERY, WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT
(Drawn by William Hamilton Gibson)

ago, a novel entitled "Agatha Page," a dramatic version of which was afterwards produced. Mr. Henderson, says the *London Chronicle*, has many friends among literary people in both England and America, and his charming apartment in Rome is very well known to English-speaking visitors to the Eternal City. Like Mr. Burnand, Mr. Henderson is at once a playwright and a devotee. He is to be found much less often at a theatre in Rome than in St. Peter's.

There have been few interpreters of nature, laborers with either the pen or the brush, who have so reached the hearts of lay lovers of the great Mother

"William Hamilton Gibson: Artist—Naturalist—Author." It contains reproductions of many of the paintings by Mr. Gibson which have not heretofore been widely known, and tells with sympathy of his life and work in the Connecticut hill country.

"Electra," Señor Galdos's anti-clerical drama, which has been the cause of riots in Spain and South America, will be produced at the Criterion Theatre next fall by Miss Marlowe. Its anti-clerical motive will be eliminated, but its intense love story left unimpaired. An exhaustive review of this play and its influence, by Mr. Havelock Ellis, appeared in September last.



From *Guerin Meschino*
D'ANNUNZIO AND GARIBALDI CHANGE PLACES

Mrs. Humphry Ward is writing a new novel, which will run serially in *Harper's Magazine*. "Eleanor," which ran serially in that periodical, is the most popular book that Mrs. Ward has written since "Robert Elsmere." It was announced that Henry Harland's new novel, "The Lady Paramount," was also to run through *Harper's* during the new year, but this, I understand, is not true. It was true when the announcement was made. But for some reason or other—whether because Messrs. Harper could not have book rights or what, I do not know—Mr. John Lane, who is to publish the book, tells me that Mr. Harland had decided

not to publish it serially, believing that serial publication rather hurts than helps a novel. Mr. Harland is all wrong, for some of the most successful novels that have been published first ran as serials, and in magazines with large circulations, too. We need go no further back than "Trilby," and for more modern instances there is "To Have and To Hold," "Janice Meredith," and "The Helmet of Navarre." As far as I can find out, serial publication has no effect one way or another upon the sale of the book. It all depends upon the book. Hall Caine publishes his novels serially, and they have enormous sales; Marie Corelli's novels are not serialized, and they have enormous sales. It is just as it happens. There is no rule in this, as in many other cases where rules are supposed to be cast iron.



Mr. Russell has imported a few copies of D'Annunzio's "Gioconda." I am happy to say that there is not a sufficient audience in America for D'Annunzio's writings to make it worth while to print the book in this country. What an affected man this Italian is, besides being odious! The dedication of "Gioconda" reads: "For Eleanore Duse of the beautiful hands." Why does he say "for" instead of "to?" and why not "of the beautiful nose" or "the beautiful teeth"? I wonder if Duse accepted the dedication. It would seem almost impossible after the

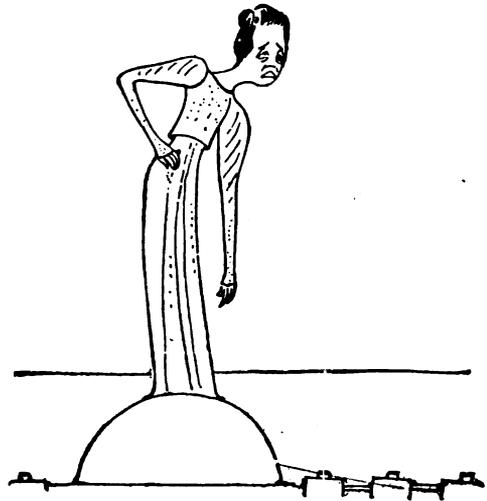
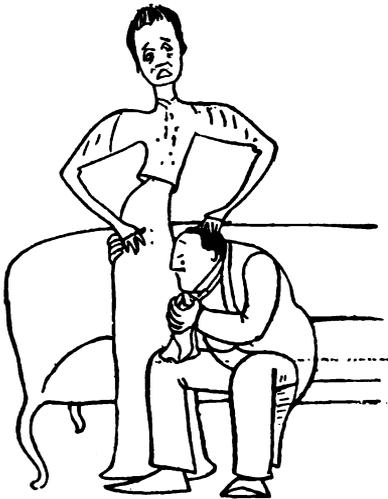
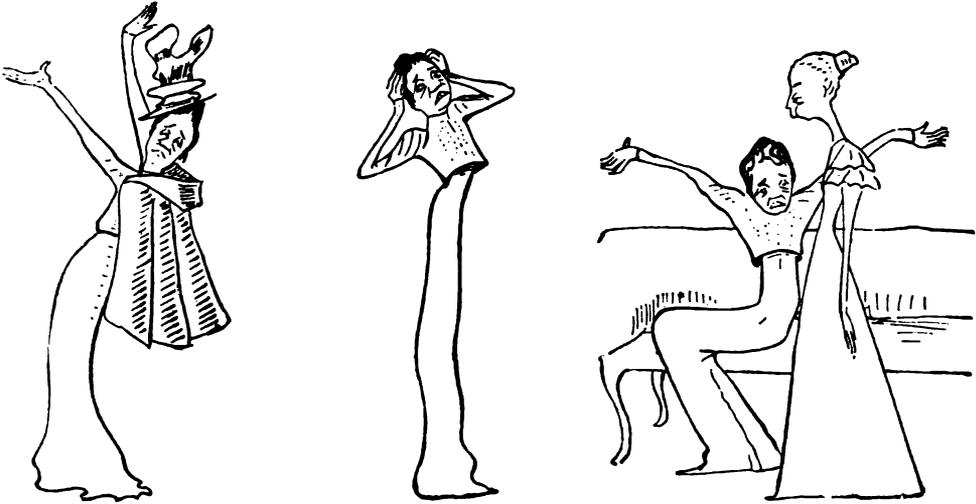


From *Guerin Meschino*
LA DUSE AND ZACCONI
(*"La Gioconda,"* Act I)

The Critic

portrait that he painted of her in "Il Fuoco." D'Annunzio is said to write the most beautiful Italian now written in Italy. Perhaps he does, but one

tion of D'Annunzio's tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini." This is not so important as the fact that Duse and Salvini were in the cast. It is said



From

LA DUSE AT THE THEATRO DEI FILO-DRAMMATICI

Guerin Meschino

would not think so, judging him by his translators. There is nothing remarkable about the language as put into English. But I know that it is the fashion to commend the style when an author's other qualities are unspeakable.

Rome has just seen the first produc-

tion of these two great artists will be seen together in America, but Messrs. Liebler, under whose management Mme. Duse is to appear in this country next year, have made no arrangement with Salvini, though I dare say they would be very glad to do so.





From

"THE CITY OF THE DEAD," ACT I
(La Duse and Zacconi)

Guerin Meschino



From

"LA GIOCONDA"
(D'Annunzio saluted by the Shades of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Terence, Plautus, Goldoni, Niccolini, Alfieri, etc.)

Guerin Meschino



Ballade of Beaucaire

By BEATRICE HANSCOM

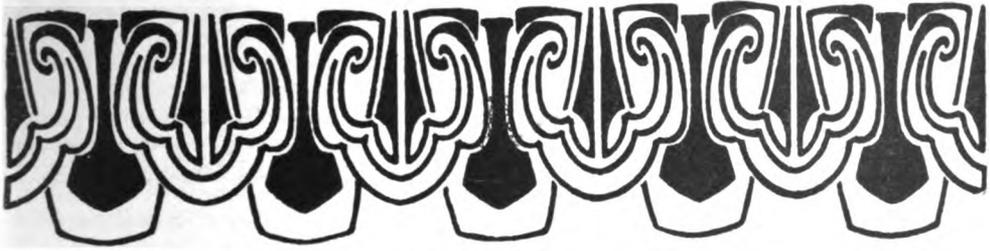
BACK in the days when belles and beaux
Still called their porters and their chair,
When Nash, in autocratic pose,
Ruled o'er the Pump-room revels there,
You came to Bath, Monsieur Beaucaire,
As barber-gamester, yet you chose
To masque as Duke of far No-where,—
All for the crimson of a rose.

Gaily you chaffed that worst of foes,
The titled cheat you held in snare ;
Softly you sued till Heart-of-Snows
Warmed into love's own spring-time fair.
Then came the onslaught. Debonair,
Brave, and keen-skilled you fought till close,
Though where your waistcoat showed a tear,
Blossomed the crimson of a rose.

Taunted and scorned. Yet bitterer blows
My Lady Mary had to bear,
As at the last Fate did disclose
How proud a name was yours to wear,
When, facing all the candles' flare,
She saw die out love's roseate glows,
While to the fiddles' wandering air
Crumbled the crimson of a rose.

ENVOY

Prince—with a score of names to spare—
Strange are the truths the masquer knows.
Strange what a man will do—and dare—
Just for the crimson of a rose.



John Richard Green

By GEORGE LOUIS BEER

It is with some feeling of moral trepidation that one opens a volume of biography or a collection of letters. We wonder whether we are again to be forced to listen at the key-hole, and to feel ashamed not alone for those who are responsible for the publication, but for ourselves as well, at reading and thus countenancing the disclosure of things sacred. This book* is, however, a welcome exception to many recent volumes. It contains nothing that Green himself would have objected to the world seeing.

It was at Mrs. Green's earnest request, despite his slight acquaintance with the historian, that Leslie Stephen undertook the task, and throughout he relied on her assistance for biographical information which she alone could furnish. To a greater extent than appears, the book is published under their joint auspices; both should receive the guerdon of model editorship. The editorial work consisted in dividing the letters into several parts, corresponding to the period of life in which Green wrote them. Each division is introduced by a few pages explaining Green's career during the years in question. Then Mr. Stephen guides the reader's path by many useful annotations. And finally, and most important of all, the letters are occasionally printed only in part, the purely personal matter being wisely omitted. The majority of the letters are addressed to Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins, the geologist, and to Prof. E. A. Freeman, the historian, while scattered throughout the collection are letters to

Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Creighton, Miss Kate Norgate, as well as to others. The collection is not complete, though not so fragmentary that it does not give us a very clear picture of a most interesting character, one that fully bears out Tennyson's description of Green, "a jolly, vivid man,—as vivid as lightning."

Green was born at Oxford in 1837. His origin was humble, and his childhood was gloomy. Even his university career was unhappy, for his broad mind rebelled against the narrow spirit of his college. Like Lowell, he was from the standpoint of his teachers a failure. He would not, and perhaps could not, force himself to study subjects that did not interest him; and he was repelled by the method of teaching the subjects which did interest him. He educated himself by deep and promiscuous reading, gaining a broad though not systematic knowledge of geology, history, architecture, and literature. His nature was very emotional, ever open to æsthetic and religious influences. Though deeply religious, he was not satisfied with the current theological doctrines. At this time he gave expression to the following views: "I have been naughty as to work lately — reading Goethe and Schiller instead of Paley and Pearson — I know from which one learns the *truest* theology." His views were, however, not so radical, nor so well defined, as to make the adoption of a clerical career inconsistent with honesty. In fact to him, as to many other impecunious scholars, a position in the Church offered great advantages. Scholarship owes a heavy debt of

*"Letters of John Richard Green." Edited by Leslie Stephen. Macmillan. \$4.00.

gratitude to the Established Church. As a clergyman, Green saw that he could gain an income and at the same time have enough leisure for literary work, without being driven "to toadyism or hackwork." Half-seriously he writes: "No—a fig for fame—a cozy vicarage, a heap of books, a good pen, and a deluge of paper, and I could be as happy as a king."

His first curacy—under the Rev. Henry Ward, the father of Mr. Humphry Ward—was in the East End of London. The squalid surroundings, the misery and vice, called forth the best in Green's manhood. He devoted himself unremittingly to bettering the lot of the people whose spiritual leader he had become. Nor was his enthusiasm dampened or his devotion lessened by his clear recognition of the fact that success could be only partial and superficial, as the root of the evil lay far beneath the surface. His personal influence was great, especially among the ragged urchins who idolized him. As a preacher he was a great success, being natural and eloquent. He recognized that in its essence preaching was "an appeal to the feelings," and "that the force of this appeal can only come from a power of sympathy." "The frank mingling with all the joys and sorrows of men and women about him," he maintained, "is the real training of a preacher." His years in London are a record of unselfish, sympathetic, and, at times, of even heroic devotion to the welfare of the poorer classes. It was from these experiences in East London that he gained that sympathy with the masses which led him to write his history of the English people.

While actively engaged in clerical work, he spent his mornings in the British Museum reading history. During these years also he was a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review*, thus adding to his small income as clergyman,—an income which never could satisfy the charitable demands made upon it. Referring to this period of his life, he wrote at a much later date:

It was a strange life, half with Patrick [he intended writing a life of St. Patrick] and the great Library, half in the wretched purlieus of Clerkenwell and S. Luke's; but I felt all through that each helped the other—and so it has turned out.

In 1869, owing in the main to ill-health, but to some extent also to lack of sympathy with the prevailing theological views, he gave up his active clerical duties. His mind had acquired that broad, well-balanced, impartial attitude that only a study of history gives. He was intensely Christian, but not Anglican. The universal basis of Christianity is brilliantly expounded in one of his letters:

I see no limit to this progress in "religion." It is on the very idea of progress that my faith, my deep and intense faith in Christianity, rests. Like you I see other religions—the faith of the heathen or the faith of the Jew—doing their part in the education of the human race, and I see the Race advancing beyond the faiths that instructed it, so that at each great advance of human thought a religion falls dead and vanishes away. And I judge that this must ever be a condition of human progress, except some religion appear which can move forward with the progress of man. There comes a religion which does this. . . . This is Christianity. . . . Think how various were the "needs" of St. Louis and Luther—yet Christianity could meet and satisfy both."

The historical note in this justification is predominant; in fact it was Green's most marked intellectual characteristic. Truth was what he was continually striving for. Referring to a common friend, he wrote to W. Boyd Dawkins:

He has fought for the Truth, and the Truth has made him free from the petty cares and troubles of lives like ours. Nevertheless we have our work to do,—Truth in History—Truth in Geology. Each is but a part of that great circle of the Truth of God.

Henceforth he devoted himself exclusively to historical work, until his untimely end in 1883 cut off a career of great accomplishments, but of still greater possibilities.

When he left Oxford, Green had the full purpose of becoming the historian of the Church of England. He felt that few were better fitted than was he

by the historical tendency, the predominant feeling of reverence, the moderation, even the want of logic or enthusiasm in their minds, for the task of describing a church founded in the past, yet capable of wondrous adaptation to the needs of the present, the creature of repeated compromises, essentially sober, yet essentially illogical.

As he read and thought, difficulties presented themselves. He could not "fetter down" the word "Church" to merely the Established branch, and in consequence after the Reformation all historic unity disappeared. Besides, he could not "describe the Church from the purely external and formal point of view taken by the general class of ecclesiastical historians." Its history was to him "the narrative of Christian civilisation." To arrive at a knowledge of this he would have "to investigate the progress of thought, of religion, of liberty, even the material progress of England." No existing history helped him; all were based on narrow foundations. Thus Green decided to abandon this plan, as he would first have "to discover the History of England" and then to embody his results in a work on a narrower subject. By a natural development and growth he thus conceived the plan of writing a history of the English people on a large scale. He proposed, as a first instalment of this work, to publish a history of England under the Angevin kings, an account "of the final formation of the English people, and the final settlement of English liberty and the English Constitution."

The unsatisfactory physical condition that caused his retirement from active clerical work induced him at the same time to modify the ambitious scale on which his history was planned. He then determined to write a "Short History," which, as he says, "might serve as an introduction to better things if I lived, and might stand for some work done if I did n't." For five years—from 1869 to 1874—he devoted himself to this work, proceeding on original lines, as indicated in the letter quoted above, and against the advice of some of his intimate friends, such as Freeman. The ordinary political

history, with its long array of kings, soldiers, and priests, meant nothing to him. It did not explain anything. "With me," he writes, "the impulse to try to connect things, to find the 'why' of things, is irresistible." "One must strive," he says in another letter, "to get something like order out of that mere chaos of early history as your Lappenbergs write it." He would not write a chronicle, for he maintained that to divide by kings is "a system whereby History is made Tory unawares, and infants are made to hate History." Facts that had no historical value he purposely omitted. "Moral and intellectual facts" he thought "as much facts for the historian as military and political facts." The social side of historical progress interested him most; the chapters in his work that he thought most valuable were those on "The Towns," "The Peasant Revolt," and "The New Learning." The underlying doctrine of his conception of history was "that political history, to be intelligible and just, must be based on social history in its largest sense."

It has often been asked whether or no history is literature. The two extremes in opinion are represented by Treitschke, who regarded history as one of the three great subdivisions of literature, and Seeley, to whom at best history could be but an inferior branch of literature. Green certainly inclined towards the Prussian historian's view. The past appealed to him in an æsthetic sense, perhaps even more than in a scientific one. His letter to Miss Norgate, advising her how to write her projected history of Angevin England, shows how keen was his interest in the artistic treatment of the material. As Leslie Stephen says, "An intense delight in the beautiful was one of his most conspicuous qualities." To him, history was a work of art, the material for which was sifted on scientific principles. His cardinal doctrine was that a book, "whatsoever else it be, must first be readable." From this it will be apparent that Green did not look upon history as a social science. In fact, he took no

determined stand on any of the fundamental questions of social evolution that are vexing the minds of modern historians. As he himself says, he had an aversion to abstract thought. His history is in its essence descriptive; it is a series of pictures illustrating the growth and progress of civilization in England.

The "Short History" was published in 1874 and met with a success that can be compared to that following the appearance of Macaulay's "England." The original features of the work were the arrangement of the material on philosophical and not on chronological lines, and the inclusion of much matter generally omitted. Roger Bacon, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wesley, appeared side by side with king and priest, as the representatives of great national forces. It was the first history of English civilization, and is a landmark in English historiography. The "pragmatic historians" attacked the book, and called attention to the inaccuracies which were inevitable in a book covering so large a field, and written under very disadvantageous circumstances. In general, however, scientific opinion has coincided with that of the general public, in pronouncing Green's history, from the literary and from the scientific standpoint, the most satisfactory history of England that we have.

The friendship binding Freeman and Green, of which we gain some knowledge from this book, was as true as any celebrated in the annals of literature, and does credit to both men. Their common tie was the love of truth; yet they approached their work from radically different standpoints. A friendship that can stand the strain of the frankest criticism of one another's work is notable. Green frankly told Freeman that he did not approve of the omission in his work of all social factors. Referring to Freeman's treatment of the Norman Church, he wrote: "I wish your Church wasn't so Bishopy; there be priests, deacons, and lay people besides, you know." Then again he chides Freeman on the same matter:

I own that your indifference to all that free life of Italy jarred on me through that pleasant tour of ours; . . . I found that with all your architectural devotion you could still find room for enthusiasm whenever an Emperor came on the stage. . . . It was only when you stood before some memorial of the people that you took refuge in your sketching book. And yet to my mind a crowd of Florentines shouting themselves hoarse on their Piazza are a greater and nobler thing than all the Emperors that ever breathed.

Nor would he countenance the severity of the campaign Freeman carried on against Froude and Kingsley.

I do wish, my dear Freeman, you would leave off poking at Kingsley and his Dierich. Have you ever counted up the number of your references to that said blunder? And ought there not to be some proportion between sin and punishment? "Blunders" was very good; but there are blunders of taste as well as blunders of fact, you know.

To the historian the work will have additional interest, as it contains many anecdotes and criticisms of Green's colleagues in historical research. Of Stubbs it is related that when he found Green with a volume of Renan in his hand, he borrowed it and deposited it uncut in the waste-paper basket. This vehement method of disapproving of Renan's tendency strikes us as almost incomprehensible, when we remember that Stubbs died only about a year ago, and that he was unquestionably England's greatest historical scholar of the last century. It is equally interesting, as showing the peculiar features of the English university system, to read of the same eminent historian having only ten men in attendance at his lectures and complaining that only the Germans appreciated him.

Of Froude, the following story is related:

Frank Palgrave has just been down at Hatfield, Lord Salisbury's place, and has brought back some charming "Notes on Froude." In the library are ten presses full of the Burghley papers, whereof two are shown to the "casual visitor" by the housekeeper. Anthony looked a little into the two but never discovered the existence of the other eight! Lady S. says he is "the most indolent man" she ever knew. Shall we call him "Indolence in a dozen volumes"?

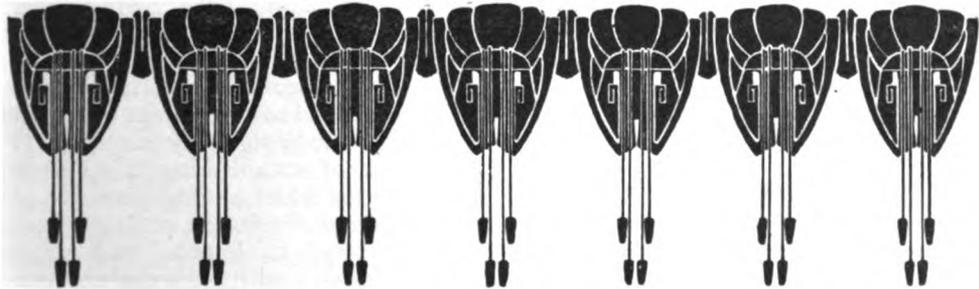
Later he wrote to Freeman, who had pointed out Froude's inaccuracies: "Why don't you hit him in the big things and not in the little? The big thing is that Anthony has written a history of England with England left out." There are also interesting criticisms of other historians, Ranke, Palgrave, Seeley, and Gardiner.

These letters will appeal to a large circle of readers, not merely to those interested in historical work; for Green was a many-sided man, and his interests embraced nearly the whole field of human activity. He was intensely human. His views on general culture, on literature, and art are stimulating and suggestive. Culture he looked upon

not as the mere study of "literature" which withdrew you from "your work," but as such a gradual entering into the spirit of the highest thought the world has ever produced as enables us rightly to

know what the value of all work, and our work among it, really is. . . .

Nature, as well as humanity, had a message for him; he had the poet's idealism. Some of his descriptions of Italian scenery are literary gems. Then as letters, those of Green are models. They are always natural and unaffected, always courageous and hopeful, and at times playful and witty. Behind them we can clearly perceive the man that penned them,—the earnest worker to whom ill-health and difficulties were but additional incitements to greater effort. We see the calmly poised mind that could accurately gauge the value of its own work, and the sweet temperament that refrained from harsh criticism of his fellow workers. We see a character of great nobility, a great literary artist, and an intellect closely akin to those of the highest order.



The English Reviews

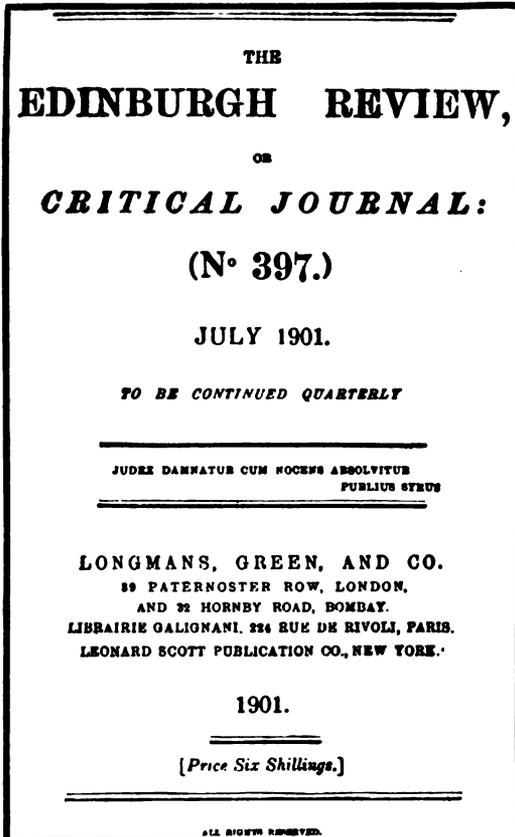
A Sketch of their History and Principles

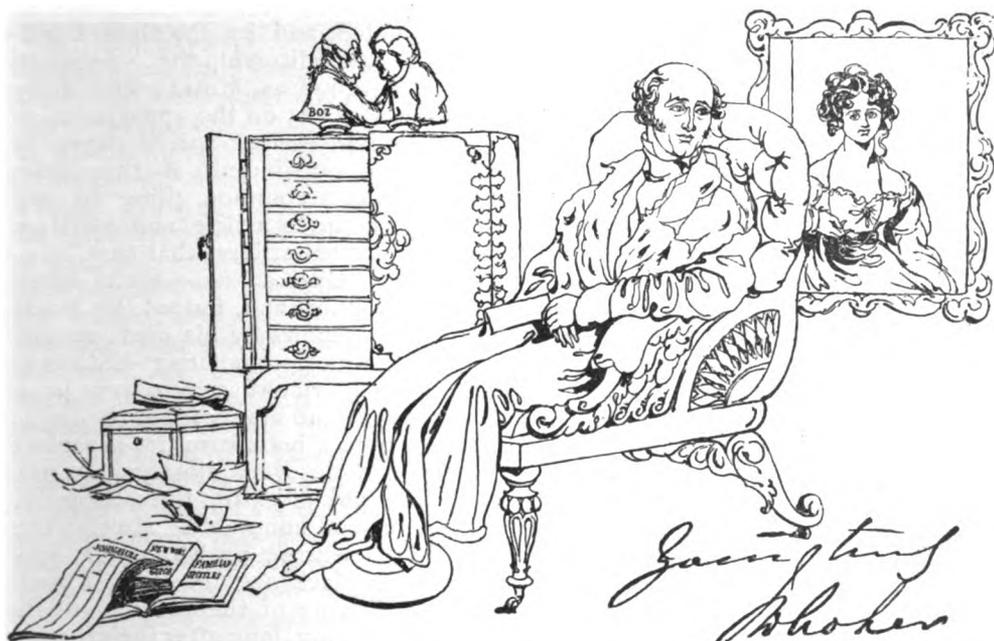
By ARTHUR WAUGH

IT is probable that everyone who is keenly interested in literature and the preservation of the literary spirit passes at some period or other through the stage of believing that what English literature most needs is the establishment of that Academy of Letters which Arnold so persuasively advocated. With the multiplication of sensational journals and cheap, trashy magazines the intellectual currency of the country seems perpetually to be debased, and the despairing enthusiast is driven back upon the idea of a "central literary authority" as the only possible check upon the rapid descent of old ideals into the Avernus of vulgarity. The advantages of such an Academy, however, gener-

ally dissolve under analysis, and we are reminded, upon looking around us, that we are not so entirely destitute of the "central authority," as we may have feared. For what an Academy has done for France the Quarterly and Monthly Reviews have to no small extent done for England, and it is interesting at the opening of a new century to look back and trace the steady and reasonable progress of ideas which has been fostered under their influence. It is now all but a hundred years since the *Edinburgh Review* first took the town by storm, and it would be difficult to overestimate the debt of English manners and national literature to the powerful methods of criticism which were then established and perpetuated.

The original design of the *Review* was, indeed, as a bulwark against invasion. The nineteenth century opened with many contending currents of ideas, with revolutionary projects both in life and literature, and with a general sense of restlessness and discontent. To direct these currents and to counteract this vague unrest, the Whig party conceived the notion of establishing a quarterly magazine which should present a uniform and consistent policy both in affairs and in letters, and should sweep down with vigorous commonsense all affectations of novelty and caprice. Hence the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which appeared in October, 1802. The starting impulse towards publication was given by Sydney Smith, who himself revised the articles for the first number, but after that the editorship was formally assumed by Francis Jeffrey, who held the post for nearly twenty-seven years, resigning it in 1829 on his appointment as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. Long before that time the *Edinburgh* had taken its position as the leading





From

JOHN WILSON CROKER
Co-Founder of the "Quarterly Review"

The Maclise Portrait-Gallery

organ of Whig thought and policy, and had gathered around it some of the most brilliant talent of the time. It had become, as Carlyle said, "a kind of Delphic oracle and voice of the inspired for great majorities of what is called the 'intelligent public,'" while Jeffrey himself was regarded as endowed with something little short of impeccability in judgment and taste. That he achieved so much is in itself a proof that Jeffrey was a man of unusual talents, but it is easy enough, with the wisdom that follows the event, to see that his criticism was too impervious to new ideas, his insight lacking in depth and subtlety. He was a man of quick perception on the surface, frankly sincere both in his enthusiasms and dislikes, and, often as he was mistaken in his estimates, his errors were never due to petty prejudice or personal pique. His generosity was abundant; he lent to Carlyle, and gave to Hazlitt, and had always ready sympathy for the unfortunate. Moreover, in integrity and strength of will he was an ideal editor.

Meanwhile, the Whigs were not to be allowed to occupy the field unchal-

lenged. The Tory party soon perceived that the current of ideas flowing from Jeffrey's study was becoming a menace to their own interests, and various suggestions were made in secret for a rival combination. As so often happens, the great undertaking eventually sprang from a trival source. John Murray, the publisher, had been acting as London agent for the *Edinburgh Review*, and, being a man of infinite resource and influence, had raised its circulation to over five thousand copies in the English capital alone. But the Constables, the Edinburgh publishers, were always short of money, and their demands and advances upon Murray's purse became more than he could patiently endure. He accordingly decided to break with them altogether, and to start the rival which had already been suggested to him. In the first instance he broached the scheme to Canning, whose cousin, Stratford Canning, introduced to Murray the critic and scholar, William Gifford, whose translation of Juvenal is still read and admired. It was arranged that Gifford should undertake the editorship of the new *Quarterly Re-*



Rev. Sydney Smith

From

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REV. SYDNEY SMITH
Author of "Plymley's Letters"

view, and preparations were begun with a secrecy that in these days of literary newsmongering would be absolutely impossible. Some of the old business arrangements have a quaint interest now. Gifford was to receive £160 for each number for payment to the contributors, and it would seem that at the outset the highest rate of remuneration was £10 per sheet of sixteen pages. Gifford's own salary was, at first, £200 a year, but in the first few years this

was doubled, and by the time Lockhart held the editorship the "dividend to the editor," as Murray gracefully put it, was £325 on the appearance of each number, besides special payment for articles contributed. By that time, too, it was a common thing to pay £100 for a single article, and Southey always received at least that sum.

William Gifford has been often abused in print, and, indeed, he made not a few enemies by his own unsparing and almost vindictive criticism. But in life he would seem to have been an excellent and kindly fellow enough; too much of a bookworm for a perfect editor, and not very closely in touch with the public taste, but scholarly, thorough, and honorable. He was the victim of delicate health, which rendered him slack and dilatory in business, and some of the early numbers appeared tardily, long after their proper dates. But he knew the right men to secure as contributors, and, being helped in this by Murray's wide acquaintance, he left the *Quarterly* not only a dangerous, but even an equal, rival of the *Edinburgh*. At the outset the secret was so well preserved that the *Review* sprang upon an absolutely unprepared public. The first number was issued in February, 1809, and its progress was watched not without anxiety by its supporters. Like many first numbers, it was not ideal; as Scott said at the time, there were signs of haste in several of the articles, and the tone was too exclusively literary. Still it contained fine material. Scott wrote on Burns; Southey on Missionaries; and there were important articles by Dr. Young on Laplace and on Spain by Frere. The last-named subject was further treated in the third number by Canning himself, and here John Wilson Croker began his distinguished career as a *Quarterly* reviewer. In No. 4 Heber made his appearance, and in No. 5 Southey wrote the article on Nelson's life, which he afterwards expanded into the classic biography. But an enumeration of even the most distinguished names would become tedious, and it is enough to say that neither Gifford nor Murray spared pains

to get the best work and establish tradition.

In those days the rivalry between the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* was keen and even pugnacious. Each editor watched his opportunity, and an article in the one was frequently followed by a counterblast in the other. Nor were the supporters of the *Quarterly* without apprehension of their success. The first few years were attended with difficulty. After the early numbers the circulation dropped from five thousand to four thousand, and strenuous efforts were needed to increase it. Still the increase came, and steadily, till, within ten years of its establishment, fourteen thousand copies of each number were regularly sold, and Murray was in possession of a rich and improving property. Of the two rival editors Gifford was the first to resign. His health gradually broke down, and after bringing out just over sixty numbers he gave way



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Editor of "Blackwood's Magazine"

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 386.

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to John Taylor Coleridge, who had assisted him for some time in a subaltern position. Coleridge, however, was enjoying too brilliant a success at the bar to be able to give time to literature, and in 1826 Lockhart, the second great *Quarterly* editor, took over and developed the work which Gifford had so well begun. It was he who wrote the famous article on Tennyson's poems in 1833, which led to the nine-years' silence and eventual triumph of the last Laureate. And here it may be convenient to enumerate the various editors who have filled the historic post in Albemarle Street. Lockhart retained the editorship with undiminished success until 1853, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, one of the most distinguished authorities on Pope. Mr. William Macpherson, a nephew of Maria Edgeworth, was editor from 1860 to 1867, when Sir William Smith followed, and from that date till 1893 conducted one of the most brilliant



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JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART
Editor of the "Quarterly Review"

periods of the *Review's* history. He was succeeded by Mr. Rowland Prothero, the editor of Gibbon and Byron,

who was appointed in 1899 to an important position of trust, and resigned his editorial duties to his eldest brother,

Mr. George Prothero, Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, and author of many biographical and historical studies. Between Sir William Smith and Mr. Rowland Prothero there was a brief interregnum of one year, during which the present Mr. John Murray conducted the *Review*. It would take too much space to recount even a tithe of the important articles which have appeared under these various editors, but a few landmarks are of more than passing interest. Perhaps the most brilliant number of the *Quarterly* ever issued was the first under Smith's editorship. It contained articles by the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Stanhope, Robert Lowe, Abraham Hayward, and General Napier, besides the attack on Disraeli's reform bill by the present Lord Salisbury,—one of the most epoch-making incidents in the history of conservative journalism. Among other frequent contributors during the last thirty years have been W. E. Gladstone, Dean Burgin, John Sterling, Lord Shaftes-

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SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH
Editor of "London and Westminster Review"

bury, A. W. Kinglake, M. Guizot, Mark Pattison, Dean Stanley, Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), and Sir Henry Holland. Thackeray was an occasional writer, with one notable article on John Leech, the artist, as were also Miss Martineau with a eulogy of Miss Florence Nightingale, and W. T. Coulton, with a striking discussion upon Junius. It only remains to say that the *Quarterly Review* has begun the new century with a number worthy of its highest traditions, and eloquent of the talent and judgment of Mr. George Prothero, the present editor.

We return for a moment to the *Edinburgh* to find its history equally interesting. Under Jeffrey's editorship Hazlitt was a regular writer, and the two particular stars were, of course, Macaulay and Carlyle. The former may be said to have originated, with his study of Milton in 1825, the modern method of critical monograph, while in 1828 he gave currency to the fresher conception of history, suggestive and picturesque, which has been so fruitful of production in our own time. In 1829 Jeffrey succeeded as editor by Macvey Na-

pier, and he in his turn by Empson, who, in Carlyle's own phrase, "died at Haileybury, correcting proofsheets

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of the *Edinburgh*, while waiting daily for death." Sir George Cornwall Lewis followed in 1853, but resigned two years later on becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. Henry Reeve then occupied the chair till his death in October, 1895, when the present editor, the Hon. Arthur S. Elliot, assumed the post. Mr. Elliot is the second son of the third Lord Minto, and member of Parliament for the city of Durham.

The distinctive features of the *Quarterlies* have always, of course, been the preservation of a consistent policy and of the anonymity of the writers. In old days the secret of authorship was zealously guarded, and though nowadays occasional paragraphs reveal individualities, it is still the desire of editors and publishers that the voice should be regarded as the voice of the *Review* and not of the isolated critic. Sir William Smith, indeed,

had a summary way of dealing with offenders. When a young writer, naturally elate at getting his first article accepted, "inspired" a paragraph to the effect that "a criticism of —, which we understand to be from the pen of Mr. —, will appear in the forthcoming *Quarterly*," Smith delighted, if time still remained, in holding back the article altogether, to the disappointment and rebuke of young ambition! And the strength of anonymity is undoubted, its uses are soundly beneficial. The same principle was adopted by William Blackwood, who was historically the next to appear upon the arena with his famous and still-flourishing "*Maga*." *Blackwood's Magazine* was first published in 1817, and created a sensation unparalleled in magazine history. For here was something quite new; audacious, mischievous, and witty, it took away the breath of the literary world. The well-known "*Chaldee Manuscript*" in the first number, a burlesque satire upon the literary society of Edinburgh, was not, indeed, without grave faults of taste,

THE
**CONTEMPORARY
REVIEW.**

No 422. February, 1901

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12. THE SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS.	By HENRY W. WOLFF.
13. THE DECLINE OF THE GOVERNMENT.	By HERBERT PAUL.

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redeemed, perhaps, by boyish vivacity and high spirits. Blackwood's lieutenants were Lockhart, Wilson, and Hogg, and a merry dance they led their publisher! Murray, Blackwood's

Within a few months a steady circulation of six thousand had been achieved, and Scott was himself a contributor. The outstanding feature of *Blackwood's*, looking back upon it when the feverish

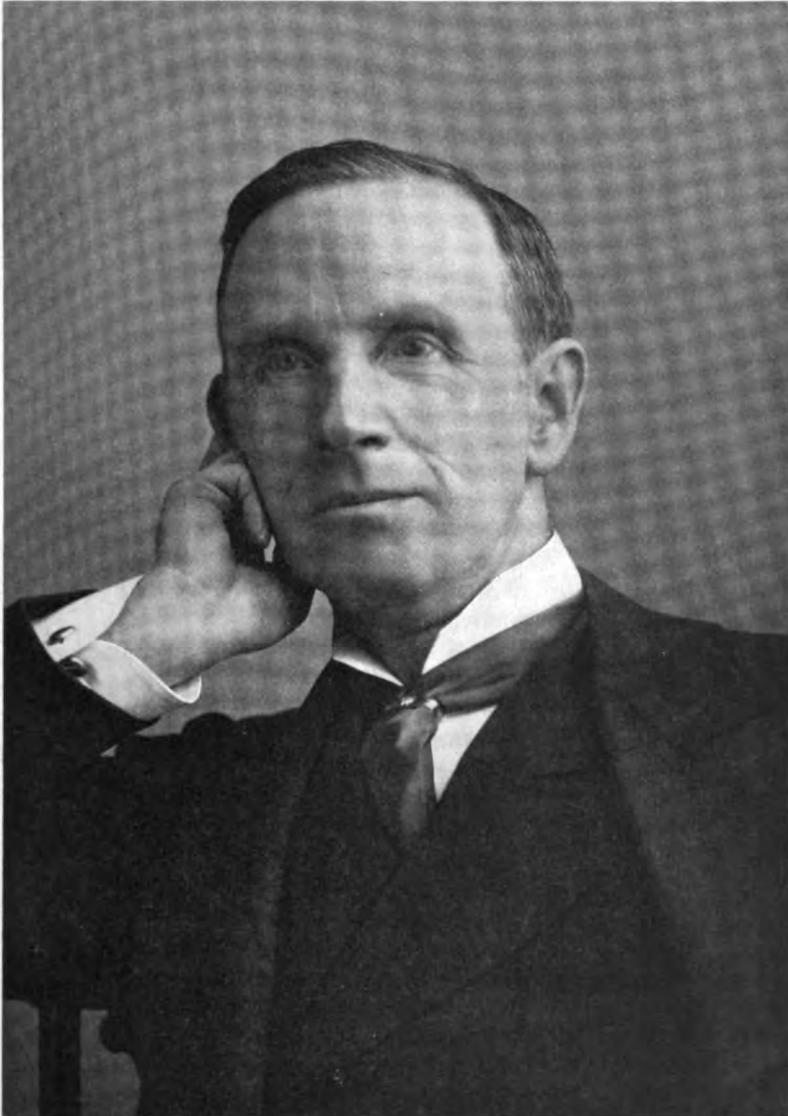


Photo by

THE RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY, P.C., M.P.
Editor of "The Fortnightly Review," 1867-83

Elliott & Fry

London representative, was shocked and distressed; Scott considered the tone imprudent, and libel-actions were threatened. But the storm blew over, and the young lions settled down.

excitements of its onslaught have cooled, seems to be the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, in which the leading contributors discoursed with irresponsible wit and incisiveness upon the books,

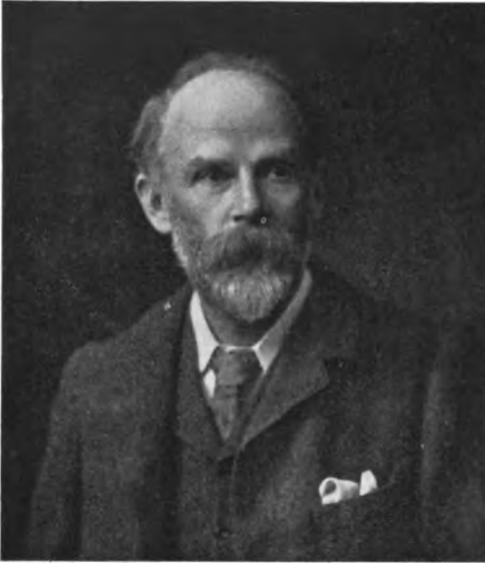


Photo by

Crooke, Edinburgh

MR. G. W. PROTHERO
Editor of the "Quarterly Review"

the people, and the events of importance in their day. "Reckless, gay, and powerful," they left their impress on their time, and by their half-concealed caricature of one another unconsciously prepared the way for what was to be the next important move in the development of periodical literature,—the suppression of anonymity and the authority of the individual.

It was many years, however, before any vigorous and stable attempt was made to break down the fashion of anonymous criticism, and when it came it swept with it the tradition which associated the very existence of a periodical with the maintenance of a homogeneous and consistent policy. The establishment, in 1865, of the *Fortnightly Review* was a distinctive landmark in the development of critical journalism. Its whole scheme was subversive of the most carefully guarded principles of the Quarterlies.

We propose—said the editors—to remove all those restrictions of party and of editorial "consistency" which in other journals hamper the full and free expression of opinion; and we shall ask each writer to express his own views and sentiments with all the force of sincerity. He will be asked to say what he really thinks and really feels: to say it on his own responsibility, and to leave its appreciation to the public.

The *Fortnightly* was to "seek its public amid all parties," and to maintain "a consistency of tendency, not of doctrine: the purpose of aiding progress in all directions." The promoters of this revolutionary journal were George Henry Lewes, Anthony Trollope, and Frederic Chapman, the publisher; and the first number was issued on May 15, 1865. Lewes was editor, and the first contributors included Walter Bagehot, George Eliot, the late Lord de Tabley, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, and Sir John Herschel. At first the publication was, as the title implied, fortnightly; but this experiment was abandoned after nine months' trial, and when Mr. John Morley assumed the editorship in January, 1867, the *Review* was established as a monthly. Custom is a hard thing to overcome; and it would be too much to pretend that the *Fortnightly* altogether maintained its promise of immunity from all political or philosophic bias. An editor, especially if he be a man of strong individuality, naturally surrounds himself by men of congenial temperament and views; and under Mr. John Morley's powerful supervision the *Fortnightly Review* became in a sense the organ of Positivism and a new Radicalism. It was far from being closed to other theories, but its dominant notes were certainly these. And the company was a strong one,—its voice far-reaching. John Stuart Mill was an enthusiastic supporter; Mr. George Meredith wrote regularly, and so did Huxley and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Herbert Spencer, Walter Pater, William Morris, Professor Freeman, Matthew Arnold, John Addington Symonds, Professor Max Müller,—it would be difficult to collect a more various and divergent body of men! And the reputation for variety which Mr. Morley initiated has survived his management, and continued in full activity under his successors, Mr. T. H. S. Escott, Mr. Frank Harris, and the present editor. Mr. W. L. Courtney, who now fills the chair and is introducing with the new century fresh and promising developments, is a member of the editorial staff of *The Daily Teel-*

graph, and a Fellow of New College, Oxford. He can lay claim to a journalistic triumph in securing for his periodical Sir Robert Hart's account of the siege of Peking,—one of the most important personal documents that the press has published for years. Under

it enjoyed its "palmy days," its career was vacillating, and it has long since declined into the sere and yellow leaf. The *Contemporary*, which was started the year after the *Fortnightly*, and the *National Review* (1883), have opened their pages to every kind of view and

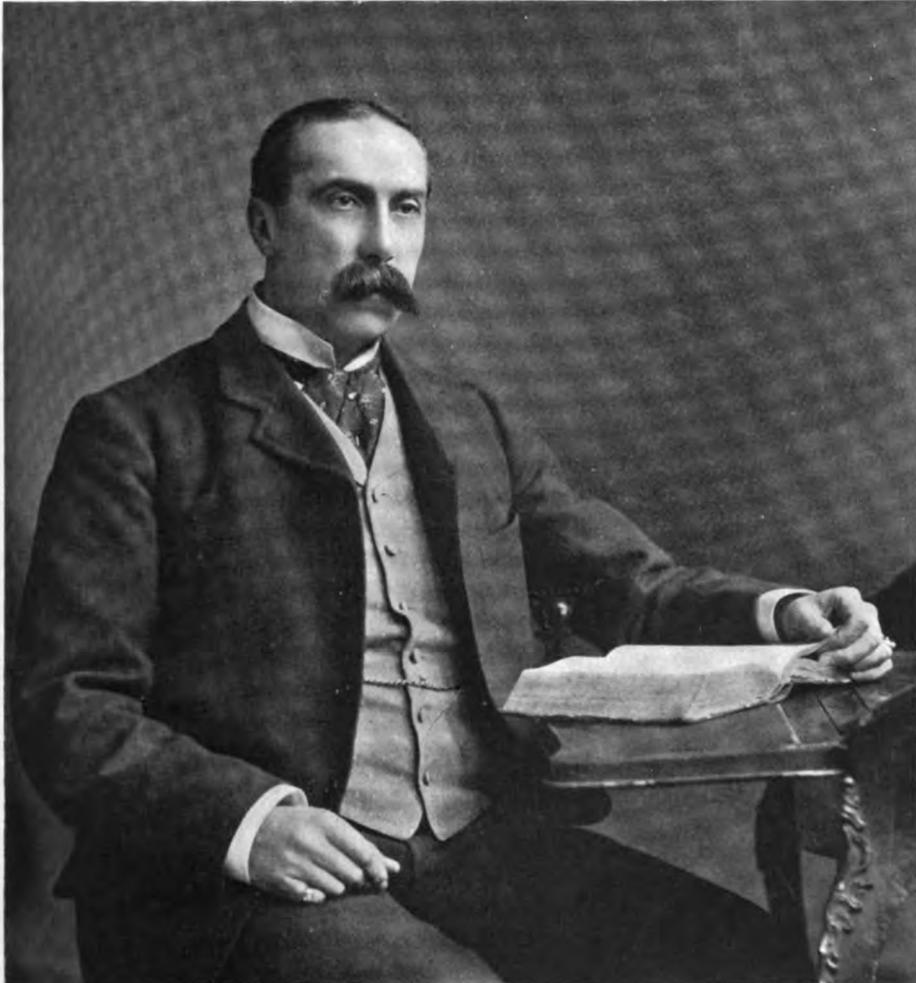


Photo by

MR. W. L. COURTNEY, M. A., LL.D.
Present editor of the "Fortnightly Review"

Lafayette, London

his conduct it may justly be said that the *Fortnightly* has reflected some of the glittering achievements of Mr. Morley's memorable editorship.

The new fashion set by the *Fortnightly* was not long in finding followers. The *Westminster Review*, indeed, boasts an earlier origin; but, although

to many of the best-known names of the day. The *Contemporary* has been particularly rich in articles of literary interest; while the *National*, which has recently maintained a strong Imperialistic policy, was for a long while controlled by Mr. Alfred Austin, the present poet-laureate. But by far the

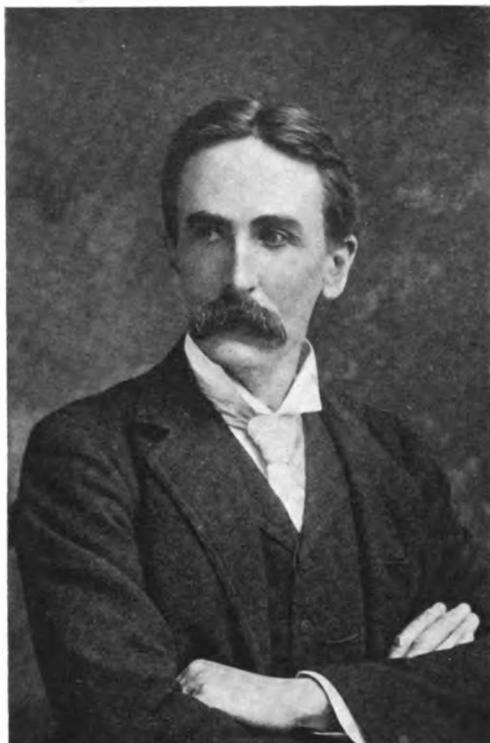


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Gabell, London

HON. ARTHUR S. ELLIOT, M. P.
Editor of the "Edinburgh Review"

most successful and conspicuous rival has been *The Nineteenth Century*, which was inaugurated in 1877 by Mr. James T. Knowles, the friend of Tennyson, and architect of Aldworth. *The Nineteenth Century* was heralded by an introductory sonnet by Tennyson himself, and for the last twenty years it has sustained the vigor and variety which he foretold for it, by holding its own as the most widely read of the monthly reviews. Mr. Knowles has an enviable faculty for being first upon the scent of novelty; and rival editors will confess how often they have been disappointed in finding him before them in securing the promise of the right man's view upon the new political or social complication. During the early years of *The Nineteenth Century* it enjoyed the exclusive privilege of printing Tennyson's new poems; and in its pages appeared such notable additions as "The Revenge," "The Defence of Lucknow," and "Despair." "West-

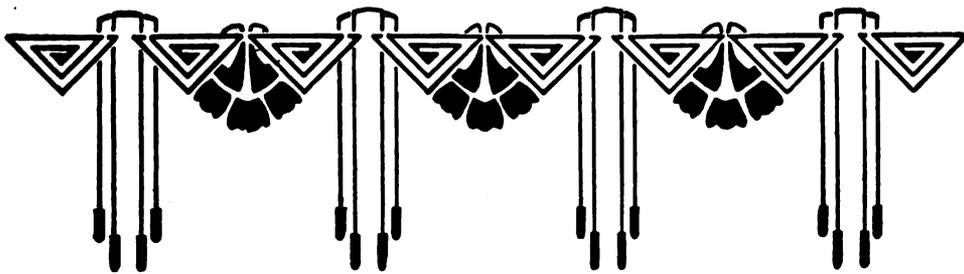
minster Abbey," Matthew Arnold's tribute to the memory of Dean Stanley, was another of Mr. Knowles's treasures; while Gladstone, Ruskin, Froude, Huxley, and Mr. Swinburne were all frequent contributors. *The Nineteenth Century* is now certainly the most popular of the monthly reviews, and probably enjoys the most weight. It has been said in criticism of its methods that its editor is apt to depend rather upon his contents-bill than his contents; and it is indeed true that the long array of names upon the front cover is sometimes more imposing, from an official and social standpoint, than are the views or the style of the articles themselves. But this is clearly a part of the editor's policy; and from the point of view of the conductor of a remunerative property it is sensible enough. Although a good article has always had its chance, it has been no part of Mr. Knowles's editorship to "discover" new writers; he has sought, and sought with conspicuous success, for the best acknowledged experts, and has made it his business to give the public the views of the men upon whom it has learnt to rely. From a business aspect his undertaking has justified itself by its success; and he may well look back with satisfaction upon the distinguished muster-roll of his collaborators.

It is interesting, however, in comparing the most modern editorial policy with that of a century ago, to see how widely the editorial function has diverged, and how different are the aims of the managers. To some extent, no doubt, the change has been effected by the growth of advertisement and the increasing importance of the advertising canvasser in controlling the fortunes of a periodical. In reading of the early struggles of the quarterly reviews, we find but two necessities exercising the minds of the promoters: the question of circulation and the quality of the contributions; of which the first depended entirely upon the second. Murray's letters of that period are full of anxiety as to the opinion of his advisers upon the literary and logical excellence of the various articles, and

many authorities are consulted upon many points. But nowadays, as all who have had a share in floating a new periodical know only too well, the first inquiry of the management is addressed to the advertising agent; the first necessity is a fine and remunerative show of advertisements—whether of soap or of pills, of tooth-powder or of beef-extracts. And to secure these advertisements the first need of the enterprising agent introducing a new periodical is to be able to point to an imposing list of familiar names in the table of contributors. And so, in all but the oldest and most firmly established of our literary reviews, the necessity for outward show becomes paramount, and the question of quality is, of equal necessity, set in the background. Hence the multiplication of foolish and valueless magazines, mere vehicles for the portage of advertisements, in many of which the trade announcements are of equal, and even greater bulk than the letterpress. Hence, too, the debasing of the intellectual currency to the level of that grosser popularity which shall combine a large circulation with a regi-

ment of names familiar to the unliterary, and so convey to the intending advertiser the greatest possible inducement for patronage.

From all this ingenuity of the huckster it is pleasant to turn to methods more sedate, and to spend an hour or two in the calm company of the great editors of the past, and the small company of their worthy successors in the present. It is here that we can feel that the interests of literature are still subserved, that the academic spirit still survives. The illustrated six-pennyworths, with their snap-shot photographs and their fiction for the servants' hall, multiply with unfailling fecundity, till their progeny seem likely to eat one another out of the grass of the warren. But the leisured spirit of literary dignity and power will continue to put forth new leaves with the regular recurrence of the Reviews; and long may they survive the stress of competition and the spread of half-educated intelligence! It will be a gray day for English literature if they ever find themselves crowded from their honorable place.



The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and there can be no doubt that much careful preparation was devoted to the production of "The

ness and appropriateness of the stage decorations, the accuracy in minor details, and the general smoothness of the first public performance, all bore



Photo by

Sarony

MISS VIRGINIA HARNED
Now playing in "Alice of Old Vincennes"

Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," which was selected by Mr. and Mrs. Fiske to follow "Miranda of the Balcony" in the Manhattan Theatre. The complete-

testimony to this fact. In these respects the presentation, for the most part, was worthy of the professed policy of the management. On the

subject of the play itself it is impossible to be enthusiastic. That it possesses in its familiar but poignant situations elements of great popularity is indisputable, and it may be admitted that Mrs. Burton Harrison has displayed considerable constructive ingenuity in giving new form to an old plan, but in remodelling the foundations she has weakened the whole superstructure. The guilt of the wife is essential to the

after a lapse of so many years, and in the prescribed conditions, either her husband or his lawyer would consent to grant her a personal interview. Again, it is difficult to discern any reason, except the theatrical one, which is obvious enough, why, being conscious of innocence, she should, though passionately attached to him, refuse to marry an honorable man, who suspected her of having a troubled past, but was



Photo by

SCENE FROM "THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE"

Byron

credibility of the subsequent drama. If the first Mrs. Lorimer had been as innocent of anything worse than an indiscretion committed under cruel provocation, and as fond of her child as she is asserted to have been, she never would have abandoned the fight for her rights. As for the self-incriminating letter which she is supposed to have written, that, of course, would have little or no weight in a court of law, in the absence of corroborative testimony. Moreover, innocent or guilty, it is extremely improbable that

willing and eager to ignore it. Manifestly the primary object of the play is not to present a picture of actual life, or to enforce a moral, but to provoke sympathy for an angelic creature suffering prolonged martyrdom.

"The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," of course, is a modernized, elaborated, and expurgated edition of the old, old story of which "East Lynne" is the best known version upon our stage, and all theatre-goers know how potent it has been in the hands of the great emotional actresses of the French and

English stages for the last forty years. To say that Mrs. Fiske is as eloquent an interpreter of it as some of her predecessors would be untrue. Her ability is intellectual rather than emotional. She suggests more than she expresses. It is not, therefore, in moments of pure pathos that she is most impressive. But Mrs. Harrison has made Mrs. Hatch a more complex character than Lady Isabel, endowing her with pugnacity, sarcasm, resolution, and clever-

prettily imagined devices. Her death was a striking bit of realism. On the whole her performance was a notably clever adaptation of means to ends. She was well supported by J. E. Dodson, R. T. Haines, Jefferson Winter, Max Figman, Eleanor Moretti, and Annie Irish.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD has made an unmistakable hit with his *Monsieur Beaucaire* in the play founded

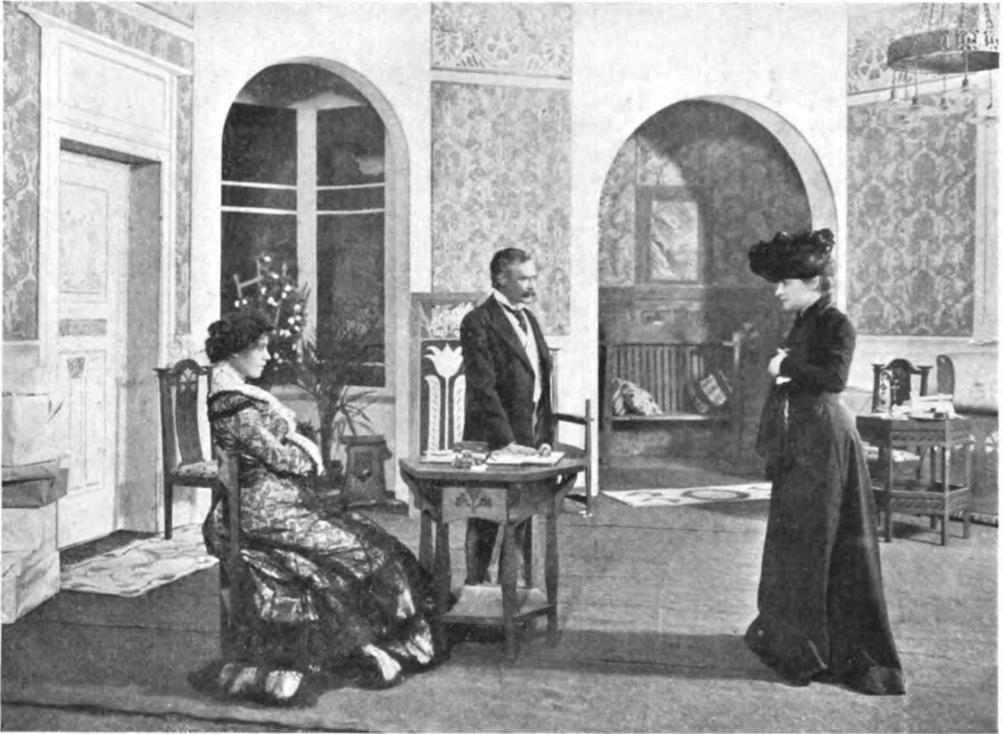


Photo by

"THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH," ACT III

Byron

ness. These attributes do not always harmonize with her conduct, but they enabled Mrs. Fiske to display some of her best abilities. Thus she was particularly effective in her alternate moods of entreaty and defiance in the scene with her husband and his lawyer in the first act, and in her passionate outburst against the second Mrs. Lorimer in the third. In the scene with her daughter, when she is compelled to maintain her disguise of dressmaker, she indicated the maternal craving with many true, delicate, and

upon Mr. Tarkington's story. It is a long time since he has found a character giving so much scope to some of his most attractive gifts as an actor. In tragic, heroic, or deeply emotional parts his style is rigid, strenuous, and inelastic, but in light, eccentric, romantic comedy his quick sense and firm grasp of character, his close attention to detail, his easy, authoritative manner, his vein of cynical and bantering humor, and his striking personality are exceedingly effective. As the French prince who, for his own pur-

poses, allows himself to be mistaken for a barber, he is in his element. Linguistically, of course, he is perfect both in his scraps of French and in his Frenchified English, and he is but little less happy in his suggestions both of the fine gentleman and the pretender. His indifference to insults which it does not suit him to resent is superb, and his bearing as lover and courtier all that could be desired. His long experience in the heavier drama enables him to carry off such scenes as those of the card-playing episode and the attempted assassination with a dash and vigor far beyond the reach of the ordinary light comedian, and thus to distract attention from what are really the weakest spots in the play. It is absurd, of course, to suppose that a Duke, even of the wicked theatrical variety, would gamble with a man whom he believed to be a barber and sharper, and try to cheat him in so clumsy a way, and it is equally absurd to pretend that half-a-dozen Bath dandies would conspire to murder a man in their host's garden. But in other respects this play by Mr. Tarkington and Mrs. Sutherland is a very creditable performance, written in a by no means unsuccessful imitation of the older comedies. The first act, even if some of the witticisms are borrowed, is very brightly written, and the piece is interesting and entertaining from beginning to end. It is true that the chief laurels belong to Mr. Mansfield—whose vanity must be exacting indeed if it were not satisfied by the appreciation of his first night's audience—but the authors at least deserve credit for providing him with an opportunity.

THE MOST OBVIOUS comment upon Mr. Clyde Fitch's "The Girl and the Judge," produced before a rather puzzled and doubtful audience in the Lyceum Theatre, is that it is exceedingly clever in spots and exceedingly theatrical. The moral of it, if it has one, that a judge may be justified in falsifying evidence, suborning perjury, and using his influence to shield a criminal, for the sake of the woman he loves, is, of course, abominable. For

that Mrs. Stanton is in the eyes of the law a common thief there is no doubt. She steals for gain, she pawns the goods, and she is afraid of the police. The genuine kleptomaniac, a very rare species, steals for love of the article and fears nothing but the loss of it. In this matter Mr. Fitch tampers with



Photo by

MR. CHARLES DALTON
In "The Helmet of Navarre"

Sarony

facts and with common sense. But the problem which he proposes to the judge in his first act is novel and highly ingenious, and the way in which he provokes and maintains curiosity is as clever, in its way, as anything he has done. The motive which led him to select a bedroom, at midnight, for the scene of the daughter's accusation

and the mother's confession is open to suspicion, but, at all events, the scene itself is strongly dramatic and also true to nature—although in a different sense from what he intended—if somewhat painful and repellent. It is more pleasant to revert to the girl and the judge, both of whom are entirely sympathetic and human personages. As the tender, loving, distracted daughter, Miss Annie Russell is wholly charming in her own delightful way. Her love passages with the judge are beautifully fresh and girlish, and her mingled indignation and sad filial devotion in the scene with her guilty mother are very touching and convincing in their simple sincerity. Her entire impersonation is a veritable bit of nature and the salvation of the play. Mr. Johnson's Judge, queer official as he is, is also a capital example of natural acting. Mrs. Gilbert, of course, is delightful as ever. May her years increase and her strength be unabated! Mr. John Glendenning and Mrs. McKee Rankin do Mr. Fitch substantial service. His Jewish characters remind one of the grosser sort of cheap comic valentines. They belong to the variety stage, not the theatre, which, Heaven help us! is supposed to hold the mirror up to nature.

THE "COLORADO" of Mr. Augustus Thomas is a disappointment, and requires only a line or two of record. It is an effective Western melodrama, from the purely theatrical point of view, put together with some con-

structive skill, and containing several sensational scenes, but it is deficient in atmosphere and characterization, and will add nothing to his reputation, although it may help to fill his purse. Mr. Wilton Lackaye makes good use of such chances as are afforded him in a conventional part. Nor is there much to be said in praise of Mr. Edward E. Rose's adaptation of Mr. Maurice Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes," which fails to reproduce any of the peculiar charm of the original book. It is a bustling melodrama, with some lively scenes thrown together in haphazard and crude fashion. Miss Virginia Harned plays the heroine with coquettish charm, plentiful spirit, and considerable skill; and the piece, which is well put upon the stage, may be popular for a time. Miss Runkle's "Helmet of Navarre" has suffered still more in adaptation, having been converted into a reckless and chaotic melodrama, but it has the advantage of many picturesque tableaux, really fine stage pictures, and some effective romantic acting of the dashing, virile, soldierly kind, by Charles Dalton, an actor of a striking personality of whom more is likely to be heard. Miss Lottie Blair Parker's "Under Southern Skies" is a fairly well made and interesting melodrama, with a sensational marriage scene which may keep it alive for a long time. It is also provided with a number of characteristic Southern scenes, which are enacted with spirit and veracity and afford excellent entertainment.

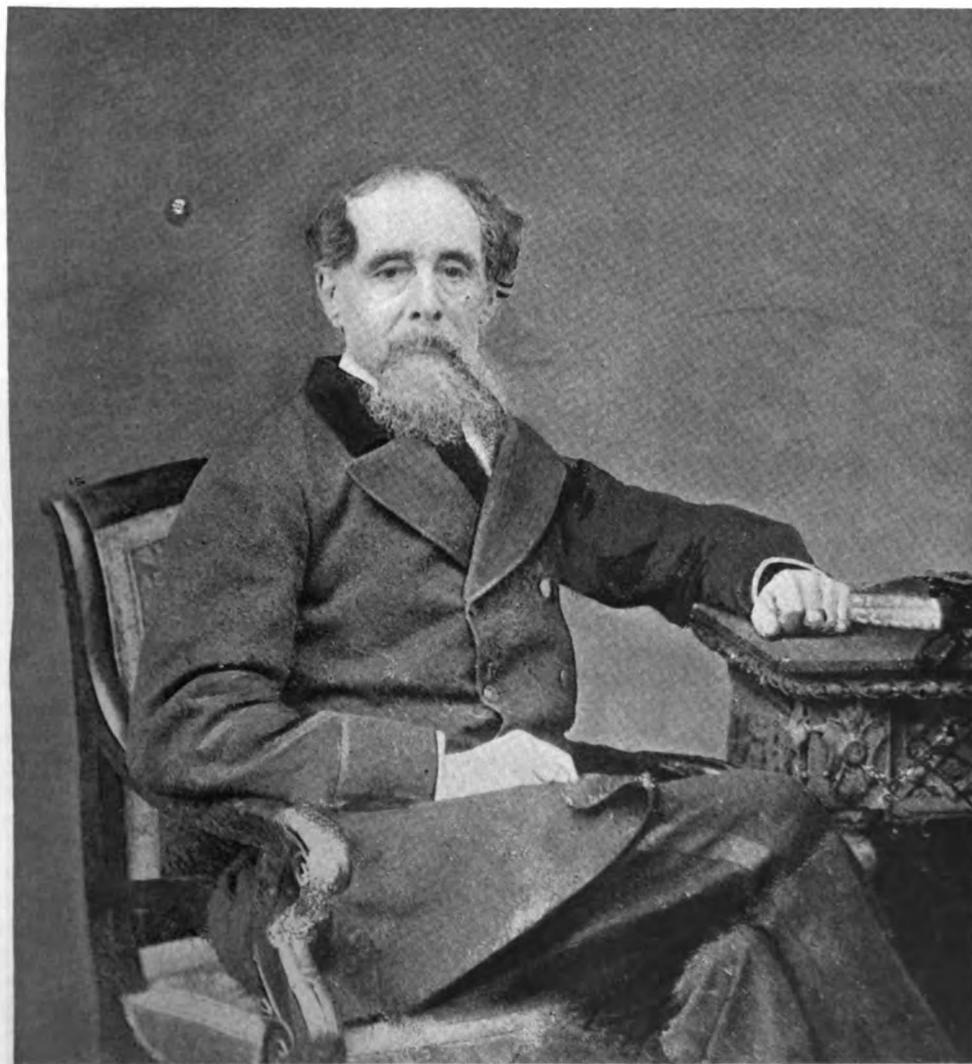


Dickens and his Illustrators

By B. W. MATZ

THE relations which existed between Dickens and the artists who illustrated his books were most intimate. To-day it is the publisher who chooses the artist

Sometimes the artist was happier than at others, and produced Dickens's own ideal in his drawings. But at other times he was not. At the very outset



CHARLES DICKENS

(From an hitherto unpublished photograph)

and approves or disapproves of his work. But Dickens was more particular and superintended the choice of subject for illustration and the manner of the treatment of it in his books.

of his career, we find him insisting that Seymour should illustrate his text and that the reverse should not be the case. And many of the original pictures by Phiz and Seymour in "Pickwick" had



CHARLES DICKENS
(From a photograph never before published)

to be considerably altered at Dickens's suggestion. The suggested amendments would be conveyed either in a letter or by writing on the original drawing. We were able, through the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to examine one of these original drawings so marked, as well as the steel plate as it afterwards appeared. Again, in "Oliver Twist" is found another early instance of the importance Dickens attached to the pictures. He writes describing how he came to town and found that he had not seen the plates to the last volume, and how he objected to the one "Rose Maylie and Oliver," begging Cruikshank to do it again. Later, he became most abusive to poor Phiz over "Dombey," notwithstanding the pains that famous artist took to please. And so it was throughout all his books; he knew what he wanted, and insisted upon having it. It is this working together of author and artist which makes the work of the latter so valuable, particularly at the present time when so many attempts are made by the artist to re-create some of his characters.

The one artist since Dickens's death whose work stands out prominently as depicting the true spirit of the master, is Fred Barnard. He became associated with Dickens's writings in the Household Edition and illustrated several volumes. Although his style was very different, yet not inferior in technique, to that of Phiz and Cruikshank, both of whom realized Dickens's ideal, it is nevertheless thoroughly and truly in sympathy with the humor and pathos of the author. At times he was positively masterly, and nothing better of the kind has been done than his series of character studies published some years since.

"Pickwick" has always been a fascinating book for the artist. At one time everybody who could draw attempted to illustrate it.

Indeed, the number of artists who indulged in such attempts are legion, "Pickwick papers" being more favored in this respect than the others. At the time of its issue in 1836 and 1837, more than one artist produced sets of etchings to be used as "extras" for the monthly parts as they appeared. The best of these were by Onwhyn, who used the pseudonym of "Sam Weller" on some of his engravings, William Heath, Alfred Crowquill (A. H. Forrester), and T. Gibson. We recall a characteristic one by Heath and also one by Sir John Gilbert, whose series on wood appeared later. The subject is a fascinating one, could be dealt with at length, and enhanced by a specimen of each artist's work. That, of course, is impossible—impracticable, in fact. But of the "authorized" artists we are able to recall, in addition to the ones who were not "authorized" already referred to, a drawing by Seymour which has never appeared in the immortal book itself.

But what will interest Dickens lovers and "collectors" more than notes about

these are the pictures which are now published for the first time. These are the portraits, all of which are the copyright of Mr. H. E. Smith. He discovered them and other plates carefully tied up, and marked "Charles Dickens's portraits." They are all extremely interesting as showing Dickens as he appeared in real life and without the effect of the refining pencil of an artist, and form valuable additions to the already large collection of Dickens prints and pictures. Another interesting lot are the small vignette pictures from a series of water-colors by Phiz, which were so delicately engraved and used on the title-pages of the first issue only of the original Library edition. There were twenty-two in all.

It would be superfluous to enter into any details respecting the illustrations to the various other books of Dickens. "Pickwick" was the only one, comparatively, that created any competition to speak of. And as nearly every edition of his works issued by Chapman and Hall contain the original illustrations, they have become familiar to everybody. Those of our readers, however, who want to know more of the wonderful collection of illustrations which "Pickwick" has inspired, we would recommend to add to their library "Pictorial Pickwickiana," edited by Joseph Grego, wherein he has brought together nearly four hundred drawings and engravings from all over the world, illustrating that book alone.

There were other of the works for which extra plates were published, including "Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge," "A Tale of Two Cities," besides collections of portraits. Among these should be mentioned Phiz's set of the chief characters in "Dombey and Son."

Not the least interesting part of the serial issue of Dickens's works were the designs for the covers. These were



CHARLES DICKENS
(From an unpublished photograph)

done by the artists illustrating the book.

Of the topography of Dickens much has been said, much written, and much published. Indeed, there seems to be no finality to the subject. As we have observed already, Dickens had a keen eye and took in everything he saw. Having once got it in his mind's eye his marvellous memory kept it there. It is not strange, therefore, that towns, villages, houses, inns, streets, private rooms, incidents and scenes, which figure in his novels, should have their prototype in reality. Most authors work in the same manner but perhaps not so faithfully. Dickens had so many confidential friends too—great men all of them—who survived him and who have helped in identification and left records of facts. But time the ravisher will soon eliminate all traces of association with the Dickens as far as London is concerned. Every new improvement in these thoroughfares destroys something historically connected with Mr. Pickwick or the Wellers (particularly the old hostelries, of which



CHARLES DICKENS

(From an unpublished photograph)

few remain in London now), Oliver Twist, Dick Swiveller, and the Marchioness—and of scenes in "Sketches by Boz," "Copperfield," "Dorrit," "Bleak House," and the rest; but of course all is not wiped out yet.

And if one could take a walk, as the late Mr. Hughes of Birmingham did, through London, Gravesend, Rochester, Strood, Chatham, Maidstone, Broadstairs, Canterbury, Cobham, and the surrounding neighborhood, with a good guide, one would find it so. One could see the hotel from which Mr. Pickwick and Jingle started their coach ride to Rochester, and where later Copperfield and his friend Steerforth stayed at one time; one could stroll

through the dark arches of the Adelphi, as Dickens did, and then into the Temple to Fountain-court and observe the rooms where Dickens lived and the spot where Ruth Pinch went to meet her lover; one could discover where Pip lodged in Barnard's Inn, and then find oneself in Holborn wondering where Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig once resided. The Kent districts would require much time. One could see the house in which Dickens spent his honeymoon; the house where he lived as a boy in Chatham, and where he died at Gadshill. One could visit the hotel where the Pickwickians stayed at Rochester and even the bedroom in which Mr. Winkle slept. One could discover the pond on which the Pickwickians disported themselves when it was frozen, that famous winter's day; and if one's imagination be keen enough,

one could see Mr. Pickwick sliding; the Leather Bottle, Cobham, could be seen, where Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass inquired "for a gentleman of the name of Tupman." The cricket ground where the historic match took place is not difficult to discover, and if we were so inclined, there is delightful Broadstairs with many associations. Dickens lived and wrote there, in the house on the cliff's side, and one of his most charming pieces ("Our English Watering Places") is devoted to it. There are a thousand and one places and things to see. There are a thousand and one things to write about had we not come to the end of our space. The subject of "Dickens" is gigantic.

Always your affectionate friend
D. D.

FACSIMILE OF DICKENS'S AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE BOZ (1841)



CHARLES DICKENS
(From a photograph never before published)

Dickens in Memory

By GEORGE GISSING

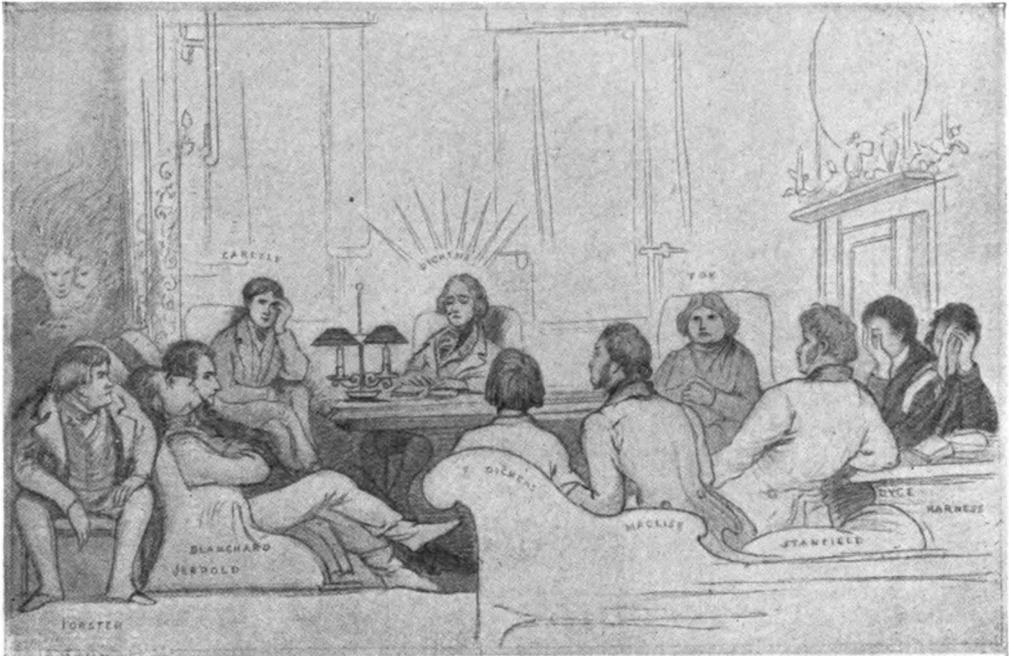
IN one of those glimpses of my childhood which are clearest and most recurrent, I see lying on the table of a familiar room a thin book in a green-paper cover, which shows the title, "Our Mutual Friend." What that title meant, I could but vaguely conjecture; though I fingered the pages, I was too young to read them with understanding; but this thin, green book notably impressed me and awoke my finer curiosity. For I knew that it had been received with smiling welcome; eager talk about it fell upon my ears; and with it was associated a name which from the very beginning of things I had heard spoken respectfully, admiringly. Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson — these were to me as the names of household gods; I uttered

them with reverence before two of the framed portraits upon our walls.

Another glimpse into that homely cloudland shows me a bound volume, rather heavy for small hands, which was called "Little Dorrit." I saw it only as a picture book, and found most charm in the frontispiece. This represented a garret bedroom, with a lattice through which streamed the sunshine; thereamid stood a girl, her eyes fixed upon the prospect of city roofs. Often and long did I brood over this picture, which touched my imagination in ways more intelligible to me now than then. To begin with, there was the shaft of sunlight, always, whether in nature or in art, powerful to set me dreaming. Then the view from the window — vague, suggestive of vastness; I was

told that those were the roofs of London, and London, indefinitely remote, had begun to play the necromancer in my brain. Moreover, the poor bareness of that garret, and the wistful gazing of the lonely girl, held me entranced. It was but the stirring of a child's fancy, excited by the unfamiliar; yet many a time in the after years, when, seated in just such a garret, I saw the sunshine flood the table at which I wrote, the frontispiece of

clamoring for the attention of my elders whilst I read aloud this and that passage from the great Trial. But "The Old Curiosity Shop" makes strong appeal to a youthful imagination, and contains little that is beyond its scope. Dickens's sentiment, however it may distress the mature mind of our later day, is not unwholesome, and, at all events in this story, addresses itself naturally enough to feelings unsubdued by criticism. His quality of pictur-



CHARLES DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES" TO HIS FRIENDS AT 58, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, MONDAY, THE 2ND OF DECEMBER, 1844

(From the engraving by C. H. Jeens, after the original sketch by Daniel Maclise, R. A.)

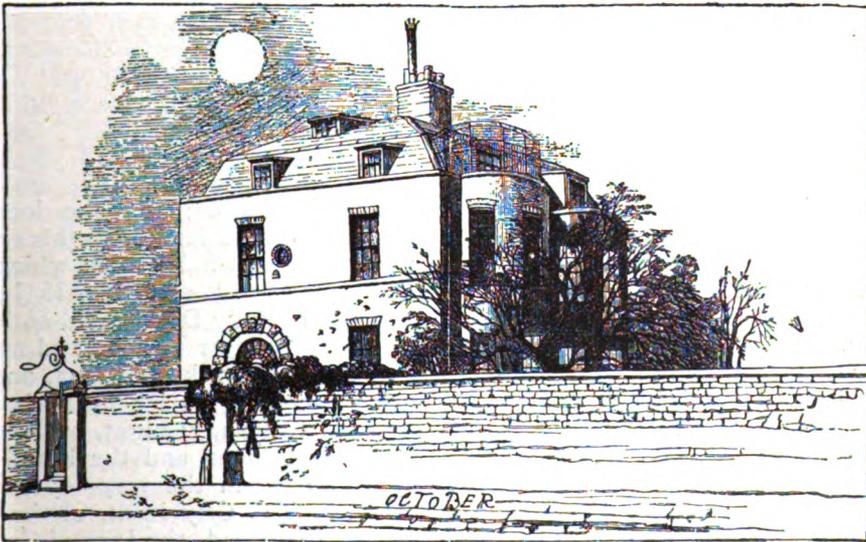
"Little Dorrit" has risen before me, and I have half believed that my childish emotion meant the unconscious foresight of things to come.

I believe that the first book—I the first real, substantial book—I read through was "The Old Curiosity Shop." At all events, it was the first volume of Dickens which I made my own. And I could not have lighted better in my choice. At ten years old, or so, one is not ready for "Pickwick." I remember very well the day when I plunged into that sea of mirth; I can hear myself, half choked with laughter,

esqueness is here seen at its best, with little or nothing of that melodrama which makes the alloy of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist"—to speak only of the early books. The opening scene, that dim-lighted storehouse of things old and grotesque, is the best approach to Dickens's world, where sights of every day are transfigured in the service of romance. The kindness of the author's spirit, his overflowing sympathy with poor and humble folk, set one's mind to a sort of music which it is good to live with; and no writer of moralities ever showed

triumphant virtue in so cheery a light as that which falls upon these honest people when rascality has got its deserts. Notably good, too, whether for young or old, is the atmosphere of rural peace breathed in so many pages of this book; I know that it helped to make conscious in me a love of English field and lane and village, one day to become a solacing passion. In "The Old Curiosity Shop," town is set before you only for effect of contrast; the aspiration of the story is to the country road winding along under a

Time went by, and one day I stood before a picture newly hung in the children's room. It was a large woodcut, published (I think) by *The Illustrated London News*, and called "The Empty Chair." Then for the first time I heard of Dickens's home, and knew that he had lived at that same Gadshill of which Shakespeare spoke. Not without awe did I see the picture of the room which now was tenantless; I remember, too, a curiosity which led me to look closely at the writing-table and the objects upon it, at the com-

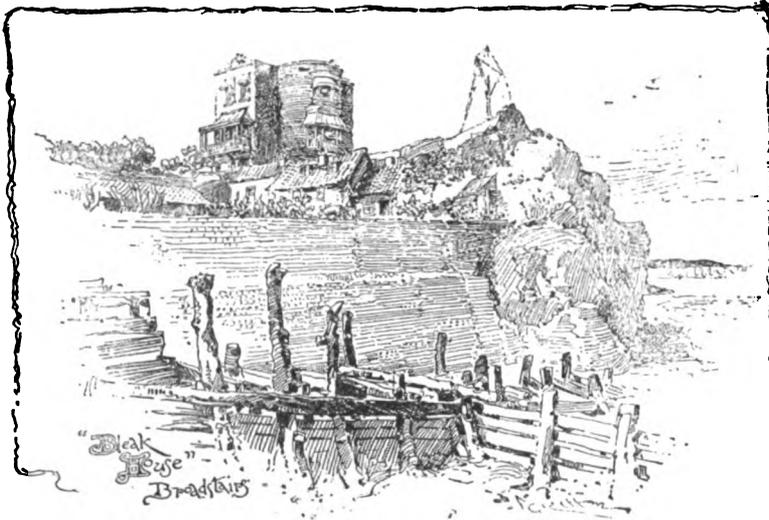


DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, WHERE MANY OF DICKENS'S MASTERPIECES WERE COMPOSED
(From a drawing by Daniel Maclise, R. A.)

pure sky. Others have pictured with a closer fidelity the scenes of English rustic life, but who succeeds better than Dickens in throwing a charm upon the wayside inn and the village church? Among his supreme merits is that of having presented in abiding form one of the best of our national ideals—rural homeliness. By the way of happiest emotions, the child reader takes this ideal into mind and heart; and perhaps it is in great part because Dickens's books are still so much read, because one sees edition after edition scattered over town and country homes, that one cannot wholly despair of this new England which tries so hard to be unlike the old.

comfortable, round-backed chair, at the book-shelves behind; I began to ask myself how books were written, and how the men lived who wrote them. It is my last glimpse of childhood. Six months later there was an empty chair in my own home, and the tenor of my life was broken.

When, seven years after this, I somehow found myself amid the streets of London, it was a minor matter to me, a point by the way, that I had to find the means of keeping myself alive; what I chiefly thought of was that now at length I could go hither or thither in London's immensity, seeking for the places which had been made known to me by Dickens. Previous short visits



"BLEAK HOUSE," BROADSTAIRS
(Where Dickens often stayed and worked)

had eased my mind about the sights that everyone must see; I now had leisure to wander among the byways, making real to my vision what hitherto had been but names and insubstantial shapes. A map of the town lay open on my table, and amid its close printed mazes I sought the familiar word; then off I set, no matter the distance, to see and delight myself. At times, when walking with other thoughts, I would come upon a discovery; the name at a street-corner would catch my eye and thrill me. Thus, one day in the City, I found myself at the entrance to Bevis Marks! I had just been making an application in reply to some advertisement—of course, fruitlessly; but what was that disappointment compared with the discovery of Bevis Marks! Here dwelt Mr. Brass, and Sally, and the Marchioness. Up and down the little street, this side and that, I went gazing and dreaming. No press of busy folk disturbed me; the place was quiet; it looked, no doubt, much the same as when Dickens knew it. I am not sure that I had any dinner that day, but, if not, I dare say I did not mind it very much.

London of twenty years ago differed a good deal from the London of today; it was still more unlike the town in which Dickens lived when writing

his earlier books; but the localities which he made familiar to his readers were, on the whole, those which had undergone least change. If Jacob's Island and Folly Ditch could no longer be seen, the river side showed many a spot sufficiently akin to them, and was everywhere suggestive of Dickens; I had but to lean, at night, over one of the City bridges, and the broad flood spoke to me in the very tones of the master. The City itself, Clerkenwell, Gray's-Inn Road, the Inns of Court—these places remained much as of old. To this day, they would bear for me something of that old association; but four and twenty years ago, when I had no London memories of my own, they were simply the scenes of Dickens's novels, with all remoter history enriching their effect on the great writer's page. The very atmosphere declared him; if I gasped in a fog, was it not Mr. Guppy's "London particular"?—if the wind pierced me under a black sky, did I not see Scrooge's clerk trotting off to his Christmas Eve in Somers Town? We bookish people have our consolations for the life we do not live. In time I came to see London with my own eyes, but how much better when I saw it with those of Dickens!

Forster's biography told me where to look for the novelist's homes and

haunts. I sought out Furnival's Inn, where he wrote "Pickwick"; the little house near Guilford Street, to which he moved soon after his marriage; Devonshire Place, in Marylebone Road, where he lived and worked for many years. But Forster did me another and a greater service; from the purchase of his book dates a second period of my Dickens memories, different in kind and in result from those which are concerned with the contents of the novels. At this time I had begun my attempts in the art of fiction; much of my day was spent in writing, and often enough it happened that such writing had to be done amid circumstances little favorable to play of the imagination, or ⁱⁿ⁻tentness of the mind. Then it was that the "Life of Dickens" came to my help. When I was tired and discouraged and seemed to have lost interest in my work, I took down Forster and read at random, sure to come upon something which restored my spirits and renewed the zest which had failed me. Merely as the narrative of a wonderfully active, zealous, and successful life, this book scarce has its equal; almost any reader must find it exhilarating; but to me it yielded such special sustenance as, in those days, I could not have found elsewhere, and, lacking which, I should perhaps have failed by the way. I am not referring to Dickens's swift triumph, to his resounding fame and high prosperity; these things are cheery to read about, especially when shown in a light so human, with

the accompaniment of such geniality and mirth. No; the pages which invigorated me were those where one sees Dickens at work, alone at his writing-table, absorbed in the task of the story-teller. Constantly he makes known to Forster how his story is getting on, speaks in detail of difficulties, rejoices over spells of happy labor; and what splendid sincerity in it all! If this work of his was not worth doing, why, nothing was. A troublesome letter has arrived by the morning's post and threatens to spoil the day; but he takes a few turns up and down the room, shakes off the worry, and sits down to write for hours and hours. He is at the seaside, his desk at a sunny bay window overlooking the shore, and there all the morning he writes with gusto, ever and again bursting into laughter at his own thoughts. A man of method, too, with no belief in the theory of casual inspiration; fine artist as he is, he goes to work regularly, punctually; one hears of breakfast advanced by a quarter of an hour, that the morning's session may be more fruitful.

Well, this it was that stirred me, not to imitate Dickens as a novelist, but to follow afar off his example as a worker. From this point of view, the debt I owe to him is incalculable. Among the best of my memories are those moments under a lowering sky when I sought light in the pages of his biographer, and rarely sought in vain.

"No" - replied the Dodger "not here. In this
 ain't the shop for nothin', besides which my
 attorney, is a breakfasting this morning with
 the Vice President of the House of Commons, but
 I shall have something to say ^{change} ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~, and
 so will be

FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF DICKENS'S MS. OF "OLIVER TWIST," WRITTEN IN 1837.
 (From "The Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster)



Even Yet

By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

*"But I appeal!" So, after sentence heard,
Said one to Philip on his judgment-throne.
"To whom?" astounded at the audacious word,
Asked the proud monarch, menace in his tone.*

*"From Philip drunk to Philip sober!" he
Firmly replied, and by his firmness won.
Will now my mighty mother country be
Indulgent toward the boldness of a son,*

*Who dares even yet implore her to revise
Her counsels in this crisis of her fate?
Will she not listen to herself more wise,
Weighing and doubting, ere it be too late?*

*'Strong am I, yea—but is my heart so pure
That I can safely, with good hope to speed,
Become knight-errant nation, and endure
Whatever hardship for whatever need?*

*'Would that I were indeed so pure in heart!
Then I might hope to be so calmly wise
That I could dare assume such glorious part,
A championship that all should recognize.*

*'Perhaps, perhaps—long years of waiting hence,
Waiting, and high endeavor, and purged aim—
Aim purged of mean ambition and pretence—
I might aspire thus nobly without blame.*

*'A nation wise, beneficent, and just,
From sinuous ways and selfish purpose clear,
An umpire nation that all nations trust,
A potent nation that all nations fear,—*

'These in one nation, and that nation I—
 The summit of ideal and the crown!
 Something it is to have conceived so high;
 Ah, to achieve that arduous fair renown!

'Nay, tempt me not; I am not worthy, wait;
 I must not too audaciously aspire;
 Let me become myself a blameless state,
 Fine gold thrice born from the refiner's fire.

'So I, not as if grasping at mine own,
 With usurpation rash in flattered pride,
 But, like a sovereign welcomed to his throne,
 Unenvied to my seat of power might ride.

'Though, were I such a nation, and my peers,
 Were my peers such as to salute me such,
 And, taking counsel of no jealous fears,
 Acclaim me to a place that meant so much—

'Would there be longer need of such a power
 To mediate among nations and make peace?
 Who will desire, for his defence, a tower
 Of strength and refuge, when oppressions cease?

'Meantime, until that golden day shall dawn
 Of universal justice and good will,
 Were it not well for me to bide withdrawn
 From all their jars and conflicts, strong and still,

'And be one nation among nations free
 From sordid greed of gain at others' cost,
 Equal to rapine, as all men might see,
 Yet never once with thought of rapine crossed;

'The image of a meek and mighty state,
 Pacific power majestic in repose,
 Breathing, with air as confident as fate,
 Serene, secure unconsciousness of foes!'



Essays Worth Reading

By A. I. du P. COLEMAN

THOSE of us whose habit (whose good fortune, if you like) it is to live much among books, especially if, with Lamb, we generally "r-r-read the old ones," have a hearty welcome for any adequate fresh treatment of the friends whom we have known so long; and the consecutive reading of such a half-dozen as those whose titles appear at the bottom of these pages is not a task but a pleasure.

The very desultory order, it is true, in which Professor Saintsbury and his colleagues are treating their periods of European literature gives one a curious sense of standing on one's head, when one has read and reviewed Mr. Hannay's "Later Renaissance" nearly four years ago, and comes only now to examine the "Earlier Renaissance,"* as covered by the distinguished editor of the series. But that is the only feeling of discomfort to which the reader of this particular book is exposed. If one may (in spite of Mr. Churton Collins's recent general distribution of censure among his fellow-workmen) still take leave to regard Mr. Saintsbury as the first of living English critics, it may be recognized at once as equal to his reputation. While its limits of space prevent it from being as full, and the intangible remoteness of its period from being as vivid, as his delightful treatment of nineteenth-century authors, which will bear even a second and a third reading better, for sheer readableness, than most modern novels, yet the other qualities which mark every line of his work are here constantly present. The style is, indeed, not always absolutely clear, but this is a defect of these very qualities; he has so much to say, and knows so exactly what he means, that he packs every sentence with all the qualification it needs to make it a correct statement of due scientific precision. One can hardly afford to skip

a single word, for each lightest touch is meant to tell on the finished picture. The wonderful equipment of the man is demonstrated abundantly by this book, dealing as it does with the whole range of European literature in the period, not merely with Ariosto and Rabelais, with Wyatt and Surrey, with Luther and Calvin, but descending to the *minutiæ* of the pseudo-classical Latin verse of humanism; and with each minor writer he names he has a first-hand acquaintance, and has weighed each in the just balance of his critical mind. He never forgets that he is there to judge; never wanders off into that primrose path of easy writing which opens before those who believe with Mr. Le Gallienne that criticism is the art of praise; and, though he avows many a pleasant prejudice, never allows one of them for a moment to interfere with his judicial attitude. Of course he does not write for the masses — by his use of technical terms he assumes a certain preparation to understand him; and not one of the least charming of his traits is the manner in which he turns even this at times into an implicit compliment to the reader, as though he should say (with the kindly, humorous twinkle of the eyes behind the spectacles, so easily imagined by those who know his face only from pictures), "Of course you will know what I mean by that—I need not give a diagram for *you*."

The fundamental unhappiness of Professor Matthews's book* is the extremely minute character of the matters upon which he dwells. Like the verbal critic of Mallet's satire, he steps forth

Of points and letters, chaff and straws to write,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud.

The very title of his book proclaims his preoccupation with details, and it is abundantly justified by the contents.

*"The Earlier Renaissance." By George Saintsbury, M.A., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

*"Parts of Speech: Essays on English." By Brander Matthews, Professor in Columbia University. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Busily, for example, he goes from one long-established author to another, politely anxious to remove from their eyes motes which he is sure must be very annoying to them. Thus, in his "Inquiry as to [what he calls] Rime," he stands austerely over Poe and Whittier and Holmes, over Lovelace and Kipling, Tennyson and Browning, flourishing a ruler inscribed "Defect in craftsmanship" for their chastisement. By a happy coincidence (in the book here noticed) his brother of Edinburgh deals with just this sort of criticism in his own serene and satisfying fashion. "When purists in England tell us," he says quietly, "that Chaucer might have selected a better dialect, that Shakespeare's English is not quite correct, that Dryden wants a stricter and purer grammar, we say, if we are wise, 'Perhaps,' and pass on." But although (or *altho*, as he prefers to write it) Mr. Matthews is at times theoretically much in favor of latitude, yet such a rigorist position as that to which he comes back after all his professions of tolerance must expose him to a searching scrutiny of his own parts of speech. There is one particular substantive, of his invention so far as I know, which recurs not infrequently in this book, and provokes a protest at each recurrence. It is the unfortunate and utterly impossible locution "Briticism" of which he is so fond—though he has not pushed his fondness so far as to speak of "Britic" novelists or poets. Happily the thing shows no signs of spreading beyond the classic precincts of Columbia. Professor Carpenter, with a loyal *esprit de corps*, uses it boldly; and it is he precisely who is quoted by his colleague in these pages to the effect that "what a large body of reputable people recognize as a proper word or a proper meaning of a word cannot be denied its right to a place in the English vocabulary." Now, while no one would forget for a moment that Messrs. Matthews and Carpenter are eminently reputable, they cannot by any stretch of courtesy be called a large body. The tailors of Tooley Street were at least three when they issued a proclamation in the name of

the people of England; but I fear that it would take more than one extra professor to render "Briticism" tolerable.

Mr. Brownell's book,* dealing with Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Meredith, is the most thoroughly digested and original of all those which we are considering,—the one which is best worth reading for its own sake, as a substantive contribution to literature. Its finished style carries one along pleasantly, even when one is indisposed for the exertion necessary to appropriate the result of his rather abstract reasoning. The best chapter, perhaps, is that on Arnold, with whom Mr. Brownell has more affinity both as thinker and writer than with some of the others. The book is really handicapped, for the reader who is not very painstaking, by the tendency to abstraction already mentioned, and by the author's experience as a critic in quite another field of art; it bristles with technical terms borrowed from the "shop" of the art-school or analogies with painting—sometimes illuminating (as when he asserts that Carlyle's style has a thread running through it "always brilliantly plain—like a streak of scarlet through a tangle of green") but more often confusing.

Professor Beers deserves commendation for merits the very opposite of Mr. Brownell's. In this sequel† to his earlier work on the foreshadowings, in the eighteenth century, of the romanticism which is so familiar to us, he makes, as befits his subject, no attempt to shine as an original writer. What he does is to give us in a compact form the result of a vast amount of reading and of clear and orderly thinking—the latter displayed by the exceedingly lucid and convincing way in which he assembles exactly the right references in the right context, and furnishes between the covers of this book all that is necessary for forming the conclusions to which he himself has been led by years of study. From this point of

* "Victorian Prose Masters." By W. C. Brownell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

† "A History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century." By Henry A. Beers. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75 net.

view, his chapters on the Romantic School in Germany and Movement in France are particularly valuable, as enabling those whose reading is not so wide to appraise the reciprocal influences which were passing to and fro between England and the Continent in the first third of the nineteenth century. Thus he enables us vividly to realize that great scene to which Stevenson alludes when he crowns his stirring description of the employments proper to youth with "to wait all day in the theatre to applaud *Hernani*." But Mr. Beers does not only make a brilliant picture for us of the generous young Romantics, with Gautier in his famous *gilet rouge* at their head: in a few pages he gives the gist of the contention on one side and the other, and makes it beautifully clear what the battle was all about. In the closing chapter, on Tendencies and Results, he displays the same sureness of touch in subordinate subjects lying a little outside his proper field, and is accurate and convincing in his treatment of the Oxford Movement, the revival of Gothic architecture, and the Socialism of Kingsley, Ruskin, and Morris.

On Dr. Garnett's and Mr. Birrell's books one need not stop so long, as the whole of the former and three fifths of the latter are merely the reproduction in convenient permanent form of matter previously made public in one form or another,—of lectures, of magazine articles, and of introductions to "Works." The "Ex-Librarian's" * knowledge of his subjects is sufficient justification for him in reprinting what he has written. Shakespearean students will recognize with pleasure a revised version of his theory as to the date and occasion of "The Tempest," which he admits was not received with acquiescence when it was first put forth twelve or fifteen years ago, but which has probably made many converts since in Dr. Furness's edition of the play. The essay "On Translating Homer" deals with a still thornier subject. Mr.

Lang has said that "probably no translator will ever please any one but himself," and certainly neither Matthew Arnold's hexameters nor Dr. Garnett's rhymed heroics can be excepted from this radical law; nor does the latter take sufficient account of the "fourteener" or ballad metre of Chapman three centuries ago and Professor Blackie in our own day, which seems to me, at least, to come nearer than the other *media* to reproducing the swiftness and the swing and the sweep of the Greek hexameter. An essay of singular interest is that on a subject as fresh as the other is worn by much contention—the intellectual relations between two such apparently dissimilar men as Shelley and Lord Beaconsfield.

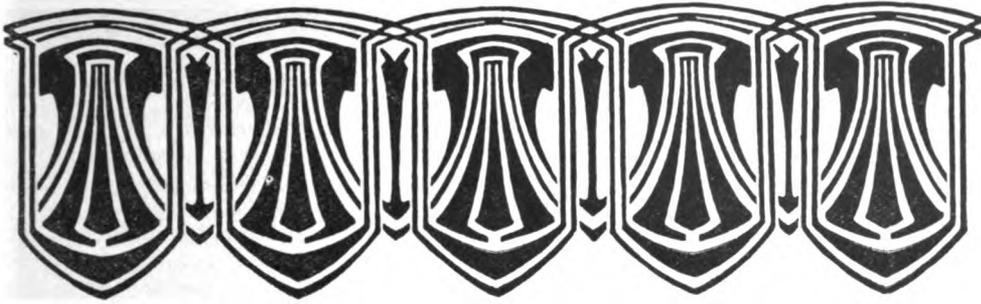
Mr. Birrell is here * the same Mr. Birrell as of old—very Scotch, pleasantly discursive, and usually genial. He can have made himself no friends among ardent Anglicans, to be sure, by the essay in which, with his cold North-British logic, he discusses the question, "What, then, did happen at the Reformation?" and concludes from the position of a dispassionate looker-on that

a change so great broke the continuity of English Church history, effected a transfer of Church property from one body to another, and that from thenceforth the new Church of England has been exposed to influences and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either Church authority or Church discipline.

But those who, for this or other reasons, do not like him, need not therefore eschew the book altogether; his habit of generous quotation will provide them with plenty of alternative refreshment. Thus, more than one half of the essay on Walter Bagehot is made up of extracts from the subject's writings; but one need not quarrel with the method in this particular case, as Bagehot is a writer who deserves to be far better known than he is, both in this country and in England.

* "Essays of an Ex-Librarian." By Richard Garnett. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75 net.

* "Essays and Addresses." By Augustine Birrell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.



Copyright Procedure

Some Misapprehensions

By HERBERT PUTNAM

THE procedure requisite to the entry of an article for copyright under the laws of the United States is extremely simple. It does not require the mediation of an expert, nor the services of a lawyer. An applicant has merely to write to the office indicating the nature of the article sought to be copyrighted and requesting the necessary blanks. These will be furnished him without charge. They carry with them full directions. He fills them out and forwards them with the fee prescribed, and in due course receives his certificate. Should he desire the precise letter of the law upon which his rights are based, he can have for the asking a pamphlet issued by the office containing every statute relating to copyright ever enacted in the United States.

The procedure is thus in itself simple. There exist, however, certain misapprehensions concerning it, its detail and effect. These misapprehensions are very general, and they persist in spite of repeated explanations from the Copyright Office.

They appear due to a confusion in the minds of the public between copyright, patent right, and the monopoly in a trade mark or a trade name.

Now the monopoly in a trade name is a monopoly at common law. But the monopoly in an invention or discovery is purely the result of statute—a privilege granted by the crown or the state; and the monopoly in a trade mark or in a published book, while

historically it may have had a certain recognition in common law, is now so particularly the creature of statute that no claimant of it appeals to any but the statutory provisions in the enforcement of his claim.

The statute which confers his monopoly defines and limits it; and it requires of him the strictest compliance with a certain procedure which it prescribes. The omission of any detail will be fatal. In copyright, for instance, the author may have every claim of originality; he may have filed his application; he may have filed printed copies of his title; he may have paid the fee; he may even have secured the usual certificate,—he may have taken every step to this point and yet be thrown out of court unless he can show that he has in addition deposited the two copies of the book itself required to be deposited—two copies of the “best edition,”—and that he has deposited them “not later than the day of publication.”*

That copyright and patent right should seem to the public identical in nature and in vigor is by no means strange. They both rest upon that clause of the Constitution which authorizes Congress “to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and

* Under the law of Great Britain registration at Stationers' Hall is a legal requirement only as a preliminary to a suit for infringement. It need not be made until the eve of the suit.

discoveries"; they each confer (or confirm) a monopoly; they are both to be secured through processes which have a superficial resemblance. These processes result in each case in the issue over the seal of a federal official of a certificate, and this certificate, equally in patent causes and in copyright, is accepted in court as a *prima-facie* evidence of title.

In fact, the procedures in the two cases differ,—what is required of the applicant, what is required of the office,—and the certificates issued differ correspondingly in phraseology and implication. But this is apparent only by comparison; and such a comparison is little apt to be made by an author who is not also an inventor and familiar with the usages of the Patent Office.

The registration of trade marks is in part provided for by the individual States. But so far as the trade marks are to be used in foreign commerce, or with the Indian tribes, it is now provided for by Congress also under its authority to regulate such commerce; and within the area of its application the federal procedure relating to trade marks is assimilated to that relating to patents. The certificate also of registration of a trade mark is held to be presumptive evidence of ownership, with all in the way of privilege that this implies.

But between patent right, copyright, and trade mark there are differences, due to procedure, which (since the rights rest on procedure) are differences not merely in form but in kind. They will appear from an examination of the statutes.

THE PRIVILEGE ITSELF:

Patents. The inventor or discoverer (or his assignee, etc.) of any "new and useful" art, etc., "may upon payment of the fees required by law, and other due proceedings had, obtain a patent therefor." (R. S., Sec. 4886.)

Trade Marks. "The owners of trade marks used in commerce with foreign nations or with the Indian tribes may obtain registration thereof." (Act approved March 31, 1881.)

Copyright. "The author, inventor, designer, or proprietor of any book, etc., shall, upon complying with the provision of this chapter, have the sole liberty of printing, publishing, and vending the same."

THE APPLICATION:

Patents. The application is to consist of a petition, a specification, and, when appropriate, a model, drawing, and ingredients, and "the applicant shall make oath that he does verily believe himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, etc. . . . ; that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or discovered." (R. S., Sec. 4892.) The oath must be by the inventor or discoverer. One by an assignee will not suffice.

Trade Marks. The application must include "a description of the trade mark itself, with facsimiles thereof, and a statement of the mode in which the same is applied and affixed to goods, and the length of time during which the trade mark has been used." And an *oath* that the applicant "has at the time a right to the use of the trade mark sought to be registered, and that no other person, firm, or corporation has the right to use such, either in the identical form or in any such near resemblance thereto as might be calculated to deceive." (Act March 31, 1881.)

Copyright. "No person shall be entitled to a copyright unless he shall, on or before the day of publication in this or any foreign country, deliver to the office of the Librarian of Congress or deposit in the mail, within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, a printed copy of the title of the book, map, etc. . . . or a description of the painting, etc. . . . nor unless he shall also, not later than the day of publication, etc., deposit two copies of such copyright book, map," etc. (R. S., Sec. 4956, as amended.)

In the case of copyright, therefore, there is no prescription as to the form of the application; there is no oath required, there is not even required an affirmation, that the article is original or otherwise a just subject of copyright. In fact, the form of application in use, provided by the Copyright Office, requires only the barest recital. A "proprietor" applying does not even have to name the author.

THE PROCEDURE IN THE OFFICE:

Patents. "On the filing of any such application and the payment of the fees required by law, the Commissioner of Patents shall cause an examination to be made of the alleged new invention or discovery; and if on such examination it appears that the claimant is justly entitled to a patent under the law and that the same is sufficiently useful and important, the Commissioner shall issue a patent therefor." (R. S., Sec. 4893.)

And in case of apparent interference the Commissioner

"shall direct the primary examiner to proceed to determine the question of priority of invention," and "may issue a patent to the party who is adjudged the prior inventor." (R. S., Sec. 4904.)

Trade Marks. "No alleged trade mark shall be registered . . . which is merely the name of the applicant, nor which is identical with a registered or known trade mark owned by another, and appropriate to the same class of merchandise, or which so nearly resembles some other person's lawful trade mark as to be likely to cause confusion or mistake in the mind of the public or deceive purchasers. In an application for registration the Commissioner of Patents shall decide the presumptive lawfulness of claim to the alleged trade mark." (Act March 3, 1881, Sec. 3.)

Copyrights. "The Librarian of Congress shall record the name of such copyright book or other article, forthwith, in a book to be kept for that purpose, in the words following": (R. S., Sec. 4957).

Here is no injunction on the Librarian to examine into the presumptive lawfulness of the claim; no authority in him to adjudicate as between different claimants. There is no authority in him to reject an application for copyright because of a resemblance which may cause confusion in the mind of the public or deceive purchasers. There is no such authority even if the book is in title and appears to be in substance identical with a book already entered. There is none because it appears to be neither new, useful, nor of literary value. The utility of a patent "is negated if the function proposed by the inventor is injurious to the morals, the health, or the good order of society."* But the Librarian of Congress has never undertaken to reject a manuscript proffered for copyright because it appears injurious to the morals, the health, or the good order of society. His function, as prescribed by statute, is purely administrative. It approximates that of a Register of Deeds, who does not refuse to enter a conveyance from C to D of a certain tract merely because a conveyance from A to B of the same tract had been received and entered on the day preceding.

* Bedford vs. Hunt, 1 Mason 301 (1817).

As an expert has said, referring to a particular case: "The Librarian of Congress, not being a judicial officer in any sense, was not required to pass upon the legality of copyrighting the thing presented to him for that purpose. The fee was paid: the act was done."*

THE CERTIFICATE ISSUED:

Patents. "Every patent shall contain a short title or description of the invention or discovery, correctly indicating its nature and design, and a grant to the patentee, his heirs or assigns (for the term of seventeen years), of the exclusive right to make, use, or vend the invention or discovery." (R. S., Sec. 4884.)

And the certificate actually recites: "Whereas upon due examination made the said claimant is adjudged to be justly entitled to a patent under the law; now therefore these letters patent are granted unto the said," etc.

Trade Marks. The form certifies that the trade mark "has been duly registered . . . protection therefore will remain in force for 30 years from said date." (Act March 3, 1881, Sec. 4.)

Copyrights. Section 4957, prescribing the form of office entry, adds that the "Librarian shall give a copy of the title or description, under the seal of the Librarian of Congress, to the proprietor whenever he shall require it."

The certificate is in form identical with the entry itself:

"Be it remembered that on — [A. B.] has deposited in this office the title of a [book], the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: . . . the right whereof he claims as [author or proprietor] in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights."

This is the document which is accepted in court as conferring upon the plaintiff a *prima-facie* title. It is a bare recital. It contains no grant; it certifies in no way to the legality of the claim entered. It certifies merely to the fact that a *claim* has been entered in the Copyright Office at such a date, and certain formalities therein complied with. It is not complete even as to the procedure requisite; for it contains no mention of the two copies of the article whose deposit "on or before date of publication" is essential to complete the entry.

The phraseology of the copyright

* "Browne on Trade Marks," Sec. 109.

certificate is carefully limited and accords strictly with the facts. But its limitation is little apt to be discovered by its holder, who unless professionally interested has probably given no consideration to the procedure of the office upon which it was based. He has secured no adjudication of his claim, and no grant. He has secured decidedly less than the holder of letters patent. He cannot complain, for less was required of him. He put in a claim. He was not required to prove it. He was not even required to make oath to it. He gets in return only a clerical service. But this is all he pays for. For his entry for copyright he pays fifty cents (if a foreigner one dollar), as against thirty-five dollars at least for a patent, twenty-five dollars for a trade mark, six dollars for a print or label.*

He gets, therefore, all the service that may reasonably be expected, and gets it with small labor, little formality, and slight delay. He may not, therefore, complain.

It is the public, rather, that may justly complain. The author, having secured his certificate, immediately claps "Copyrighted" upon his book and puts it upon the market. This seems to claim, and does in general secure to him, an exclusive privilege which should imply an adjudication, but which has not, in fact, been the result of it. "Patented" upon a commodity, "Copyrighted" upon a book, both assert a monopoly and warn against infringement. But while the former rests upon an adjudication and a grant, the latter rests upon the mere assertion, *ex parte*, of the person interested.

It is, however, the author himself whose complaint is frequent and lively. The office has "misled" him. It has given him reason to think his monopoly secure, when in fact, as it subsequently proves, he is himself an infringer. He enters his application, receives his certificate, publishes his book, and puts it upon the market;

* The book or other article deposited to perfect copyright may in many cases have a value exceeding these fees. But they are not applied to the maintenance of the Copyright Office. It is only the cash fee which goes to recompense the office for the service rendered. The article is for identification and the additional security of the author or proprietor.

and only then, in the least agreeable way (*i. e.*, through a suit for infringement), gets notice that his claim conflicts with another's. Why were not the records of the office examined, this conflict ascertained, and himself informed of it? Why was there *not* an adjudication? At the least, why was he not notified that a work of a similar *title* had been entered in advance of his?

Now here is a delusion—and a very common one. It is that the title itself has been copyrighted.* The title of a book is not a subject of copyright. What is copyrighted is the book itself—the literary product. The exclusive right to the use of a particular title cannot be secured under the copyright law. If it can be secured at all, it can be secured only under the law relating to trade marks; or—very occasionally—by invocation of the general powers of a court of equity. In the former case it must be registered as a trade mark and it must have all the properties of a trade mark;—it must, for instance, be "arbitrary," "non-descriptive" of the article,†—and yet exclusive in its application to the particular goods of this author. In the latter case, to invoke the aid of equity he must show such a misuse as constitutes a fraud.‡

Two works may have the same title and in no sense infringe, while two works entered under different titles may infringe. An examination of the records of the office limited to the titles alone would, therefore, contribute little.§

But why not go back of the title? Why should not the office examine into the subject matter itself and advise him of conflict? The Patent Office does; why not the Copyright Office?

* A delusion, doubtless, fostered by the present procedure, which entitles the applicant to a certificate upon the filing of the title alone.

† An author may contrive a title that is arbitrary; can he, without peril from the critics, select one that is non-descriptive?

‡ For this he must show that the title is applied in such a way as to deceive the public. This involves the subject matter of the article itself, its form, the circumstances surrounding its sale, and even its price; in other words, considerations far beyond the title alone.

§ Such an examination is, however, often made as a matter of courtesy. It may be useful to the applicant in enabling him to avoid the use of a well-worn title even within his rights. He may particularly wish to avoid this in the case of a play, where the novelty of the title may induce interest, and the use of a title associated with a previously unpopular performance may prejudice it.

Well, there are some practical difficulties. The Copyright Office has but forty-five employees at its disposal; the Patent Office has nearly seven hundred. The Copyright Office has experts in copyright procedure; but does not profess to maintain experts in copyright law. Of the seven hundred employees of the Patent Office, two hundred are examiners, and of these thirty-six are experts competent to *adjudicate*.

The area of search in the Patent Office consists of about seven hundred thousand United States patents, one million two hundred and fifty thousand foreign patents, and seventy-four thousand volumes of scientific works in the Patent Office library.* The area of search in the Copyright Office would have to cover: (1) the entries and articles since 1870—about one million two hundred thousand in number; (2) the entries and articles between 1790 and 1870 in the District Courts, of which even the entries in existence are incomplete, and the articles themselves—*i. e.*, the books—are only in part in existence or procurable; and (3) finally, upon the question of originality, the entire mass of published matter since the invention of printing.

The area of search would thus be in a measure as great as in the Patent Office. And it would be, in difficulty, greater. The subject-matter of inventions and discoveries is highly technical. But for this very reason it is capable of exact precision in statement. The examiner in the Patent Office has before him, as part of the application, a design, specifications, and sometimes a model or "ingredients."

Now if the author would be prepared to furnish with his manuscript a model, or the ingredients, or even specifications!

Once in a while in his introduction he approximates to a specification of what he proposes to write:

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly Goddess, sing!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife—etc.

* Report of Commissioner for the year ending December 31, 1899.

Or as thus:

I propose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount [the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry from the house of Stuart]. I shall trace [the course of that revolution, etc.]. I shall relate [how—etc.]. Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record—etc., etc.

But would Homer or Macaulay be content to rest his claim to copyright on specifications such as these? In truth an author though occasionally thus venturing the prophecy as to what he proposes to do, generally prefers to leave to the critics to say what he *has* done.

He must put in a claim of originality: upon what shall it rest? Shall it rest upon the plot?—But in what desperate straits would this leave the Trollopes and the Jameses! Shall it rest upon the novelty of the characters?—But has human nature changed since Shakespeare and Walter Scott—or indeed since Homer himself?

Shall it rest upon the novelty of some art or process described?—But you cannot *copyright* an art or a process.

Shall it rest upon the novelty in general of the ideas?—But you cannot copyright your mere idea; your neighbor may take it and "work it out in a different way," and even secure a copyright on his different way.

Shall it rest on the style?—But the style is indissoluble from the thing itself; you cannot exhibit it in a model, or description.

No, the thing you copyright is not the title, the subject, the plot, the characters, the style, the ideas, the opinions: it is a composite of these (and other elements), estimable only by a reference to itself.

The examiner in copyright would have to compare the books themselves. And then his task would have perplexities to which the patent examiner is not subject. There can be *no* use of a patented thing without consent of the patentee. *Any* use is an infringement. In the case of books there may be various uses which will constitute no infringement. Quotations will not,

necessarily, nor extracts, nor an abridgment, nor a recomposition, nor another work based on the same common materials. It has even been held (though it would no longer be) that a prose translation would not be an infringement of a copyrighted poem.

Prodigious, therefore, and most perplexing would be the work of the copyright examiner, and most tedious. Meantime the author is in a frenzy to publish, and the publisher to take advantage of a favorable market. There is no caveat which will secure to them the market that is slipping away from them with the changing whim of the public.

So the function of the Copyright Office remains the purely administrative one: to record claims, not to adjudicate them. Should there be conflicts, should these conflicts involve interests pecuniarily important, there will be an adjudication in the courts. But that in general they do not, appears from a comparison of the volume of copyright litigation with the volume of patent litigation. During the past ten years there have been three times as many entries for copyright as there have been patents issued and reissued. But during the same period there have been less than one twenty-fifth as many

copyright causes as there have been of patent causes, tried in the Federal Courts.*

From these figures it is apparent how extravagant would be a preliminary adjudication upon every application for copyright, for the sake of avoiding a conflict which, though it may often occur, so rarely inflicts a pecuniary damage sufficient to justify an appeal to the courts.

The present copyright laws of the United States are inadequate in expression, careless in definition, not fully consistent within themselves. Their administration with full satisfaction to authors, publishers, or other proprietors of literary popularity, is impossible. The perplexities of the Copyright Office would, however, be considerably diminished by a clear understanding on the part of the public of those elementary distinctions which I have endeavored to point out in this article. A commission may reduce the laws themselves to proper and consistent form; it is not likely to abolish the limitations which distinguish the procedure in copyright from that in the Patent Office.

* The figures are: "Copyright entries, 1890-1900, 728,053; patents (issues and re-issues), 208,209. Copyright causes, 1890-1900, 87; patent causes, 2,102. The trade-mark causes during the same period numbered 208.



The Making of Jacob A. Riis.

By JOSEPH B. GILDER.



NOTHING could be easier than to write a disparaging notice of this autobiography. In the first place it is egotistical: it fairly bristles with "I's." I did this; I did that; I thought so and so, and was right, and the world has come round to my way of thinking. This will exasperate some readers. Others will stand amazed at the author's utter lack of reserve in telling the story of his courtship, and will revolt at his allusions to "curls and long eyelashes" in the kitchen. Others, still, will be amused by the awkward English of many a sentence, due, no doubt, to the author's habit of writing as he speaks, and not revising his work with a view to the way it will look when printed. These faults are to be found abundantly in "The Making of an American,"* and for some people they will spoil the book. Those whom they may affect that way have our profound sympathy—and commiseration.

We ourselves have found the egotism too pronounced now and then; have wondered how any man could tell all about his love-affairs (and let his wife retell the story from her point of view); and have laughed at the clumsiness of phraseology here and there. But when all this has been granted—and it is a good deal, we admit—there remains enough, and more than enough, to balance it ten times over. An autobiography that is not egotistical hardly deserves to be called an autobiography at all. If an author is to suppress his personality in telling the story of his life, he should leave the writing of it to other hands. Egotism is to autobiography what nicotine is to tobacco. The personality of Mr. Riis is an exceptionally interesting and attractive one, and the frankness of his self-revelation is the chief merit of his book. The rehearsal of the romance of his life shows merely the defect of an admirable quality: it is due to an overplus

of the frankness that is one of his finest traits. "The philosophy of the too much" adequately accounts for it. The slipshod English is a minor matter. That it is due to carelessness, and not to the author's foreign birth, is shown by the excellence of the style in which by far the greater part of the book is written.

The story of Mr. Riis's life would have afforded a congenial theme to his illustrious countryman, Hans Andersen, (of whom, by the way, he relates an anecdote here less well than he tells it orally). It reads like a veritable fairy-tale. A native of Ribe, Denmark, he disappointed the hope of his father, a school-teacher, that he should become a man-of-letters, by choosing the career of a carpenter; and when, in his youth, he himself was disappointed, as a suitor, he came in the steerage to America. During the first six years of his struggle with poverty, he became only too well acquainted with the slums of New York, and the large share he bore in after years in the abolition of the police lodging-houses and the wiping-out of Mulberry Bend was due in no small degree to his early experiences on the East Side. Having tried day-laboring, carpentry, mining, the doing of "chores," lecturing, muskratting, "travelling in" furniture, flatirons, etc., and what not, he had pretty well settled down to journalism when the way was opened for him to go back to Denmark and take unto himself a wife. From that time, almost to the present, his waking hours have been spent as a reporter in Mulberry Street, New York, opposite Police Headquarters; and his work in behalf of the poor, in connection with tenement-house reform, the improvement of schoolhouses, the creation of parks and playgrounds, etc., has been incidental to the pursuit of his profession as a journalist. As a writer for the magazines and as a lecturer, he has been deservedly successful, and his "How the Other Half Lives," which

*"The Making of an American." By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. 2 vols. Macmillan. \$2.00 netf.

made a veritable sensation on its first appearance, eleven years ago, is still a popular book.

One might have thought that in this and his later works, "The Children of the Poor," "A Ten Years' War," and "Out of Mulberry Street," he would have exhausted his material. Far from it. "The Making of an American" is a book of absorbing interest, and should hold its own even longer than the picture of slum conditions that made its author famous. That there is much in a name, he himself realized when he copyrighted the title "How the Other Half Lives" long before there was anything but an idea behind it. And in the case of his present work he has shown the same

felicity of choice or invention as displayed in former volumes.

The unknown immigrant of thirty years ago, who has done more than any one else to alleviate the condition of the poor of New York by revealing their misery to a sympathetic world,—loved and respected now by many thousands of his fellow-citizens,—widely known and admired as an author,—honored by the King to whom he once owed allegiance, and on terms of intimacy with the President of the republic in which he has made his home,—here, indeed, is an "American" worth the "making," and the story of whose lifework, as related by himself, is of intense psychological and political interest.

Some of the More Important Novels

By CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT

LUCAS MALET (Mrs. Harrison) has been writing delightful books for years. Her later work ("The Carissima," "The Gateless Barrier") has been bizarre to the verge—but no farther—of the grotesque, but it was always as exquisite in execution as it was striking in conception. She has produced a number of tales full of thought, feeling, and charm, which were finished works of art as well. Her audience, though enthusiastic, has been comparatively small. The general reader did not find her out.

At last she has written a novel which is sure to be talked about and widely read. "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" * deserves the vogue it is almost sure to have, but, as any student of contemporary fiction can tell you, its gain in the elements that give popularity is necessarily offset by certain loss in its purely artistic quality.

It is the life-history of a strong and normal nature born into a diseased body. Richard is a beautiful and perfect human being down to his knees; below that, a monstrosity. He has an

entirely devoted mother and pitiful friends; he is the hero of one London season and thinks to marry a pretty young girl who engages herself to him because she is told to do so, only to find at last that he is intolerably repulsive and that she loves another man. Richard, thus denied the domestic life he has dreamed of as salvation, plunges into dissipation, his evil genius being a perfect Messalina of a cousin who is certainly the most unmitigatedly evil creature in modern English fiction. In the end he finds the clue whereby we all escape from the fatal labyrinth of personality. Whether a man is whole or maimed, there is but one secret of existence: life begins with self-renunciation, with the slackening of the bonds of desire. That Richard Calmady finds this out makes his story a broadly human one. His chronicler is justified in her choice of a subject, in that his inner life might as easily be that of a supersensitive man as of one deformed.

The book is written at tedious length and with much detail that might well have been spared; at times, also, its realism is revolting. Nevertheless, its

* "The History of Sir Richard Calmady." By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

essential tenderness and human insight will carry it into the popular heart.

Let us be candid about it (for would not Elizabeth herself be candid even to scoffing if Iras had written a novel for which she did not care?). Elizabeth's novel is not so absolutely different from all other novels as we hoped. This is not saying that it is not a sweet and entertaining story, full of clever touches and very satisfying descriptions of North-German landscape. It is all that and something more. But from Elizabeth, the happy-hearted and disdainful, we looked for something unexpected, piquing, the suggestion of a new flavor, the lilt of a new melody.

"The Benefactress" * is a high-minded English maiden, as "nice" as a girl can be made, who has lived miserably as a pensioner on her rich sister-in-law's bounty. When a kindly uncle leaves Anna a small estate in Germany she plans to make a dozen dependent spinsters and widows blessed by inviting them to share her new home. They are all to love each other and her, and be happy together. To the gentle Anna this seems a very simple matter! But the Chosen—whose number never gets beyond three—decline to love their benefactress or to dwell amicably together. They are absolutely life-like, petty, squalid souls whose joy lies in endless scrapping. Between them and a pig-headed German overseer and his envious wife, the gentle idealist gets as badly bruised as gentle idealists usually do when brought into direct contact with human nature. However there is a Christian gentleman living on the next estate who is everything that the Chosen are not, and through him Anna's final happiness is assured. What is to become of the dependent women is not so clear. We know they will be tenderly treated, but a lifetime spent in their society seems a deadly doom to which to condemn an unusually amiable young couple.

Dr. Mitchell's new novel * details an episode in the career of an adventuress who temporarily complicates life for a highly respectable Philadelphia family by playing upon the weaknesses of a silly girl and an old man. The good people, who are very intelligent, very narrow, and very dull, are not as grateful as they should be to the sprightly Mrs. Hunter for the fillip she gives to their heavy days. They are finally rid of her, but not until the reader has learned to dislike the flawless Mary and the legal-minded Margaret (who manages her husband for his own good and keeps a sharp eye on her uncle's fortune) quite as cordially as he does the shady Mrs. Hunter. The characters are all as genuine and convincing as if Miss Austen had made them, but they are not human or engaging. Indeed, Dr. Mitchell's pictures of good Philadelphians are usually of a quality to tempt the well-born to lay an ax to the roots of the family tree, lest peradventure they may come to resemble these fruits. The only people in the book who are inherently attractive are the banker who sprang from the soil, and the dear and lovable ladies Markham who take boarders but never acknowledge the fact to themselves. That Dr. Mitchell has written a really absorbing story about entirely unsympathetic people is the best possible demonstration of his skill.

That the young writer should lose his first fine careless rapture is perhaps as inevitable as that the sun should dry up the dew. It is also inevitable that the critic should grumble at the loss.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett began his literary career with such freshness, such fervors, that one may be pardoned for having believed his enthusiasm, his charm, and his mediæval novelties inexhaustible. If ever books overflowed with the joy of youth and morning, they were "Earthwork out of Tuscany" and "The Forest Lovers."

Mr. Hewlett is still mediæval, but

* "The Benefactress." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

* "Circumstance." By S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co. \$1.50.

with forethought. "New Canterbury Tales" * show no falling-off in workmanship, but in charm, in joyousness, in the quality that takes the reader off his feet, they are hopelessly below his early work. And he is one of the few writers from whom we are justified in demanding perfection.

The new volume contains half a dozen tales supposed to be related by a select company of Canterbury pilgrims. The very suggestion calls up a literary effect like a good piece of mural decoration—something glowing, rich, yet subdued, full of harmonious color and balanced values, a little grotesque in design but all the more beautiful thereby. Obviously Mr. Hewlett would be the very man every one would name at once to carry such a task to successful completion. As a matter of fact, only two of the tales, "St. Gervase of Plessy" and "Peridore and Paravail," reach the standard to which he has taught us to hold him. They have the mediæval atmosphere—that strange mixture of the mystic and the material, often the sensual—and the mediæval color, as we conceive it, to perfection. Just why the other tales, wrought with equal elaboration and painstaking, do not seem to live as these do, it is hard to say. The temperament of a tale, like that of a human being, defies analysis, but it is no less the tale's real self.

Among other twentieth-century miracles, it seems that the leopard can change his spots. We thought we knew Mr. Cable's style, his mannerisms, his charm. He has written a novel in a new style, without man-

nerisms, yet retaining all the old charm.

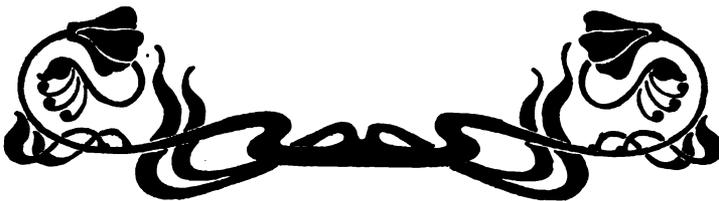
There was always a striking dissimilarity between Mr. Cable's short stories, clear-cut, rounded, complete as they were, and his long novels, which were, as regards construction, a little loose. They were full of delightful passages, but sometimes the careless reader lost the thread. They were roomy, ample, inviting structures, like rambling old manor-houses that have been added to at will, but they were never architecturally compact. On the other hand, in "Old Creole Days" each tale was a finished artistic whole to which nothing could well be added, from which nothing could be taken away.

"The Cavalier" * is constructed on the latter model. It is well-articulated, definite, and dramatic. The movement is rapid, the arrangement of scenes effective—and yet there is no loss to the fine, ripe flavor of the author's philosophy.

It is a story of the Confederate army in war-time and almost alone among war-stories in that it makes actual the daily life of those engaged in the great struggle. Battle is, after all, but a small part of the soldier's business. It is, of course, a story of love as well as war, and it shows how the development of character and principle is helped by both experiences. Altogether, it is one of the best books the season has given us, and it will make appeal not only to all Mr. Cable's former readers, but to a large portion of that vast new public which buys books so blindly for the hour's amusement. The hour's amusement is surely here, but there is much besides.

* "New Canterbury Tales." By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

* "The Cavalier." By George W. Cable. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.



Real Conversations

RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER

Conversation VIII.—With Mr. Spenser Wilkinson

SCENE : *Mr. Wilkinson's Study at Chelsea.* TIME : *A Winter afternoon between 2 and 3.*
Lamps lighted everywhere.

Mr. Wilkinson. You have found your way, then, through the fog ?

W. A. Yes. Fortunately, I have a pretty fair sense of locality, and having once got the bearings of a place in my head,

I do not ask to see
The distant scene : one step enough for me.

Mr. Wilkinson. You ought to be a politician—nay, a Minister. Newman's lines have apparently been the watchword of British statesmanship for several generations.

W. A. That brings me straight to what I want to ask you. I know your ideal statesman: the man who has learned all the lessons history has to teach; the man who views the whole world as a gigantic chess-board, calculates his game many moves ahead, sees clearly all the possible moves of his adversaries, and knows how he will counter them—in short, the new and improved Bismarck for whom you sigh. Well, I want to know whether, in these days of fog and faction, you see him looming anywhere on the horizon ?

Mr. Wilkinson. I see from the tone of your question that you are infected with the good old British prejudice in favor of the amateur—at any rate in statesmanship. Oh, don't protest! I know that attitude of mind very well, and I know what is to be said for it. On the whole, we have done far from badly in the past by our pet method of muddling through. I am not myself exempt from the national instinct which tells us that because a thing seems reasonable it is probably wrong. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that both induction and deduction, both history and common sense, point to the simple conclusion that a statesman, like a shoemaker, is all the better for

knowing his business—for knowing the material with which he has to deal, the form he wants to impress upon it, and the surest and most effectual methods of doing so.

W. A. But you do not answer my question ?

Mr. Wilkinson. I want first, if possible, to place you at my point of view—to show you that I am not idly clamoring for a "strong man" as a sort of miraculous nostrum for all the ills of the body politic. Far from it! The individual "strong man," in the Carlylean sense, is often a delusion and a snare. The strongest of men must die, and he cannot bequeath his strength to his successors. The system of which he was the one possible keystone crumbles to ruin, and after Oliver Cromwell you have first Richard and then the Restoration. No, what I want—what I work for—is a unified conception of the national life, which shall beget a race of strong men, of far-seeing leaders and capable administrators, wise in council, prompt and resolute in action.

W. A. You think we lack such a conception, then ?

Mr. Wilkinson. I know we do. Of patriotism, in the sense of a blind, instinctive chauvinism, we have enough and to spare. But we have not, as a people, any clear realization of the world at large and England's place and function in it. We do not, as a people, realize our duty to the State, nor the State's relation to the other political organisms among which its lot is cast on this little planet. What is the human race ? Is it a multitude of individuals ?

W. A. Well, Siamese twins excepted, I have always imagined so.

Mr. Wilkinson. It is nothing of the sort. It is a multitude of communities.

“Man is a political animal.” The human race is known only in the form of crowds of men always having intercourse and friction with one another. A man, before he is a human being in general, is an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Turk, or what not.

W. A. Ah, you agree with the poet, that

Every boy and every gal
That 's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.

Mr. Wilkinson. I agree with Plato and with Aristotle that the civilizing instrument is the community, the State, the medium in which we all live. The essential condition of the existence of the State is that it should be able to keep its place in the competition which necessarily arises between expanding organisms in a limited space. Therefore the first function of a Government is self-defence; and this process is continuously carried on: in an ordinary way, by diplomacy; at exceptional crises, by war.

W. A. But does not everybody, except the Anarchists, recognize all this?

Mr. Wilkinson. No; during the middle years of the nineteenth century—say from 1830 to 1880—England practically forgot the fact. Whatever party happened to be in power, the dominant ideas of that period were the ideas of the Manchester Liberalism, which, by the way, was my own starting-point. That Liberalism took practically no notice of pressure from without, but regarded the country as shut off from the rest of the world by a ring-fence, and thought of nothing but the organization and development of the community within the magic circle. As it happened, the pressure on the ring-fence was, for a time, very slight. The end of the Napoleonic Wars had left us unassailable. We had the power of doing what we liked in any corner of the earth that touched the sea; we engaged in no wars that seriously mattered to us; anything that could threaten our national existence seemed

infinitely remote. But the years between 1870 and 1880 changed all that, and shattered, or ought to have shattered, the illusions of our Utopia. Germany, which had been divided, became united, and she and other nations began to want to move about in the world. They naturally came in contact with us in every corner, and brought home to us the fact that we had n't a private hemisphere of our own. We found that the sea could by no stretch of metaphor be made to serve as a ring-fence, but was, in fact, a high-road open to all—the medium of intercourse, and therefore also of friction, between different communities. It became a necessity—the indispensable condition even of our internal development—that our external organization, so to speak, should be as complete and efficient as that of any of our neighbors. But this can never be, so long as the ring-fence superstition survives in the national mind.

W. A. And you think it does?

Mr. Wilkinson. Think! I am sure of it. Don't we see it on every hand?—in the notion that England can afford to neglect the simplest precautions for her safety; can afford to go on working by rule of thumb where other nations work by scientific method; can afford to leave to amateurs the functions which other nations entrust only to highly skilled experts. I am the last to deny, mind you, that England has many advantages, in her situation, in her traditions, in her national character. But these advantages will be our ruin if they delude us into the belief that we may be slack where others are strenuous, that we may be somnolent where others are wide awake.

W. A. Well, now, look here—let us go to the root of the matter, and inquire, point by point, how you would build up an efficient England, with that enlightened conception of the national life which you regard—rightly I am sure—as the beginning of political wisdom. At the root of the matter I presume we shall find education. What is your educational programme?

Mr. Wilkinson. That is a large question. Suppose we narrow it by

confining our attention to, roughly speaking, the public-school boy—the boy who is likely to go into the army, the navy, the civil service, one of the professions, or to become a merchant, a manufacturer, a captain of industry.

W. A. Agreed. What do you say, then, to our public-school system?

Mr. Wilkinson. It has certainly its good points. It proceeds upon the excellent idea that "manners maketh the man," and the further excellent idea that games help to lay a sound basis of character. But one thing our public schools do not inculcate, and that is the love of knowledge for its own sake—the most important element in intellectual, as distinct from moral, education.

W. A. "Knowledge for its own sake"—is that quite what you mean? Should n't you rather say that they lead a boy to regard knowledge as an ornamental adjunct to life—at most as a key to unlock certain examination doors, and then to be thrown away—not as an indispensable condition of efficiency? They present knowledge as an instrument of culture rather than as a source of power.

Mr. Wilkinson. Put it in that way if you like. At any rate, our public-school system tends to keep a boy wholly out of touch with actuality. It gives him no practical knowledge of the world around him, with its physical, moral, and political phenomena. It crams certain pigeonholes in his mind, leaves others entirely vacant, and makes no attempt to give his acquirements, such as they are, any bearing upon his duties as a citizen of his country or of the world. Even in impressing upon him the notion (often valuable in itself) of "good form," we lay too much stress on "Thou shalt not" and not enough on "Thou shalt." It is by what he does, not by what he leaves undone, that a man becomes great—not by avoiding errors, but by doing great things. We give a boy no help towards forming a vital idea of his purpose in life; yet such an idea is the best possible bracing and steadying influence. As a matter of historical fact, the conception of duty springs entirely

from a man's relation to the community in which he lives.

W. A. In short, according to you, duty is sublimated *esprit de corps*. But is not *esprit de corps* exactly what is acquired at a good English public school?

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, but not the realization that the full development of our intellectual, as well as of our physical, faculties is part of the larger *esprit de corps* which we call patriotism.

W. A. What changes should you advocate, then, in the actual educational curriculum?

Mr. Wilkinson. If you come to think of it, is it not strange how little our ideal of education has moved with the time? How immense have been the results of the past century of labor in the field of knowledge, which is the field of existence! The modern man of the best type has a grasp of the universe, of the globe, of the human race, its development, its history, its place in nature, that no one could possibly possess a hundred years ago. Now, that grasp ought to be specially characteristic of those who direct the national education, and their object ought to be to impart it to every person in proportion to the number of years that he is to remain at school. We are talking of boys who are likely to remain at school till they are nineteen, and perhaps after that to go to college. In the case of these boys, I should postpone by one or two years the beginning of Latin, should place much earlier the beginning of the natural sciences, and should largely increase the amount of pure mathematics taught in the early stages.

W. A. Would you apply the mathematical drill to all boys, irrespective of their intended path in life?

Mr. Wilkinson. To all boys. Latin should be begun, as I say, comparatively late, and taught by the most modern methods. In this way it would not occupy the wholly disproportionate time now devoted to it. Greek I would teach only to boys who are going in for an advanced literary education. The ordinary smattering of Greek is of very little use. History, now so much neglected, should be much more prominent.

But above all things knowledge should not be forced upon boys in isolated fragments, whose irrelevance and apparent uselessness they resent. One thing should lead to another; the interrelation of the various branches should be made clear, as well as the relation of the whole to the purpose of life. And school education should not be conceived as a sort of conventional preliminary to the serious business of life which, in the normal course of things, should cease and be forgotten the moment the young man goes forth into the world. It should be regarded as only the initial stage of the process of mental development which should go on through adolescence and maturity. No man is really educated who has not learnt at least as much between twenty and forty as he did between ten and twenty.

W. A. From what I can see of public-school methods, I gather that our pedagogues have never heard of the science of pedagogy, or at any rate are resolute not to admit its existence.

Mr. Wilkinson. There you have it! What is the matter with us is that we do not believe in the organization of knowledge and intelligence. Yet that is precisely what we want.

W. A. Apply that principle, now, to the question of defence. Supposing we had a rational system of education, how would it affect the army?

Mr. Wilkinson. The army itself ought to be a great educational institution, in which the officers are the teachers. That is the ideal; but the practice does not sufficiently correspond to it. We have a great many zealous, devoted officers; but in too many instances they are hampered not merely by the old tradition which ignored their function as teachers, but by the inadequacy of their own previous general education. In too many cases, our officers cannot teach because they will not learn. They have not had that thorough secondary education which qualifies them to sit down to a subject, or even to a single book, and really master it. They find the literature of their profession tedious because they have not had the mental training which

should enable them to grasp and assimilate it—so they prefer to read novels.

W. A. A distinguished general the other day recommended historical novels as a sound basis for a military education.

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, and what came of that principle? Colenso and Spion Kop!

W. A. Would you put a boy who was intended for the army through the course of study you sketched a few minutes ago?

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, minus the Latin. I should insist, instead, on very high French and German, not only for practical purposes, but because it is in these languages that an officer can get at the literature of his profession. But as regards professional training for the army, I should be disposed to set up two standards: a good general education for all, but a very first-class education for officers who are to take leading positions—staff officers and cavalry officers. One of our great troubles is our cavalry. Rank for rank, a cavalry officer requires far more knowledge than an infantry officer. He requires greater intelligence, greater quickness. He should be specially taught strategy and tactics. But what we find in our army is that only rich men can go into the cavalry—men of whom I hear, from those who see more of them than I do, that they will not work or take their profession seriously. A Minister who was in earnest in his effort to give us an efficient army would change all that. He would say, "I will double the pay of the cavalry officer, but I must have double work out of him."

W. A. Might not reform begin at the other end—in the reduction of the obligatory expenses?

Mr. Wilkinson. Something can be done in that way, too. But if you want to make men work, you must be prepared to pay them.

W. A. Is not our army already the most expensive in the world?

Mr. Wilkinson. That is partly a necessity of our political situation, but partly, too, the result of our habit of economizing at the wrong points. But

there is one thing, my dear Archer, that people do not realize, and that is, not only that efficient defence must be paid for, but that it is supremely worth paying for. People do not realize how much of their prosperity, their own moral character and backbone, is due to the tradition of belonging to a great nation. For a beaten nation, the whole conditions of life would be changed; and a beaten nation we shall be if our "patriotism" consists in assuming that an Englishman requires to do and to sacrifice less for his country than any other man in Europe. If England is to help us, we must help England. Any one who ventures to hint that we are neither invincible nor invulnerable must be prepared to find himself denounced as an alarmist; but speaking as one who has devoted the best years of his life to the study of these questions, I can assure you that as matters stand at present — with our navy scattered all over the world, and with no adequate or properly organized army for home defence — we are well within the range of a great national disaster. Napoleon failed in his designed invasion, because the British fleets, splendidly efficient after ten years of war practice, were handled by men who thoroughly understood the conditions of naval strategy; while the French navy, ruined during the Revolution before the war began, had never during the war the opportunity to provide itself with a similar training, either for officers or men. The French navy was handicapped by these conditions. But to-day foreign navies are not handicapped in that way, and their head people have made far more systematic studies of strategy and tactics than have our own. With a large part of our navy at the ends of the earth, it is conceivable that our home-guard fleet might be held up long enough to enable an enemy to land one hundred thousand men in this country. The operation, if attempted at all, would be done so suddenly and so quickly that there is a fair chance of such an invading force being stronger than anything that, in the first few days, could be got together to attack it.

W. A. But would not the British fleet, reassembling, cut off the invader's retreat?

Mr. Wilkinson. It is not so easy as you think to concentrate a fleet which is dispersed in widely separated squadrons. It is quite on the cards that our fleet might be taken piecemeal and beaten, squadron by squadron. But even admitting that we regain and keep possession of the sea, it is a question whether an enemy, once landed in any force, might not, if he won a great decisive battle, be able to dictate his own terms. For a prolonged resistance, after the loss of a first great battle, a large area is necessary. England is so small that a decisive defeat might very probably cripple us altogether. Could the people of this country make head for any length of time against the terrors, despairs, and miseries caused by the presence of a victorious hostile army? Upon my word I don't know.

W. A. Then what is to be done to prevent this interesting question from being answered by experiment? What can place us above the danger of invasion?

Mr. Wilkinson. Two things: a more judicious distribution of our fleet (which should also be considerably strengthened), and a total reorganization of our home army.

W. A. By what means? Conscription?

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, one would naturally like to work the army without conscription; though, let me tell you, conscription would be by no means an unmixed evil. Our people are too undisciplined. They require to have the national idea brought home to them — the idea that every man is a member of a community to which he owes everything, even to the giving up of his property and of life itself. Compel every man to do his share of the nation's work, and the result will be that every man will see his relation to the State in a truer light. Then, too, conscription would solve one of the great difficulties of national defence — the difficulty of getting sufficient men for the navy.

W. A. But surely the two services could not be placed on the same footing with regard to conscription, the apprenticeship for the navy being so much longer and more arduous than for the army.

Mr. Wilkinson. Nevertheless you would probably find that a considerable proportion of men would prefer naval to military service—a sufficient proportion to keep the navy well up to fighting strength. Then of course there would have to be a carefully devised list of exemptions from service; and, just as in Germany, the man who could show a good standard of secondary education would get off with a shorter military training. I assure you, many worse things might befall the country than the introduction of compulsory military service.

W. A. Still, you think it might be possible to make ourselves reasonably secure without conscription? By what means?

Mr. Wilkinson. Why, by such a re-organization of the volunteer force as would make it really a fighting instrument.

W. A. And how would you set about that? Would you alter the conditions to which a man submits himself on enlisting?

Mr. Wilkinson. Not much. I would, of course, increase the ludicrously small number of annual drills by which a man (after his recruit's year) can make himself "efficient"; I would make yearly attendance in camps compulsory; and I would insist on a higher standard of musketry. Every man should do a great deal more firing with ball cartridge, and little or none with blank—a most demoralizing practice. But it is in organization and in the training of officers that the chief alterations would have to be made.

W. A. My own small experience as a volunteer has led me sometimes to wonder whether a certain sprinkling of professional officers, over and above the existing adjutants, might not do a good deal to raise the standard of the force.

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes; but how would you effect this "sprinkling"?

W. A. Oh, don't ask *me*, the most blundering private that ever wrestled with a Slade-Wallace equipment.

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, this is what I would do: I would organize the force in small brigades of not more than four battalions each. Every battalion should have its volunteer commanding-officer; but over each brigade I should place a professional brigadier, senior to all the battalion commanders; and he should have a professional brigade-major under him. Then I would not attach an adjutant to each battalion (these gentlemen, under the present system, have not nearly enough to do), but would allot two adjutants to each brigade. It would then be the brigadier's business to educate the officers of his brigade. As for the volunteer company-officers, I should insist on getting a great deal more head-work out of them.

W. A. Do you think it is possible for your barrister, or civil servant, or stock-broker, to give enough time to military work to make himself a really efficient officer?

Mr. Wilkinson. Perfectly possible. In many cases he need not give much more time than he does at present. Suppose he devotes two evenings a week to the corps: a great part of that time is at present taken up in mechanical repetitions of elementary things with which he is perfectly familiar. If one of these evenings were devoted to study under a first-rate instructor, the volunteer officer would learn a great deal in the course of the year. Then I should insist upon his going through two or three special courses of instruction of a month or six weeks each; and on his proving that he had duly profited by them, I would pay him liberally for the time thus employed. Furthermore, I would provide him with a thoroughly good text-book of the art of war, and insist on his studying it. Even for the private soldier (regular or volunteer) I would have very much simplified text-books, written in good English, readable, and interesting. We proceed far too much on the general assumption that the British soldier cannot read or write. I would go on the

opposite assumption, and would take care that it should be justified.

W. A. Tell me, now, is not science so rapidly altering the art of war that before you had got one text-book issued it would be out of date, and another would be required ?

Mr. Wilkinson. Oh no! Once produce a really good text-book that should pass into general use, and its successive editions could easily keep pace with scientific developments.

W. A. And you attach no weight to the current theories that science will presently put an end to war by making it a process of universal massacre ?

Mr. Wilkinson. As far as war is concerned, the one great effect of the progress of science is to make more and more overwhelming the advantage possessed by the more intelligent and better organized nation.

W. A. So far, so good. You have given me a sketch of what you would do, in respect of education and organization, to correct the amateurishness which is our besetting sin, and to place us, in our external relations, on an equality with our competitors. But these reforms will not make themselves. If they are to be compassed at all, they must be engineered, so to speak, by experts at the head of the various departments of Government. In speaking of education, we touched only on the public schools—a small, though of course very important, part of the whole educational problem. What chance is there, do you think, that that problem will ever be tackled, in a large and far-seeing spirit, by the most accomplished expert that the country can produce ? What chance is there that we shall ever have a master of military science, in place of a bewildered amateur, at the head of the War Office ? What chance is there that we shall ever have a man of high political genius, vision, and faculty at the head of the Government ?

Mr. Wilkinson. You are asking me, in brief, whether I consider our English tradition of democracy compatible with the requirements of national defence, in the largest sense of the words ?

W. A. Yes, that is about what I want to get at.

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, I think my answer would be that I see no reason why the traditions of our democracy should not adapt themselves, with no very great strain, to the needs of efficient government. The amateur in office is no essential part of our system. It was never a good plan, but it was far less disastrous a hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, than it is today. The great advance of knowledge in that time and the enormously increased complexity of technical detail have rendered absolutely necessary a great specialization of function. Go through the old *Victory* at Portsmouth and compare her, simply as a machine, with a modern line-of-battle ship—the difference is like that between a stage-coach and a high-grade locomotive. You may take that as a type of the increased complexity of the problems with which the head of a department has nowadays to grapple. Some day it must be manifest to every one that the ability to make telling party speeches does not necessarily qualify a man to organize a modern army or to keep a modern navy up to the requisite pitch of efficiency. Some day—if only it be not too late!

W. A. Then you do not think this system can be defended on the ground that the Minister is only the ornamental head of his department and its mouth-piece in Parliament, while the real work is done by the permanent officials ?

Mr. Wilkinson. If that system had no other defects, it would be sufficiently condemned by the partition of responsibility which it involves.

W. A. Admitting, then, that the amateur in office is no inseparable part of our system, but only a survival from a time when he was comparatively innocuous, to whom do you look for a reform of this outgrown system ?

Mr. Wilkinson. Ah, there we come back to the question of the "strong man."

W. A. Let me put it in this way: what have you to say to the doctrine of that other Sage of Chelsea whom you mentioned before, that democracy

always tends to place at the head of affairs the weak man, the windbag, the painted lath, instead of the strong man, the man of real metal?

Mr. Wilkinson. To that I say that I don't believe it. I believe that men have a strong natural gift for detecting a true leader, and an equally strong tendency to follow him when once they have found him. The "mandate" theory of democracy, which would make a nominal leader in reality the mere tool of a majority, seems to me absurd. I hold it to be the function of a leader really to lead, in accordance with his own insight, his own wisdom. But, on the other hand, I think that the people of this country have a very fair instinct for discerning, at a given moment, the best available man to whom to entrust their destinies. For the choosing of a Prime Minister the rough *plébiscite* of a general election is no bad device.

W. A. Then you trust that if—or when—the "strong man" presents himself the democracy will rally to him?

Mr. Wilkinou. I don't doubt that it will; and I think he will have a splendid opportunity before him. The country is profoundly dissatisfied with itself. There is no other country where criticism is so severe. The public mind is full of a good, healthy discontent, and it should need no unattainable genius to turn that dissatisfaction to practical effect, and to reorganize the departments of Government in such a way as to bring the best intellect and skill of the nation to bear on the different problems involved. Of course, to do this he would have to look for most of his men outside the ordinary political gangs; but he would have plenty of means at his disposal for securing seats at Westminster—in one House or the other—for those whom tradition requires to be in Parliament. One thing

he would almost certainly do would be to reduce the size of the Cabinet, and thus increase at once the power and the responsibility of each member. But I need not go into all these details. Of one thing I am sure—that if the country saw a man really in earnest as to the necessity for introducing a high standard of efficiency into all branches of the public service, it would rise to him and support him, vigorously and enthusiastically. If once you give it a chance to come into play, the high side of human nature is much stronger than the low side.

W. A. I think it is time now that you should answer the question I asked you at the outset of this talk: Do you see the "strong man" looming anywhere on the horizon?

Mr. Wilkinson. A few years ago, when I published a book called "The Great Alternative"—

W. A. (interrupting). It was from that book that I deduced your theory of the "strong man."

Mr. Wilkinson.—I sent a copy of it to a certain eminent statesman, whom I won't name, with this inscription on the fly-leaf: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

W. A. And what did he reply?

Mr. Wilkinson. He sent me a polite acknowledgment through his secretary.

W. A. Then I assume that you are looking for another?

Mr. Wilkinson. That does n't follow. Perhaps I am—perhaps not.

W. A. Well, if you are going to be so oracular as all that, I may as well sally forth into the fog again. Shall I see you at the play on Thursday?

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, I shall be there.

W. A. Au revoir, then; or, as the man says in the other play, "Good-bye; and thanks for the light!"

[*Exit.*





The Holy Pump

By H-n-y J-m-s, Condensed by Grace E. Martin.

I

IT was an opportunity, I recognized,—my turning up at the small but select summer boarding-house, for the exercise of my, if I may call it so, psychological technique. There was, wonderfully, seated on the piazza as I drove up, just such a group as I should have, in the interests of the game, most deliberately placed there,—an elderly man, whose expression was, strangely, I reflected, on this piazza where there was so much intellectually to stimulate, of a boredom quite remarkable, two venerable ladies, and one young one who, in her pink shirt-waist, in her neat sailor hat, in her twinkling shoes, looked, considering the absence of young men, quite superfluously, quite defiantly, pretty.

This was, besides a baby, which, or who, on the lap of one of the elderly ladies, industriously slept, all the group, but by the happiest little series of coincidences, they each had, as I was presently most unmistakably to discover, a soul!

So the game was, simply, it appeared, waiting for me; I'm not, it must be explained, a man to desire a golf ball, if I can have, on a fine day, a soul to play with.

II

It was n't later than the morrow that the strangest, the most exhilarating things began to happen. I had, contrary to my habit, risen early, and had made, note-book in hand, a little self-conducted tour about the place, which was of a charm! of a freshness! I had

just, with the happiest little touch of rusticity, seated myself on a rock, to pin onto paper some really fine early morning phrases, which I had caught flying about, when what I at first took for a nice cow stepped seriously up to me and looked, to my mind, as if to say, "Don't you see in my condition, that, I mean, of a feminine soul imprisoned in an inexpressive body, almost the elements of a psychological novel? the struggle, I mean, for expression in other forms than milk? A protest against an existence that ends in beef?"

Perhaps I, for once, had, if it must be confessed, misread the female soul, for as I consolingly began, "My dear girl!" she lowered her head and so disconcertingly stared that I quite unhesitatingly left.

But I had simply, as I presently discovered, escaped from the feminine in one form to encounter it in another. This one approached with a frank, with a visible eagerness. "Are n't you," she called to me, "Mr. Jims? the soul man? I am, don't you see, of a curiosity! I have read your books"—she luminously regarded me; "perhaps you can tell me what they are about!"

"Perhaps," I courteously attenuated. "I shall, in any case, have, as you perceive, in this charming spot, ample material for another."

"Oh!" she quite incredulously sounded, "in this spot? Are there, then, after all, souls here?"

"My dear girl, too many!" I almost triumphantly laughed. "I'm afraid I hardly know where, with so much material, we shall, in fact, begin!"

She gracefully, and with the prettiest little air of excitement, seated herself on the rock. "Tell me how," she imperiously pleaded.

I, for effect, hesitated. "Well," I brought out, at last, "we must first determine—oh! it's always really very easy—who is in love with whom! There are signs," I lucidly explained, "which, to a consciousness in a state of sensitive receptivity, are unmistakable." The ball was, in fact teed, and I was swinging for one of my drives straight to the green. "Now, should n't you, at once say, that the elderly man whom I saw, last night, for a moment, upon the piazza, was quite unmistakably, oh! quite tremendously, in love with the lady who so ably supported that enormous babe?"

Oddly enough, the excitement died out of her face, and she almost disappointedly laughed. "I suppose so, he's her husband." There was, I'm sorry to say, the touch of a sneer in her voice. "You're very clever," she added.

My manner, under this blow, could n't have been easier. I spoke with a nonchalance quite convincing. "Ah, then, my dear girl, that makes our theory, don't you see, quite evidently, quite monstrously, untenable. "But"—I picked myself up briskly, "that does n't make it impossible, does it, that he —"

She dashed vividly into the train of my remarks. "I hope"—her manner was a threat, "that you're not about to say he's in love with the other old lady, for she's, didn't you know? his sister!"

For a moment I hung fire. Then, subtly, I left the point—it had, wonderfully, been my second theory. "Could n't we," I threw out—"do something—oh! I dare say it's difficult,—with the baby?"

She gasped. "It's only five months old."

I think I laughed. "If that's all your objection"—I was gay now, "we're saved. She may be older than she looks—she can, I'm sure, borrow some years from the others—it's been done—oh, age is no obstacle. Be-

sides"—I was you see, quite enchanted, quite possessed by my theory. "Women age so tremendously quickly sometimes don't you think. . . .?"

She rose. "You make me," she lucidly pronounced, "tired."

I wondered "Why?"

"Because," she opened, abruptly her pink parasol, "it's a boy!"

III

I'm afraid I can't quite say what after that I at first did. Life was, I recollect, for the next few days, a round of the wildest, of the most exhilarating excitements. I found, of course, a rare intellectual joy, in the opening of the simple souls around me. One has, so to speak, much the same sort of fun in popping corn. They showed, however, these amiable souls, a quite surprising reluctance to be popped. I found that, for instance, my arrival, in the morning, on the piazza, was the signal for the precipitate departure of the group, the youngest member of which, on my approach, most surprisingly, most posterously wept.

There was one, however, who did not, on my appearance, retire. This was, it may be guessed, the young lady in pink. She, one fine, large afternoon, pursued me to the rock, and quite menacingly demanded, "When, Mr. Jims, is something,—I don't care what—going to happen?"

I felt the challenge. "My dear young lady" (Oh! I was cheerful, but cutting), nothing ever, by any possibility, in a psychological novel, happens at all!"

She cowered under this, but rallied, to my admiration, bravely. "Then is nobody"—she was timid now—"going to be in love with anybody?"

I thoughtfully twisted my moustache. It was, after all, most extraordinary that I had, in my intellectual preoccupation, overlooked a very happy idea. "Well, I might, my dear girl, in the interests of psychology, try, *faute de mieux*, to fall in love,"—I laughed a little—"with you!"

I could not, at that, quite read her face. "You might," she vibrated slowly.

"You would not, I think," I pursued gayly, "find it difficult to reciprocate. In fact, it's strange that I have n't before noticed"—I floundered pleasantly—"that you already are, wonderfully, are most beautifully, in love with me!"

I thought her answer, as she rose to her feet, quite wide of the mark. "William is coming to-night."

As she beautifully trailed across the grass, I lighted another cigarette. Was it possible, I mused, that, after all, I had, for the second time, failed to understand a female?

IV

I understood a little better, when, in the morning, striding pugnaciously toward me, William appeared. He was one of those young men, quite loudly, quite odiously healthy, who, it is obvious, are created to jump on one's pet corns. He had—the fact stuck out of him—something of a disagreeable nature to say, and he was, as I have suggested, only too pleased to say it.

"If you're Jims"—he had, it was plain, no manners of any kind whatever—"I've a present for you—no you don't"—this vulgarity was, I think, caused by my just then moving, as I always at once do on just such occasions, swiftly away. "It's from the people in the house—Oh, it's most unanimously, most spontaneously given! It is," he gayly pursued, "a

return ticket to wherever it is you live, and there are besides, for your lunch, fifteen cents, from"—he quite preposterously roared—"from the baby!"

I was, if you please, sufficiently amazed! The extravagant, the unnatural ingratitude of these people! I managed a short laugh. "They want me to go?"

He swallowed something. "My dear fellow, you *have* made yourself luridly unpopular!"

For six seconds I hung fire. Then I was magnificent. "You don't suppose," I cried, "that I don't understand? Is n't it I who have exposed them? Have n't I, with the flaming torch of my insight, lighted up the cavernous emptiness of their dreadful little souls? Does it preposterously happen that they, in their forlorn, in their infatuated ecstasy of stupidity, imagine that they are"—I chose from the surge of phrases which dashed themselves at me, just the happiest little turn—"the only corns in the popper? There are"—I waved my arms—"others! And if, after all, there are, here, in this house, just now, as you say, and as, on the whole, for my part, in this instance—"

I was interrupted. "Oh, I say, old man, you're never coming out of that coil! Don't you think you'd better go and pack without any more"—the brute choked—"commas?"

This is how, then I discovered, that afternoon, just the subtlest little psychological moment to tactfully, to gracefully, withdraw. The atmosphere was, after all, of a density!





Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA:

Christmas will not be dull in any household where "Lives of the 'Lustrious'" can be found. Here is the finest contribution to the gaiety of a nation in general, and that of a season in particular. "Lives of the 'Lustrious'" is an up-to-date book of first-class fun, and may be bought for a shilling. The very sporting authors of "Lives of the 'Lustrious'" have sought big game. They have, in the first place, parodied in a most effective manner the "Dictionary of National Biography," and in so doing have shown a delightful fancy. Their imagination runs riot. Mr. Alfred Beit they define as a "Bullionaire," and elevate him to the peerage as Baron Beit of Benin and the Gold Coast, and with the degree of B.D.A. (Beyond the Dreams of Avarice). Club: Boodles, of course. Authority (among others): Mr. Markham's History. Mr. Hall Caine's resemblance to Shakespeare is so striking that on landing at New York on a religious trip to America, the late Ignatius Donnelly, a total stranger, addressed him as "Lord Bacon, I presume!" Of Sir William Harcourt we read that he has latterly abandoned politics for religion, and joined the staff of *The Times*. His motto is: "England expects every man some day to pay his Death Duties." Mr. Anthony Hope, "senior partner in Hope Brothers, Hosiers to the Court of Hentzau," invented the Zenda Vesta or Runaway Match, "dramatised by Mesdames Bryant and Edna May." His motto is: "Beautiful Anthony Hope is read." Mr. Andrew Lang, we are not surprised to find, was born in "the Golf Stream," but emigrated

to the Southern Pacific, his sojourn being commemorated in the touching *chanson*, "Maori had a little Lang." Sir Thomas Lipton was born at Sandringham, which he chose for that honor partly on account of its last syllable. His motto is: "The Cup that cheers but not inebriates." Authority: *Bacon*. Mr. Pierpont Morgan is described as Electrician to St. Paul's Cathedral. "For many years he worked at the tiresome routine of monopolist, and only in 1901 reached his true vocation—the lighting of St. Paul's." "In filling up the Confession Album of one of our more affable Duchesses, Mr. Morgan stated Trust to be his favorite quality and Steele his favorite author."

It is my pleasure to help you always, and especially at this time of the year to help you and your friends. Men and women choose their toothbrushes and their soap without assistance, and the choice of their patent medicines is made easy to them by the persuasive words of the professional advertisement writer. With books it is different. Books are given as presents, and present-giving needs much time and thought. I hate figures or anything in the form of statistics, but this, at any rate, is clear, that there is a maze of new books quite bewildering to anyone who approaches it unprepared with some kind of clue. This month it is evident that I must be practical. You have that list and you want some book put against each name. There are your friends too,—they want help. There is always the dearest friend of the opposite sex. For convenience I will refer to him or her as "It." Well, your heart goes out to "It"—you

would give It half your kingdom. It may be It has curly hair, or It has a fine profile and iron-gray hair. It may be an Actor or a Sportsman, or a South African Hero, or even something ambitious, such as an imbecile Duke, or a retired General. Or, in the case of your friends of the other sex, It may be a widow, or a lady who is rehearsing the part of a widow and doing it effectively. It is a long catalogue; I will not pursue the subject, pleasant though it is. At any rate we all love what I have for convenience only called It, and have fluttered feelings in Its presence, or when the postman arrives, or when he does not arrive. Much is hidden too deep down ever to be told. There is much happiness and usually some misery over It, but upon the whole It is a luxury, a comfort, and a joy. They say that marriages are made in heaven, but certainly very good imitations can be had down here.

Last year at this same time there was much talk over a book of Love Letters. I found the book depressing. Many people took it on trust, unread; and partly because it was bound in white and tied with green ribbons it was sent broadcast over two hemispheres. They sent it to their dearest friends. They thought it conveyed the right sentiment, viz., that the recipients were being thought of with love—love without humor or laughter, but still love—*printed* love—. Now, I am not going to say that there is or is not some book which this year can take the place of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Were I to assert with assurance that there is some book this year with the necessary qualifications to send about to our nearest and dearest I should be a fool, and invading the angels' territory. All I propose to do is to put before you the names of such books as, after much heart-searching, I have decided that you cannot well do without, either for yourself, your friends, —or for "It." Here, then, are books, all of which are amusing from different reasons. Some are picture-books, some are memoirs, some are essays, some are nonsense,—and no library is complete without nonsense. It is a busy time,

and what I believe you wish me to do is to epitomize. Busy people wish everything in condensed or tabloid form. The time is coming when reviews of books longer than half-a-dozen lines will be considered a bore. If a man cannot say, in six lines, what should be said about any book, he will at no distant future have to hold his peace. We have to know more of the souls of books and less of their bodies.

I pick out three of the many large picture-books, and say with sureness that there are no better books as presents than Sir Walter Armstrong's Raeburn book, Dana Gibson's "A Widow and her Friends," and Lady Dilke's book upon French Furniture of the Eighteenth Century. Lady Ilchester's "Lady Sarah Lennox" comes first in the books of Memoirs, with Lady Newdigate's "Cavalier and Puritan" an excellent second. Noel Williams's book upon "Madame Récamier" is the only good book, at any rate in English, upon the French Salon during a great period. Andrew Lang's "Mary Stuart" is the most important contribution to history, and a book destined to a longer life than most volumes issued during this Christmas time. Baron Corvo's "Chronicles of the Borgias" is a very fine record of a house of splendid sinners. Mr. Fea, in his book on "King Monmouth," recounts all the indiscretions of the Duke with zeal, taste, and knowledge. Mrs. Bagot's volume, "Links with the Past," is a very readable volume of reminiscences of life during the last century. Dean Hole, still vigorous, has put together some further gleanings, and made a diverting volume of stories called "Then and Now." The Essay, we are told, is decaying, but this I can hardly believe. The French we know would beat us if they had no other essayist than Anatole France, but we need not despair while such volumes as "The Celtic Temperament," by Francis Grierson, "The Defendant," by Gilbert Chesterton, and Frederic Harrison's new essays come forward. Lilian Whiting, who so convincingly proved the world to be beautiful, has now found a fresh "World Beautiful in Books." There is, at any

rate, one book for those whose reading is of souls and of hearts — Mr. Fielding's "Hearts of Men." The one first-rate garden book this year is "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland," by Inigo Triggs, the most magnificent book upon gardens historical and beautiful yet issued. There is no other book to compare with it in splendor. The sporting book of the autumn is Mr. Evered's book upon that glorious country in the West around Dulverton, Dunster, and the Doone Valley. There are children's books in thousands, most of them, as usual, with the stamp of mediocrity upon them, those seeming to stand above the rest being Mrs. Ames's new volume, "The Bedtime Book," "The Golliwog's Auto-go-cart," and Miss Sharp's "Youngest Girl in the School," the only story-book which I think it is especially worth while to name. Among other comic books there is, and with excellent pictures, "Nonsense Nonsense!" where Mr. Charles Robinson, supplied with as many ideas as he can wish, has made many absurd and gorgeous chromatic symphonies. In its verses I find "Nonsense Rhymes," by the late Cosmo Monkhouse, very agreeable, but it is hardly for the unsophisticated. Thus:

There once was a Master of Arts,
Who was "nuts" upon cranberry tarts:
When he'd eaten his fill
He was awfully ill,
But he still was a Master of Arts.

Mrs. Cook, in "The Bride's Book," analyzes "proposals" (there are, it seems, five varieties), rejections (there

must necessarily be at least five also), engagements, discords, and, indeed, the whole matrimonial and pre-matrimonial gamut. Her pages leave little to the critic. All grades of society come within her purview, and we have these five sufficing reasons from the East-end for the refusal of five unsufficing young men: "Because 'e 'ad ginger 'air." "Because 'e gone and jined the Militia." "Because 'e 's a skinflint, and would n't stand no treats, let alone Bank 'Olidays." "Because 'e liked readin' poetry and sichlike fool'ardiness." "Because 'e come 'atween me and my sister Lizzie when we was 'aving of it out one night."

Miss Marie Corelli should be a proud woman. She has written a Christmas number all by herself — religion, politics, courtiership, fiction, verse, music, satire, fantasy, fact, and something for "the dear childring" — all are here. Such versatility, sure, was never seen. Miss Corelli on the Coronation, on the King, on the Queen's soul, on the Christmas carol to be sung at Sandringham, — these are things to read and think upon.

I hear that several peeresses, hitherto estranged from their husbands, are seeking to be (at any rate temporarily) reunited, so as to be present in the Abbey at the Coronation. Domestic bliss is, indeed, a fine subject for Christmas-time. My Holiday Message to some of my wayward friends is, therefore, an exhortation — Kiss your wife on Christmas morning whether you want to or not.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, December, 1901.



The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editors.

ART

Freeman—Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance. By L. J. Freeman, M.A. Illustrated. Macmillan, \$3.00 nett.

Though it barely escapes being theoretical and even dilettante in spirit, Mr. Freeman's volume on Italian Renaissance sculpture reflects qualities which are distinctly gracious. There is little here that is new either in conception or in interpretation, but the presentation of familiar material is marked by many felicities and, above all, by a welcome feeling for plastic form. Mr. Freeman divides his subject into two parts: I. The Early Renaissance, including Ghiberti, Donatello, and Lucca della Robbia, and, II., The Late Renaissance, including, among others, the Sansovini, Cellini, and Michelangelo, the whole being prefaced by a somewhat indefinite essay "On the Enjoyment of Sculpture." The author is at his best in his semi-narrative appreciations, many of which, though Pateresque, are characterized by singular charm of expression. The illustrations which give the volume much of its value are of unusual excellence.

Holt—Rugs Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern. A Handbook for Ready Reference. By Rosa Belle Holt. Illustrated. McClurg. \$5.00.

While not aiming to supersede Mr. Mumford's volume, the present work adequately supplements its epoch-making predecessor in kind. Mr. Mumford contributed a serious and exhaustive study, which displayed abundant knowledge and an accurate appreciation of the æsthetic aspects of his subject. Miss Holt's text is, on the contrary, more popular in character, her excursions into antiquity and ethnography being decidedly lacking in background. The plates, showing typical weavings, both in color and in monochrome, as well as those illustrating the process, add substantially to the beauty of the book. Though manifestly for the neophyte, Miss Holt's monograph should do much toward furthering interest in one of the most absorbing and least understood forms of decorative art.

Hoppin—Great Epochs in Art History. By James M. Hoppin, Lately Professor of Yale University. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75 nett.

At first thought it is difficult to decide why

Professor Hoppin includes the English Pre-Raphaelites among his "great" epochs in art history, but a careful, or even cursory, consideration of the book explains many things. Happily the type of æsthetic criticism herein exemplified is losing vogue. Such men as Mr. Berenson, and Mr. Claude Phillips are rapidly discounting that which is descriptive, pedagogical, and altogether pedestrian.

Williamson—Francesco Raibolini, Called Francia. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." Illustrated. London, Bell; Macmillan, New York. \$1.75.

In this, his third contribution to the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," Dr. Williamson, the editor of the series, places students of Italian art still more in his debt. For the monographs on Luini and Perugino there was abundant material, but in tracing the career of Francia, Dr. Williamson has had to become archivist as well as art critic. With the help, chiefly, of Calvi's pamphlet the outlines have been filled in with much sagacity and much sympathy. The present volume offers, indeed, the best opportunity in English for a study of this Bolognese goldsmith, who, toward middle life, turned religious painter, this simple, gentle artist whose faith was as implicit as his palette was rich and harmonious. Dr. Williamson's text is interspaced by excellent reproductions of Francia's works, among them being the tender and pathetic lunette for the "Buonvisi" altar-piece, now in the National Gallery.

BELLES LETTRES

Bates—Talks on Writing English. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.30.

If literature is a trade, as some would have us believe, then is this little book of Mr. Arlo Bates an excellent trade manual. With its aid a student can make literature in much the same way that from a treatise on painting one can learn to paint, or from a treatise on music to play. More than this for his book Mr. Bates himself would probably not claim. Yet certain passages give one pause. In the chapter on dialogue, for instance, the author manages to give the impression that dialogue is a

kind of good round-hand that can be easily mastered if the pupil will pay attention to rules and directions. "Let the pupil sit with his right side toward the desk, his right arm resting on the desk, the pen held firmly between the thumb and forefinger, its end pointing over the right shoulder, the last three fingers resting lightly on the tips." We were all taught it in school—this or something like it. Alas, and alas! We are scattered over the wide globe and our pens point in a hundred different directions—any direction except the right one—while we scribble for dear life the thoughts that come into our heads. It may be true that "the third element in the writing of effectiveness of dialogue in narration is that it shall be consistent." But one can fancy this statement as being of little use to Victor Hugo—say—or Shakespeare. The mind harks back to the days when literature was not entirely a trade, when the writing of dialogue was less concerned with "consistency and relevancy" than with letting the characters speak for themselves; the days when the characters were the makers of real dialogue and the genius of the author consisted in knowing this and in letting them speak. But these were the days when literature was still an art and the makers of literature artists.

Fitzgerald—Word and Phrase: True and False Use in English. By Joseph Fitzgerald, A.M. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

The author was for some years assistant editor of the *North American Review* and of the *Forum*, and in correcting and revising articles for print formed "the habit of scrutinizing words and phrases in books and other publications and making notes, the outcome of which is the present work." Four or five years ago he brought out a small volume, "Pitfalls in English," most of the matter of which is incorporated in this book, but constitutes only about a fifth of it. Some of the topics treated are "the degradation of words"; metaphors; household and business terms; literary, philosophic, and scientific terms; ecclesiastic and religious terms; word-pairs, synonyms, analogies; obsolescence, obsolescence, new coinage; "ignorantisms in words and phrases"; points of syntax, orthography, pronunciation, punctuation, etc. The author's style is by no means impeccable, being sometimes slovenly, sometimes heavy, sometimes affected. He is fond of using words in new senses, unknown to lexicographers; like "ignorantisms" for "the solecisms of persons who are presumed to be educated," when the dictionaries recognize the word in the singular only as equivalent to "obscurantism." The book nevertheless contains much curious and interesting matter, and much that will be helpful and suggestive to teachers and students of English. It may serve, in general, as a practical manual of English words and their uses.

Goodell—Chapters on Greek Metrics. By Thomas Dwight Goodell, Professor of Greek in Yale University. Scribners. \$2.00.

This is one of a series of volumes, prepared by professors and instructors of Yale, in connection with the bicentennial anniversary of the college. Professor Goodell might have named his essay "Greek Rhythmics" as well as "Greek Metrics," for he differs from the grammarian's theory of Greek poetry, and maintains that quality more than mere quantity (*i. e.*, equalization of syllables) was the basis of the method of the rendition of poetry. Our modern feeling for thesis and arsis is derived from modern music, and stands in the way of our understanding the melody of Greek verse. Professor Goodell's argument is most interesting and possesses considerable force. His interpretation of Aristoxenus is new, and throws fresh light upon this much controverted topic. It would have been a boon had the author added a chapter upon the application of his principle to Greek prose,—say the orations of Demosthenes,—for it is probable that both Greek and Roman orators delivered their speeches rhythmically, somewhat after the manner of intoning, and not in the colloquial tone and phrasing of modern oratory. Other good Greek prose is susceptible of rhythmical delivery. This is true also of the "Sermon on the Mount," The Eucharistic Prayer, and of other records of the sayings of Jesus. Altogether the subject is fascinating from a religious and from a psychological view-point. Professor Goodell is aware of this and gives space to a consideration of the relations between emotion and rhythm, between Greek and English poetry, between metre and the sacred dance. The student of ceremonies and religious sentiment will find some suggestive material unwittingly (as I suppose) furnished by Professor Goodell. If the further publications of the Yale bicentennial equal this in freshness and suggestiveness, as well as in solid philological value, Yale is to be congratulated.

Morris—The Principles and Methods of Latin Syntax. By E. P. Morris. (Yale Bicentennial Publications.) Scribner. \$2.50.

A minute philosophical examination into the history and psychology of the development of the Latin language on its syntactical side.

Mott—The Provençal Lyric (Prose). By Lewis F. Mott, Ph.D., Professor of English at College of the City of New York. Wm. Jenkins. 75 cts.

Of late there seems to be a quickened interest in the subject of Provençal verse, its evolutions, rhythms, and themes; and it is a vital question in literature whether the passion of the Midi and of its poets will not prevail to immortalize and perpetuate the mere dialect in which their inspirations are couched. "The Provençal Lyric"—originally a lecture delivered before the Comparative Literature Society—is a worthy addition to the history and criticism at present current on this interesting subject. Professor Mott has given us, in this direct and condensed form, a very clear idea of the early distinctions between the jongleurs

and the troubadours, and has also furnished the student with outlines of various of the more notable Provençal lyrics of the Middle Ages, with some translated passages therefrom, by way of illustration.

Perrin—Plutarch. Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides Newly Translated, with Introduction and Notes. By Bernadotte Perrin, Professor in Yale University. Scribner. \$2.50.

The purpose of this book is to attract the English reader to Greek culture and to appeal to admirers of Plutarch and of great epochs in the progress of civil liberty. The introduction is comprehensive of the latest scholarship on the subject, and the notes are ample and erudite.

Preston—The Secret of Hamlet. By South G. Preston. The Abbey Press. \$1.00.

Another attempt to pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery. "The word *Hamlet*," we are told, "reveals to the *initiated* [the italics are the author's] the secret of the character of the hero of the mysterious play." The name is from the Icelandic *Amleth*, made up of *aml*, toil, and *lothi*, devoted to, and "probably has reference to the mythic impersonation of the endless toil and travail of the sea." But we get at the "esoteric meaning by dividing the word into three parts": first the letter *h*, which signifies spirit. "It is an 'aspirate'—a spirate, spirit—equivalent to 'breath,' life." The second part is *am*, "signifying 'being'"; and the third is *let*, "to hinder, to hold, to restrain." Together they reveal to us that "Hamlet is a player, acting the part of Humanity, in a play representing Man's spiritual life-struggles within the circumscribed conditions of this world, under the conscious pressure of the supernatural." In Ophelia's name there is also a primary and a secondary meaning. "*Ope* means 'open'; *helios* means 'the sun'; hence *Ophelia* means "an open sun, or sunshine." The secondary meaning "refers to her mental Ophelia, or aphelia," and describes her condition when insane. *Ophelia* in Greek, we are told, means "a serpent," and to Hamlet "at a certain crisis of his life" she seems "a serpent-temptress," keeping him from "carrying out the law of duty imposed by the supernatural command of his father." "The significant *h* is in the names Hamlet, Horatio, and Ophelia." The name Horatio is made of this *h* and "*oratio*, the word for discourse or flow of speech—breath—life." Horatio is "a man whose life flows on smoothly towards the great ocean of life—eternity." Note that "none of the other characters in the play have this letter *h* in their names." When we add that "Hamlet was a psychometrest" [*sic*], a man who "had developed the psychic side of the physical senses," we believe that the reader will understand what the author means as well as we do after perusing the whole book.

Swift—Aitken—The Journal to Stella. By Jonathan Swift. Edited, with Introduc-

tion and Notes, by George A. Aitken. Putnam, \$1.75.

These sixty-five letters, written in a period of less than three years, testify unmistakably to Swift's love for Stella (Esther Johnson), and—more than all—for himself. Mr. Aitken's estimate of the whole affair, given in the September number of *THE CRITIC*, renders further words on the subject superfluous. As to Mr. Aitken's notes, they seem to be all that could be desired in the way of learning, research, ingenuity, and judgment. The shape in which the book has been published is handy as well as attractive.

BIOGRAPHY

Besant—The Story of King Alfred. By Walter Besant. Appleton. 35 cts.

For a little book by an author well known, this primer contains an astonishing number of errors in diction and in statement of fact. Take some instances at random: "The prison and the executioner was gone" (p. 128); "There was more than one reason" (p. 170); and now take an example of erroneous statement: "The pilgrim on his way to the Holy Land was with his own spiritual kin so long as he found himself within [*sic*] the authority of the Pope; every church was a copy of the churches he had left behind; [by no means] the Mass sung at Venice was the same as that sung at Westminster." A biographer of King Alfred may not be required to display an acquaintance with rituals and liturgics, but certainly, in such a case, he is not required to display his ignorance, either. It would not seem to us necessary to call attention thus to so small a book were it not that the recent observance of the millenium of King Alfred's death brought into some prominence any book relating to the Saxon monarch. It is a pity that this is not a better book, if for no reason other than that its writer intended it to be used as a text-book in schools. Perhaps before another illustrious October twenty-sixth comes, some worthy biography of Alfred will come before us.

FICTION

Elshehus—The Devil's Diary. By Louis M. Elshehus. The Abbey Press. \$1.00.

Although there are exceptions, it is a safe rule to say: Avoid a book published by the author and embellished by a portrait of the author. This book comes under the rule. It is stupid and foolish, as well as the product of ignorant conceit, and is not worth the paper upon which it is printed.

Greene—Flood Tide. By Sarah P. McClean Greene. Harper. \$1.50.

Mrs. Greene's characters live and move and have a being. The fact that the being is such as "never was on sea or land," nor anywhere except in the mind of Sarah Pratt McClean Greene, does not in the least interfere with

their living and moving. Nowhere outside of one of Mrs. Greene's novels could one meet with the fascinating being—half-goddess, half-mother, and half prima-donna—who treads the sands of *The Bar*. The mathematics of the fascinating being may be a little mixed in this estimate, but the essentials are there. She is introduced in the first paragraph as a remarkable being and she grows in grace and vocal power on every page. Because of the peculiar make-up of the heroine, let no one think that the book lacks humor. It is filled with humor from cover to cover. It may not be of the subtlest kind, but it is all-pervasive. No scene, however pathetic or greswome or sentimental, escapes a dash of it. It is *paprika* for the salad, the salvation of Mrs. Greene's work, giving edge to her sentimentality and truth to an impossible vision of life. At times it riots in wild caricature and again it flits like any *Ariel*—a sailor *Ariel*—but it is always present. The reader may not always enjoy it, but the author does. In a world of their own her characters live, bathed in a light of satyric glee. It hangs over them, laughs and frolics with them, glides away and returns, with laughter holding both its sides, blowing bubbles to watch them burst. The reader's imagination may not be stirred by the humors of "Flood Tide," but his psychological interest will inevitably be aroused.

Swift—Gulliver's Travels. By Jonathan Swift. Heath & Co. 50 cents.

An excellently printed edition of this children's classic, edited by F. M. Balliet, with 38 illustrations and a map.

Van Vorst—Bagsby's Daughter. By Bessie and Marie van Vorst. Harper. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Fancy a roaring face, where everyone is scurrying round in good old farce fashion trying to find everyone else.—where everyone misunderstands everyone, as the characters of a well-regulated farce are bound to do until the dénouement; then fancy one of the principal characters of such a farce played by a really great actor—there you have *Bagsby's Daughter*. *Bagsby* is the character that dominates the rest of the scene, human and lovable, surprisingly real in the gay make-believe world that he has been popped into by his authors. After the fashion of a farce, "*Bagsby's Daughter*" is preposterously amusing, and at times the situations are so good, that one could wish the authors had seen fit to cast their story in a different mould. Of course the action is unflagging, as unflagging as in a Highland fling, and, of course, after seas of tribulation, *Bagsby's daughter* is made happy and everyone is reconciled.

Voss—Amata. From the German of Richard Voss. Translated by Roger S. G. Boutell. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.00.

If the test of power is a sense of reality, the author of "*Amata*" has power in a marked degree. The real and the impossible, placed side

by side in his work, are one and the same. The impossible becomes real and the real takes on an air of mystery and aloofness and charm that shades away into the impossible. In the hands of an author like this the material in which he works is not material. Out of the stuff of his own soul characters are wrought, and in the light of that soul deeds move on to consummation. It is romanticism of a high order, delicate and compelling and mysterious. The mind reverts, for a prototype, to the work of Edgar Allan Poe. The story has not the tragedy and horror of Poe's work. But it has the same vividness of perception, the suggestion of lurking shadow, and the compelling sense of reality that attaches to the name of Poe.

HISTORY

Burgess—The Civil War and the Constitution.

By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D. 2 volumes. Scribner. \$2.00.

Professor Burgess's work on the "Middle Period" in Scribner's American history series is continued by the two volumes before us on the Civil War. They bear the characteristic marks of their distinguished author, a crisp and forcible, though somewhat crude, style; a vigorous and keenly logical intellect; a judicial, impartial spirit; a scientific scepticism which is ever anxious to re-examine the sources of our knowledge. These volumes are based on a thorough study of the sources. In this respect they differ from the other volumes in the series; they thus have a greater scientific value. The chapters on the months preceding secession are of great interest. The tolerant attitude adopted toward the South, while at the same time the justice of the North's demands is never minimized, is an innovation in American historical literature. It shows that we are finally gaining the proper perspective from which to view these tragic events. We are made to feel and to understand that Jefferson Davis was a man who was acting in full consonance with his convictions, and that these convictions had some basis in ethics and in history. The balance of the book divides itself into two sections—one devoted to military affairs, the other to the interpretation of the Constitution during the Civil War. The account of the war is not so clear as that found in works of military writers. It is in the discussion of constitutional questions that Professor Burgess is pre-eminently at home; this has been his life study. Nothing better, from the standpoint of sound political science, than these chapters has been written. Professor Burgess instinctively casts aside the irrelevant details and arrives quickly at the core of any legal question. Finally, it must be pointed out that in treating of our difficult ties with England during the period, Professor Burgess recognizes that other than purely materialistic motives influenced the conduct of the British government. His patriotism does not imply narrowness. Thus, it will be seen that this book is an important contribution to American history.

Coltman—Beleaguered in Peking. By Robert Coltman. Davis. \$2.00.

"Beleaguered in Peking," a good-sized volume of 248 pages with photographic illustrations, is the work of Robert Coltman, "Professor of Surgery in the Imperial University, Surgeon of the Imperial Chinese Railways," etc. It deals with the war of the Boxers against the foreigners, and aims "to give an accurate and comprehensive account of the Siege in Peking and of the Boxer movement that led up to it." Dr. Coltman's position as Imperial Surgeon would seem to have given him unusual opportunities for observation, which he has improved to the utmost. The story of the siege as told by him is partly narrated and partly given through extracts from a diary. It covers the two years between October, 1898, and September 10, 1900, and is so written as to give the reader a clear and comprehensive view of the events recorded.

Hall—The Oldest Civilization of Greece. By H. R. Hall. Lippincott. \$3.00.

Mr. Hall brings to bear upon the "Mycenæan Question" the side-lights of Egyptology and Assyriology. The result is a profound, learned, and brilliant piece of archaeological work. Profusely illustrated and richly annotated, the book is a treasure. As a companion to Schliemann's volumes and Percy Gardiner's writings this work is really indispensable.

Newdigate-Newdegate—Cavalier and Puritan in the Days of the Stuarts. By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. Longmans. \$2.50.

The book gives interesting glimpses of public, private, and social life in the time of Charles II., drawn from a collection of MS. news-letters sent from London to Sir Richard Newdigate in Warwickshire, and from a diary kept for many years by the baronet. The news-letters were a curious feature of the times. The censorship of the press was exceedingly strict, nothing being allowed to be printed to which the Court made any objection. The writers of the news-letters were professional scribes who picked up the social and political gossip in the coffee-rooms and elsewhere, and sent reports of it to regular subscribers or patrons in the country, manipulating and coloring the items to render them acceptable to Whig or Tory recipients. Those cited in the book date from 1675 to 1712, and, together with the extracts from the diary, contain much curious and entertaining matter, such as does not to any considerable extent get into the formal histories of the period. It is a vivid picture of the everyday occurrences of the time, and a really valuable contribution to historical literature.

Terry—A History of England. By Benjamin Terry, Ph.D. Scott, Foresman & Co. \$1.50.

A stout volume of about eleven hundred pages in which the author, who is a professor in the Chicago University, aims to "present in a simple and connected story the record of the founding, unfolding, and expansion of Eng-

lish nationality." He endeavors also to "impart some life to events described," to make popular institutions appear, "not as mere abstractions but as human things," and the great personages of history "not as the characters of an algebraic formula, but as actual men and women"; and the plan seems on the whole to be well carried out. The book is abundantly supplied with maps of Britain at various periods, and also of Continental Europe, India, and South Africa, with plans of the more important battles in which the English were engaged. Many genealogical and other tables are likewise included, and an exhaustive index of thirty double-columned pages is appended. The history is brought down to the death of Queen Victoria.

MISCELLANEOUS

Barnard—South Africa a Century Ago. Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope (1797-1801) by the Lady Anne Barnard, edited with a memoir and brief notes by W. H. Wilkins. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.

One will have plenty of time to read about South Africa before the war is over, and here is a book worth reading at any time. It consists of letters written from the Cape of Good Hope (1797-1801) by the Lady Anne Barnard, wife of the first secretary of Cape Colony, to her intimate friend, and to the Secretary of State, Lord Melville, who had been chiefly responsible for the annexation of Cape Colony by the English. Lord Macartney was the first governor, but was unaccompanied by Lady Macartney, so that Mrs. Barnard, this elegant letter-writer, was also the first lady in the colony. Her important duty—reversing the methods of the old East India Company—was to conciliate the Dutch as much as possible and to write freely to England about everything that occurred. Here we have vivid descriptions, shrewd observations, witty comment, and wise suggestions. The problems, already a hundred years old, still press for solution, with the same difficulties and mistakes mutually made, but here we see how they looked a century ago. By birth named Lindsay, the Lady Anne was one of the best-known figures in the literary world of her day, and author of the ever-popular ballad, "Auld Robin Gray." Very properly, there is prefixed by W. H. Wilkins a memoir of this brilliant woman. Her portrait shows a very winsome creature. By her gracious presence at the dinners and balls by which she united Dutch and English as mutual friends, she promoted peace and friendship in the towns, made journeys through the country, seeing the tall men, the stout women, and the fat babies of a scant and scattered population, where tooth-brushes were rare. Many Boers refused to take the oath of allegiance and were deported to Batavia, and, in spite of all the English tried to do, the Dutchmen preferred and hoped for French rule. We have portraits in words of men now invisible or shadows, and others whose fame rises with the years. The

last letter is dated February 16, 1801, when the Cape of Good Hope was ceded to the Dutch. This volume worthily belongs to the noble literature of correspondence, for which the 18th is more famous than the 19th century.

Bayles—Woman and the Law. By George J. Bayles, Ph.D. The Century Co. \$1.40 *nett.*

The author of this book is "Prize Lecturer in the School of Political Science" in Columbia University. He knows too much of legal science to pretend to teach every woman to dispense with legal aid and advice, or to furnish in the compass of a small book an exhaustive analysis of his subject for the practising lawyer, man or woman. His aim is simply to give "a general view of the legal condition of the women of the United States at the present time." He divides his matter into three parts: domestic relations, which are of the greatest importance to every woman; property relations; and public relations, or "the political status of women in the modern state." All are discussed in detail in a manner that strikes the non-professional critic as at once clear and sensible, and likely to be of practical service to women. Professor I. F. Russell, of the Columbia Law School, contributes an introduction, in which he commends the study of law to woman, "not to enable her to be her own lawyer, but to qualify her to appreciate and act upon legal counsel understandingly," and to fit her for "the duties of executor, guardian, and trustee, as well as for the responsibilities of the ownership of lands or the stocks and bonds of incorporated companies."

Book-Prices Current. Index to the First Ten Volumes (1887-96). London: Elliot Stock. 1 guinea *nett.*

If a book were to be reviewed at a length proportioned to the work involved in writing it, the notice of this Index would be longer than any other in this month's CRITIC. One can but vaguely guess what it has meant, not merely to collate the ten volumes of "Book-Prices Current," but to make this Index afresh from the contents of those volumes. For these 944 columns of small type deal with 33,000 titles, involving half a million numbers. Different editions of the same book are carefully distinguished, and in every way the possession of this volume reduces to a minimum the task of learning how the prices of rare books varied during the decade in question.

Friendship. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard. \$1.25.

A pretty little sixteen-page pamphlet, made up of sayings about friendship by ancient and modern writers, most of the poetical extracts being printed as prose.

Harrison—Views of an ex-President. By Benjamin Harrison, compiled by Mary Lord Harrison. The Bowen-Merrill Co. \$3.00, *nett.*

This is a compilation of President Harrison's

addresses and essays on various subjects of public interest, written since his retirement from public life. The question so often asked, "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?" has been satisfactorily answered by Mr. Harrison's last years. If such a man, as often happens, retires into private life, and does not use his valuable experience, and presumably high intelligence in moulding public opinion, there is unquestionably a grievous injury done to society. Not that the American people wants to see its ex-presidents mixed up in party intrigues and in the sordid process of mere vote-getting, but it welcomes the opinions of its former chief on the broader political questions of the day. Unquestionably, Harrison stood much higher in the regard of all the day he died, than when he left the White House. This was so because, in a dignified manner, as occasions demanded, he used his knowledge in behalf of what he considered to be the best interests of his country. This volume, containing as it does his writings during this period, is hence very welcome.

The most important work in this compilation are the famous six lectures, on the constitutional history of our country, delivered at Stanford University. Though the student will find nothing new in these lectures, either in facts or in view-points, they are in many respects, both from a literary and from an historical standpoint, the best short account of the formation of the Constitution that we have. Less permanent in value is the well-known paper on "The Status of Annexed Territories," that vehement and well-reasoned protest against the new and revolutionary interpretation of the Constitution rendered inevitable by the Spanish War. In the "Musings on Current Topics" Harrison appears as a delightful though serious essayist. In fact there is a marked literary charm in all his writings, which attracts whether or not we agree with the views expressed. His opinions are too well known, and his intellectual attainments have been too often analyzed, to require discussion here. It is, however, necessary to point out that the note of provincialism, which mars an otherwise well-rounded intellect, appears more marked on reading these papers in their permanent shape than it did in their first and more ephemeral form. While President Harrison did not believe in the maxim, "our country, right or wrong," he had an unfortunate tendency to look upon his country with too loving and too uncritical eyes. Conversely he was prone to misjudge foreign countries, and to put them on a lower moral plane than the United States. While deprecating it in others, he himself was not free from false patriotism.

Hollander—The Mental Functions of the Brain. An Investigation into their Localization and their Manifestation in Health and in Disease. By Bernard Hollander, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Illustrated with the Clinical Records of 800 Cases of Localized Brain Derangements, and with several Plates. Putnam. \$3.50.

A work of this sort demands extended description in medical journals. All that we can do is to call it to the attention of our readers, whether medical or lay. Dr. Hollander's methods are scientific when he reopens the case. This work is a new scientific basis for phrenology. He has on hand the data. The prejudiced and narrow-minded will, at this announcement, immediately condemn the book, determining never to look at it. Lamentable is the *odium theologicum*, but in these days it shines as charity contrasted with the *odium scientificum*, if that phrase be allowed us.

However, apart from the phrenological bearing of Dr. Hollander's array of cases, there is also the important value that such inductions have for the general practising physician as well as for the professional alienist. Therefore, from any point of view, this work is important to the medical profession as well as to anyone who desires to learn scientific rules for forming some estimate of his fellows by looking at them.

Karnice-Karnicki—Vie ou Mort. By Michel de Karnice-Karnicki. Paris. Imported by Meyer Bros., New York.

The disquisition of M. Karnice-Karnicki is upon premature burial. He first shows the difficulty, if not impossibility, of distinguishing between death and trance, then gives his reasons for supposing that the consignment of the living to the grave is frequent. Following upon that is the account of the author's device to secure absolute immunity from being buried alive. Could this device come into general use, there would be a relief for many who go all their days in fear of being entombed alive and then of awaking to the horror and agony of consciousness in a coffin six feet under the ground.

Lincoln—Passages from His Speeches and Letters. With an Introduction by Richard Watson Gilder. (Thumbnail Series.) Century Co. \$1.00.

Abraham Lincoln was a master of the English tongue, but the bulk of his collected writings—largely official—repels the general reader, and comparatively few Americans are well acquainted with any of his productions, except the ever-memorable little speech at Gettysburg. This little collection of some of his more notable utterances will serve a double purpose, inculcating patriotism at the same time that it affords excellent models of English composition. The introduction notes "a pleasing cadence" in the President's prose, and commends his good sense in not persisting in his early attempts at verse-writing.

Newcomb—The Stars, A Study of the Universe. By Simon Newcomb. Illustrated. Putnam. \$2.00.

This contribution to "The Science Series" is most valuable. The astronomy of the fixed stars could hardly be cast in a simple form, but the work is fairly intelligible to any serious reader who is not a specialist. It is full of

curious matters, and illustrated with cuts and photographs.

Phelps—Orations and Essays of Edward John Phelps. Edited by J. G. McCullough. Harper. \$3.50.

Men of the type of Phelps, the lawyer, diplomat, teacher, and orator, are becoming every year rarer. The well-educated man is not being produced by the present educational system. Specialization seems to have as its concomitant evil, narrowness. Phelps distinctively belonged to the past generation, not alone in his culture, but in his political and juristic views. He was an idealist, a believer in natural law and in natural rights, and a firm adherent of the old political school, which made a fetish of democracy. We can imagine how bitterly he would have arraigned the recent decisions of the Supreme Court. Rational materialism and opportunism were absolutely repugnant to him.

The present collection of orations and essays form a fitting memorial to a man not great, but very worthy, for Phelps was always a healthy, and at times even a potent, influence in the community. The orations are all contemporaneous, and are consequently too vague to be good reading. The essays—only five in all—are of great interest, the most valuable being that on the Bering Sea controversy.

Singleton—Romantic Castles and Palaces, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd. \$1.60, net.

The buildings considered (each illustrated by a good full-page reproduction of photography) are forty-eight in number, twenty of which are in the British Isles, nine in France, six in Italy (including one in Sicily), three in Spain, two in Germany; and the rest in Switzerland, Denmark, Russia, Turkey, China, and Japan. Among the writers are Scott, Leigh Hunt, J. A. Symonds, R. L. Stevenson, Hawthorne, Gautier, Dumas, De Amicis, Pierre Loti, with others of less note. Warwick Castle is described by Lady Warwick, and Glamis by Lady Glamis. Ten of the buildings (including the Ducal Palace at Venice and Kronborg Castle in Denmark) are connected with the plays of Shakespeare. The historical and biographical information is generally accurate; but we notice an occasional slip. The editor, for instance, in her preface refers to Warwick Castle as having "lasted unchanged from the time of William the Conqueror," while Lady Warwick states more correctly that the oldest part of the present structure is of the fourteenth century, and that of the earlier fortress "not one stone is left upon another," and "the very site of it is pure guess-work." An index of historical and biographical allusions might well have been added.

Strong and Schafer—The Government of the American People. By Frank Strong and Joseph Schafer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 65 cents.

This text-book for grammar schools will un-

questionably be welcome to teachers, and deservedly so. It is well written, well arranged, and composed in a scholarly spirit. Two features in especial deserve mention. Institutions are not treated as lifeless, inexplicable phenomena; their connection with the past is clearly brought out, and stress is laid upon their organic character. Then a large amount of space, about one half the book, is devoted to local government,—to the county, township, city, and state. This is a departure of great importance, as few of us know enough about local government. Even the college graduate who knows the "Constitution" thoroughly will probably know little about the organization of the "Commonwealth" within which he is residing. We welcome this book as a step in the right direction.

Tallack—The Book of the Greenhouse. By J. C. Tallack, F.R.H.S. Lane. \$1.00.

The family Plant-Grower sat absorbed in a small green volume. "Is it good for anything?" asked the Critic politely. He had been waiting half an hour for the green volume—to complete his list of reviews. The family Plant-Grower looked up vaguely. "Good?" she repeated, absently, with a smile. "Oh, yes, it's good. It tells me just what I've always wanted to know about plants."—"Such as what?" suggested the Critic, notebook in hand. "Oh, about potting and watering and transplanting and soils and heat and shade. The man's a practical gardener." The Critic waited patiently. He is waiting still. She has returned to the printed page and is lost once more in the green volume. The Critic has had only a brief glance at its contents. But so far as he can judge from observation, it is a volume that no practical plant-grower will willingly be without.

Unger—With "Bobs" and Krüger. Experiences and Observations of an American War Correspondent in the Field with Both Armies. By Frederic William Unger. Coates & Co. \$2.00.

A belated but readable book by a correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, profusely illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

White—The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By Gilbert White. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by L. C. Miall and W. Warde Fowler. Putnam. \$1.75.

The perennial delightfulness of Gilbert White's two books is known to the world. Generations will continue to read them. As to this particular edition, the notes are all one could wish. While intended for a popular, this is at the same time a scholarly, edition. We confidently commend it to our readers.

Yale-Pollak—The Century Book for Mothers. By Dr. Leroy M. Yale and Gustav Pollak. The Century Co. \$2.00, net.

The main strength of this "practical guide in the rearing of healthy children" lies in the hundreds of questions and answers of which it

is largely made up. These are actual questions that have been put, for years past, to the editors of *Babyhood*, so the authors—the former and the present editor of that magazine—have really had the collaboration of hundreds of mothers. If the book replaces the hitherto indispensable though discursive work of Dr. Pye Chavasse, and we have no doubt it will, it should rival in popularity the record-breaking novels. No nursery can afford to be without it.

POETRY AND VERSE

Adams—Sonnets and Songs. By Mary M. Adams. Putnam. \$1.25.

These songs and sonnets, by the author of "The Choir Visible," deal with a wide variety of themes. The poet's chief literary interest appears to be the works of that prince of poets and play-makers, "Shakespeare, the divine."

Bird—Ronald's Farewell, and Other Verses. By George Bird. Longmans. \$1.00.

The quality of these verses may be guessed from the fact that the author is a great admirer of the poetry of the present Laureate, to whom his book is modestly dedicated.

Bissonnette—Some Little Samples of Verse from Colorado. By Wesley Bissonnette. Bissonnette Printing Shop \$1.00.

Some of these "samples," indeed, for one instant encourage us to believe that we have found the quality of true poetry, as in the little song entitled, "The Recompense." But it is ours—and the poet's—sad fortune that in the next instant we should come upon the impossible, the exaggerated, the distempered—as, for instance, while we may be willing to see that

"Day's golden sheaf drops in the twilight gloom,"

we can in no wise credit that

"Green moonrise brings a herd of grassy stars."

Collins—Birds Uncaged, and Other Poems. By Burton L. Collins. The Abbey Press. \$1.00.

The publisher's note tells us that the author of this volume "manifested a taste for versification at a very tender age." The author modestly says of his own verses here collected,

"I dare to hope that 'mongst them there may be

Some that sing songs of heavenly melody."

And, still more modestly, disclaims:

"If such there are, no praise is justly mine,
I learned them of the Lyrists of the skies!"

Crowley—The Mothers' Tragedy. By Aleister Crowley. Privately printed.

The inspiration for this astounding volume would seem to have been drawn from potatoes of "rancid lees"; and its morbidity would seem to be past all medication. We shall not say that the verse, either as regards subject-matter or treatment, is Swinburnian;

but only that the author has caught suggestion from this eminent source, and has carried it to regions of deepest mire; in his own words,

"The old gods, indeed, go down to death,
But the new gods arise from utter rottenness."

Donaldson—Songs of my Violin. By Alfred L. Donaldson. Putnam. \$1.50.

These poems betray the heart of a musician, and to the extent that all musicians are poets the heart of a poet also. They will appeal more powerfully, however, to the lover of music than to the non-musical lover of poetry.

Gibson—Sonnets and Lyrics. By R. E. Lee Gibson. Louisville: Morton & Co. \$1.50.

There are some good things in this book, some bad, and some indifferent. With only the songs and sonnets to guide us, we should have said the author was a facile verse-maker; but he himself insists that he is a poet born, that his "voice is sweet with promise," and that he has been crowned with the laurel by command of the Muses. Far be it from us to differ with such authorities. The volume is dedicated "To the distinguished poet, Madison Cawein."

Shakespeare—Shakespeare's Songs. Shakespeare's Songs, with drawings by Henry Ospovat. Lane. \$1.50.

It was a capital idea to collect the songs out of Shakespeare's plays, and the wonder is that there are so many. Like the book of Psalms, this is divided into five parts, and there are in all probably nearly two hundred songs. The book contains also an index of the first lines. Mr. Ospovat has drawn illustrations which go finely and effectively with the tripping numbers and dainty conceits of the great bard. He has already illustrated Shakespeare's sonnets. While not remarkable for interpretation, every one of the eleven illustrations is bold, clean, thoroughly descriptive, withal strongly touching the imagination. Especially effective is the picture of "Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne," the little fellow being implored to "Cup us, till the world go round."

Way—Apollonius, The Tale of the Argonauts. By Apollonius of Rhodes. Translated by Arthur S. Way. Macmillan. 50 cents.

Mr. Way's translation is free, but it is spirited. The story is interesting to a lover of classical lore. It appears in the Temple Classics series, and the verses are so long as to give the page a crowded look.

RELIGION

Ballentine—The Modern American Bible.—S. Luke (Gospel—Acts). The Books of the Bible in Modern American Form and Phrase, with Notes and Introduction. By Rev. Frank Schell Ballentine. Whitaker. 50 cents.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes long ago remarked that "the Bible ought to be depolarized." Several efforts to that end have recently been

made, beginning with the "Revised Version." The results are useful, though it is probable that for various reasons people will continue for generations to prefer their King James' Version. The Rev. Mr. Ballentine succeeds in presenting a spirited translation, intelligible to the unlearned. The notes are homiletical and devotional rather than critical or interpretative. Mr. Ballentine's fault is that going so far as he does from traditional language, he goes not farther.

Birkeland—Light in Darkness ; or, Christianity and Paganism. Reminiscences from a Journey around the Globe. By K. B. Birkeland. Minnehaha Publishing Co. \$2.50.

This bulky volume, printed on inferior paper and illustrated with smudged "half-tones," contains the opinions of a young man who was ill equipped for a "globe trotter." He could not understand much that he saw, and was out of sympathy with almost everything. The part of his book possessing any value is his account of the myths, folk-lore, customs, and laws of the Santhals, a people of India. This account he got from the notes of the Reverend Mr. Skrefsrud, a Lutheran missionary, who had received it from Koleau, a wise man of the Santhal tribe.

Everett—Essays Theological and Literary. By C. C. Everett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75.

It is not easy to speak in too strong terms of praise of these learned and brilliant essays. They are studies in the development and variations of religious thought in various forms of expression, dogmatic, philosophic, and literary.

Frank—The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth. By Henry Frank. Putnam, \$1.75.

Mr. Frank is certain that theological dogma is fast dying. He proposes to destroy what remains and to substitute a rational foundation for religious belief. His criticisms are severely frank, his destructive energy is more ingenious than his constructive power. He says some foolish things and some wise, but after all he has a message, though dogma be not doomed by him.

Great Religions of the World. By Eminent Authorities. Harper. \$2.00.

The contents of this volume are: "Confucianism in the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Giles, which is broad and calm in its temper, rather historical than philosophical; "Buddhism," by Rhys Davis, who has written so profusely upon the topic that every one knows by heart what he will say; "Mohammedanism in the Nineteenth Century," by Oskar Mann, who treats Islam as a political more than a religious force to be reckoned with; "Brahminism," by Sir A. C. Lyall, who describes the religion and philosophizes; "Zoroastrianism and the Parsis," a picturesque sketch by Menant; "Sikhism and the Sikhs," by Sir Lepel Griffin, who discusses the matter as might be expected, when an Indian army

officer writes of the fiercest fighters of the native troops; Frederic Harrison's chapter on "Positivism," which everyone knows beforehand, if he is familiar with Mr. Frederic Harrison's writings on Positivism; "Babism," by Professor Ross, which is a religious movement not so generally known as the others treated in this book; "Jews and Judaism in the Nineteenth Century," by the Rabbi Gastur, who is a kind of Zionist; the "Outlook for Christianity," by Dr. Washington Gladden, which is disappointing, as likewise is "Catholic Christianity," by Cardinal Gibbons. The reader may from this infer the character of this book.

Krauskopf—A Rabbi's Impressions of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. By Israel Krauskopf. Stern. \$1.25.

The author, however liberal his opinions, could not be expected to view with approval the last relic of a mediæval mystery play. It aroused his ire and brought forth again the stock objections which the Jews have always urged against the Gospel Narrative. The substance of these objections is that what annoys them is not true, and what they like may be found in the Talmud. Yes, but when was the Talmud written? Rabbi Krauskopf is brilliant, and this work is addressed especially to Jews.

Pierson—The Modern Mission Century Viewed as a Cycle of Divine Working. By Arthur T. Pierson. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.

Pierson—The Miracles of Missions. Fourth Series. By Arthur T. Pierson. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 90 cents.

The titles of these books sufficiently denote their contents. Though somewhat contracted in his sympathies, Dr. Pierson, by making a special study of the topic, has arrayed much material. He is too diffuse.

TRAVEL

Bradley—Highways and Byways of the Lake District. By A. G. Bradley. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan. \$2.00.

This is an entertaining, though somewhat random and incomplete account of the Lake District. The author remarks at the end of his first chapter: "I shall be told, I know, of the places I have passed unnoticed, even in this short round. . . . But it is my privilege to go where fancy leads me and linger where I like; and having thus weakly made rejoinder to a possible but unreasonable complaint, I shall make no more." Later, however, he seems to feel that he ought to have covered the whole extent of the Lake District with his ramblings, and in his closing pages apologizes for not having said anything of the Duddon and Furness country, as he had "fully intended." To the south, in fact, he goes only half-way down Lake Windermere; to the north, on the other hand, he not only goes out of the Lake District entirely for a long visit to Carlisle, but actually crosses thence into Scotland to Gretna Green. The historical and literary associations of the region are agreeably

treated, though in a similar erratic way. Christopher North, Wordsworth, Southey, De Quincey, and many less known local writers get ample attention, but others more or less intimately associated with the same neighborhoods are barely mentioned, if at all. Mr. Pennell's illustrations are not in general up to his usual standard, though sometimes excellent.

Brooks—First across the Continent. By Noah Brooks. Scribner. \$1.50.

The story of the exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1803-5 is extremely interesting. They were the first white men to cross this continent between the regions occupied by the Spanish and the English, and to explore the valleys of the upper Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Columbia. The first authoritative narrative of the expedition was not published until 1814. The story has been told often since then, and sometimes in costly and elaborate works, but these are now out of print or obtainable only with great difficulty and expense. Mr. Brooks has done well in preparing the present book, in which we have the narrative as fully as possible in the language of the explorers themselves. It cannot fail to be welcomed to many readers, especially the younger generation, who will become acquainted with it for the first time. It is illustrated with portraits of Lewis and Clark from the originals in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, many drawings by Catlin, some from Clark's original survey, and others by Seton-Thompson. A map of the explorer's route is appended.

Burroughs—Harriman Alaska Expedition. By John Burroughs, John Muir, and others. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$15.00, net.

To charter a steamer for a visit to that sub-Arctic wonderland whose purchase marked the first step in American expansion beyond the limits of what is now the United States, is a thing that anyone might dream of doing, though none but a millionaire could make the dream come true. Such a project entered the mind of Mr. Edward H. Harriman; and when he found that the safety and comfort of his family and intimate friends called for a larger ship than they could fully occupy, he took counsel with expert advisers, and selected a group of scientists eminent in their several specialties, and invited them to become his guests on a holiday trip to be made on ideal conditions.

Mr. Burroughs went along as chief chronicler of the expedition—the one man best qualified to tell the story with scientific accuracy and literary charm. John Muir was there to study and describe the glaciers—and who so competent to deal with those prehistoric monsters? Professor Brewer of Yale talks about the weather, and Professor Fernow of Cornell betrays the secrets of the trees. George Bird Grinnell, who knows the Indians and Eskimo. Professor Dall, the palæontologist, needed no

urging to revisit his favorite stamping-ground. Besides these and other noted experts, the ship carried two photographers, two stenographers, a physician, with an assistant and a trained nurse, a shepherd and a flock of sheep, beef on the hoof, turkeys, chickens, a milch cow and a span of horses, camp equipment, cameras, steam and naphtha launches—pretty much everything, indeed, except an automobile and a stock-ticker. Two whole months were spent in botanizing, "bug"-hunting, studying the glaciers and the natives, taking photographs (five thousand of them), seeing sights and listening to legends, learning about the Klondike, making a two-hours' visit to our next-door neighbor, Siberia, and coming back to Seattle and civilization without an accident of any sort, and with three tons of coal left unburnt in the bunkers. Big-game hunting had been one of the original objects of the trip, but it was almost wholly abandoned to accommodate the scientific pursuits it would have interfered with. Mr. Harriman was so fortunate, however, as to bag a Kadiak bear, and to discover a hitherto unknown glacier, which was very properly named in his honor. The record of the trip, edited by C. Hart Merriam, is in every way a worthy one, abounding in information, teeming with colored plates, photogravures, pen-and-ink drawings and maps, and printed and bound in a fittingly simple but handsome form, and at a reasonable price, though too high a one to admit of its reaching any but the well-to-do.

Dwight—Constantinople and its Problems. By Henry Otis Dwight, LL.D. Revell. \$1.25.

This is a work of intense interest, by a master hand, fascinating in style, skilful in grouping of subjects, showing on every page thorough knowledge, keen penetration, warm sympathy, and judicial balance of mind. Dr. Dwight has lived many years in the city which is the centre of the world. He is under the spell of its beauty, while awake to the dangers and prospects that make thrilling the life of a resident Western man in Constantinople, despite Mohammedan monotony. Unfulfilled promises of strength are characteristic of Islam, and the city of the golden horn furnishes many illustrations of this truth. He reveals to us the strength and the weakness of the religion, whose highest earthly representative is the Sultan. The author knows well the power of the Turkish woman, also her charms, her tongue and its uses, her ignorance and heathenism, and her influence over men, but he knows also what education will do for her. He has little faith in the power of merely commercial civilization to elevate, believing it to be a vain hope that civilization alone will lift the people to a better life. He pictures the schools and school teachers, and his words have such light and color that we see these as if we were there. Dr. Dwight believes in reviving the spirit and influence, if not the form, of the ancient book-writer's guild in Constantinople, and is happy over the awakened taste of the Turkish people for reading. Those who enjoyed, during the Russo-Turkish war and occasionally later, the sparkling letters in the *Tribune* from Constantinople, will recognize in this book the same master hand which lays open before us the throbbing heart of Turkey.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of THE CRITIC by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mercantile Library. W. T. PEOPLES, *Librarian.*
 Mexico as I Saw It. Tweedie. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Real Latin Quarter of Paris. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)
 The Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Victorian Prose Masters. Brownell. (Scribner, \$1.50.)
 Essays and Addresses. Birrell. (Scribner, \$1.00 nett.)

Most Popular Novel.

Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

UNIVERSITY PLACE, N. Y.

Society Library. F. B. BIGELOW, *Librarian.*
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

- Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
- The Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.)
- Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 2 vols., \$15.00.)
- Private Life of the Sultan. Dorys. (Appleton, \$1.20.)
- Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. Tschudi. (Dutton, \$3.00.)
- Our Houseboat on the Nile. Bacon. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.75.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Wilkins. (Stone, 2 vols., \$7.50.)
- Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
Most Popular Novel.
- The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead Co., \$1.50.)
- Mechanics' Institute Library.** H. W. PARKER, Librarian.
- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
- The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
- China and Allies. Savage-Landor. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- Views of an Ex-President. Harrison. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$3.00.)
- Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
- With "Bobs" and Krüger. Unger. (Coates, \$2.00.)
- Alaska. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 2 vols., \$15.00.)
- 'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. Wellby. (Harper, \$2.25.)
- The Desert. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$1.25.)
Most Popular Novels.
- The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)
- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
- BROOKLYN, N. Y.**
- Pratt Institute Free Library.** M. W. PLUMMER, Librarian.
- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
- The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
- The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
- Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
- Talks to Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)
- Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
- Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
- The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
- The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)
- Brooklyn Public Library.** FRANK P. HILL, Librarian.
- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
- Evolution of Immortality. McConnell. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
- The World of Graft. Flynt. (McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
- Old-Fashioned Roses. Riley. (Longmans, \$1.75.)
- How to Tell a Story. Clemens. (Harper, \$1.50.)
- Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)
- Literary Friends and Acquaintances. Howells. (Harper, \$2.50.)
- Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert. (Scribner, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
- D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co., \$1.50.)
- BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**
- Bridgeport Public Library.** AGNES HILLS, Librarian.
- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
- The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)
- The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)
- Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
- Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

East London. Besant. (Century Co., \$3.50.)
Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo Public Library. H. L. ELMENDORF,
Librarian.

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Public Library. FRED'K H. HILD,
Librarian.

Innocents Abroad. Clemens. (American Pub. Co., \$3.50.)

White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, \$12.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Coffin's American histories.

History of the United States Navy, vol. iii. Maclay. (Appleton, \$3.00.)

The Spanish-American War. Alger. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudosn. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

Language of the Hand. Cheiro. Author, (\$2.50.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Public Library. WM. H. BRETT, *Librarian.*

Story of Nineteenth Century Science. Williams. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Some Ill Used Words. Ayres (Appleton, \$1.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Social Control. Ross. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)

In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Wilderness Ways. Long. (Ginn & Co., 75 cents.)

Pilgrims and Puritans. Tiffany. (Ginn & Co., 40 cents.)

Indians of New England. Burton. (Morse, 75 cents.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

DETROIT, MICH.

Detroit Public Library. HENRY M. UTLEY,
Librarian.

The Spanish-American War. Alger. (Harper \$2.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Benefactress. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The True Thomas Jefferson. Curtis. (Lippincott, \$2.50.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

Etiquette for all Occasions. Kingsland. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The World of Graft. Flynt. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

HELENA, MONT.

Helena Public Library. MARY C. GARDNER,
Acting Librarian.

Hiawatha Primer. Holbrook. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75 cents.)

Stories of Colonial Children. Pratt. (Educational Publishing Co., 40 cents.)

Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)

- A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton - Thompson. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)
 Civics of Montana. Davies. (Calkins.)
 Yellow Fairy Book. Lang. (Burt, \$1.00.)
 First Book in Geology. Shaler. (Heath, \$1.00.)
 What All the World's a-Seeking. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)
 Methods and Aids in Geography. King. (Lee and Shepard, \$1.25.)
 School and Society. Dewey. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

- Jersey City Free Public Library.** ESTHER E. BURDICK, *Librarian.*
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 First across the Continent. Brooks. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Lore of Cathay. Martin. (Revell, \$2.75.)
 In the Beginning. Guibert. (Benziger, \$2.25.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Books on the Opera.
Most Popular Novel.
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

- Public Library.** CARRIE WESTLAKE WHITNEY, *Librarian.*
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
 Eccentricities of Genius. Pond. (Dillingham, \$3.50.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 Outlines of Sociology. Ward. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)
 Empress of France. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50.)
 Diary of the Siege of the Legations at Peking. Oliphant. (Longmans, \$1.50.)
 Stars of the Opera. Wagnalls. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.50.)

- Standard Opera Glass. Annesley. (Brentano, \$1.50.)
 Mikado's Empire. Griffis. (Harper, \$4.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

- Los Angeles Public Library.** M. L. JONES, *Librarian.*
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 Works of Theodore Roosevelt. (Putnam, 8 vols., \$20.00.)
 Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Fiske's Works. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

- Public Library.** J. K. HOSMER, *Librarian.*
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. Roosevelt. (Putnam, \$3.00.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols. \$4.00.)
 The Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 Oriental Rugs. Mumford. (Scribner, \$7.50.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 The Life of John Ruskin. Collingwood. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$5.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

- Mercantile Library.** J. EDMANDS, *Librarian.*
 The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)
 The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)
 D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop, \$1.50.)

- In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates, \$1.50.)
 The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co., \$1.50.)
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
 Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- Circumstances. Mitchell. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Free Public Library. ANNIE E. CHAPMAN, *Librarian.*

- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Her Royal Highness Woman. O'Rell. (Abbey Press, \$1.50.)
 Spiritual Consciousness. Sprague. (Lee & Shepard, \$1.50.)
 Sands of Sahara. Summerville. (Lippincott, \$2.00.)
 How to Study Shakespeare. Fleming. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)
 Home Economics. Parloa. (Century Co., \$1.50.)
 The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)
 Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. Codman. (Macmillan, \$2.40.)
 Seven Great American Poets. Hart. (Silver, Burdette & Co., \$1.00.)
 Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Public Library. GEORGE T. CLARK, *Librarian.*
 Stories of Operas.

- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00 *nett.*)
 The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
 Japanese Miscellany. Hearn. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.60.)
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

- Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

City Library Association. JOHN C. DANA, *Librarian.*

- The Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead, & Co. \$1.40.)
 American Traits. Münsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Asia and Europe. Townsend. (Putnam, \$2.50.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Public Library. HELEN J. McCAINE, *Librarian.*

- The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Civilization during the Middle Ages. Adams. (Scribner, \$2.50.)
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Syracuse Public Library. EZEKIEL W. MUNDY, *Librarian.*

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Psychology of Attention. Ribot. (Open Court Pub. Co., 75 cents.)
 White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, \$12.00.)
 A Tory Lover. Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

Toronto Public Library. JAMES BAIN, JR., *Librarian.*

- Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 With "Bobs" and Krüger. Unger. (Coates & Co., \$2.00.)
 Alfred Tennyson. Lang. (Blackwood, 2s. 6d.)
 Alexandra, Our Gracious Queen. Fleming. (Skeffington, 1s. 6d.)
 A Day with a Tramp. Wyckoff. (Scribner, \$1.00.)
 A Retrospect of the South African War. May. (Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.)

- A Year in a Yawl. Doubleday. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.25.)

- Garden of a Commuter's Wife. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

- Madame Roland. Edited by Johnson. (Richards, 6s.)

- Gail Hamilton. Dodge. (Lee & Shepard, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Most Popular Novels.

- The Right of Way. Parker. (Capp, Clark Co., \$1.50.)

- Kim. Kipling. (Morang, \$1.50.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

Free Public Library. SAMUEL S. GREEN, *Librarian.*

- The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)

- Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

- The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton & Co., 2 vols., \$5.00.)

- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

- Private Life of the Sultan. Dorys. (Appleton, \$1.20.)

- The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

- The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

- Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$3.00.)

- Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

- The Butterfly Book. Holland. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$3.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)





**MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ON THE TERRACE
AT HIS HOME, WINDSOR, VT.**
See page 135.

The Critic

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FEBRUARY, 1902

No. 2

The Lounger

MRS. WELLS GALLUP, an American lady, has been trying to prove that Bacon himself claimed to be Shakespeare. The thing is easily proved and as easily disproved. Ciphers can be read any way you like. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is to the London silly season what the sea-serpent is to the dog-days in America. Every time there is a lull in exciting news, some Baconian comes to the rescue with a new cipher, and hundreds of pens are raised to fight the battle anew. This time Mr. W. H. Mallock has made the fight interesting by siding with the Baconians, Mr. Sidney Lee against them. In the meantime the Chamberlain-von Buelow unpleasantness is clearing the air, and the newspapers are for the time being discussing that situation and Bacon and Shakespeare are for the moment forgotten.

Dean Stubbs of Ely, who came to this country under the guidance of Major Pond two or three years ago, has just written a book which he calls "In a Minster Garden," and in the course of his garden talk he reverts to his American trip and pays special attention to Chicago.

I thought it [he says] the most hatefully unlovely city I was ever in. There were fine buildings, of course,—warehouses for the most part, of the "skyscraping" variety,—but, as a whole, hateful, simply hateful,—a clanking wilderness of endless streets, monotonous, unpicturesque, untidy, dirty, foul.

This is not the way that Chicago looked to Mr. Frederic Harrison. That traveler and critic found much to admire in the windy city, and was greatly impressed by its opportunities for education, not only as to its schools and colleges, but its art galleries and libraries. Dean Stubbs, it would seem, was not so fortunate in his cicerone.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the author of "Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," and many other books of lasting merit, is spending the winter at Aiken, S. C. Mr. Parker, who is now a member of Parliament, was born in Canada thirty-nine years ago. His father, a captain in the Royal Artillery, educated his son for the Church. Literature, however, had more attractions for the young man, and by way of a beginning he drifted into journalism as associate-editor of the Sydney *Morning Herald*. Early in life he



Photo for THE CRITIC by

Hollinger

MR. GILBERT PARKER



ELIZABETH, BARONESS VON HEYKING, IN HER MEXICAN GARDEN

travelled extensively in Northern Canada and voyaged much among the isles of the South Sea. Finally he dropped journalism altogether for pure literature, which, while a loss to journalism, has certainly been a gain to literature. A few years ago Mr. Parker married an American lady, a daughter of a New York merchant, the late A. A. Vantine. Then he went to London, where he has not only established himself as an author but as a man of affairs. His home is at No. 20 Carlton House Terrace, opposite the town house of Mr. W. W. Astor. His study where he writes his books and thinks out his speeches is at the top of the house and is described as "sumptuous." Books in handsome bindings abound and heavy silver implements adorn his writing table. As to the man himself the picture here given shows him as he is, calm, thoughtful, well groomed; in appearance not unlike the successful author of the day, but without a suggestion of the typical man of letters of Grub Street. Mr. Parker has never lived in that picturesque but uncomfortable locality. For

a short time he roughed it in the colonies—just long enough to give zest to the luxuries that came later.



The Baroness von Heyking, who wrote the interesting review of "The Benefactress," printed on another page, is the wife of the German Minister to Mexico, and the accompanying photograph was taken in her Mexican garden. Although a German, the Baroness von Heyking writes and speaks English with perfect fluency. Curiously enough, she has spent only one month of her life among English-speaking people.



I wrote to Mrs. John van Vorst, who is in Paris, for something about Hugues Le Roux, and this is her reply:

When your letter arrived asking for a few lines from a "personal point of view" on Hugues Le Roux, this year's guest of the Harvard Cercle Français, I set to wondering what personal point of view could be of interest about a man whose career is so public. As I reflected, my eyes fell upon a piece of tapestry in the corner of my study, a fragment of some large composition all activity and



MR. HUGUES LE ROUX
(From the Portrait by Chartran.)

confusion. The part remaining, which has been spared by ruthless scissors, represents a knight on horseback. He wears a helmet with a nodding plume, a coat of mail, and a suit of armor; he rides bold and fearless, with one hand guiding his steed into the thick of the conflict, with the other wielding his lance; the effort lifts him high in his saddle, his whole body tense under the same force and purpose that for centuries have inspired the best of men to live, suffer, fight, and die, if necessary, for a cause. Keeping the spirit of my tapestried hero, changing only his picturesque adversaries for prosaic obstacles of to-day, his plumes and cuirass for a stiff hat and well-made English coat, we have a modern knight—and such is Hugues Le Roux.

This novelist, playwright, explorer, journalist, diplomat, lecturer, and patriot, has the same indifference to leisure as the busy American man, and his working hours are spent in the midst of life, in the service of his talent, his family, and the State. A Norman by descent, the native of a seaport town, he has the inborn taste for conquest and exploration. He has visited the North Cape, Abyssinia, and all the intervening countries; he has traversed the African desert and been to the centre of Russia; but this other men have done, while

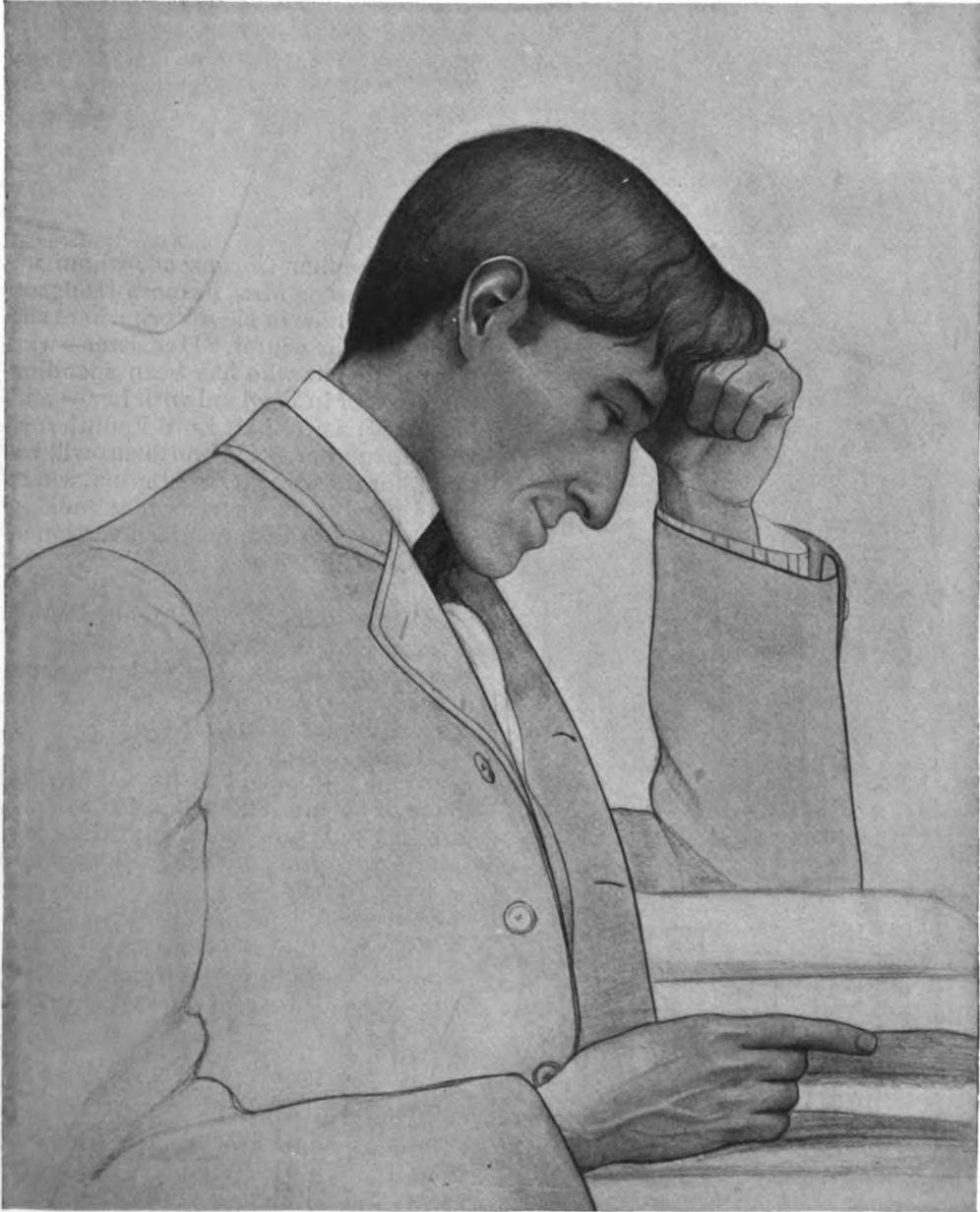
Hugues Le Roux, in a way altogether personal, has explored humanity. He has lived with princes and paupers, with Nihilists, vagabonds, scientists, and cutthroats; he has been comrade to men of every condition. The wide field of his observations, the brusque contrasts in his experiences, have given him singular opportunities to study mankind, and his vital interest, his sympathy, his universal kinship, have enabled him to understand his fellow-creature—man.

There are over twenty volumes of the impressions M. Le Roux has recorded: "Je Deviens Colon," "Les Larrons," "Enfer Parisien," "Les Saltimbanques," "Notes sur la Norvège," "Menelik," etc., and half again as many works of fiction and philosophy: "Gladys," "Les Mondains," "Nos Fils, Nos Filles," etc. It is needless to say that Hugues Le Roux pleases. With the alert and resolute manner of an American he combines the grace and suavity we are accustomed to in Frenchmen. As an orator he is gifted, and his *conférences* on the "Modern French Novel," "Abyssinia and Menelik," "French Society," "Paris Street Children," etc., are sure to meet with success at Harvard and throughout the United States, where he will lecture in eighty different cities.



Mr. Norman Hapgood, whose admirable portrait by Mr. H. C. Andersen is herewith reproduced, is something more than a dramatic critic, though it is as a writer of dramatic criticism that he is best known in New York. Outside of this city he is best known as a writer of historical biography. His studies of Webster, Lincoln, and Washington are notable for their directness and picturesque qualities. He has written of these great men from a new point of view, and with a freshness (not in the slang sense) that holds the jaded reader. Mr. Hapgood is still a young man, having been born in Chicago as recently as 1868. He was graduated from Harvard in 1890. He joined the editorial staff of the *Evening Post* when he first came to New York, but resigned to follow the fortunes of Mr. Edward Sherwood Seymour, when the latter took over the management of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and he has been the dramatic critic of that paper for the past five years. Mr. Hapgood is an outspoken critic, and one with whom

I do not always agree, but whose criticisms I respect even when they lightly, but with seriousness, realizing that a critic as well as a public official



MR. NORMAN HAPGOOD
(Drawn from life by Mr. Henrik Christian Andersen)

are at variance with my own opinions, for I know that they are unbiased and are the result of honest conviction. He does not take his work

holds a sacred trust. Mr. Andersen's portrait of Mr. Hapgood is thoroughly characteristic: it nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice.



MRS. INA BREVOORT ROBERTS

Mrs. Ina Brevoort Roberts, author of "The Lifting of a Finger," was born in Yonkers, N. Y., twenty-seven years ago, and during the early part of her life lived in Philadelphia. She afterwards resided for a time at Elizabeth, N. J., and Roseville, N. J. At the age of nineteen she took a place in the office of a firm of lawyers, where she remained until she married, at twenty-one, Mr. J. Edwards Roberts. Mrs. Roberts says of her beginnings:

I think I was about seven when I first began. Poetry was my chosen line then. My rhymes were mostly about daisies and violets, and acrostics to the people I knew, though I remember beginning several novels in which my playmates and I figured as principal characters. After this somewhat premature burst of inspiration, I did nothing more in

the literary line until five years ago. During this interval I kept hold of a vague idea that some day I was to write. When I began my work at twenty-two I had not even studied rhetoric, and my first step was to write to a former teacher, telling her my ambition and asking what books would be most useful to me.

Mrs. Roberts has apparently studied rhetoric, and other things, to some purpose since.



Mrs. Stephen Townsend, whom we better know as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, is now in New York where she will spend the winter. Her sister—who lives here but who has been spending the summer in England with her — and her son Vivian (Little Lord Fauntleroy) accompany her. Her husband will remain, for the present, in London, where he is playing in an elaborate holiday production of the dramatized version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." It has been some twelve years since this play was first produced, but, given a child actress with the talent of Elsie Leslie, there is no reason why history should not repeat itself in the case of this play. Young Vivian Burnett—who, by the way, is a graduate of Harvard University—is said to have inherited much of his mother's talent for writing. He has not published anything yet, but he will probably take up literature as a career.



One has only to study the fire-etchings of such an artist as Mrs. Mollie Burchard Curtis to realize the possibilities of a much misunderstood medium. At a recent exhibition of Mrs. Curtis's work in The Colonia were shown a number of compositions all treated in a delicate yet decorative spirit. Mrs. Curtis's work is much less heavy in effect than that of her predecessors in the field. She even attains certain pictorial qualities which are both novel and refreshing. The majority of Mrs. Curtis's etchings are of course after original motives, though one adopted from a painting by Maxfield Parrish is doubly interesting.

In answer to certain inquiries, Halliwell Sutcliffe, the author of "Mistress Barbara," writes:

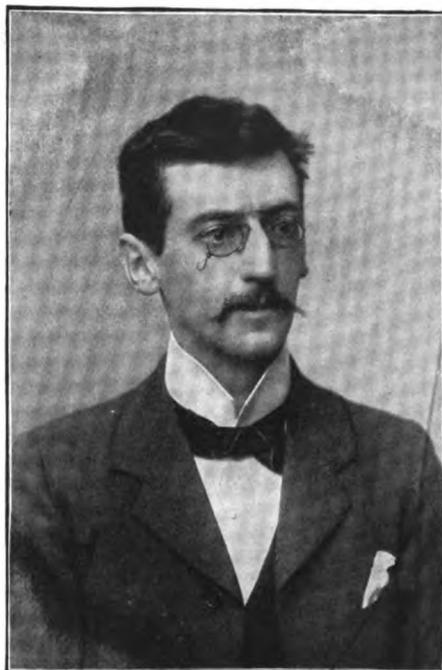
As to personal details I am afraid there are very few to give you. I can walk forty-five miles in a day, though I do not do it often. I am fonder of walking than of any other exercise, and I have learned pretty intimately the look of the country-side under snow, rain, and sunshine, at dawn, twilight, and midday. For the rest, I was at King's College, Cambridge, from 1889 to 1893, and took an honor's degree in mathematics. After that I lived in London for a while and did my first literary work there, then I came to live in Yorkshire, here close to my birthplace, Haworth, and have worked like a nigger. I never did anything in the least heroic, except to embark in literature as a career, and I have certainly never repented of that one little bit of heroism. It may be of interest to you to know that my forebears are all from the rough moor country about Haworth, and that I have listened in my childhood to the old wild tales of the country-side so often that they seem part of me. Amongst these tales are many, of course, connected with the Brontës, and I still have friends who remember even little details of appearances of the family.



Readers of THE CRITIC are familiar with the features of Mr. William Dean Howells but few of them have had the pleasure of seeing a portrait of his daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, which



MISS MILDRED HOWELLS



MR. HALLIWELL BUTCLIFFE

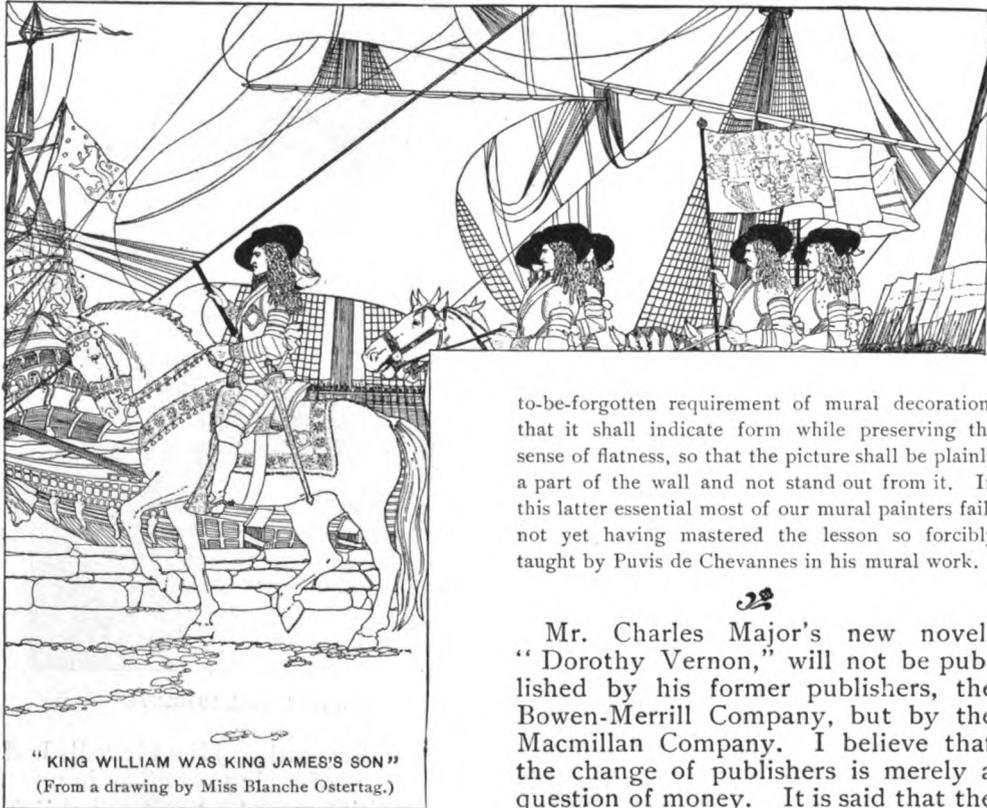
I present herewith. Miss Howells had the pleasure of seeing her name in print on the title-page of a book called "A Little Girl among the Old Masters" several years ago. The book was introduced by her father, who wrote down the little girl's impressions of the famous painters of the Old World and she illustrated these impressions with her pencils. Since those days Miss Howells has been a devoted student of art. A practical result of her studies is a series of illustrations for a whist calendar published by Messrs. Noyes & Platt Co.



Mr. Charles Henry Hart writes that

Mr. Reid's decoration for the Senators' staircase hall, in the new State House, in Boston, is destined, to mark an epoch in the art of America.

The theme is "James Otis Making his Famous Argument against the Writs of Assistance, in the old Town House, Boston," which has been used as an inspiration, so that Mr. Reid has painted a decoration to commemorate an historical event, not a picture of the event, and it is painted with a lightness of touch suited to its character. It is most interesting to note how he has



kept the decorative sense in view, making the episode subservient to the higher object. This accomplishment results from his sentiment for art being eminently decorative, and as the true painter's touch idealizes, pictorially, whatever it touches, he has raised out of the realm of mere illustration the subject selected for his painting. This picture may be called a symphony in reds, yet while the color scheme is exuberant and radiant, it is treated with such nicety and skill that it is not effusive. The chamber is bright with fire-flame, but through the window panes, against which the snow has drifted, comes the blue light of the midwinter day, so that while resplendent with reds the atmosphere is kept cool and restful by the light key of the wall and its differentiated blue shadows. The reds, too, are brought completely under subjection, by the pure vermilion seal to the charter, on the table, in the centre. It is a very clever bit of color work, but it is also more. The figures are well drawn and firmly modelled, and the faces of the judges and audience show the importance of the subject under discussion. No portraiture has been attempted, as it would have derogated from the decorative quality of the work, but the heads are exceedingly fine in character, that of the Chief-Justice being particularly strong. Technically the painting possesses a never-

to-be-forgotten requirement of mural decoration, that it shall indicate form while preserving the sense of flatness, so that the picture shall be plainly a part of the wall and not stand out from it. In this latter essential most of our mural painters fail, not yet having mastered the lesson so forcibly taught by Puvis de Chevannes in his mural work.



Mr. Charles Major's new novel, "Dorothy Vernon," will not be published by his former publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company, but by the Macmillan Company. I believe that the change of publishers is merely a question of money. It is said that the Indianapolis firm will not pay an author more than ten per cent., no matter who he may be. They argue that there is no money for the publisher at a higher percentage. They may be right, but much higher percentages are paid. There is hardly a publishing house in America that does not pay more than ten per cent. Those that begin at ten soon rise to twelve, fifteen, and twenty, and in some exceptional cases to twenty-five per cent. It seems to me that a sliding scale of royalty is only fair. If Mr. Major's first book had been published on this sliding scale he might have made more money. Though this may be doubtful, for the publishers would not have had so wide a margin for advertising expenses, and advertising is an important factor in the sale of books.



"Frocks and Frills" is a good name for the play now running at Daly's Theatre. Its success is due more to the dressmaker's than the playwright's

skill. The plot and the acting are secondary considerations. There is one exceptionally clever bit of acting in the play, however, and that is done by Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, who, as the stuttering baronet, has caught the town. The play has made a great hit, thanks to Mr. Finney and to Mrs. Robert Osborn, who created the title rôle.



English paragraphers are constantly writing about the absurdity of American names. We do have odd ones, I grant, but none odder than are to be found in this paragraph clipped from a London paper:

The convict, Arthur Yaxley, whose daring escape from Dartmoor on Friday last has been already recorded, was on Saturday evening recaptured by a farmer named Yeo at Boggator, near Pater-Tavy, eight miles from Tavistock. He was handed over to the prison authorities yesterday.



Miss Blanche Ostertag is a young Chicago artist whose work has attracted much favorable attention. Miss Ostertag is a St. Louis girl by birth, though a resident of Chicago. She is of half French parentage, with all the grace, taste, and quick intelligence of that nation. She has served her brief apprenticeship in Paris, has exhibited at both Salons, where she must have been the youngest contributor, and also showed pictures at several American exhibitions before she found her true vein of decorative work. Since then she has signed some charming covers, calendars, and posters, which are in demand among collectors of these artistic trifles even in Europe. She has also designed some elaborate chimney-pieces to be carried out in glass and gold mosaic. Her latest work and first essay in book illustration is "Old Songs for Young America," done in collaboration with the musician, Clarence Forsythe. Her droll and dainty decorations in delicate colors are quite frankly inspired by Boutet de Monvel's treatment of the nursery songs of France. Indeed that artist laureate of childhood, when visiting Chicago, gave her much com-

mendation and helpful criticism of the first few drawings. Where he dealt with Brittany peasants and scarlet-breeched peon-peons, she must needs show Mary and her lamb going to the little red schoolhouse, the barn dance of "Weevily Wheat," "Ole Dan Tucker" combing his hair with a wagon wheel, or John Brown's "Ten Little Injuns" stamping through their clumsy aboriginal dance. Such things prevent even the possibility of any exact imitation.



One of the first publications of the new year, to be issued early in January, is "The Cloistering of Ursula," a new romance by Clinton Scollard, the well-known poet and novelist. Like his first success, "A Man at Arms," the scene of the new novel is mediæval Italy. Mr. Scollard has made this field almost entirely his own, Marion Crawford perhaps being his only competitor. "The Cloistering of Ursula" deals with a gentle maiden and most strenuous times.



MISS BLANCHE OSTERTAG



Photo by

MRS. ERNEST RHYS

Russell & Sons, London

Mrs. Ernest Rhys, who has been introduced to the American public through Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. by her novel "The Wooing of Sheila," was born in County Roscommon, Ireland. In 1890 she married Mr. Ernest Rhys. They settled first in Wales, and later in Hampstead, a quarter of London largely given over to writers and artists. Her first novel, "Mary Dominic," was published in 1898, her new story two years later.



At an informal dinner in honor of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, given recently by a hundred or so of his friends,

at the National Arts Club, in this city, the sculptor, acknowledging the compliments of a number of well-known speakers, took occasion to express his views on the relative value of art-study at home and abroad. The "total paralysis of thought, speech, and action" which possesses him on such occasions, led Mr. St. Gaudens to read what he wished to say, instead of trusting to memory or the inspiration of the moment. As to the dinner itself and the post-prandial remarks, he said:

I am unworthy of it all, and I will not take it for more than a tribute to earnestness of purpose, rather than to achievement, though, as far as that is concerned, I feel that we all of us here are in the same boat. We hold true to the good old French maxim, to which Matthew Arnold drew our attention before leaving

this country—" *Le cœur au métier.*"



Coming to the main point of his brief address, he said:

It may interest you to know that this absence in Paris, although delightful, has taught me to appreciate all the more the living character of our own country, to say nothing of the deep sympathy of my comrades and friends. The impression of strength, directness, and lucidity that was made on me by the exhibitions, as well as in every other direction, when I first returned, was very great. It showed at a glance what I had been suspecting for some time, that our advance had been so rapid within the last ten or fifteen years, that, at least in so far as the solid foundation of early training in art was con-

cerned, it was unnecessary for our young people to go abroad for study. For that matter, a healthier and fresher beginning could be made here, so that when the time did come to go to the Old World, it could be done with more safety, and with a broader understanding of the richness that is there. In saying this I must not be understood as lacking in the slightest measure that gratitude which so many of us owe to the generous and conscientious training we have received in the schools of Europe, particularly those of France. Those of us who have been so benefited cannot fail to be deeply thankful.



It has been a long time since I have seen a portrait of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. The one here given is her latest. This charming writer is now in her seventy-eighth year, but her pen is as vigorous as in the days when she made her first success as the author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." Mrs. Whitney is the author of twenty-six books, each one of which has delighted a large audience. Considering her popularity, this is a very modest output.



Mrs. Patrick Campbell undoubtedly holds a unique position on the Anglo-American stage. During her short career as an actress she has unquestionably placed herself in the front rank,



MRS. WHITNEY



Photo by

Sands & Brady

MR. ROBERT EDEBON

(Who will shortly "star" in a dramatization by Mr. Augustus Thomas of R. H. Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune")

and her recent tenure of the Royalty Theatre has proved that as a manager she has few peers. Like many women of her station who have later achieved success on the stage, Mrs. Campbell won her first applause as an amateur. Something over a dozen years ago she gained her initial experience with a West Norwood dramatic society known as "The Anomalies." Since those placid days Mrs. Campbell has enjoyed a career as varied, as picturesque, and finally as successful as anyone might fancy. The West Norwood dramatic society's star has meanwhile become one of the most absorbing figures on the London stage, and is now engaged in creating an international reputation.



Mrs. Campbell's professional experiences in London date from the early nineties, when she appeared at the Vaudeville in Mr. Louis N. Parker's "A Buried Talent." Her reception was so favorable that, in June, 1891, she took the Shaftesbury Theatre in

The Critic

order to essay Rosalind. In August of the same year she joined the Adelphi forces, where she remained until that memorable first night of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the St. James in May, 1893. Although her previous

great personal distinction. Since "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mrs. Campbell has steadily strengthened her hold on the London public, her main successes having been in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," in "Fe-



Photo by

London Stereoscopic Co'y.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
In "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"

work had aroused interest, her performance of Paula Tanqueray stamped her as an actress of exceptional endowment. Her technique was still hesitant, but it was easy to see that the woman possessed temperament, force, and

dora," and when associated with Mr. Forbes Robertson in Shakespearian productions. It was not, however, until she leased the Royalty that Mrs. Campbell scored her chief personal and artistic triumphs.

Instead of following the beaten track, she struck out for herself with courage and with judgment. She declined to call on Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Grundy, but went

Ævne." It was something of a triumph for Mrs. Campbell to have won Londoners over to such plays, even though one critic did distort "Beyond Human Power" into "Beyond Human



Photo by

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
In Echegaray's "Mariana"

Elliott & Fry, London.

straight to more original sources. She revived Sudermann's "Magda," and boldly produced not only Echegaray's "Mariana," Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande," and Rostand's "Fantasticks," but even Björnson's "Over

Endurance." She is a woman of distinguished and poetical presence, who emphasizes her art by her beauty and her grace rather than depending upon them for her effects. She has divined the secret of making each word or



Photo by

Smith, Boston.

THE LATE WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

action pulsate with meaning, while yet understanding the power of emotional reticence. Her acting in the series of plays now being presented at the Theatre Republic seems to be the direct outcome of those qualities which best characterize her personality.



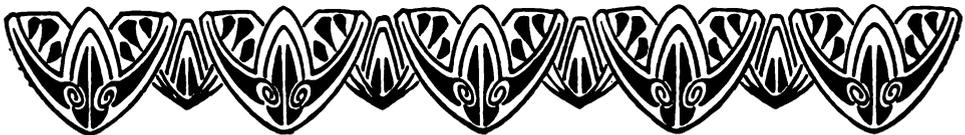
It is interesting to note that Mrs. Anna Katharine Green's first book, "The Leavenworth Case," published twenty-five years ago, is still in lively demand. This can be said of but few authors whose works have not been classed as classics. "The Leavenworth Case" was one of the record breakers of its day. Its early sales reached to the number of two hundred thousand copies. Since 1878, Mrs. Rohlf's has published but eighteen novels. This is less than one a year. She has published a few stories and poems, but in

the matter of full-fledged novels she has shown much more restraint than most authors of her popularity. Mrs. Rohlf's books have been almost as successful in England as in America, but as many of them were published before there was any international copyright, she has not benefited very greatly by this transatlantic popularity. Her latest novel, "One of My Sons," shows no falling off in her inventive genius. The main idea is as cleverly worked out as anything I can remember in recent fiction.

"The Leavenworth Case" was among the first American novels to be dramatized, and in Gryce, the detective, who began his career in that story, Mrs. Rohlf's has added a notable character to contemporary fiction.



Mr. Charles Marriott, the author of "The Column," has about finished a new novel, and it is said that he has given up his regular business for literature. "The Column" was published about a year ago and was widely advertised before its appearance. Mr. Sidney Colvin read it before it was published and wrote a long and complimentary letter about it, extracts from which were freely circulated. Mr. Colvin compared Mr. Marriott to George Meredith, but he did not put him on the same plane with that writer. He seemed to think that he was rather an echo of Mr. Meredith, but a pretty substantial echo. Mr. Lane pinned his faith on "The Column," believing that it would have a large sale. It did have a large sale, probably greater than any but one or two of Meredith's novels. But it was not large compared with the sales of such flimsy stuff as "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Aristocrats."



GALLUPING VERSES.

I.

Ah me! what a tragic imbroglio,
Produced by a famous first folio.
Americans swear
That a cipher lies there
To knock England's Bard rowley-
powley O.

II.

Uprises a Buddhist named Sin-
nett,
To hail the Swan's death-warrant
in it;
And an ex Oxford wit,
Named Mallock, is hit;
And perverts arrive every minute.

III.

"Behold," they exclaim, "*our god,*
Bacon.
Great heavens! the labors he'd
take on:
He spent all his days
Writing other men's plays,
Full Gallup, with never a break on!

IV.

"*And there ne'er was a river called*
Avon,
And he who says Stratford is ravin',
While to mention that dunce,
William Shakespeare, 's at once
To be fitted for Hanwell's sweet
haven."

V.

Yet Mr. Biographer Lee
Is certain as certain can be,
No mystery lurks
In Shakespearian works:
"A cipher? All moonshine!" says
he.

VI.

And we,
We're quite in accordance with
Lee.

The Late William Ellery Channing

By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

"If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea."

THE death of William Ellery Channing* at Concord, just before the Christmas holidays, chronicled the passing away of a strange personality, a neglected genius, and the last representative of that group of Concord poets and philosophers whose names will ever recall the nascence and the prestige of earlier American literature. Channing was the guide of Emerson in his woodland walks; he was the companion of Hawthorne on his river-excursions; he was a participant in Alcott's transcendental "Conversations," and, especially, he was the constant comrade of Thoreau in his nature-researches, both in the haunts contiguous to Concord and in the more distant mountain-encampments.

Surviving all these friends, Channing's later years have been passed in mystic seclusion at the home of his friend, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, whose name suggests a link between the past and present in literature, to whose pen, also, we owe many photographic studies of these Concord authors. Born in Boston in 1818, nephew and namesake of the man whose mental prowess and spiritual liberality have left most potent impress on our religious history, Channing had a noble and poetic inheritance. After graduation from Harvard in 1834, he passed a few years in vacillating experiences, including log-cabin life in Illinois, and finally came to Concord about 1843. Here he brought his bride, Ellen Fuller, whose mental gifts were less exploited, but no less strong, than those of her famous sister, Margaret. After a brief residence near the Emerson home, and a season of isolation on the adjacent hill-top of Pontawasset, Channing moved to a house in the centre of Concord, opposite the Thoreau home on Main Street. Here was spent nearly all of his mature life, with the excep-

tion of brief editorial experiences, in New York, on Greeley's *Tribune*, and in New Bedford, on *The Mercury*. He also passed one year in European travel.

During these later years of semi-invalidism at the home of Mr. Sanborn, he has been a literal recluse, seeing only occasional visitors, and taking no part in the literary or social life of the day. He retained, however, a very few associations with the past and spent this last Thanksgiving Day, as has been his wont since 1843, with the Emerson household. The hazy, mystic atmosphere which environed his earlier life and poetry seemed to have become a dense vapor, shutting him out, like a disembodied spirit, from the intense, vital interests of current affairs. To a far greater degree than his philosopher-friends, Channing became absorbed in the supra-mundane aspects, so that he was often utterly unconscious of his tangible surroundings. By his own confession, attested by his friends, he was a man of peculiar, fluctuating moods and an utter lack of ability to cope, in practical ways, with "this sour world."

Thoreau, whose sagacity was as marked as his poetic nature, was ever a loyal friend to Channing, and the latter, in his biography of this "Poet-Naturalist," has given a series of detached, discursive, yet unequalled, revelations of the heart and soul of his friend. In "Walden," again, Thoreau makes direct reference to Channing's visits to his hut, when they "made that small house ring with boisterous mirth," or evolved "many a 'brand new' theory of life over a thin dish of gruel, which combined the advantages of conviviality with the clear-headedness which philosophy requires." Thoreau was fitted to educe the witty, companionable qualities of this man of genius and nature-devotion, though he was fully conversant with the moodiness and improvidence which often caused despair in the heart and home

* See portrait, *The Lounger*.

of Channing. When an opportunity came for editorship in New Bedford, Thoreau wrote to his friend, Mr. Ricketson, as recorded in the "Familiar Letters," "You will see in him [Channing] still more of the same kind to attract and puzzle you. How to serve him most effectually has long been a problem with his friends." He adds that the best possible service is "to buy and read his poems," since through these alone he has reached forth "his hand to the world."

Despite the strong, predictive admiration of his Concord companions, these poems have never attained even a modicum of general attention. Emerson sent some of them to Carlyle, who found them "worthy indeed of reading." Like the verse of Emerson and Thoreau, though in accentuated degrees, these varied poems are philosophic in motif, often grand and original in concept, but uneven and rugged in metre, with a "wilful neglect of rhythm," as lamented by Emerson, in his preface to the volume, "The Wanderer." Channing's earlier work in verse, as well as his romantic, psychological letter-essays, "The Youth of the Painter," appeared in *The Dial*, and were first collected and issued in 1843. In Thoreau's first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac," is mention of the fervor and promise of that poet

whose fine ray

Doth faintly shine on Concord's twilight day,
Like those first stars, whose silver beams on high,
Shining more brightly as the day goes by,
Most travellers cannot at first descry,
But eyes that wont to range the evening sky.

Similar in thought was Emerson's dictum on "The Wanderer": "This book requires a good reader, a lover and inquirer of nature, and such a one will find himself rewarded." The earlier volumes of Channing's verse, "The Wanderer" and "The Woodman," contain many pictorial and subjective nature-thoughts, passages majestic in deep reflection, often sug-

gestive of his great teacher-poet, Cowper. These poems are also reminiscent memorials of Thoreau, his comrade in mountain-scaling and camp-fire rest, and their frank debates.

In the poem, "The Cape," commemorative of that excursion which has more lasting record in Thoreau's "Cape Cod," are certain lines of gracious beauty of picture and reflection.

To all the Concord group, the Anti-Slavery conflict brought an exceptional passion and zeal in affairs of the day. Thoreau and Channing were deeply stirred by the poetic and tragic incidents of John Brown's career, and regarded him as a hero and a prophet. The intense sentiment aroused in Channing bore fruit in a dramatic poem, "John Brown," written coeval with the events, but published in a tiny volume in 1886. Many passages in this poem, as in his other work, indicate the close bond which cemented his nature-devotion and his poetry. To his imagination, the distant mountains and vales mingle their protests and tears at the cruel injustice inflicted upon his hero.

With the passing of Ellery Channing, has fallen, indeed, "the last leaf upon the tree" of early New England culture and philosophic poetry. An extreme product of the Transcendentalism and radical intellectualism of the mid-century, he possessed a temperament that failed to coalesce with the elements of society and democracy, while the persistent subjectivity and crudeness of his form have combined to preclude any wide knowledge of a poetic genius whose depth and elevation of thought deserve more earnest, sympathetic reading. On the hillside at Sleepy Hollow, he rests beside those friends who recognized his genius and valued his friendship. As the later generations of readers have given tardy, yet true, honor to Emerson and Thoreau, Hawthorne and Alcott, so, in the future, there may come to this neglected poet-philosopher an appreciation of his merited share in the literary influences of earlier New England.



Interferences with the Reading Habit

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

I

CIVILIZATION

"I SEE the ships," said The Eavesdropper, as he stole round the world to me, "on a dozen sides of the world. I hear them fighting with the sea."

"And what do you see on the ships?" I said.

"Figures of men and women—thousands of figures of men and women."

"And what are they doing?"

"They are walking fiercely," he said,—"some of them,—walking fiercely up and down the decks before the sea."

"Why?" said I.

"Because they cannot stand still and look at it. Others are reading in chairs because they cannot sit still and look at it."

"And there are some," said The Eavesdropper, "with roofs of boards above their heads (to protect them from Wonder)—down in the hold—playing cards."

There was silence.

* * * * *

"What are you seeing now?" I said.

"Trains," he said—"a globe full of trains. They are on a dozen sides of it. They are clinging to the crusts of it—mountains—rivers—prairies—some in the light and some in the dark—creeping through space."

"And what do you see in the trains?"

"Miles of faces."

"And the faces?"

"They are pushing on the trains."

* * * * *

"What are you seeing now?" I said.

"Cities," he said—"streets of cities—miles of streets of cities."

"And what do you see in the streets of cities?"

"Men, women, and smoke."

"And what are the men and women doing?"

"Hurrying," said he.

"Where?" said I.

"God knows."

II

The population of the civilized world to-day may be divided into two classes,—millionaires and those who would like to be millionaires. The rest are artists, poets, tramps, and babies—and do not count. Poets and artists do not count until after they are dead. Tramps are put in prison. Babies are expected to get over it. A few more summers, a few more winters—with short skirts or with down on their chins—they shall be seen burrowing with the rest of us.

One almost wonders sometimes, why it is that the sun keeps on year after year and day after day turning the globe around and around, heating it and lighting it, and keeping things growing on it, when after all, when all is said and done (crowded with wonder and with things to live with, as it is), it is a comparatively empty globe. No one seems to be using it very much, or paying very much attention to it, or getting very much out of it. There are never more than a very few men on it at a time, who can be said to be really living on it. They are engaged in getting a living and in hoping that they are going to live sometime. They are also going to read sometime.

When one thinks of the wasted sunrises and sunsets—the great free show of heaven—the door open every night—of the little groups of people straggling into it—of the swarms of people hurrying back and forth before it, jostling their getting-a-living lives up and down before it, not knowing it is there,—one wonders why it is there. Why does it not fall upon us, or its lights go suddenly out upon us? We stand in the days and the nights like stalls—suns flying over our heads,

stars singing through space beneath our feet. But we do not see. Every man's head in a pocket,—boring for his living in a pocket—or being bored for his living in a pocket,—why should he see? True we are not without a philosophy for this—to look over the edge of our stalls with. “Getting a living is living,” we say. We whisper it to ourselves—in our pockets. Then we try to get it. When we get it, we try to believe it—and when we get it we do not believe anything. Let every man under the walled-in heaven, the iron heaven, speak for his own soul. No one else shall speak for him. We only know what we know—each of us in our own pockets. The great books tell us it has not always been an iron heaven or a walled-in heaven. But into the faces of the flocks of the children that come to us, year after year, we look, wondering. They shall not do anything but burrowing—most of them. Our very ideals are burrowings. So are our books. Religion burrows. It barely so much as looks at heaven. Why should a civilized man—a man who has a pocket in civilization—a man who can burrow—look at heaven? It is the glimmering boundary line where burrowing leaves off. Time enough. In the meantime the shovel. Let the stars wheel. Do men look at stars with shovels?

The faults of our prevailing habits of reading are the faults of our lives. Any criticism of our habit of reading books to-day, which actually or even apparently confines itself to the point, is unsatisfactory. A criticism of the reading habit of a nation is a criticism of its civilization. To sketch a scheme of defense for the modern human brain, from the kindergarten stage to commencement day, is merely a way of bringing the subject of education up, and dropping it where it begins.

Even if the youth of the period, as a live, human, reading being (on the principles to be laid down in the following pages), is so fortunate as to succeed in escaping the dangers and temptations of the home—even if he contrives to run the gauntlet of the

grammar school and the academy—even if, in the last, longest, and hardest pull of all, he succeeds in keeping a spontaneous habit with books in spite of a college course, the story is not over. Civilization waits for him—all-enfolding, all-instructing civilization, and he stands face to face—book in hand—with his last chance.

III

Whatever else may be said of our present civilization, one must needs go very far in it to see Abraham at his tent's door, waiting for angels. And yet, from the point of view of reading and from the point of view of the books that the world has always called worth reading, if ever there was a type of a gentleman and scholar in history, and a Christian, and a man of possibilities, founder and ruler of civilizations, it is this same man Abraham at his tent's door waiting for angels. Have we any like him now? Peradventure there shall be twenty? Peradventure there shall be ten? Where is the man who feels that he is free today to sit upon his steps and have a quiet think, unless there floats across the spirit of his dream the sweet and reassuring sound of someone making a tremendous din around the next corner—a band, or a new literary journal, or a historical novel, or a special correspondent, or a new club or church or something? Until he feels that the world is being conducted for him, that things are tolerably not at rest, where shall one find in civilization, in this present moment, a man who is ready to stop and look about him—to take a spell at last at being a reasonable, contemplative, or even marriageable being?

The essential unmarriedness of the modern man and the unreadableness of his books are two facts that work very well together.

When Emerson asked Bronson Alcott “What have you done in the world, what have you written?” the answer of Alcott, “If Pythagoras came to Concord whom would he ask to see?” was a diagnosis of the whole nineteenth century. It was a very

short sentence, but it was a sentence to found a college with, to build libraries out of, to make a whole modern world read, to fill the weary and heedless heart of it—for a thousand years.

We have plenty of provision made for books in civilization, but if civilization should ever have another man in the course of time who really knows how to read a book, it would not know what to do with him. No provision is made for such a man. We have nothing but libraries—monstrous libraries to lose him in. The books take up nearly all the room in civilization, and civilization takes up the rest. The man is not allowed to peep in civilization. He is too busy in being ordered around by it to even know that he would like to. It does not occur to him that he ought to be allowed time in it to know who he is, before he dies. The typical civilized man is an exhausted, spiritually hysterical man because he has no idea of what it means, or can be made to mean to a man, to face calmly with his whole life a great book, a few minutes every day, to rest back on his ideals in it, to keep office hours with his own soul.

The practical value of a book is the inherent energy and quietness of the ideals in it—the immemorial way ideals have—have always had—of working themselves out in a man, of doing the work of the man and of doing their own work at the same time.

Inasmuch as ideals are what all real books are written with and read with, and inasmuch as ideals are the only known way a human being has of resting, in this present world, it would be hard to think of any book that would be more to the point in this modern civilization than a book that shall tell men how to read to live,—how to touch their ideals swiftly every day. Any book that should do this for us would touch life at more points and flow out on men's minds in more directions than any other that could be conceived. It would contribute as the June day, or as the night for sleep, to all men's lives, to all of the problems of all of the world at once. It would be a night latch—to the ideal.

Whatever the remedy may be said to be, one thing is certainly true with regard to our reading habits in modern times. Men who are habitually shame-faced or absent-minded before the ideal—that is, before the actual nature of things—cannot expect to be real readers of books. They can only be what most men are nowadays, merely busy and effeminate, hysterical, running-and-reading sort of men—rushing about propping up the universe. Men who cannot trust the ideal—the nature of things,—and who think they can do better, are naturally kept very busy, and as they take no time to rest back on their ideals they are naturally very tired. The result stares at us on every hand. Whether in religion, art, education, or public affairs, we do not stop to find our ideals for the problems that confront us. We do not even look at them. Our modern problems are all Jerichos to us—most of them paper ones. We arrange symposiums and processions around them and shout at them and march up and down before them. Modern prophecy is the blare of the trumpet. Modern thought is a crowd hurrying to and fro. Civilization is the dust we scuffle in each other's eyes.

When the peace and strength of spirit with which the walls of temples are builded no longer dwell in them, the stones crumble. Temples are built of eon-gathered, and eon-rested stones. Infinite nights and days are wrought in them, and leisure and splendor wait upon them, and visits of suns and stars, and when leisure and splendor are no more in human beings' lives, and visits of suns and stars are as though they were not—in our civilization, the walls of it shall crumble upon us. If fulness and leisure and power of living are no more with us, nothing shall save us. Walls of encyclopædias—not even walls of Bibles shall save us, nor miles of Carnegie-library. Empty and hasty and cowardly living does not get itself protected from the laws of nature by tons of paper and ink. The only way out for civilization is through the practical men in it—men who grapple daily with ideals, who keep office hours

with their souls, who keep hold of life with books, who take enough time out of hurraing civilization along—to live.

Civilization has been long in building and its splendor still hangs over us, but Parthenons do not stand when Parthenons are no longer being lived in Greek men's souls. Only those who have Coliseums in them can keep Coliseums around them. The Ideal has its own way. It has it with the very stones. It was an Ideal, a vanished Ideal, that made a moonlight scene for tourists out of the Coliseum—out of the Dead Soul of Rome.

IV

There seem to be but two fundamental characteristic sensibilities left alive in the typical, callously-civilized man. One of these sensibilities is the sense of motion and the other is the sense of mass. If he cannot be appealed to through one of these senses, it is of little use to try to appeal to him. In proportion as he is civilized, the civilized man can be depended on for two things. He can always be touched by a hurry of any kind, and he never fails to be moved by a crowd. If he can have hurry and crowd together, he is capable of almost anything. These two sensibilities, the sense of motion and the sense of mass, are all that is left of the original, lusty, tasting and seeing and feeling human being who took possession of the earth. And even in the case of comparatively rudimentary and somewhat stupid senses like these, the sense of motion, with the average civilized man, is so blunt that he needs to be rushed along at seventy miles an hour to have the feeling that he is moving, and his sense of mass is so degenerate that he needs to live with hundreds of thousands of people next door to know that he is not alone. He is seen in his most natural state,—this civilized being,—with most of his civilization around him, in the seat of an elevated railway train, with a crowded newspaper before his eyes, and another crowded newspaper in his lap, and crowds of people reading crowded newspapers standing round him in the aisles; but he can

never be said to be seen at his best, in a spectacle like this, until the spectacle moves, until it is felt rushing over the sky of the street, puffing through space; in which delectable pell-mell and carnival of hurry—hiss in front of it, shriek under it, and dust behind it—he finds, to all appearances at least, the meaning of this present world and the hope of the next. Hurry and crowd have kissed each other and his soul rests. "If Abraham sitting in his tent door waiting for angels had been visited by a spectacle like this and invited to live in it all his days, would he not have climbed into it cheerfully enough?" asks the modern man. Living in a tent would have been out of the question, and waiting for angels—waiting for anything, in fact—forever impossible.

Whatever else may be said of Abraham, his waiting for angels was the making of him, and the making of all that is good in what has followed since. The man who hangs on a strap—up in the morning and down at night, hurrying between the crowd he sleeps with and the crowd he works with, to the crowd that hurries no more,—even this man, such as he is, with all his civilization roaring about him, would have been impossible if Abraham in the stately and quiet days had not waited at his tent-door for angels to begin a civilization with, or if he had been the kind of Abraham that expected that angels would come hurrying and scurrying after one in a spectacle like this. "What has a man," says Blank in his "Angels of the Nineteenth Century,"—"What has a man who consents to be a knee-bumping, elbowing-jamming, foothold-struggling strap-hanger—an abject commuter all his days (for no better reason than that he is not well enough to keep still and that there is not enough of him to be alone)—to do with angels—or to do with anything, except to get done with it as fast as he can?" So say we all of us, hanging on straps to say it, swaying and swinging to oblivion. "Is there no power," says Blank, "in heaven above or earth beneath that will *help us to stop?*"

If a civilization is founded on two senses—the sense of motion and the sense of mass,—one need not go far to find the essential traits of its literature and its daily reading habit. There are two things that such a civilization makes sure of in all concerns—hurry and crowd. Hence the spectacle before us—the literary rush and mobs of books.

V

The present writer, being occasionally addicted (like the reader of these articles) to a seemingly desire to have the opinions of someone besides the author represented, has fallen into the way of having interviews held with himself from time to time, which are afterwards published at his own request. These interviews appear in the public prints as being between a Mysterious Person and The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts. The author can only earnestly hope that in thus generously providing for an opposing point of view, in taking, as it were, the words of the enemy upon his lips, he will lose the sympathy of the reader.

The Mysterious Person is in colloquy with The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts. As the P. G. S. of M. lives relentlessly at his elbow—dogs every day of his life,—it is hoped that the reader will make allowance for a certain impatient familiarity in the tone of The Mysterious Person toward so considerable a personage as The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts—which we can only profoundly regret.

The Mysterious Person: "There is no escaping from it. Reading-madness is a thing we all are breathing in to-day whether we will or no, and it is not only in the air, but it is worse than in the air. It is underneath the foundations of the things in which we live and on which we stand. It has infected the very character of the natural world, and the movement of the planets, and the whirl of the globe beneath our feet. Without its little paling of books about it, there is hardly a thing that is left in this modern world a man can go to, for its own sake. Except by step-

ping off the globe perhaps, now and then—practically arranging a world of one's own, and breaking with one's kind,—the life that a man must live to-day can only be described as a kind of eternal parting with himself. There is getting to be no possible way for a man to preserve his five spiritual senses—even his five physical ones,—and be a member, in good and regular standing, of civilization at the same time.

"If civilization and human nature are to continue to be allowed to exist together there is but one way out, apparently—an extra planet for all of us, one for a man to live on and the other for him to be civilized on."

P. G. S. of M.: "But——"

"As long as we, who are the men and women of the world, are willing to continue our present fashion of giving up living in order to get a living, one planet will never be large enough for us. If we can only get our living in one place and have to live with it in another, the question is, To whom does this present planet belong—the people who spend their days in living into it and enjoying it, or the people who never take time to notice the planet, who do not seem to know that they are living on a planet at all?"

P. G. S. of M.: "But——"

"I may not be very well informed on very many things, but I am very sure of one of them," said The Mysterious Person, "and that is, that this present planet—this one we are living on now—belongs by all that is fair and just to those who are really living on it, and that it should be saved and kept as a sacred and protected place—a place where men shall be able to belong to the taste and color and meaning of things and to God and to themselves. If people want another planet—a planet to belong to Society on,—let them go out and get it."

The Mysterious Person made a pause—the pause of settling things.

It might as well last four weeks.

It is to be hoped, also, that by that time The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts will be able to get a word in.

James Russell Lowell

By WILLIAM H. JOHNSON



ONE does not look to the New England of the past century for biography of a startling nature. Its life was above all well regulated, its literary soil uncongenial to the roots of morbid sensationalism. Higginson, Hale, Howells, Norton, Mrs. Howe, Stillman, and others are rapidly filling our shelves with New England reminiscence, correspondence, and more formal biography, but not a page of genuine scandal taints the accumulating mass at any point. That "terrible New England conscience" may be chargeable with many an uncomfortable quarter hour to its possessors, but it will scarcely be questioned that we owe to it a clean and healthful literature, as the natural outgrowth of morally healthful lives.

We do not open a fresh New England biography, then, in either hope or fear of food for scandal, and least of all would anyone turn to the biography of James Russell Lowell* with any such feeling. The essential features of his life he frankly put upon his printed page, and anyone who has read any considerable portion of his prose or verse has but his own lack of insight to blame if he knows not what manner of man Lowell was. And after his death another faithful picture of his life was drawn in the two volumes of his correspondence, edited by the skilled and sympathetic hand of his lifelong friend and companion, Professor Norton, whose keen perception of artistic fitness is nowhere more evident than in the deftly unobtrusive work of his editorial pen. More recently, Edward Everett Hale has devoted a sumptuous volume to his impressions of "James Russell Lowell and His Friends."

It might seem relevant, then, to ask what more was left for Mr. Scudder to do; but after all such a question would be scarcely less fitting than the query *Why come again?* to an old friend who

had favored you with delightful visits in the past. We find no hitherto undiscovered trait of character in these volumes, no great event of life before unknown; but we do find the same rich and varied converse with a genial and noble spirit which we have found in the past, and he is an ingrate who would ask for more.

For the present day, perhaps the most pertinent feature of Lowell's many-sided life is his patriotic regard for the duties entailed by the high privilege of American citizenship. Nothing grated more harshly upon his sensitive nature than insensibility to the abuse of that privilege. It was gall and wormwood to him, travelling in Europe during the closing years of the Grant Administration, to be met at every turn with accounts of deep-seated corruption in institutions which he would fain have others believe with him to be, in their essential features, the final solution of the problems of human government; but it cut deeper still to come home and find a widespread disposition to treat these evils as a fit subject for flippant jest and banter, rather than to sweep them out of existence by a general outburst of righteous and wrathful indignation. The criticism to which Lowell was subjected for uttering vigorous words of protest against this indecency has long since fitly perished from its own inherent emptiness, but Mr. Scudder was, of course, obliged to notice it in order to make his work complete. We have used the word *complete*, but he would have done well to record in the same connection the poet's final estimate of Grant himself, so aptly stated in the lines "On a Bust of General Grant," published in the volume of "Last Poems," in 1895.

In any man of influence, independence of party lines is of course a thorn in the flesh to the machine politician, but as the years go by and underlying principles get themselves disengaged

* James Russell Lowell; A Biography. By Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. \$3.50.

from petty repulsions and attractions of a personal or partisan nature, it will be admitted more and more that the ideal of political independence, which Lowell maintained in act as well as in word, is the only ideal which wisdom and self-respect can sanction in a land of political liberty. It is not of essential importance whether Lowell was right or wrong in his application of this principle to specific men and measures; but whether a controlling portion of the voters of the country shall come to recognize and act upon the principle itself is a question upon which hangs in no small measure the success or failure of free government.

It is interesting to know (though of course no reader of Lowell will have to turn to these volumes to discover the fact) that Burke was among the active sources of his political inspiration. "Consider, for example," he said in his address at the opening of the Chelsea Public Library, "how a single page of Burke may emancipate the young student of politics from narrow views and merely contemporary judgments." It is known to many that another intrepid fighter for political independence, Mr. Godkin, was a constant student of Burke. The friends of the higher political life will do well to cultivate an author whose germs of thought have been potent in the production of two such admirable harvests. Mr. Scudder shows himself in full sympathy with his subject in these matters, and the effect of his biography cannot be other than to give a new impulse to the development of the type of citizenship for which Lowell stood.

It has been said that his friends always felt him capable of greater achievements than he ever accomplished. He himself was troubled with the same feeling. "It is n't very pleasant to think one's self a failure at seventy," we find him writing in 1888, "and yet that 's the way it looks to me most of the time. I *can't* do my best. That 's the very torment of it." This is apparently a portion of the letter which Professor Norton quotes. "My Folly whispers me, 'Now do something really good, as good as you know how,

and so I do something, and it is n't as good as I know how.'" Three years earlier, in his address at the unveiling of the bust of Coleridge, he had said: "Let the man of imaginative temperament who has never procrastinated, who has made all that was possible of his powers, cast the first stone." Perhaps "the popular notion of his indolence" has been overrated by Mr. Scudder, who rightly concludes that "his industry is evident enough, when one adds his published and uncollected writings to his regular academic duties." Unstudious college boys who feel tempted to cite his Harvard career in self-defense will do well to read a letter of the period published in Professor Norton's collection. The student who will read twenty pages of Cicero and eight chapters of Herodotus, as a mere matter of choice, on the first day of his summer vacation, is anything but an idler, however far astray from his specifically assigned tasks his temperament may carry him. The idea of unfulfilled possibilities had haunted Lowell at least as early as his thirtieth year, for we find it voiced in "The Fountain of Youth,"—a poem which, considering its inherent merit, and its relation to the author's profoundest views of life, has been strangely neglected by those who have written of his work. Doubtless many feel regret that he did not drop all other cares and devote himself wholly to letters. What he himself was inclined to feel when hindered from writing by the pressure of other things is humorously indicated in a letter to Mr. Aldrich: "I am piecemealed here with so many things to do that I cannot get a moment to brood over anything as it must be brooded over if it is to have wings. It is as if a sitting hen should have to mind the door-bell." But Lowell would not have been Lowell without the strong sense of duty by which his course in life was determined, and we do well to take him as he was, without complaint.

In a man of such masculine strength of character, it is interesting to note the high value which he placed upon the sympathy and companionship of

women. One readily recalls from his published letters the names of Miss Norton, Miss Cabot, Miss Loring, Miss Sedgwick, the Misses Lawrence, Mrs. Herrick, Mrs. W. E. Darwin, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, and various others with whom he was drawn into friendly correspondence. It may be dangerous, in this period, to assume that such a fact needs any explanation, but anyone who feels that one is required will do well, perhaps, to seek it in the strong influence exerted over him in his early years by Maria White, who afterwards became his wife. It would be idle to speculate what his life might have been if the first woman to win his affections had been actuated by the scorn, then common in polite society, for the social and political reforms with which he soon cast in his lot. In Miss White he found strong intellectual and moral support, not only in his reform work, but in his purely literary ambitions as well, and one brought under such an influence in early life could hardly fail in later years to avail himself of the high quality of womanly sympathy and companionship which he found about him. His own power to attract, whether by personal converse or through his writings, was not limited by the accident of sex, and to call him a "ladies' man" on the basis of what has been noted would be as far from the truth as to allege the opposite. He made his appeal to qualities of human nature which lie deeper even than sex, and Mr. Scudder might with entire propriety have been speaking of both men and women when he says that "he attracted to himself the most witty and responsive." Society has no particular need for either mannish women or womanish men, but it must be remembered that many faults are merely abortions of closely related virtues; and who is to say that our social and political life would not be lifted to a decidedly higher plane if our men were to temper their strength with more of the tenderness seen in the character of Lowell, our women to brace their feminine virtues with more of the broadly developed intellectual

strength found in some of the women who were his friends.

Mr. Scudder, of course, arouses again our admiration for the wide range of Lowell's interests, and the fulness of his mental equipment,—a feeling which inevitably comes over one from almost any random half-dozen pages of his prose writings. Professor Wendell may be annoyed by chance allusions beyond the power even of a present-day Harvard professor to explain, but the most of us will take our Abraham à Sancta Claras on trust, not being so scientifically inclined as to object if our cornucopia shall pour forth an occasional morsel incapable of ready analysis and classification. No one will deny the worth of the writer who holds his reader more closely to the point immediately at issue, indulges less in allusion, and gets his illustrative material without going far beyond the mental horizon of those to whom his appeal is made. The critical work of Mr. Stedman, for instance, comes more nearly within such limits than Lowell's essays on Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton; and no critic who ever wrote has set more readers in the way of a broad and intelligent appreciation of English and American verse than has Mr. Stedman. The virtue of his method is certainly more apparent in its immediate results with the average reader; that of Lowell's method lies more in its fertility of suggestion. The aim is entirely different, and there can, of course, be no fixed determination of comparative value in such cases. In addressing the Workingmen's College, in London, Lowell said: "He reads most wisely who thinks everything into a book that it is capable of holding." Read in that way, a single volume of his "Literary Essays" might readily swell into a fair-sized library. It was his own thought that such reading forms the best basis for broad literary scholarship. From an unpublished professorial lecture at Harvard Mr. Scudder quotes him as saying to his pupils: "You will find that in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any really vital piece of literature, you

will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to studies and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and you will find yourselves scholars before you are aware." It was his own admiration for Dante, he went on to say, that lured him into such learning as he possessed. With full regard for the many and broad differences between Dante and any modern writer, one may say that Lowell's writings have in no mean degree that tendency to draw the reader on into pleasant and profitable fields of study, even as he himself was drawn by the great Italian.

The two chapters given to Lowell's diplomatic service will prove by no means the least interesting portion of the work to all who are concerned for the proper representation of the United States in foreign lands. It was in this connection especially that he was accused of a lack of "Americanism," and while no one at all informed on the subject gave any credence to such charges, still it is pleasant to see how easy it is for his biographer to prove that his residence abroad, so far from denationalizing him, simply intensified his patriotism and multiplied his occasions for giving it expression. As the trouble with Ireland was in an acute stage during his occupancy of the English mission, he was in almost constant difficulties with agitators who claimed American citizenship as a shield against the penalties of the law. Though he did his duty to the fullest extent in securing all legal rights to any whose American citizenship could be shown, yet it is evident enough that he had no respect for those who had naturalized themselves in the United States for no other purpose than to use their newly gained privileges as a cloak to cover doubtful or plainly illegal action under other jurisdiction. "Naturalized Irishmen," he says in one of his despatches, "seem entirely to misconceive the process through which they have passed in assuming American citizenship, looking upon themselves as Irishmen who have acquired a right to American protection, rather than as Americans who have renounced a claim to Irish nationality." Of

course, this statement was not intended to apply to all Irish-American citizens, but to those with whom he had to deal in his diplomatic capacity. Some day we may grow wise enough to take his advice and guard our bestowal of citizenship closely enough to save it from this type of abuse. Lowell's interest in Spain gave to his despatches from Madrid a tone doubtless without any close parallel in the archives of our State Department. Their literary and historical value has already been recognized by the publication of a volume of extracts, under the title "Impressions of Spain," which is well worthy a place by the side of his other writings. Mr. Scudder does not, as Mr. Hale and Mr. Howells have done, make any complaint of wrong or inconsistency in the President for not asking Lowell to continue in the English mission after the change in the political complexion of the administration. Professor Norton had already shown from his correspondence that he himself felt it to be a matter in which the President's own judgment was not to be questioned, though previous to the death of his wife he would have been willing to stay. Mr. Scudder lets us know that Lowell was aware that Mr. Blaine had promised the position to another in case of his election. Both Lowell and the President were doubtless well enough informed to know that he could not have retained the mission without subjecting himself to malicious and bitter criticism; and while it was not his way to have flinched from this if the President had thought that the interests of the country demanded his retention, yet the sanest view of the situation is one of thankfulness that he was not subjected to the strain.

The religious side of his character receives no essentially new light from this biography, since his religion was always so thoroughly a part of his every-day life that its general features could not be concealed. It is interesting to study the difference between his religious development and that of Dr. Holmes. The New England conscience inherited from their ancestors and strengthened by their early environ-

ment had given them both an endowment of unimpeachable personal morality. While the restless, analytic mind of Holmes led him into constant and radical conflict with the traditional New England theology, he always remained punctilious in the matter of attendance on divine services, and was so careful in the matter of Sabbath observance that he could not get the consent of his conscience even to the reading of fiction on the Sabbath day. Lowell, on the other hand, separated himself much more emphatically from the ordinary church life of his day than from its inherited theology. Burning with a desire to see the practical fruits of righteousness, he was disappointed, almost angered, at the meagreness of the crop, and could not sit and listen contentedly to services which did not seem to him to be fulfilling their divine purpose. In his later life he could hardly be called a church-goer at all, though his hold upon the higher spiritual life was strengthened as the years went by. Holmes could have but little faith beyond the range of vision, while Lowell could sum up the matter in the lines:

The shadow of the mystery
Is haply wholesomer for eyes
That cheat us to be over-wise,
And I am happy in my right
To love God's darkness as his light.

(In making use of this poem, Mr. Scudder has overlooked an annoying error of the types, by which *sight* is substituted for *right* in the last line but one.) In these experiences the two men were undoubtedly typical of two large classes of men to-day, in their attitude toward the Church and the Christian religion. If the Church can but learn successfully to commend a faith in the unseen to the Holmes type of mind, and at the same time to retain the hearty co-operation of men like Lowell, a large share of its present-day perplexities will vanish.

Lowell's character as a delightful humorist is, of course, continually apparent,—so much the better humorist in that he was never a professional humorist at all. In short, it may be said of Mr. Scudder's work that there is no essential phase of the life work and character of its subject which is neglected or unappreciated. He has performed a serious responsibility well, and the natural result will be an increased impetus to the study of the finest type of educated American citizenship which the country has yet produced. We have said nothing of serious flaws in the work, for they are practically non-existent. Exception must be made, however, of the paragraph in the second volume (page 295) in which two stanzas, first published in this magazine, I believe, are referred to as a suppressed portion of the original draft of the poem entitled "Phœbe." The lines are:

Let who has felt compute the strain
Of struggle with abuses strong,
The doubtful course, the helpless pain
Of seeing best intents go wrong.

We who look on with critic eyes
Exempt from action's crucial test,
Human ourselves, at least are wise
In honoring one who did his best.

One finds it hard to realize by what mischance Mr. Scudder could have gone astray on such a matter, but it is harder yet to conceive by what prophetic inspiration Lowell could have written in 1881 so apt a rejoinder to ill-considered criticism of Mr. Cleveland when President of the United States at a date some years later. However the mishap may have occurred, the author's best consolation lies in the stanzas themselves; and the critic, too, will seek from the same source what credit for wisdom there may be

In honoring one who did his best.



The Great Reviews of the World

No. II.—The French Reviews

By TH. BENTZON

IN speaking of the great European reviews, the first that comes to mind is the vast encyclopædia, the "panorama of thought," which finds its way wherever French is understood, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Armed from head to foot, it sprang out of the intellectual movement which took place simultaneously with a political revolution, that of 1830. At this incomparable period, there appeared in the most divers directions, in the drama, in fiction, in the arts, in philosophy, and in history, a host of talented men whose boldness and originality called forth discussion and criticism. François Buloz was master of the situation; he appointed himself a great rôle: that of encouraging this splendid outburst of imagination, and of preserving it from errors and excesses.

His unfaltering taste, his extraordinary instinct for discovering talent, and aiding it to reveal itself, put him in touch with a throng of writers belonging to the different schools then engaged in a passionate and fruitful struggle. He sorted out good from bad, keeping the best. Thus the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was founded, with no thought at first of money on the part of the director or the contributors. The latter asked merely to give expression to their opinions; the former wished to realize the ambition with which he was possessed, to equal, to excel, the great English periodicals, to exercise the influence he felt himself capable of maintaining over contemporary literature. He began with limited resources the work which was inevitably to become a financial success. Picture the firm, energetic figure of Buloz, the Savoy mountaineer: his evident athletic strength was the symbol of an even greater force of will; almost a peasant in his roughness, he was yet masterful, and an unequalled autocrat; picture him surrounded by a

pleiad of writers whom he commanded with authority, and who were: Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Gustave Planche, Mérimée, Auguste Barbier, Théophile Gautier, etc. Although certain breaks occurred between the uncompromising spirits and their too absolute leader, no famous name was absent from the list,—not Victor Hugo, nor Balzac, nor Alexandre Dumas, nor Lamennais. It is, however, a mistake to say, as some have, that M. Buloz exerted over the gifted men of whom he took possession an influence destructive to originality. The very personal character of the works which were a glory to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* sufficiently proves the contrary. Can it be maintained that he put in a fixed and uniform

REVUE
DES
DEUX MONDES

FRANÇOIS BULOZ, FONDATEUR

LXX^e ANNÉE. — QUATRIÈME PÉRIODE

TOME CENT SOIXANTE-DEUXIÈME

4^e LIVRAISON

15 DÉCEMBRE 1900

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10, King William Street, Strand, Lond.

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STOCKHOLM, C. TUTTUS, HANSON ET WALLIN, SEBEN, GRENELLER.
BARRIS, CAPRIVILLE, BANGELING, VERDAGUER, LINDBERG, ROSSIGNOL.
BUENOS-AIRES, C. N. JOLY ET C^e, LA HAVANE, NICOL ALONSO.
NEW-YORK, CHRYSTIE, WESTING, S. LEON, STICKNEY, THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS C^e,
MILWAUKEE, CARL SCHUMANN, THE SUN PUBLISHING HOUSE C^e.

mould the Quinets, the Ville mains, the Renans, the Taines, that he thwarted the wit of Edmond About or of Cherbuliez, that he disregarded Octave Feuillet's subtle analyses of society?

These eminent contributors were willing to acknowledge that the iron hand of Buloz exercised no unfortunate tyranny. The spirit of the *Revue* has always been liberal; while it has welcomed the most diverse opinions, it has remained on that superior plane where discussion turns upon principles, never upon an individual, where fleeting party feeling gives way to interest in the country's good. The political articles, signed by the best names, from Loeve Weimar to Francis Charmes, constitute a monument priceless in the history of the epoch that inspired them. Under the Second Empire, when Eugène Forcade was writing the famous *chronique*, it was awaited from one fortnight to another by all Europe as a veritable literary event. The press was very vigorously muzzled at that time, and the opposition to the imperial régime was conducted by Forcade with a skill that defied suppression. It was, moreover, M. Buloz's boast that he had never suffered a check, nor received support from any power. The *Revue* was never the instrument of a coterie, nor did it lend itself to the exaggeration of the moment. It had the honor of being suppressed during the Commune, but, as the army very soon afterward delivered Paris, it continued to appear uninterruptedly. François Buloz died at the wheel, it may be said, June 1, 1877; nothing, not even the cruel disease from which he suffered, had distracted him one instant from what was the unique interest and passion of his life. His son, Charles Buloz, succeeded him in the direction, which he abandoned, in 1893, to M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who was better prepared than anyone to undertake it, having devoted himself since 1875 to the *Revue*. He has constantly widened the circle around him, affording more and more place to the discussion of great international problems, economic and industrial questions, documents of

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 PRIX DE LA LIVRAISON : 2 fr. 50

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scientific research, study in the form of travels and descriptions of foreign institutions and customs, and the manifestations of literature in all countries. Philardète Chasles as soon as 1835 had begun introducing to the *Revue* the English and American writers with whom Fargues, St. René Taillandier, Émile Montégut, Wyzewa, and still others, including the writer of this article, have since occupied themselves actively. But these distinguished foreigners are allowed also to present themselves directly through translations. The *Revue* is becoming more and more universal in every sense of the word.

The *Revue de Paris* also offers generous hospitality to foreign authors, as d'Annunzio, Kipling, Mathilde Serao, and many others can testify. An eminent critic, M. Chevrillon, nephew of Taine, has devoted his extensive learning and his perfect style to the service of English literature. The names of Anatole France, of Bourget, of Loti, are counted among the novelists

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PARIS
ADMINISTRATION ET RÉDACTION
36, RUE RACINE, 36
1900

Directeur : F. JUBIN Téléphone 801-60

who contribute to this young and living *Revue*, which as yet lacks tradition, going back only to 1894. But it has, nevertheless, at least through its name, some roots in the past. François Buloz published for several years a *Revue de Paris* as an annex to the dawning *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in 1853 it was resuscitated by some young writers, Flaubert among them. But the attempt was only half successful. Suppressed in 1858 because of its political tendencies, it seemed quite dead when a great Parisian publisher, Calmann Lévy, revived it from ashes. It can be imagined what advantages were insured from the start to the representatives of a dynasty of publishers into whose hands some of the best products of French imagination had flowed for half a century. The débuts of the *Revue de Paris*, founded at a time when the star of the *Nouvelle Revue* was setting, were most brilliant. One after another, from fortnight to fortnight, there appeared in it a series of unpublished correspondences, the letters from Balzac to his wife, those

of Mérimée to the Princess Julie Bonaparte, those of Benjamin Constant to Madame de Charrière, and, with these, other curiosities in the form of peculiarly rare documents, as, for example, a rather mediocre dialogue on Love, signed by Napoleon.

The direction of the *Revue* was entrusted to two well-trained minds which completed each other,—Louis Ganderax, still a young man, but one who had tested his ability in many ways, as a playwright, a novelist, a critic; he was a former pupil of the Superior Normal School, the hot-house for French men of letters in the highest meaning of the word, and he was moreover a man of the world, which is no disadvantage.

With him there was James Darmesteter, historian of the Prophets of Israel, an eminent Orientalist, an erudite, profound, and conscientious professor at the Collège de France, and versed as are few in English literature.

M. Darmesteter died before the end of the first year. He was replaced by Ernest Lavisse, professor of modern

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1900

history at the Faculté des Lettres de Paris, a recently elected member of the French Academy, one of the men who have most often treated the interesting question of public instruction, and more especially of higher education, not only in France, but also in Germany.

Thus conducted, the *Revue de Paris* made a place of its own without infringing upon the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It boasted of having more variety, fantasy, and eclecticism; it was planned with less method, and open only irregularly to politics through articles generally not signed, and therefore attributed to princes of royal blood. The Princes of Orléans have written frequently in the reviews, notably the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; but the Duc d'Aumale always signed his articles, as befits a member of the Academy.



Photographie

Touranchet, Paris

FRANÇOIS BULOZ, FOUNDER OF THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES"

(From a plaster cast taken shortly before his death)

The *Correspondant* also counts among its regular contributors more than one member of the French Academy, the Duc de Broglie and the Comte de Mun, foremost. It is a very old review; in 1874 it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, for it goes back to the days of the Martignac Ministry, the most liberal and the best intentioned of any during the Restoration. With an ardor which condemned it as making dangerous concessions to the revolutionary spirit, its policy tended toward the fusion of the monarchical and popular parties. Under the motto, "Liberté civile et religieuse," a group of young men, proud of being Christians, and fired with liberty and high moral ideals, united in the noble intellectual movement which marked the

last years of Charles X's reign; they were MM. de Vogué, de Meaux, de Carné, and others whose names, worthily represented by the younger generation, may still be found in the *Correspondant*, — scholars, politicians, philosophers, historians. The most illustrious of them all, Montalembert, gave his first works to the new periodical, in which he continued to publish faithfully. This constancy among its contributors is a characteristic feature of the *Correspondant*. In the first number, 1828, the first article was signed by the Vicomte de Meaux; in 1879, fifty years later, some remarkable articles on religious freedom appeared, signed by the same name, a son of the Vicomte de Meaux, and son-in-law of Montalembert. The Cochins, the



Photographie

M. LOUIS GANDEREX
(Of "La Revue de Paris")

Pirou, Paris

Lenormants of to-day, continue the work of their fathers; they represent the same ideas. All the great Neo-Catholics, as they are called, who dreamed of an alliance between science and religion,—Dupanloup, bishop of Orléans, Cardinal Perraud, Lacordaire the Dominican preacher, Father Gratry, Comte de Falloux,—have written for the *Correspondant*. Victor de Laprade represented poetry, Armand de Pontmartin literary criticism. Fiction was perhaps not as good as the other branches of letters; it lacked freedom and boldness; and during many years women contributors were very limited, although such names as those of Madame Swetchine, Mrs. Augustus Craven, *née* de la Ferronays, could be met with occasionally. Several other distinguished women, Mme. Caro, Mme.

Dronsart, Mme. Dieulafoy, Mme. Octave Feuillet, etc., the Queen of Roumania among them, have succeeded these under the enlightened direction of M. Léon Lavedan, father of Henri Lavedan, the "enfant terrible" of the French Academy, whose ultra-modern and ultra-Parisian talent has adopted nothing from family traditions. Until 1855 this magazine, which now appears the 10th and 25th of every month, was only monthly. Then it passed from the hands of M. Charles Lenormant, member of the Institute, a famous Egyptologist, into those of M. Léon Lavedan, a former Prefect, and once Director of the Press at the Ministry of the Interior, already head-editor and a journalist who wrote for the *Figaro* under the pseudonym of Philippe de Grandlieu. The *Correspondant* was continuously and violently at war with the Second Empire. It has a wide

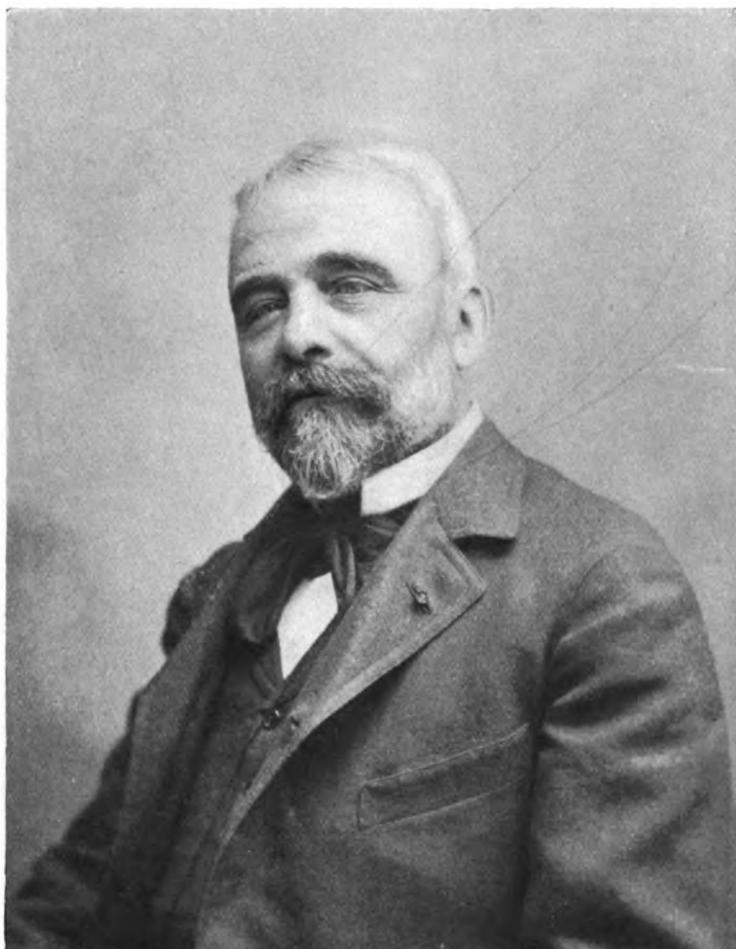
circulation among the high classes of French society and in the provinces,—over twelve thousand subscribers,*—but is much less known outside of France. They say it stands between Rome and the Academy, between the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*; an indisputable fact is that the most eminent members of that somewhat limited part of French aristocracy which is also an intellectual aristocracy figure among its contributors.

A less voluminous magazine, published weekly on Saturdays, is the *Revue Bleue*, which merits wider recognition in America. It was first called

* The number 25,000, reached by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was considered enormous. The magazines in other countries appeal to a far more varied class of people; they are, moreover, less expensive, none of them costing as much as 50 francs a year.

the *Revue des Cours politiques et littéraires*, and had no further object than to acquaint the public with the most interesting lessons given at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne. Under this modest form it began to appear

maintained director of the *Revue Scientifique*, now the *Revue Rose* (so called after the pink color of its cover), founded at the same time, on the same principles, to keep the public posted concerning higher scientific instruction



Photographie

M. ERNEST LAVISSE

Pirou, Paris

(One of the Editors of "La Revue de Paris")

December 1, 1863, at the publishers Germer-Baillière, well known throughout Europe and beyond the seas, where there are Baillières of the same profession in London, New York, and Madrid. Under the auspices of MM. Eugène Yung and Émile Alglave, it obtained such success that they were obliged greatly to enlarge its scope. After July 1, 1871, M. Alglave re-

in France and elsewhere, the great discoveries, the philosophic ideas which are circulated in the learned world, and the scientific movement in its industrial and economic manifestations. English and American savants, Agassiz first of all, owe it much of their popularization in France. Eugène Yung meanwhile became the veritable founder of the *Revue littéraire*, well known

to-day as the *Revue Bleue*. While it continued to publish weekly the principal lessons of the Collège de France and the Faculties, this sound and unpretentious magazine gave a political chronicle, a bulletin of the learned

it was, moreover, generally well informed, and it entered with ardor after the war into the democratic movement which had Gambetta as leader. An Alsatian by birth, Eugène Yung, having graduated from the Superior Nor-



Photographic

Chalot, Paris

M. LÉON LAVEDAN
(Editor of "La Correspondant")

societies, an article wherein the latest books were discussed, a monthly geographical bulletin, and occasionally a diplomatic sketch, showing from a French point of view the different events transpiring abroad. It offered a short and striking picture of contemporary events, and almost all the names prominent in the great reviews were to be found on this more familiar sheet;

mal school of letters, was engaged for a long time in the *Journal des Débats*. He could bring to bear upon his work the special training he had acquired when still a youth as François Buloz's secretary. He also had the art of choosing well his contributors, of directing them with tact and delicacy, of divining talent, as in the case, for example, of Jules Lemaitre. Arvéde

Barine (Mme. Vincens) sent him her first essays, Henry Gréville some of her most attractive romances. Gyp was there too, side by side with serious Academicians. An American woman, Jeanne Mairé (Miss Healy), daughter

ducted the *Revue*, M. Alfred Rambaud became manager in 1888. Everybody knows the work of this historian who is also a politician, and who undertook with M. Lavissee the publication of one of the most important modern works,



Photographie

Ogerau, Paris

MME. ADAM

(Founder and first Editor of "La Nouvelle Revue")

of the painter, contributed some of her international novels to the *Revue Bleue*.

Up to the last hour of his life, Eugène Yung directed with a steady hand the bark he had so successfully launched; he was taken from his work at the age of sixty, December 27, 1887. After an interregnum, during which the present director, M. Henri Ferrari, who was already an assistant editor, con-

" L'Histoire générale de l'Europe du quatrième Siècle jusqu' à nos Jours."

M. Rambaud, when he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, resigned his place to M. Ferrari.

It would be difficult to speak of French reviews without mentioning the work of Mme. Adam (Juliette Lamber), a work which no woman had



Photographie

Disdéri, Paris

M. ALFRED RAMBAUD
(Lately Editor of "La Revue Bleue")



Photographie

Camus, Paris

M. PAUL CALMANN LÉVY
(Founder of "La Revue de Paris")

undertaken before her, nor has ever tried to manage since, but her withdrawal from the direction seems to have dealt a death-blow to the *Nouvelle Revue*. Although there is talk of a new and more able management, it cannot now be classed among the great reviews any more than several others, however interesting they may be, as, for example, the very ancient *Revue Britannique*, which, since 1825, has kept the French public in touch with the social and literary movement in Great Britain; the widespread *Revue des Revues*, the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*—each has its specialty. Many others have been founded: the one which calls itself, rather ambitiously, *La Grande Revue*; the æsthetic *Mercur de France*; the *Revue Blanche*, organ of those who pretend to be "les jeunes," etc.

It would be curious to study them if one had time and space. But the reviews which have been and remain the daily food of literary Paris are the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*, while the *Correspondant* appeals more to old-fashioned France than to its cosmopolitan capital, except the Faubourg St. Germain, which in its way is provincial too.

I shall not conclude without speaking of the striking success obtained during the last two years by a new universal illustrated review published at Hachette's, *La Lecture pour Tous*. For cheapness and popularity it rivals *McClure's Magazine*, which it somewhat resembles, but, although it borrows from all countries subjects of thrilling interest, its qualities are essentially French.



Mr. Winston Churchill

By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

IN the manner of Carlyle at Craigenputtock, the author of "Richard Carvel" has selected for himself a spot in which to write "far from the madding crowd." At least, such it seems to the unfortunate wight from New York, who, in order to reach the little town of Windsor, Vermont, is compelled to subject himself to seven hours of "time-table," and eight hours of actual discomfort in the dusty, overcrowded cars of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Churchill does not live in Vermont, but in New Hampshire, although the boundary line flows, in the form of the Connecticut River, within a stone's throw of his door. But as this is the back-door, the visitor's approach is from the opposite direction.

It was a cool, bracing morning of early winter when I left the conjugal proprietors of the little store-restaurant in Windsor where I had breakfasted, discussing the advisability of raising the price on the new consignment of gingerbread horses, and wound my way through the town, southward, past the railway station and the "meeting-house" to the long covered bridge that spans the broad but shallow river. "Harlakenden House," however, lies four miles to the northward, so after reaching the New Hampshire side I turned abruptly to the left and followed the road, that at this point is confined between hills and stream, and that, save for a slight undulating movement, runs in an almost direct line to the confines of Mr. Churchill's estate. Road and river gradually separate more and more from one another, until the latter is lost to view behind the intervening woodland.

"We call that part of the world across the river there 'New York,'" was the information volunteered by the native Vermonter to whom I had applied for guidance; "the folks over yonder come up here in the summer time to set round on the mountains

and keep cool." As, however, the mountains in question are of a very embryonic nature, and as the majority of those who do the "setting" on them are from the learned city by the Charles, the accuracy of my cicerone would seem to be open to cavil.

Entering the author's estate, which embraces nearly two hundred acres of land, from the old stage-road, along which at intervals the ancient coach still lumbers, one proceeds in a direct line toward the river for perhaps a third of a mile, between woodland on the one hand and fallow fields on the other, to the point at which the drive turns sharply northward in among the birches and moss-covered evergreens and past the silent leaf-strewn tennis-court. With a bold reverse curve the road sweeps gently upward, as though conscious of the æsthetic value of the unexpected, and brings the visitor into sudden view of the house, that stands upon a crest of land overlooking the river and the fertile valley. Save for the lack of moat and drawbridge, it would not be difficult to imagine oneself to have walked into one of Sir Walter Scott's novels and to be advancing to the rescue of beauty from the donjon of some robber baron. Our intentions, however, being peaceable, we ascend the gravelled roadway and bespeak admittance at the central portal, that is flanked on each side by ample wings extending back toward the forest. The house is a low red-brick structure, in the style of Queen Anne's reign, severe in its simplicity and of enduring solidity. Admitted by the dignified, respectful English footman, we find ourselves in a large hall-like living-room which occupies the entire depth of the house, and that opens on to a large semicircular terrace in the rear. At the north end of the apartment is a generous old-fashioned fireplace, round which in former times relatives and friends would have gathered for the hanging of the crane; while at the opposite end is the



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HARLAKENDEN HOUSE, HOME OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL—THE APPROACH

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.



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THE MUSIC ROOM, HARLAKENDEN HOUSE

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

entrance into what I assumed to be the living apartments, but into which I got merely a passing, surreptitious glance, such as Bluebeards's wife is said to have gained into the forbidden chamber before her final indiscretion. With unerring feeling for the exigencies of hospitality, the owner and architect of Harlakenden House have so arranged matters as to reserve the greatest ocular delights for the visitor after admission to the dwelling.

"Mr. Churchill has gone and built down in the swamp, when he might have put his house up yonder on one of those hills," was the carping remark of the driver who brought me to Harlakenden House on the occasion of a second visit; but I suspect that my pessimistic friend had never passed through the entrance portals and on to the terrace beyond. For from this vantage point all ideas of swamp and lowly situation vanish. Several hundred feet below and half a mile distant glisten the seemingly motionless waters of the river, that loses itself to the north and south among the enclosing hills of the sister States. Diagonally

across the stream are visible the roofs of Windsor through the autumn foliage; and behind the town rises the burly form of Mount Ascutney, abbreviated by the natives to 'Scutney, doubtless in view of New England erudition, in the mistaken desire to rid the name of an inappropriate *alpha privative*.

Mr. Churchill's study, however, is at the extreme end of the north wing, so, re-entering the house, we pass through the dark, heavily wainscoted hall and the other two rooms of the main building, and turn into the long tapestried music-room, which is large enough to cause the feeling of loneliness and insignificance. Beyond is the billiard-room, and attached to the north side of this, in the manner adopted by children in their architectural essays, the small square literary workshop of the owner of the house. On the occasion of my visit Mr. Churchill was standing before the grate-fire in exclusively masculine attitude, in the pleasant occupation of warming himself. His riding costume, whose immaculateness suggested equestrian pleasures yet



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A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

to come, had the effect of making him appear even taller than the six feet allowed him by nature. Broad-shouldered and erect, there is about him, as is but natural in view of his history, the suggestion rather of the trim Annapolis cadet than of the weather-seasoned naval officer whose sharp, nervous step has been modified by long years of soberly "goin' large a bit" on the uncertain platform of the quarter-deck. His glance, however, has lost nothing of the direct fearlessness that characterizes the glance of those trained to military pursuits, and that is the result of the habit of obedience and the consciousness of duty unquestioningly performed.

"Do you like to do interviews?" he asked when we were seated at his monster writing-desk, that nearly fills the little study. "I should think they must be rather disagreeable sometimes."

"Yes, they are occasionally, when one runs across a cad. But fortunately that is rather unusual. But I don't stop to ask myself whether I like it or not—I'm a married man, you see."

"Oh—that makes a difference, does n't it? But when do you write the interviews up, immediately after your visit or on your return home?"

"Just as soon as ever I can get pen and paper, for fear I never could recapture the first fine careless rapture."

"Where is that quotation from?" inquired my host. "Browning? I never can think of a quotation by any possible chance. That is, unless it be one from 'Horatius at the Bridge.' I learned that as a boy at school, and it took such a hold on my imagination that I have never been able to forget it. They tell me that Macaulay's verse is not poetry, and I suppose they are right. Nevertheless, I like it; it has a fine rush and swing to it that makes the blood tingle and the pulses bound. And, after all, that seems to me to be the final argument about a book or poem—I like it, or I don't like it. Don't you agree with me?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Churchill; no other standard is of any value whatever. All criticism, I think, might be condensed into this sentence: Read it, or Don't read it. Moreover, that is the atti-

tude, it seems to me, one ought to take toward life,—the unquestioning, uncritical attitude,—simply to live it in a good healthy manner without much speculation about its problems and mysteries.”

“Precisely,” he replied; “only, unfortunately, it generally takes a good many years before we come to that wise conclusion; youth, you know, is proverbially analytic and introspective.”

“Well,” I supplemented, “a little money and success are a great help toward a healthy, normal view of life. Some struggle is, of course, good for a man, but eventual success is absolutely necessary to his mental welfare.”

“Success,” said the author, “is a matter of determination; every man can succeed if he wills it hard enough.”

“I don't agree with you, Mr. Churchill; a man may have an insane determination to succeed in some line for which he possesses absolutely no ability. As witness, Goethe's desire to become an artist. Anybody with five fingers and a pad and pencil could draw as well.”

“That does n't disprove my theory, however. You say a man may be filled with determination to do something for which he is unfitted. As a matter of fact, however, if he has n't the ability, the desire is apt to be correspondingly weak, although he may, of course, think it is exigent. A great many men, I feel convinced, go into literary and artistic work with the, perhaps unconscious, desire to find something in which they need not work very hard and in which they can be masters of their own time. Also, the chance of winning fame easily leads many into these lines. But that does not mean that they have the requisite determination to succeed. You cite Goethe as an example of a man who was determined to do something for which he lacked the talent. But how do you know that he was really determined? Can you prove it?”

In view of the fact that I had never discussed the question with the Herrn Geheimrat and that the opportunity so to do had been irrevocably lost seventy years ago, there was nothing for it but to acknowledge the strength



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HARLAKENDEN HOUSE, THE MORNING ROOM

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

of my interlocutor's contention, while, of course, remaining absolutely unconvinced.

For the beguilement of the uncertain hours of railway travel I had taken with me a volume of Green's "Short History of the English People," and about this work as a pivot our discussion shifted to the point of the conversational compass marked "historical novels," on which subject the views of my host may be considered to carry

tation; yet nevertheless when I read him I can fairly see before me those red-faced, roystering Normans; he makes them living presences."

"I have never been able to read any of Hewlitt's books, Mr. Churchill," I said; "they read to me almost as though written by some one whose native tongue was not English. However, I don't care much for historical novels of any kind."

"Well, I am myself not particularly

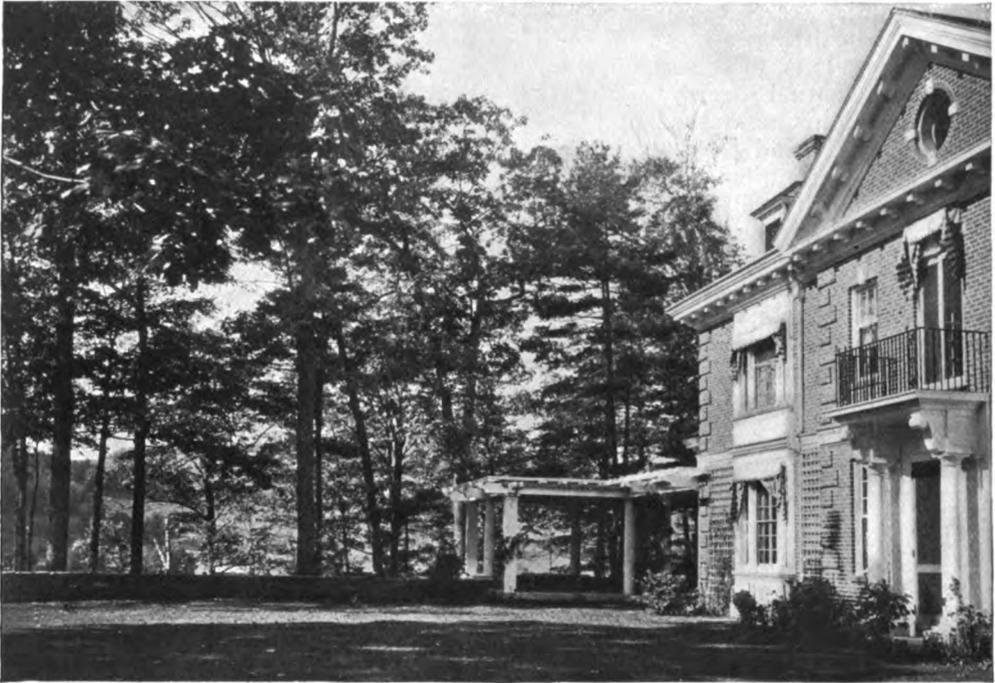


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THE SOUTH TERRACE, OVERLOOKING THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

the weight of the successful specialist.

"Whenever I read Green's 'History,'" he remarked anent the little volume, "I think what a pity it is that some one has not done the same thing for American history as he did for English history. Of course he is not exhaustive, but his power of condensation is wonderful: in a few words he gives one a perfect picture of a man or period. Have you read Hewlitt's 'Richard Yea and Nay'? He does the same thing, only, of course, in a different manner. His style, I know, is peculiar, almost to the point of affectation;

yet nevertheless when I read him I can fairly see before me those red-faced, roystering Normans; he makes them living presences."

"I greatly prefer the quiet English sort, such as 'Henry Esmond.'" "There is just this objection, however, to the English novels of all sorts," I said—"Do they represent life as it really is? It does not seem to me that they do so."

"I suppose you mean as regards morality and immorality?" said Mr. Churchill. "That is a very broad question and one that is very hard to settle. Would you advocate introducing immorality into every book?"

"Well, that hardly admits of a categorical answer, Mr. Churchill. I would advocate making literature an accurate and exhaustive reflex of life in all its phases, moral and immoral. And that is just what English literature is not."

"I am by no means prudish in these matters," said my host; "but personally I have never had to settle the question, as I had no occasion to deal with such subjects in my own books. My idea was to treat of the great forces that went to the making of the United States, rather than to study social conditions as manifested in individuals. It was necessary, for instance, for me to make Stephen Brice a prig on account of the exigencies of 'The Crisis'; but as far as his morality goes, although he is a composite character, I have known a dozen men intimately whose conduct was just as blameless. There are two ways of treating immorality in literature: in what may be called the pessimistic and optimistic ways. That is, to treat it with frank hopelessness, without the effort to elevate humanity; or to treat it in a manner to make it a deterrent influence. Both of these methods are open to objection; the latter, of course, on the part of the advocates of art for art's sake, as they would repudiate all writing with a purpose."

"That is all true, Mr. Churchill; but I am interested to see how you will solve the problem when you come to write your novel of contemporary life, which you say is to complete your cycle of American historical novels. It will be impossible to escape questions of morality in treating of present-day civic life."

"Yes, I suppose that is true; but I have n't yet thought about the matter very deeply; it will be time enough to settle the question when I come to write the book. Of one thing, however, I am convinced—and that is that America is to-day the most moral country in the world. Of course, that is, judged entirely aside from the great

cities, which are corrupt in every land."

"The question, however, is, I said, 'how long can America remain so? All countries seem to run pretty much the same course, and with a growth in leisure and art America is sure to become more and more like European countries.'"

"Of course, that is true," said Mr. Churchill. "The question for us is, how long can we defer this deterioration? Certainly, if I had my choice where and at what period of history to live, I should choose America at the present time. It seems to me the most interesting time of the world's history. Just think of the problems that are waiting for us to solve!"

"In treating of such a character as Daniel Webster, Mr. Churchill, how would you portray him—just as he really was, or with his lapses omitted?"

"I should consider it wrong," replied the author, "to expose the weaknesses of a man like Webster, because he is a historical ideal that should not be shattered. The same is true in regard to Hamilton; whereas, with a man like Aaron Burr, I should not hesitate to portray him exactly as he was, as that would mean no loss to historical ideals."

"Practically I never write short stories," said my host toward the close of our conversation, "as I have all that I can attend to in writing the books I have already planned. When I was in New York, however, eighteen months ago, a young man came to me from one of the well-known minor magazines with a very liberal offer for a story for the periodical. 'But I never write to order,' I told him; 'I could n't think of doing it.' 'But we have everything planned for you, Mr. Churchill,' he urged; 'the period of the story, and everything else about it.' He seemed to have the idea that I was vainly searching about for the scene and setting for a story, and that I would be duly thankful for assistance in the matter."



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

OF the many more or less successful new plays produced during the Christmas season, there are not any of sufficient intrinsic value to require long or serious discussion now. The popularity of Mr. Shipman's "D'Arcy of the Guards" is due partly to its patriotic interest, partly to the fact that it tells a simple love story of well-approved pattern, and very largely to a lively representation, and some excellent military scenes, especially a jollification with punch and pipes and musical accompaniment. Structurally, the piece is very weak, sometimes almost ridiculous, but it has life and action, and very few tedious moments. Between the gallant young Irish officer, distracted by love on the one hand and duty on the other, and the ardent little American patriot, who begins by hating and ends by loving him, after she has tried to kill him, honors are pretty equally divided, and the lady's final surrender, after victory, is entirely without prejudice to the cause which she has upheld so steadfastly. It would be a good thing if all international differences could be settled so pleasantly. Mr. Miller's part presents no difficulties and offers no great artistic reward, but he plays it in manly,

straightforward, agreeable fashion, with easy humor and sincere feeling. He is well supported by Miss Florence Rockwell, who is an attractive and spirited heroine, Charles F. Gotthold, and others.

Mr. H. V. Esmond's comedy, "The Wilderness," is an ambitious, purpose-



Photo by

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

Sarony

ful, clever, but uneven and not altogether convincing work. Professedly, it is a satire upon the folly and emptiness of modern fashionable life, and particularly upon the abominable barter and sale of young virginity for wealth and title. Unfortunately, the issue scarcely enforces the proposed moral, inasmuch as the dishonest trickery of the heroine ultimately results in a future of unalloyed happiness and prosperity. Logically, it is impossible to feel much sympathy for Mabel Vaughan, except possibly on the score of bad early training. It is true that she experiences a revulsion of feeling upon the discovery—effected in one of the most vital scenes of the play—that her chosen lover wants her to be his mistress, not his wife, but her emotion is one of disappointment, of offended prudence rather than of intolerable outrage. She does not instantly break with him, at once and forever, but philosophizes, and, in almost the next instant, accepts the honest proposal of the rich baronet, for whom she and her mother had long been angling. Her outburst of hysterical passion or remorse after plighting her troth, is not clearly explained. At all events, her repentance, or shame, or regret, is not strong enough to induce her to tell the truth. Even after her marriage, when she has learned to love her husband for himself alone, and to rebel against the utter selfishness and immorality of her mother, she is still willing to receive the old base lover upon such



MR. KYRLE BELLEW

friendly terms that he is encouraged to renew his approaches. Her rebuke is then sufficiently plain and scorching, and this ought, by every principle of reason and sound dramatic practice, to have been followed promptly by the full confession to her husband upon which she had already resolved. But here Mr. Esmond makes the serious mistake of informing the husband of the true state of the case by means of the trite and clumsy expedient of a mislaid letter, and the whole situation is changed in order that the final agony



MR. OTIS SKINNER AS LANCIOTTO IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

may be prolonged. It may be granted that the scenes thus gained are theatrically effective in themselves, but they are superfluous and detract from the force and pathos of the true climax, which is the confession by the wife of her fault and of her love. This was made extraordinarily moving by the refined, delicate, and eloquent acting of Margaret Anglin. In the earlier acts she rather over-emphasized the darker side of the girl's character, making her designing rather than shallow, but in

the closing scenes her acting was realistic in the best sense, in its close imitation of nature, and its depth of passionate and tremulous emotion. She saved the fortunes of the play, which up to that moment had trembled in the balance. The general representation was more than creditable, but the chief honors were indisputably hers, and, in so brief a review, it would not be fair to attempt to divide them.

The popular success, foreseen from the first, of Mr. Belasco's "Du Barry," is mainly due to artfully stimulated curiosity. The piece is a splendid and in many respects an artistic spectacle. Such a picture as that of the Du Barry's bedroom is worthy of the most famous stage, and throughout the decorations and dresses are upon a lavish scale. But the play itself, despite its introduction of a few historical facts, belongs to a common type of melodrama. The dialogue is of the most ordinary quality. As for the central figure, she is not the artful and fascinating courtesan who was able to enchain and rule the luxurious and profligate Louis, but a new Zaza, manifestly and rather cunningly devised to fit the theatrical methods of Mrs. Leslie Carter, and played by her upon the exact lines of the earlier character, with the same

flaunting audacity, the same violent contrasts, and the same exhibitions of tempestuous animal passion that so tickled the ears of the groundlings a year ago. Mrs. Carter is a far better performer technically than she used to be, and has learned how to employ all her available resources. She is a competent exponent of flaming melodrama and can sustain herself for a considerable period at a high pitch of unregulated fury. At such moments she entrances those who confuse mere sound with sense and feeling. But her paroxysms are athletic, not emotional. They are all on the same shrieking, strenuous key, vigorous and voluminous, but unmodulated, unrefined, and uninspired. It is not in such whirlwinds that the breath of genius comes. Possibly she may be capable of better things, but just now she, and her directors, seem to be content with the achievement of what is known theatrically as a howling success.

"A Gentleman of France" is one of the best acting plays that has been manufactured thus far out of a modern novel, but it derives its chief importance from the really admirable romantic acting of Mr. Kyrle Bellew in the principal character. His easy grace, his incessant, significant, and picturesque action, his mastery of pose, and unfailing sense of situation, his avoidance of exaggeration and rant, his fervor as a lover, his nicely modulated and clean crisp delivery, and his dashing sword-play, are object lessons of great value, in an almost forgotten art for our younger actors. A better performance than this, in a piece of this kind, has not been seen since the days of Fechter. His fight upon the staircase is one of the most striking things of the sort ever seen upon the stage.

The limitations of space will only permit the briefest reference to Basil Hood's "Sweet and Twenty," a pretty, simple, sympathetic little love story, played neatly, but with rather laborious sentimentalism, at the Madison Square, or to the performance, in the same theatre, of the first act of "Les Romanesques," which was very favorably received. Bessie Tyree and Isa-

bel Irving acted prettily as the lovers, and Stanley Dark, humorously, as the mock bravo. Boker's fine play, "Francesca da Rimini," is no novelty, but its revival at the Victoria Theatre, and its enthusiastic reception, must not be altogether overlooked. Hearty congratulations are due to Mr. Otis Skinner upon the success of his artistic enterprise, and his own able, eloquent, picturesque, and forcible impersonation of Lanciotto. Such a representation, at this time, is precious and encouraging to all true lovers of the stage.

Mr. Grundy's stage version of the much dramatized "Les Doigts de Fée," which he calls, appositely enough, "Frocks and Frills," is the lightest of light comedies, showing how a poor relation of a titled but inexpressibly mean family makes a fortune by dress-making, and avenges the slights put upon her by her kinsfolk by pouring the hot coals of charity upon their humbled heads. It is an ephemeral trifle, with bright dialogue, some amusing situations, and plentiful opportunities for the display of sumptuous millinery. It was magnificently dressed and admirably played at Daly's by Daniel Frohman's company. Dorothy Dorr as a new Flora McFlimsy, Alice Fischer as an aspiring parvenue, Jameson Lee Finney as a stuttering young baronet, and Grant Stuart as a vain, selfish, hypocritical, and empty peer, especially distinguished themselves. Good work was done also by Hilda Spong, Robert Lorraine, and Rose Eytinge. The performance, indeed, was worthy of the best traditions of the house in this style of entertainment, and was greeted with continuous merriment and applause.

The appearance of the eminent English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in the Republic Theatre was undoubtedly the most interesting event of the present theatrical season up to date. She was welcomed heartily by an uncommonly brilliant and intelligent audience, and her first impersonation, Magda, which is all that can be considered in this article, was received with general admiration. Anything like a deliberate estimate of her histri-

onic powers, based upon a single performance, would be manifestly unfair, but it is clear that her claim to be considered as a leader in her profession, so far as the younger members of it are concerned, cannot be disputed. Apparently she is an actress who, largely governed, if not limited, by her personal instincts, has rare faculties and power of expression. Her voice is a charming instrument, rich, soft, and musical, with sufficient volume, but no abnormal amount of power or resonance; her eyes, large and dark and deep, often partly veiled, as in Orientals, by the drooping lids, lighten finely, in her moments of excitement, and become wonderfully expressive and attractive. Her great height, her graceful, sinuous figure, and her long arms make her poses singularly picturesque and her gestures uncommonly eloquent and striking. Few women upon the stage, even among those most liberally dowered with beauty, are so uniformly picturesque and decorative in movement as she. In many ways she suggests strong individuality, and it is probable that in all her impersonations there will be a certain sameness, but she has moments of genuine inspiration, and then she reaches a very high level. In brilliancy, finesse, and thorough grasp and maintenance of the assumed character, her Magda is not the equal of Modjeska's, but it need fear comparison with that of no other

English-speaking actress. But the portrayal of the fundamental woman was very strong, moving, and true.

Mrs. Campbell's best work, undoubtedly, was done in her scenes with her old lover and betrayer, the hypocritical Keller. Particularly fine were the mocking and contemptuous scorn with which she treated his advances, and the final burst of ungovernable hatred and fury, which for an instant revived strange memories of the Kate Bateman of thirty years ago, with which she drove him from the door. This was a splendid bit of work, and won a tribute of especially fervent applause. There were innumerable fine and tender touches, too, in the scenes with her sister and her father, and she made the last fatal interview very thrilling by her terror and despair; her final attitude, as she sank upon her knees, utterly crushed and broken, being as expressive as anything could be of complete wretchedness. Altogether it was a performance of the first class, although marred by aggravating elocutionary defects and a certain lack of variety. Doubtless she was handicapped, to a certain extent, by unfavorable conditions. The actors who played the Pastor and von Keller were both miscast, and the performance and the play suffered much by their weakness. Her success, before a new and critical audience, in these conditions, was therefore all the more noteworthy.



“The Benefactress” from a Personal Point of View

By ELIZABETH VON HEYKING

YESTERDAY afternoon I began reading Elizabeth's newest book, and it was midnight when I shut it on its last page and turned off the electric light. In the dark world outside I heard the rain falling and the wind rustling in the tall eucalyptus tree of my Mexican garden. It sounded like autumn in Germany, like the wind sweeping over the Baltic Sea and sighing in the pine woods on the Pomeranian coast—home sounds they were, of the far-off land whose nature and scenery Elizabeth the Stranger describes so well. But what attracted me in her latest book, so that I read it without stopping from beginning to end, is not that it deals with the Fatherland,—for in truth it is treated therein with even more than her usual quick perception of weak and ludicrous points, and when I am away from Germany I get very tender and sensitive on the subject of the Fatherland,—what attracted me are those traits which we find everywhere, which are human nature all the world over, whether our lot be cast among Teutons, Anglo-Saxons, or Latins.

How well she describes the hour when it begins to dawn upon us that the bother of life is much greater than the pleasure which can be extracted from it, a conviction to which, thousands of years ago, men came, on whom the snowy peaks of Himalaya were looking down, cold and indifferent, and which in our age yet remains the last word of philosophy. How well she knows that all our statuesque resignation can be changed by a small share of personal good luck into buoyant joy; that there are letters, which the postman brings in as if they were like all letters, and that yet alter our whole way of looking at the world. For all we really know is only the result of personal experience, and if happiness of some kind comes to us, the world appears transformed into a fair place. And it seems so easy to be good when

happy! That great truth also Elizabeth knows and she shows it in the career of her heroine, Anna, who forms many good resolutions yet always falls back into bitterness whilst living in the galling dependence of her rich sister-in-law, but whose heart goes out full of love and sympathy towards all suffering ones as soon as a little happiness and independence are given to her by fate, in the shape of an old German uncle who leaves her his estate. The average man and woman always get on and show best in the light of good fortune. The teaching that sorrow and suffering are good for us, chastening and elevating, is daily contradicted by what we see around us; it may be true for exceptional mortals, for such that are good and generous, brave and unselfish under all circumstances. But their number is few and will not be increased, not even by all the preachings in and out of the pulpit of all the Lutheran pastors whom Anna meets in her new home.

But happiness and freedom from care may come too late for some. This experience Anna also makes, when she transforms her German country house into a home for poor genteel women, who, after all their loneliness and sadness, are to find there a sure haven of rest and loving sistership. “If you were to be absolutely happy for fifty years to come, after all you have gone through, it would only be justice,” Anna says to one of her chosen ones. But arrears of happiness cannot be taken in like accumulated money interests. The faculty for contentment and gratitude dies if it never has been put to use. With the women whom Anna takes to her hearth and heart, sourness, pettiness, and malice have become lifelong habits. They might all have been happy if they only had had a chance to begin when five years old, but when they arrive at Kleinwalde it is too late, and Anna might just as well

expect a fifty-years-old cook to leave off baking cakes and play Beethoven instead. Her motives are suspected and misinterpreted by those whom she would benefit; all she gives seems little to those who cannot forgive that they are in a position to receive, and the scheming mother of a spendthrift son tries to ensnare her into a foolish marriage—in fact, she meets in Germany with the fate that all the world over awaits benefactors and particularly young, handsome, and inexperienced benefactresses.

Anna is on the verge of getting very disgusted with impoverished feminine gentility, because it will not let her better its lot, when sudden outward events change the course of her whole thoughts, and from her world of dreams she awakes to the realities of life. A neighboring country squire, Axel, who loves her and whose offer of marriage she has refused on account of her self-imposed mission of guardian-angelship to her Chosen Ones, becomes the victim of a judicial error and is arrested on the charge of having set fire to his own dilapidated farm buildings, in order to obtain the sum for which they were insured. In his peril she discovers her love for him. The last chapters describe the harsh treatment to which he is subjected in prison, the way in which he is forsaken by relatives and by people hitherto dependent on him, the satisfaction of obscure officials to have a member of the upper classes in their power, their zeal to accumulate proofs against him, so as to get preferment out of this *cause célèbre*. Those last chapters are like a nightmare, and although in the conclusion the real culprit confesses and we are free to picture to ourselves Anna devoting henceforward all her stores of love and tenderness to Axel, the impression of an awful, irretrievable wrong remains with us—that feeling of desolate helplessness which overcomes us before unjustly suffered ignominy, when all we ever believed in seems shaking, when we ask: "How could this

be allowed to happen?" when we know that it can never be repaired, because naught can be undone that once has been. The usually light-hearted and humorous Elizabeth, whom we are accustomed to hear laughing gayly at the expense of queer things and people of her adopted country, here found deep, tragic notes under which our heart-strings vibrate.

From an artistic point of view it might perhaps be called a mistake that the book so entirely changes its tune, that after gayly ironical descriptions and funny incidents and straight away from the company of more or less caricatured specimen of German mankind, we are without transition brought face to face with the greatest human anguish, with the despairing cry of innocent suffering. A clever author like Elizabeth could certainly have led Anna through less terrible paths to the knowledge that it is easier and more satisfactory to make a good man happy than to try and content three grasping, lying, intriguing old women, and her book as a book would perhaps have been better. But here, as so often, to know is to understand. From our personal experiences, from the outward events of our life much may be explained—the characteristic points and angles our nature has acquired, sometimes even our artistic mistakes. He who knows that Elizabeth has in real life made all those efforts to clear a dear one from an unjust charge which she tells us of Anna,—he who knows that does not stop to consider if the latter part of the book would not be more in keeping with its light, witty beginning if it were less tragically sombre; he reads and feels that here, composition ended, that truth alone faces us, "life as it is without dreams, with its absolute cruelty and pitilessness." He who knows reads those last pages with deep emotion and compassion and also with frank admiration for the brave woman who answers life's riddle by saying: "Courage alone matters, not happiness."

Novels of Real Interest

OF course [says Prof. James in his magnificent chapter upon the Will] we measure ourselves by many standards. Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good luck are things which warm our heart and make us feel ourselves a match for life. But deeper than all such things and able to suffice to itself without them is the sense of the amount of effort which we can put forth . . . as if it were the substantive thing which we are and those were but the externals which we carry.

In "The Real World" * Mr. Robert Herrick has written a story which is full of incident and action, and, without being pedantic or philosophic, is based upon and illustrates this theorem in psychology. If this seems a serious undertaking for a novel, it is one that success justifies.

Jack Pemberton is a lonely little boy in a squalid home where there is perpetual friction and squabbling. Out of his jarring surroundings he finds occasional escape. At moments, music, certain books, the aspect of nature, give him the strange sense of a world of perfect harmony. He cannot make the affirmation permanent, yet he is sure that it is the other world which is real, not this one, full of ugly facts reported by the common senses of men.

Things happen to Jack: his father's death, his schooling, his determination to take the world for his oyster, his college course, his business experiences. He has force and character and he carves a life for himself. But always he retains his apprehension of the unreality of the outer world; it is a place of shadows, of wooden dummies, where men and women grope for something genuine and do not find it. And always he feels vaguely that "to possess the ultimate vision of things he must forego the alleviations to pain proffered by his clamorous senses." To take the outer world for real is to lose the power to create that inner realm of harmony.

* "The Real World." By Robert Herrick. Macmillan. \$1.50.

When at last the one human being who has sometimes seemed to belong among the real things shows herself weak, sensual, selfish, and later turns temptress and would persuade him to dishonor, to the lower life, to wreak himself upon the world of sense about which, for him, no beautiful illusions cling, he makes the supreme effort of which the will is capable to hold himself erect, to be free—and by that very effort there is born out of the shadows of things a world that is real, that is his own. At last he has created the universe anew for himself, since this is, forever, the World of the Will.

This is the deepest drama human nature knows; it is the Miracle Play of our existence. In casting it into fiction, Mr. Herrick has done a daring thing, but one which is so strong and so true that beside it all his other literary experiments, as well as most of the fiction of the day, seem thin and tentative.

If you wish a companion-picture to Mr. Herrick's vivifying drama of the Will Triumphant, read "Orlóff and His Wife." * Here you have the terrible fatalism of the Slav in its most hopeless and degraded form. The book is one for which the Western reader can find small justification. It is painful beyond expression. It deals with the lives of tramps, outcasts, the lowest, the most embred members of the Russian body politic. The realism is unrelieved. There is no attempt at story-making. Gorky simply sets down a detailed account of men and women he has known in the slums, on the road, their speech, their manners, their thought. To Gorky himself it seems worth while to do this. He says,

every man who has fought with life, who has been vanquished by it, and who is suffering in the pitiless captivity of its mire, is more of a philosopher than even Schopenhauer himself, because an abstract thought never moulds itself in such an accurate and picturesque form as does the thought which is directly squeezed out of a man by suffering.

* "Orlóff and His Wife." By Maxim Gorky. Scribner. \$1.00.

As a matter of fact, the philosophy which misery wrings out of Gorky's Russian is utterly valueless, for there is no hope in it. The elements that go to make their condition miserable and keep it so are simple. They show uncontrolled passions, including a vast and frightful capacity for sheer brutal rage, and an unwillingness to work toward any end. They all have strength, but they have no desire to direct or control it. What power they have works for their own undoing as the loose piston-rod destroys the boiler or as the propeller blades, if deprived of the resistance of the water, rock the ship.

When they ponder over these things, their philosophy is that of submission to the anarchy of their natures. To arise and shake off the old Adam never occurs even to the most thoughtful. Orlóff beats and kicks his wife frightfully without cause, and when she moans, "Come, that will do," he says, "Am I to blame if I have that sort of a character?" Philip, the teacher, advises Yakoff how to beat his wife cautiously so as not to make an end of her. It must be done, "one can't get along otherwise. . . . Whom have I to thump my fists against—the wall?—when I can't endure things any longer?" Konováloff talks thus about himself:

What am I? A barefooted, naked tramp—a drunkard and a crack-brained fellow. I live and grieve. . . . What about? I don't know. It's somewhat as though my mother had brought me into the world without something which all other people possess. . . . I have no inward guide to my path. . . . I have n't the right sort of spark . . . or force, or whatever it is, in my soul. Well, some piece or other has been left out of me, and that's all there is to it. So I live along and search for that missing piece and grieve for it, but what it is is more than I know myself.

This was the cry of Fomá Gordyécef. It is the end at which all Gorky's characters arrive. No one wins to the light but Orlóff's wife. To the Western mind this overwhelming consciousness of the disorder of life and of personal helplessness before it is as untrue as it is depressing. Its antidote is the gospel

of free will. But who is to preach it to outcast Russia if not the man who has risen from the outcast's rank?

Mr. Curtin tells us that the author of "The Argonauts" * is considered the greatest writer among women of the Slavonic race. She is certainly an acute and thoughtful observer. The vanity of wealth and power, the futility of neglect of duty, are the foundation themes of the book, and the author has constructed thereon a striking and not at all perfunctory tale. She gives us a picture of life in an unnamed Slavonic capital which shows its most up-to-date phases; the set of young exquisites who are disciples of Nietzsche and in search of "impressions from beyond the world" must necessarily be a recent development in a society which we have been accustomed to regard as primitive rather than decadent. The painstaking delineation of them and their philosophy is altogether the most interesting feature of "The Argonauts."

Here is a brilliant, distinguished, and interesting, if decidedly immature, novel.† It is one of the rare new works of current fiction which an intelligent person can read without an uneasy suspicion that he is paving the way to softening of the brain thereby. The author has given sincerely of his best throughout, and his best is worth having. He has set himself the task of drawing examples of the rising generation of educated and active young Americans in their habit as they live, and of contrasting them with the generation just preceding. The differences between the two are subtle, but actual, and are brought out with a thousand delicate strokes. Such a man as Cecil Windet is irrevocably of the past, while his son is just as surely one of the best types of the immediate future. The book is written with an amount of intellectual detachment that makes it seem cold at times, and until the end the reader is never quite sure that the

* "The Argonauts." By Eliza Orzeszko. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Scribner. \$1.50.

† "The New Americans." By Alfred Hodder. Macmillan. \$1.50.

author's own philosophy of the affections is adequate. As to his cleverness, there is never any shade of doubt, and his cleverness is not of the kind that consists in a mere verbal flash in the pan, but is grounded on insight and phrased with deliberation.

The chief fault of the book is that it contains some of the mistakes to which a precocious maturity would lay any writer open. The character of Isabel at twenty-two, for instance, is quite impossible; granted that at thirty-five she might know definitely what she wanted and be shameless and unscrupulous in her pursuit of it, at twenty-two the thing is incredible. There are other things in the book that impair its validity as a piece of realism, but it remains full of interest and promise.

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

"The Last of the Knickerbockers," a comedy-romance by Mr. Herman K. Viele,* is a distinctively clever portrayal of numerous significant social situations in the New York City of today. There are two girls, one the daughter and niece of two flat-pursed descendants of the imperious Peter; the other, the child of a magical West-erner newly come both to New York and to the estate of multi-billionairism. And these two girls are friends. Some remote but interested reader might like to know just the social possibilities that could bring them together in the first place. Perhaps some church committee? But one must not be crudely curious. Enough that when this current of ancient respectability, traditional social adequacy, albeit of present boarding-house dimensions, meets that other of palatial residence and parental *gaucherie*, there flashes a shower of bright sparks.

The pungent humor of this story plays quite as frequently among the absurdities of pride of birth as the circus proportions of uncultured riches. Indeed, the point of view is manifestly cosmopolitan. The bee-line descendants are never contemptible, nor are the *nouveau riche* ever hopelessly vulgar.

* "The Last of the Knickerbockers." By H. K. Viele. Stone. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Varicolored bits are thrown into the author's kaleidoscope, society is the result, and the pattern is always pretty. Only a life-long lover of every square foot of land from Bowling Green to Cathedral Heights could have written this story. Its pages are a map of the social waves that flow through every ward from Bowery Lane to Murray Hill. As the frequent mention of definite localities brings to a New York reader the pleasure of instant recognition of social atmosphere, so, too, must this very mention chill an alien with the sense of his own remoteness. And yet this literary preservation of the fast disappearing tradition of certain neighborhoods is a conspicuous element in the serious value of Mr. Viele's story.

Only once is the reader's good faith imposed upon. Although the simulated death of Mr. Brisbane is obviously an improbable situation, it is so ingeniously novel in conception and beguiling in execution that one can forgive the author this little trick. Altogether, "The Last of the Knickerbockers" is a thoroughly artistic piece of comedy, refreshingly keen, urbanely jocose.

MARGARET STERLING SNYDER.

There are novels which, while they cannot lay claim to high rank among the best books of contemporary fiction, prove very absorbing reading. "The Secret Orchard"* is one of these. The book from one end to the other is fraught with dramatic interest, except, perhaps, the one chapter where the story stops for a tableful of people to discuss the affairs of France, and again when the Canon and the Doctor become too discussive. Digressions like these, even when they explain the characters of the book to a certain extent, are only for such men as M. Anatole France to permit themselves. But even in the parts where the action flags for a moment the sense of something about to happen never leaves the reader. Throughout, the atmosphere of the story is as tense and breathless as the air before a thunder-storm.

* "The Secret Orchard." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Stokes. \$1.50.

It has been said that to prolong suspense without allowing the reader's attention to be diverted is the secret of making an exciting book, and this secret the Castles have mastered.

The human interest of the book is so great that it seems a little unnecessary to have dragged in so highly born a personage as a descendant of the Stuarts. Of course it gave the authors an opportunity to say pretty and effective things about the characteristics of that race, but the dragging in of historic names in so human a story gives an effect of appealing to that class of readers who are fond of accounts of "high life."

It is not to be doubted that the Castles had the stage in mind when they wrote "The Secret Orchard." So apparent is this that it robs the book of some of its artistic value. One can fairly read the stage directions between the lines. The story is divided into four "books," which might as well have been called acts, and each book ends with the conventional tableau of the well-regulated play. Nevertheless, "The Secret Orchard" is a clever and skilful piece of work. The writers of the wilderness of books that confronts one this year seem to have forgotten (or never to have learned) that an author's first duty is to amuse his readers. So it is with a certain gratitude to its creators that we lay down "The Secret Orchard" that requires so little effort to read.

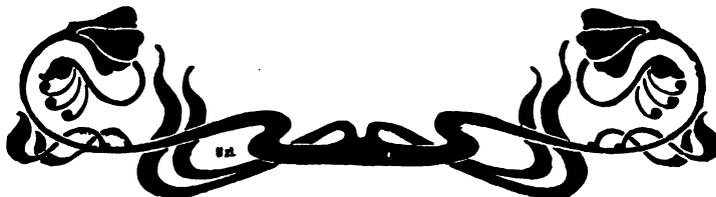
M. A. VORSE.

By a rather noteworthy coincidence, two volumes of short stories* come to hand simultaneously in which the dialect-speaking folk of Devon are sympathetically exploited by authors native and to the manner born. "The Strik-

* "The Striking Hours," By Eden Phillpotts. Stokes. \$1.50. "Dunstable Weir," By Zack. Scribner. \$1.50.

ing Hours" of Eden Phillpotts and "Dunstable Weir" by Zack (Gwendoline Keats) have a thousand and one points of contact. Any story in either book might have been written by the author of the other, so far as the subject-matter is concerned; and in one case the parallelism extends even to the titles, which are practically identical, Mr. Phillpotts calling his tale "Right of Way," while Miss Keats calls hers "The Right o' Way," the theme in each case being the same—the privilege of passing over private ground if a corpse has passed over it. The way they treat this subject affords an excellent basis for comparison of the work of these two authors. Both are accomplished artists, and each has made effective use of a local custom that could hardly fail to appeal to native writers; yet there is a breadth and body to the man's work that is not found in the woman's. Mr. Phillpotts can provoke Homeric laughter in a story that abounds in tragic elements, without producing an effect of incongruity. Miss Keats, on the other hand, though by no means deficient in the sense of humor, is apt to strike a tragic note and stick to it. This is, of course, perfectly legitimate, and even artistic; but while one is impressed by her cleverness and admires the deftness of her touch, he feels that her talent has its well-defined limits. In reading "The Striking Hours" one is conscious all the while that the author is putting forth only a fraction of his strength,—that while his short stories leave nothing to be desired, he would be even more congenially occupied and at his ease in weaving the plot and filling in the details of a three-volume novel. Happy the shire that boasts at the same time two such masters of the art of fiction!

J. B. G.



Mr. Lang's Side Glance at Tennyson

By A. I. du P. COLEMAN

THE conception of the series to which this book* belongs, while not new, is an excellent one. In these days of haste and pressure, there must be many people of good general education who cannot afford the time for the exhaustive study of literary progress which it is the privilege of the professed man of letters to make. Books of this size, giving them in compact form the results of such study, are exactly what they want. But unfortunately the execution of the successive volumes is not always adequate to the conception. Mr. Saintsbury on Arnold and Mrs. Meynell on Ruskin have indeed contributed work of a substantive value; but Mr. R. Cope Cornford on Stevenson proved very disappointing, and was chiefly tolerable for assembling many delightful bits of good reading from his author. And now we fear we must say that Mr. Lang also fails to come up to our expectations. It is just because one knows how good he can be when he tries that one is perhaps unduly annoyed when he seems to fall short of his own standard. Mr. Crawford has given us a permanent type of the never-resting literary man in the miraculous Paul Griggs, who through the long night-watches covers sheet after sheet of paper with his right hand, his left all the while supporting his invalid wife. We may respect the dogged determination, the devouring industry of such a man; but as one reads of his Herculean labors, doubts will arise as to the quality of the copy which he is likely to turn out under such trying circumstances. The amount of printed matter which Mr. Lang signs in a year gives us an even more alarming conception, as of a man who must write with both his hands at once. In a word, this Tennyson book bears unmistakable signs of haste,—of having

been written in a short space of time, not to satisfy the cravings of his inner nature for expression, but to content an impatient publisher.

Of course, even Mr. Lang's hasty work is worth reading. There is a grace, a fulness, a variety of interest about everything he writes which makes us turn to it with a certainty of finding pleasure. All these qualities are present in this book, as are the special personal notes which would enable one to identify the author were his name not on the title-page. The composite Homer and the sacred *ti* branches of the Fijians appear with due observance to give an agreeable feeling of being at home. But there are many things less familiar and more useful. A pertinacious and convincing review of certain rash statements made by Mr. Frederic Harrison in his recent estimate of the poet is well worth reading, and there is a permanent value in the full and painstaking examination of the "Idylls," with a very satisfying vindication of the excellent Sir Thomas Malory from the strictures of the Positivist critic. For biography, Mr. Lang deliberately proposes to do no more than to epitomize the large work of the present Lord Tennyson: and the method is practically sufficient for his purpose. The critical estimates given throughout the book are all his own, and as such, while avowedly "those of a Tennysonian," are entitled to the respect due to his universally admitted attainments. The faults of haste which we began by noting—frequent repetitions, in consequence of arrangement, and the like—are by no means of a character to impair seriously the value of the book for the class to whom it appeals. The proportion of space devoted here to complaint of them is based rather upon what these attainments give us a right to expect from Mr. Lang than upon the positive injury which results from carelessness.

* "Alfred Tennyson." By Andrew Lang. (Modern English Writers.) Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

“Poets of the Younger Generation”*

By EDITH M. THOMAS

NOT for many a day, in the current records of literature, has there appeared such a champion of poesy, such a

Generation.” All poets living, and all poet-lovers, owe him hearty grace, at the very outset, for the genial and



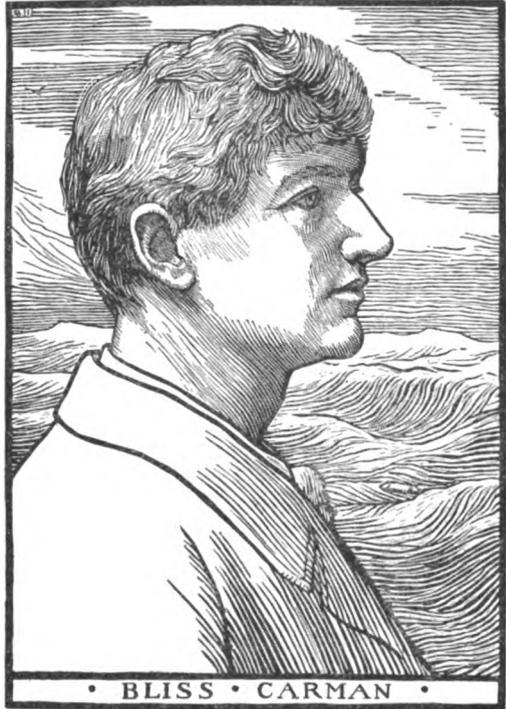
staunch friend of the Muses, as the author of “Poets of the Younger

welcoming attitude which he assumes toward contemporaneous contributions to the great treasury of English verse. To his initial declaration, “Appreciation is the end and aim of the following

* “Poets of the Younger Generation.” By William Archer. With woodcuts by Robert Bryden. John Lane. Portraits published by permission.

pages,” he gives a well-deserved fillip to the cant criticism of the days for its use of the “supercilious catchword ‘minor poet’”; contending, for his part, that the “surest way to check the growth of a rising talent is to affix to its possessor the sneering label of ‘minor poet.’” Mr. Archer very justly, as it seems to us, claims that a poet should be judged by his best — not his poorest — work. It is in the spirit, therefore, of generous hospitality that this very able essayist assembles his Academy of Immortals (of whom, however, there are but thirty-three in number).

Mr. Archer seems well aware that he is like to run the gauntlet, on the imputation of having made invidious distinctions in this selection of names and fames. With perfectly frank good humor he admits the impeachment, but hastens to forestall sedition in camp by a judicious avowal of his own limitations on the side of temperament, as when he avers that various writers have been omitted from his Academy “for no better reason than that their work does not happen to chime with my idiosyncrasy. Intellectually, I can



recognize its merit; but it does not touch my emotions: it leaves me cold.” We are not quite sure whether this disclaimer will strike the “judicious reader” as the more ingenuous or the more disingenuous. However this may be, we are sure that all readers, laying aside individual disagreements with his method of selection, will follow with keen interest Mr. Archer’s vivisection of the elements of poesy, so subtly well executed in his Introduction, which is a masterpiece of thorough and sympathetic criticism. Following Mr. Robertson’s suggestion (from whom he quotes), viz., that the “perfect scientific critic” of the future will start out with a confession of his own faith and experience, Mr. Archer leads us through some delightful Montaigne-like pages of autobiography which naturally includes the story of his own intellectual evolution and successive poetic affiliations up to the period when, as he records of himself, “it was from Wordsworth, whom I read for a college essay, that I learned the true meaning of the word poetry.” Is the Wordsworthian influence, after all, the





• RICHARD • HOVEY •

predominant one — the unconsciously carried touchstone, as it were, by which Mr. Archer makes his apostolic assay of poetic quality? It is, at least, a surprising conclusion which he reaches in the following dictum: "We return to Byron occasionally, with amusement, refreshment, admiration; Wordsworth we have always with us." We shall not quarrel with Mr. Archer, even if this be true; for his warm catholicity of taste is everywhere felt in these introductory pages. For him, there are "splendid flashes of true poetry in Pope, in Goldsmith, aye, even in Johnson." He has read Cowper and Crabbe "with great pleasure," and considers that the border ballads of Scott "contain some of the purest poetic treasures of the language." Mr. Archer fears not to be accounted philistine, as by some of these lightly launched straws of self-revelation we may plainly see. With regard to Browning, he is "heretical to the point of paradox," and in the worship of Shelley he "genuflects with a difference"; and "William Morris I read with admiration and pleasure—when I have time." Emerson he finds "subtle

and searching in thought, individual, if not always harmonious, in utterance"; while for Whitman he entertains a "sincere affection, though far on this side of idolatry."

If we dally over Mr. Archer's mere Introduction, he it is who must be held responsible; since he has so crowded these pages, first with affable intimate confession of his own predilections and then with searching discrimination and wise insight as regards the nature and the making of great verse. In these unrevering times of ours, — disillusioned, and proud of disillusionment, — it will be many a day before another such evangel shall be read us as this on the supernatural, miraculous quality inherent in the highest poesy. On this theme Mr. Archer speaks as with the authority of a *vates* himself, who may not be contradicted. Some of his sentences are indeed *memorabilia*.

Poetry is actually a great force, and potentially the greatest in the world. It has the religion of the future in its hands. . . . The world will be whatever the imagination of mankind decrees that the world shall be. It is the present impotency of



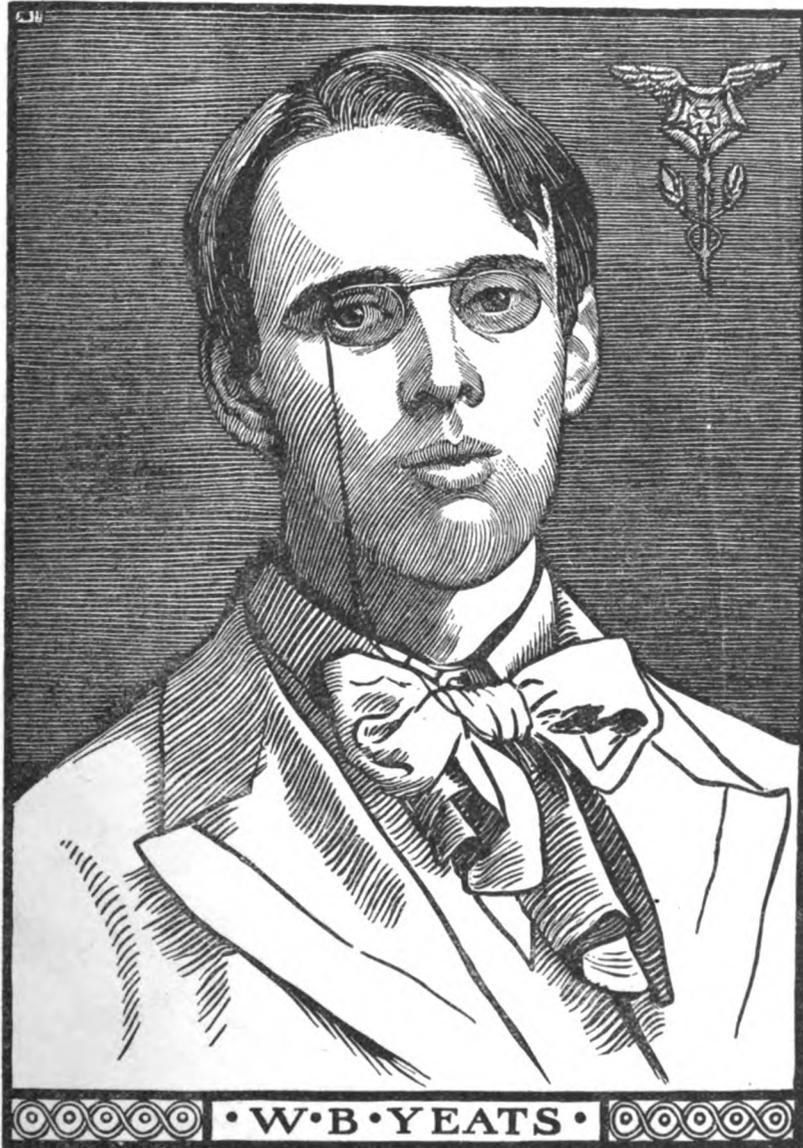
• KATHARINE • TYNAN • HINKSON •

man to imagine a peaceful and beautiful world that prevents or defers its realization.

To this he hazards that the world would be “re-created in three generations,” if a poet of all-potential imagi-

which the master of the Lake School has left us, that “Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge”?

And now, regretfully leaving the



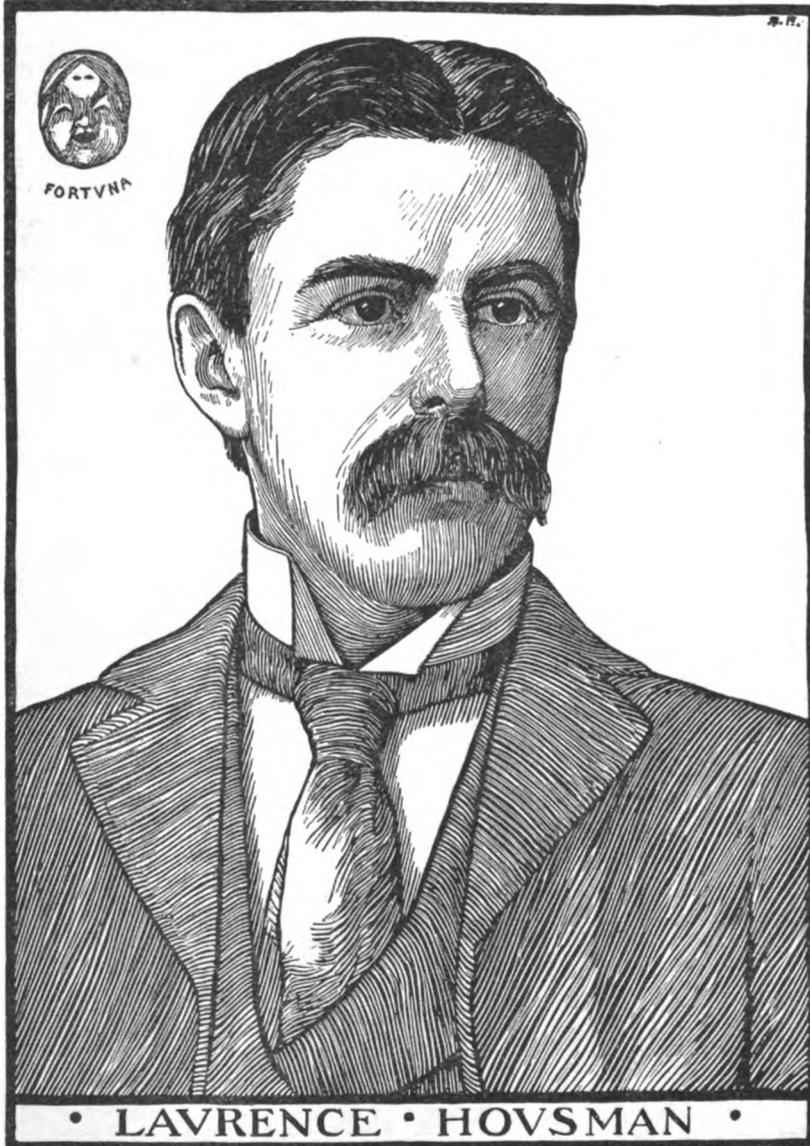
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nation were to arise. Such a poet must, however, possess one requisite over the great poets of the past, *i. e.*, “he must know more than they.” Does not this conclusion on the part of Mr. Archer bring us back to his Wordsworthian affiliations, and the definition

delightful *causerie* of Mr. Archer’s Introduction, and with the ringing enunciation of his brave faith in poetry still haunting the inner ear, let us see how he dispenses the sweet and bitter of critical judgment among those whom he has called to his tribunal. There is

a touch of that lovable naïveté (which we find so charming throughout the Introduction) when he discovers to us the fact that he has ranged these appreciations in alphabetical order, and

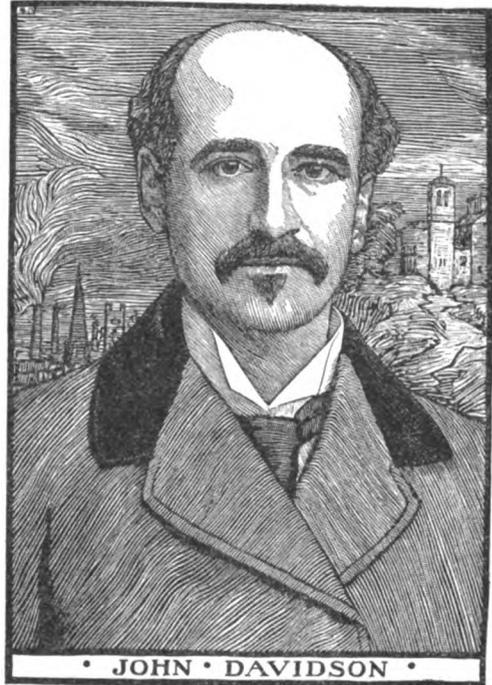
Archer declares himself to be; nor are we touched to any very profound sympathy when he hastens to assure us that "this self-denying ordinance [that of forswearing comparison] has cost



that "each writer is treated as though he or she were the only poet of the younger generation in England or America." Yet this we cannot but deem a most wise and self-safeguarding precaution,—a canny foresight worthy the "pure-bred Scotchman" Mr.

me not a little trouble." He has, indeed, done well—and safely—to "forswear all comparison whatsoever between the poets" on his list. But Mr. Archer can scarcely expect his reader to be equally "self-denying," either in the matter of observing alpha-

betical precedence or of abstinence from the “vice of comparison.” The reader, not being vowed to an impartial generosity, may, then, begin with the *optimates* in Mr. Archer’s Hall of Fame. Let us turn at once to our critic’s estimate of Rudyard Kipling. And here Mr. Archer shows a certain intrepidity; for at the probable time when this essay was written that small sibilant, refluant movement back from the high-tide mark of the Kipling idolatry—a movement now grown distinct to the ear—had not as yet begun. In what Mr. Archer characterizes a “skeptical prolusion” he acknowledges that there have now and then flitted through his mind, with regard to Mr. Kipling’s work, questionings such as the following: “Is it not journalism raised to its highest potency? Does this writer own due allegiance to the great tradition of the language?” His praise of the “Barrack-Room Ballads” is given without stint. “We read them with laughter and tears, the metres throb in our pulses, the cunningly-ordered words tingle with life; and if this be not poetry, what is?” And yet, Mr. Archer complains that the poet “errs on the side of copious-



ness” and that “he is more a rhapsodist than a pure lyricist.” At one time he observes of Mr. Kipling’s vast verbal technicalism, that “it is half the art of literature—nay, of life itself—to know the names of things.” Again, commenting on Mr. Kipling’s intimate acquaintance with the mechanical details of many lives and occupations of men, he implies that our wonder at this conversance on the part of the poet argues a defect in his art. “Wonder at an artist’s knowledge should always come to us as an afterthought; in Mr. Kipling’s case it is apt to get between us “and the illusion of reality.” So declares Mr. Archer. Moreover, while exalting the realistic power with which Mr. Kipling spreads his oft-times ensanguined canvases, Mr. Archer observes that “there are passages where one doubts whether a still greater artist might not have produced an equal effect without laying on his colors quite so raw.” Perhaps the most notable instance of Mr. Archer’s antithetic treatment is reached in this observation: “Where his verse attains real grandeur, it comes mainly from his study of the Bible; and even then he



The Critic

seems to give us Isaiah to a banjo accompaniment."

It is quite possible that neither the admirers nor the beraters of Mr. Kipling's muse will be satisfied with Mr.

which he, seemingly, sets about to counteract. In Mr. Le Gallienne's earliest verse, even, he finds a "heart of promise," and of this graceful writer's critical prose he declares that, at



Archer's estimate, which, nevertheless, tempers praise with censure very fairly, in our judgment.

It has been somewhat the fashion of the critical brotherhood to disparage the work of Richard Le Gallienne — a fact of which Mr. Archer is aware, and

its best, it is itself a "form of poetry." In the essay on Stephen Phillips there is a long and searching inquiry into the rationale of the poet's metrical eccentricities,—a consideration which the charmed reader of Mr. Phillips's splendid poetry would be more than ready

to pass over, if Mr. Archer would allow! The latter frankly admits that the prosodial difficulties which he encountered in the “Christ in Hades,” made a very enduring impression upon his mind. He as frankly acknowledges himself mistaken in his early impression that Mr. Phillips’s genius was lacking on the dramatic side. With Mr. Phillips’s two plays under analysis, he reads us a most clever lecture on the character of Mr. Phillips’s dramatic gifts. “He is a totally new phenomenon in English drama of the past two centuries—at once an inventor of situations, and a master of language.” Again, in Mr. Phillips’s happy combination of the dramatic with the scenic, he is reminded “of the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Marlowe.” Of Mr. Francis Thompson, our critic declares that “he was born into the sect of the Sun Worshipers, and holds what he justly deems his Priesthood of Apollo by hereditary right.” (This, *apropos* of Mr. Thompson’s many invocations to the solar majesty, in dithyrambs of tumultuous diction and crowded imagery.) William Watson, in due course, furnishes the text of a very interesting study of the evolution of a poet dominated by the Wordsworthian influence, but by degrees subordinating this influence, and coming to his own,—the artist of the “exquisitely graven cameo”—and a “landmark of sense and style in an age too apt to go astray in labyrinths of eccentricity, obscurity, and excess.” Lacking space to review singly each study among the thirty-three composing Mr. Archer’s “Poets,” we can only say that his characterizations are for the most part distinguished by a fine sympathy of insight and an exact verbal embodiment of his thought. Some exceptions, some lapses, may remain, for a critic of critics to point out—as, when the spirit informing Mr. Davidson’s poetry is characterized as “*elec-*

trically fuliginous rather than radiant and serene.” Here one may well italicize—for what can *electricity* have to do with *fuliginosity*? Also, we might mischievously question whether some of the encomiums meted out to the ladies of Mr. Archer’s Parnassus do not savor of journalistic perfunctoriness. For instance: “Mrs. Hinkson is a born poetess, if ever there was one”; and as to Mrs. Radford’s work, Mr. Archer assures us: “Never was there poetry with less of the ‘big bow-wow’ style about it.”

By his own candid and disarming notification that he has selected as pleased him best, we are precluded from questioning why some half-dozen American poets are here represented and some other half-dozen omitted. But it is within our province to inquire whether, as regards those admitted, the same critical penetration and clarity of judgment are exercised as in most of Mr. Archer’s other sketches. Will it not be a novelty to our trans-Atlantic readers to learn that Mr. Hovey was a “poet of aggressive virility,” the predestined “wearer of Whitman’s mantle?” As to the imputed “mysticism” of Mr. Bliss Carman’s muse we doubt if that gentleman’s warmest disciples would greatly insist upon this point. When, however, Mr. Archer adduces as an instance of the poet’s “eerie strength” lines containing such Hudibrastic imagery as

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,

we may question Mr. Archer’s own “mode of visioning” and raise a doubt as to the entire infallibility of his *tactus eruditus* where the final delicacies of poesy are concerned. But when all has been said, Mr. Archer has produced a work abounding in usually skilful analysis and apt illustrative instances, and of vital interest both to poets and the laity.



The Late Mrs. Arthur Bronson

By HENRY JAMES

[The following was written by Mr. James apropos of Mrs. Bronson's "Reminiscences of Browning," in the *Century* and *Cornhill* magazines.]

I HAVE read the pages of cordial and faithful reminiscence, in which a frank, predominant presence seems to live again, with an interest inevitably somewhat sad—so past and gone to-day is so much of the life suggested. Those who fortunately knew Mrs. Bronson will read into her notes still more of it—more of her subject, more of herself too, and of many things—than she gives, and some may well even feel tempted to do for her what she has done here for her distinguished friend. In Venice, during a long period, for many pilgrims, Mrs. Arthur Bronson, originally of New York, was, so far as "society," hospitality, a charming personal welcome were concerned, almost in sole possession; she had become there, with time, quite the prime representative of those private amenities which the Anglo-Saxon abroad is apt to miss just in proportion as the place visited is publicly wonderful, and in which he therefore finds a value twice as great as at home. Mrs. Bronson really earned in this way the gratitude of mingled generations and races. She sat for twenty years at the wide mouth, as it were, of the Grand Canal, holding out her hand, with endless good-nature, patience, charity, to all decently accredited petitioners, the incessant troop of those either bewilderedly making or fondly renewing acquaintances with the dazzling city.

Casa Alvisi is directly opposite the high, broad-based, florid church of S. Maria della Salute—so directly that from the balcony over the water-entrance your eye, crossing the canal, seems to find the latch of the great door perfectly in a line with it; and there was something in this position that, for the time, made all Venice-lovers think of the genial *padrona* as thus levying in the most convenient way the toll of curiosity and sympathy. Everyone

passed, everyone was seen to pass, and few were those not seen to stop and to return. The most generous of hostesses died two years since at Florence; her house knows her no more—it had ceased to do so for some time before her death; and the long, pleased procession—the charmed arrivals, the happy sojourns at anchor, the reluctant departures that made Ca' Alvisi, as was currently said, a social *porto di mare*—is, for remembrance and regret, already a procession of ghosts; so that on the spot at present the attention ruefully averts itself from the dear little old faded, but once familiarly bright façade, overtaken at last by the comparatively vulgar uses that are doing their best to "paint out," in Venice, right and left, by staring signs and other vulgarities, the immemorial note of distinction. The house, in a city of palaces, was small, but the tenant clung to her perfect, her expressive position—the one right place that gave her a better command, as it were, than a better house obtained by a harder compromise; not being fond, moreover, of spacious halls and massive treasures, but of compact and familiar rooms, in which her remarkable accumulation of minute and delicate Venetian objects could show. She adored—in the way of the Venetian, to which all her taste addressed itself—the small, the domestic, and the exquisite; so that she would have given a Tintoretto or two, I think, without difficulty, for a cabinet of tiny gilded glasses or a dinner-service of the right old silver.

The general receptacle of these multiplied treasures played at any rate, through the years, the part of a friendly private box at the constant operatic show, a box at the best point of the best tier, with the cushioned ledge of its front raking the whole scene and with its withdrawing-rooms behind for more detached conversation; for easy—when not indeed slightly

difficult — polyglot talk, artful *bibite*, artful cigarettes too, straight from the hand of the hostess, who could do all that belonged to a hostess, place people in relation and keep them so, take up and put down the topic, cause delicate tobacco and little gilded glasses to circulate, without ever leaving her sofa-cushions or intermitting her good-nature. She exercised in these conditions, with never a block, as we say in London, in the traffic—with never an admission, an acceptance of the least social complication, her positive genius for easy interest, easy sympathy, easy friendship. It was as if, at last, she had taken the human race at large, quite irrespective of geography, for her neighbors, with neighborly relations as a matter of course. These things, on her part, had at all events the greater appearance of ease from their having found to their purpose—and as if the very air of Venice produced them—a cluster of forms so light and immediate, so pre-established by picturesque custom. The old bright tradition, the wonderful Venetian legend, had appealed to her from the first, closing round her house and her well-plashed water-steps, where the waiting gondolas were thick; quite as if, actually, the ghost of the defunct Carnival—since I have spoken of ghosts—still played some haunting part.

Let me add, at the same time, that Mrs. Bronson's social facility, which was really her great refuge from importunity, a defence with serious thought and serious feeling quietly cherished behind it, had its discriminations as well as its inveteracies, and that the most marked of all these perhaps was her attachment to Robert Browning. Nothing in all her beneficent life had probably made her happier than to have found herself able to minister, each year, with the returning autumn, to his pleasure and comfort. Attached to Ca' Alvisi, on the land side, is a somewhat melancholy old section of a Giustiniani palace, which she had annexed to her own premises mainly for the purpose of placing it, in comfortable guise, at the service

of her friends. She liked, as she professed, when they were the real thing, to have them under her hand; and here succeeded each other, through the years, the company of the privileged and the more closely domesticated, who liked, harmlessly, to distinguish between themselves and outsiders. Among visitors partaking of this pleasant provision Mr. Browning was of course easily first. The point was, meanwhile, that if her charity was great even for the outsider, this was by reason of the inner essence of it—her perfect tenderness for Venice, which she always recognized as a link. That was the true principle of fusion, the key to communication. She communicated in proportion—little or much, measuring it as she felt people more responsive or less so; and she expressed herself—in other words, her full affection for the place—only to those who had most of the same sentiment. The rich and interesting form in which she found it in Browning may well be imagined—together with the quite independent quantity of the genial at large that she also found; but I am not sure that his favor was not primarily based on his paid tribute of such things as "Two in a Gondola" and "A Toccata of Galuppi." He had more ineffaceably than anyone recorded his initiation from of old.

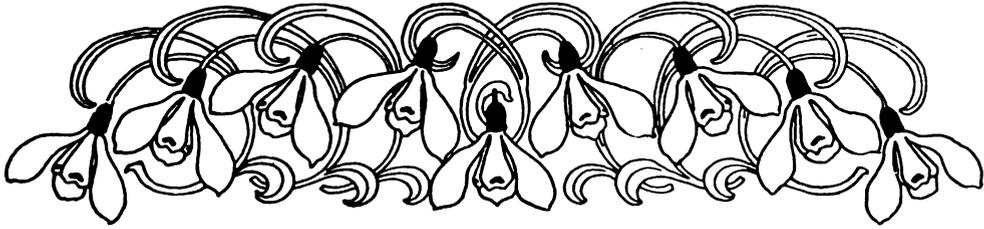
She was thus, all round, supremely faithful; yet it was perhaps after all with the very small folk, those to the manner born, that she made the easiest terms. She loved—she had at any rate greatly begun by it—the engaging Venetian people, whose virtues she found touching and their infirmities but such as appeal mainly to the sense of humor and the love of anecdote; and she befriended and admired, she studied and spoiled them. There must have been a multitude of whom it would scarce be too much to say that her long residence among them was their settled golden age. When I consider that they have lost her now I fairly wonder to what shifts they have been put and how long they may not have to wait for such another messenger of providence. She cultivated their

dialect, she renewed their boats, she piously relighted—at the top of the tide-washed *pali* of traghetto or lagoon—the neglected lamp of the tutelary Madonetta; she took cognizance of the wives, the children, the accidents, the troubles, as to which she became, perceptibly, the most prompt, the established remedy. On lines where the amusement was rather less unfairly for others she composed in dialect many short comedies, dramatic proverbs, which, with one of her drawing-rooms permanently arranged as a charming commensurate theatre, she caused to be performed by the young persons of her circle—often, when the case lent itself, by the wonderful small offspring of humbler friends, children of the Venetian lower class, whose aptitude, teachability, drollery, were her constant delight. It was certainly true that an impression of Venice as humanly sweet might easily found itself on the frankness and quickness and amiability of these little people. They were at least so much to the good; for the philosophy of their patroness was as Venetian as everything else; helping her to accept experience without bitterness and to remain fresh, even in the fatigue which finally overtook her, for pleasant surprises and proved sincerities. She was herself sincere to the last for the place of her predilection; inasmuch as though she had arranged herself, in the later time—and largely for the love of “Pippa Passes”—an alternative refuge at Asolo, she absented herself from Venice with continuity only under coercion of illness.

At Asolo, periodically, the link with Browning was more confirmed than weakened, and there, in old Venetian territory, and with the invasion of visitors comparatively checked, her

preferentially small house became again a setting for the pleasure of talk and the sense of Italy. It contained again its own small treasures, all in the pleasant key of the homelier Venetian spirit. The plain, beneath it, stretched away like a purple sea from the lower cliffs of the hills, and the white *campanili* of the villages, as one was perpetually saying, showed on the expanse like scattered sails of ships. The rumbling carriage, the old-time, rattling, red-velveted carriage of provincial, rural Italy, delightful and quaint, did the office of the gondola; to Bassano, to Treviso, to high-walled Castelfranco, all pink and gold, the home of the great Giorgione. Here also memories cluster; but it is in Venice again that her vanished presence is most felt, for there, in the real, or certainly the finer, the more sifted Cosmopolis, it falls into its place among the others evoked, those of the past seekers of poetry and dispensers of romance. It is a fact that almost everyone interesting, appealing, melancholy, memorable, odd, seems at one time or another, after many days and much life, to have gravitated to Venice by a happy instinct, settling in it and treating it, cherishing it, as a sort of repository of consolations: all of which, to-day, for the conscious mind, is mixed with its air and constitutes its unwritten history. The deposed, the defeated, the disenchanting, the wounded, or even only the bored, have seemed to find there something that no other place could give. But such people came for themselves, as we seem to see them—only with the egotism of their grievances and the vanity of their hopes. Mrs. Bronson's case was beautifully different—she had come altogether for others.





Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA: Anticipations are in the air, and what better time to indulge in them than at the beginning of a New Year? Mr. Wells's book has set the fashion; we are all speculating in futures; devil a one of us but is a prophet. The old advice against prophesying before the event no longer deters anybody, and, like Habakkuk, who was also in the seeing line, we are *capable de tout*. From the light-hearted way in which Mr. Wells has set about his task of re-creating this nation and country, one would think that the game of vaticination was no more serious a thing than Ping Pong. By the way, do you play Ping Pong? There has just been a tournament at the Queen's Hall (in the absence of Busoni and Ysaye) and prizes were given and enthusiasm was kindled just as if it were a Tennis Tournament. What a people we are! Nothing damps our athletic and frivolous ardors. The same year that saw the South African holocaust has seen the rise of Ping Pong. The Germans do not play Ping Pong, but I believe that they make the materials; which is a parable.

In connection with this subject there come some reflections concerning England's future, which bring me back to anticipations again. The *Daily News* (that pathetic attempt to keep true to the impossible side of a national question) has been asking certain prominent men to say something about England's awakening. Mr. Harmsworth, who holds a great engine for reform in his own hand, but does not always direct it toward that goal, sees a cause of weakness in our reluctance to travel except for the purposes of gambling, sunning ourselves, tobogganing, or exterminat-

ing big game. The energy expended in projecting a bullet into the vital district of a rhinoceros's body might give us another week or two of Empiry. Mr. Harmsworth does not exactly say this, but I think it is his meaning.

What he wants us to do is to travel for mental profit: to visit America and watch its developments, to visit Germany and study its systems; just as Americans and Germans visit us. But there are no Casinos in America to compare with those on the Continent, nor does the lion lurk in its jungles. Mr. Kenrick Murray, of the London Chamber of Commerce, strikes deeper at the roots of the matter. We must educate better, he says. This certainly comes first. If only we could get individual thought into the people, and if that thought would breed a little self-sacrifice. Our pleasures are blocking the way. We are a nation of cricketers, governed by a Cabinet of golf-players, as Mr. Bernard Shaw recently said. Or is it a nation of Ping-Pongers?

To turn to less gloomy anticipations, this year is to be notable for the Coronation, if nothing else. Edward VII.'s head will begin to lie uneasy on the 26th June, if Bacon's remark on the subject be true. London, it is conjectured, is to be filled with Americans at that date—the homage paid by Republicans to Monarchy; Piccadilly will be widened in the wrong place; the Abbey will be closed from April 1st; and the fountains in Trafalgar Square will run with Australian Burgundy, as a compliment to the Colonies. The new stamps with the King's head thereon begin at once; but we have to wait for the Coronation for the new coinage.

The year nineteen hundred and two is probably destined to stand out in history as the real beginning of aerial navigation. It was 1901 that saw M. Santos-Dumont's triumph, but it is this year which is likely to bring aëro-cars within reach of more ordinary persons. Mr. Wells's picture, in his novel of anticipations, "The Sleeper Wakes," of the arrival of a huge aëro-phane from Paris, may be within easy distance of realization. Mr. Dan Leno, in the Drury Lane pantomime, advises Mr. Herbert Campbell (as a practically beardless Bluebeard) to take the 4.30 camel to Egypt. The 4.30 aëroplane will soon be the thing. Another 1902 improvement may be special tracks for motor cars. I look forward to a comparatively adjacent day when to buy a railway ticket for anywhere will be the most unusual of occurrences. As it is, one can travel in a very ordinary motor car from Piccadilly to Sevenoaks in almost less time than a South-Eastern train would convey one from Charing Cross to London Bridge on the way thither. Possibly 1902 may see improvements in railways too, but this seems an extravagant hope.

The discoveries of Signor Marconi fill me with less pleasure. It will be a long time before I consent to entrust my private telegrams to the whole forces of the universe. To commit them to the safe carriage of a single wire is all right; but to turn them loose on the atmosphere is a thought too confiding. I dislike also to think of our planet as merely a huge electrical storage station. Is nothing free from this pervading force? Lord Salisbury seems to be, certainly; but is aught else?

America, being always interested in literary byways, has revived the rather immaterial question, "Did Bacon write Shakespeare?" As if it mattered! Can they prove Bacon to have been an American? Perhaps that is to be the next move. Every development of this thesis adds to Bacon's burdens. He was once held merely to have dashed off Shakespeare's plays in the interval of other work. But now he is credited also with Burton's "Anatomy"

and Spenser's poems, and the works of Marlowe and Peele. Considering that he wrote also such trifles as the "Novum Organum" and his "Essays," and did a considerable amount of work as Lord Chancellor, and managed to line his pockets, too, his nights and days must have been fairly laborious. The oddest thing is, that in casting about among his varied output for something to put his own name to, he should have chosen such comparatively uninteresting matter as his confessed works, in preference to "King Lear" or the "Faery Queene." He found time, also, it seems, according to the American discoverers, to be Queen Elizabeth's son. The only useful object to be served by all this folly is a good advertisement for Sir Thomas Lipton, who should place a brand of Shakespeare's Bacon on the market, or Messrs. Pears, who might approach German consumers of their soap with cakes of Bilingual Seife. Meanwhile, an ingenious correspondent of the *Daily News* has found a cipher in Dickens. Thus:

Mr. Forster informs us in his life of the great novelist that in Mr. Micawber we see his father portrayed.

We have, then, Dickens drawing a mental sketch of his parent and writing (mentally) under it

My Father.

But this must be disguised, so he proceeds as follows: He leaves the first and last consonants and all the vowels, and gets

M y . a . . e r

Then he replaces the f by the third preceding letter c, the t by the third succeeding letter w, and the h by the sixth preceding letter b, and gets

M y c a w b e r.

But it is necessary to disguise the y, so he changes it to i, and finally gets

M i c a w b e r.

There is no end to this kind of thing. Mr. W. H. Mallock, who once wrote "The New Republic" and now believes in Mrs. Gallup, should take note.

Among the few new books just published is Sir M. E. Grant Duff's "Victorian Anthology." Abandoning anecdote for a while, Sir Mountstuart has been collecting poems of Victorian poets; but they do not make

a very exhilarating show — nothing compared with the Elizabethan. We are better at verse than poetry just now. Another new book is the third instalment of Edward FitzGerald's Letters, which have the flavor of old sherry. One of them, especially characteristic, tells how he discovered, many years afterwards, hidden away in a book, the slip of paper containing the name of a ship which had hailed him at sea in his lugger, asking him to report her as soon as he landed. He forgot everything about it for fourteen years. That was exactly like the man. Few of us have such gifts of procrastination. To put off till to-morrow what might otherwise be done to-day is certainly one secret of life. Small men never possess it.

New books being so few immediately after Christmas, it may be well to look at some of the old ones of 1901. It is generally agreed that "Kim" is the novel of the year. Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard Calmady" runs it close, but stories about deformed baronets are with many persons an acquired taste. Another clever book that many persons find it difficult to read is "The House with the Green Shutters," a Balzacian study of a villageful of sordid Scots, the first effort of its author. Another first book is "The Column," an exercise in Meredithese beyond common

consumption. Mr. Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent" and Mr. Jacob's "Light Freights" had many admirers. Criticism in book form has not been largely produced, Mr. Herbert Paul's "Men and Letters" standing first. Another of the *Daily News* young men, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, is being followed in that paper and elsewhere with much eagerness. "The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen" seems to have been first favorite among biographies, and Mr. Lang's "Mystery of Marie Stuart" among histories. Other striking books were Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Three Plays for Puritans," Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Poems of the Past and of the Present," and Mr. Wells's "Anticipations," and two magnificent and readable volumes on Sicily by Douglas Sladen.

The year also gave (very fortunately) the death-blow to the fashion for love-letters; it produced an interesting criticism, from a new standpoint, of Robert Louis Stevenson, by his friend Mr. Henley; and "The Dictionary of National Biography" was completed, at any rate for some time to come. What of 1902? Well, we shall see. Meanwhile, I wish you a happy twelvemonth of it, and remain,

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, January, 1902.





Typhoon

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Author of "Children of the Sea," "Lord Jim," Etc.

I

CAPTAIN MACWHIRR of the steamer *Nan-Shan* had a physiognomy that, in the order of material appearances, was the exact counterpart of his mind; it presented no marked characteristics of firmness or stupidity; it had no pronounced characteristics whatever: it was simply ordinary, irresponsive, and unruffled.

The only thing his aspect might have been said to suggest, at times, was bashfulness; because he would sit, in business offices ashore, sunburnt and smiling faintly, with downcast eyes. When he raised them they were perceived to be direct in their glance and of blue color. His hair was fair and extremely fine, clasping from temple to temple the bald dome of his skull in a clamp as of fluffy silk. The hair of his face, on the contrary, carrotty and flaming, resembled a growth of copper wire clipped short to the line of the lip; while, no matter how close he shaved, fiery metallic gleams passed, when he moved his head, over the surface of his cheeks. He was rather below the medium height, a bit round-shouldered, and so sturdy of limb that his clothes always looked a shade too tight for his arms and legs. As if unable to grasp what is due to the difference of latitudes he wore a brown bowler hat, a complete suit of a brownish hue, and clumsy black boots. These harbor togs gave to his thick figure an air of stiff and uncouth smartness. A thin silver watch-chain looped his waistcoat and he never left his ship for the shore without clutching in his powerful, hairy fist an elegant umbrella of the very best quality, but generally unrolled. Young Jukes, the chief mate, attending his commander to the gangway, would sometimes venture to say with the greatest gentleness: "Allow me, sir" —and, possessing himself of the umbrella differentially, would elevate the ferule, shake the

folds, twirl a neat furl in a jiffy, and hand it back; going through the performance with a face of such portentous gravity that Mr. Solomon Rout, the chief-engineer, smoking his morning cigar over the skylight, would turn away his head in order to hide a smile. "Oh! Aye! The blessed gamp. . . . Thank 'ee, Jukes, thank 'ee," would mutter Captain MacWhirr heartily, without looking up.

Having just enough imagination to carry him through each successive day, and no more, he was tranquilly sure of himself, and from the very same cause he was not in the least conceited. It is your imaginative superior who is touchy, overbearing, and difficult to please; but every ship Captain MacWhirr commanded was the floating abode of harmony and peace. It was, in truth, as impossible for him to take a flight of fancy as it would be for a watchmaker to put together a chronometer with nothing except a two-pound hammer and a whip-saw in the way of tools. Yet the uninteresting lives of men so entirely given to the actuality of the bare existence have their mysterious side. It was impossible in Captain MacWhirr's case, for instance, to understand what under heaven could have induced that perfectly satisfactory son of a petty grocer in Belfast to run away to sea. And yet he had done that very thing at the age of fifteen. It was enough, when you thought it over, to give you the idea of an immense, potent, and invisible hand thrust into the antheap of the earth, laying hold of shoulders, knocking heads together, and setting the unconscious faces of the multitude towards inconceivable goals and in undreamt-of directions.

His father never really forgave him for this undutiful stupidity. "We could have got on without him," he used to say later on; "but there's the business. And he an only son, too!" His mother wept very much after his

disappearance. As it had never occurred to him to leave word behind he was mourned over for dead till, after eight months, his first letter arrived from Taleahuano. It was short and contained the statement, "We had very fine weather on our passage out." But evidently, in the writer's mind, the only important intelligence was to the effect that his Captain had, on the very day of writing, entered him regularly on the ship's articles as Ordinary Seaman. "Because I can do the work," he explained. The mother again wept copiously, while the remark, "Tom's an ass," expressed the emotions of the father. He was a corpulent man, with a gift for sly chaffing, which to the end of his life he exercised in his intercourse with his son, a little pityingly, as if upon a half-witted person.

MacWhirr's visits to his home were necessarily rare and in the course of years he dispatched other letters to his parents, informing them of his successive promotions and of his movements upon the vast earth. In these missives could be found sentences like this: "The heat here is very great"; or, "On Xmas day at 4 P.M. we fell in with some icebergs." The old people became ultimately acquainted with a good many names of ships and with the names of the skippers who commanded them, with the names of Scotch and English shipowners, with the names of seas, oceans, straits, promontories; with outlandish names of lumber-ports, of rice-ports, of cotton-ports; with the names of islands; with the name of their son's young woman. She was called Lucy. It did not suggest itself to him to mention whether he thought the name pretty. And then they died.

The great day of MacWhirr's marriage came in due course, following shortly upon the great day when he got his first command. All these events had taken place many years before the morning when in the chart-room of the steamer *Nan-Shan* he stood confronted by the fall of a barometer he had no reason to distrust. The fall—taking into account the excellence of the instrument, the time of the year, and the ship's position on the terrestrial globe—was of a nature ominously prophetic, but the red face of the man betrayed no sort of inward disturbance. Omens were as nothing to him, and he was unable to discover the message of a prophecy till the fulfilment had brought it home to his very door. "That's a fall and no mistake," he thought. "There must be some uncommonly dirty weather knocking about."

II

THE *Nan-Shan* was on her way from the southward to the treaty port of Fu-chau with some cargo in her lower holds and two hundred Chinese coolies returning to their village homes in the province of Fo-Kien, after a few years of work in various tropical colonies. The morning was fine, the oily sea heaved without a sparkle, and there was a queer white, misty patch in the sky like a halo of the sun. The foredeck, packed with Chinamen, was full of sombre clothing, yellow faces, and pigtails, sprinkled over with a good many naked shoulders, for there was no wind, and the heat was close. The coolies lounged, talked, smoked, or stared over the rail; some, drawing water over the side, sluiced each other; a few slept on hatches, while several small parties of six sat on their heels, surrounding iron trays with plates of rice and tiny teacups: and every single Celestial of them was carrying with him all he had in the world—a wooden chest with a ringing lock and brass on the corners, containing the savings of his labor: some clothes of ceremony, sticks of incense, a little opium maybe, bits of nameless rubbish of conventional value, and a small hoard of silver dollars, toiled for in coal-lighters, won in gambling-houses or in petty trading, grubbed out of earth, sweated out in mines, on railway lines, in deadly jungle, under heavy burdens—amassed patiently, guarded with care, cherished fiercely.

A cross swell had set in from the direction of Formosa channel about ten o'clock without disturbing these passengers much, because the *Nan-Shan*, with her flat bottom, rolling chocks on bilges, and great breadth of beam, had a reputation of an exceptionally steady ship in a sea-way. Mr. Jukes, in moments of expansion on shore, would proclaim loudly that the "old girl was as good as she was pretty." It would never have occurred to Captain MacWhirr to express his favorable opinion so loud or in terms so fanciful.

She was a good ship, undoubtedly, and not old, either. She had been built in Dumbarton less than three years before to the order of a firm of merchants in Siam—Messrs. Sigg & Son. When she lay afloat, finished in every detail and ready to take up the work of her life, the builders contemplated her with pride. "Sigg has asked us for a reliable skipper to take her out," remarked one of the partners; and the other, after reflecting for a while, said: "I think MacWhirr is ashore just at present."

"Is he? Then wire him at once. He's the very man," declared the senior without a moment's hesitation.

Next morning MacWhirr stood before them unperturbed, having travelled from London by the midnight express, after a sudden but undemonstrative parting with his wife. She was the daughter of a superior couple who had seen better days.

"We had better be going together over the ship, Captain," said the senior partner; and the three men started to explore the perfections of the *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern and from keelson to the trucks of her two stumpy pole-masts. Captain MacWhirr had begun by taking off his coat, which he hung on the end of a steam-windlass embodying all the latest improvements.

"My uncle wrote of you favorably by yesterday's mail to our good friends, Messrs. Sigg, you know; and doubtless they'll continue you out there in command," said the junior. "You'll be able to boast of being in charge of the handiest boat of her size on the coast of China, Captain," he added.

"Have you? Thank 'ee," mumbled vaguely MacWhirr, to whom the view of a distant eventuality could appeal no more than the beauty of a wide landscape to a purblind tourist; and his eyes happening at the moment to be at rest upon the lock of the cabin door, he walked up to it, full of purpose, and began to rattle the handle vigorously, while he observed in his low earnest voice: "You can't trust the workmen nowadays. A brand new lock, and it won't act at all. Stuck fast. See? See?"

As soon as they found themselves alone in their office across the yard: "You praised that fellow up to Sigg. What is it you see in him?" asked the nephew, with faint contempt.

"I admit he has nothing of your fancy skipper about him, if that's what you mean," said the elder man, curtly. "Is the foreman of the joiners on the *Nan-Shan* outside?—Come in, Bates. How is it that you let Tait's people put us off with a defective lock on the cabin door? The Captain could see directly he set eye on it. Have it replaced at once. The little straws, Bates; the little straws." The lock was replaced accordingly, and a few days afterwards the *Nan-Shan* steamed out to the East without MacWhirr having offered any further remark as to her fittings, or having been heard to utter a single word hinting at pride in his ship, gratitude for his appointment, or satisfaction at his prospects.

With a temperament neither loquacious nor taciturn, he found very little occasion to talk. There were matters of duty, of course,—directions, orders, and so on: but the past being to his mind done with, and the future not there yet, the more general actualities of the day required no comment, because facts can speak for themselves with overwhelming precision.

Old Mr. Sigg liked a man of few words, and one that "you could be sure would not try to improve upon his instructions." MacWhirr, satisfying these requirements, was continued in command of the *Nan-Shan*, and applied himself to the careful navigation of his ship in the China seas. She had come out on a British register, but, after some time, Messrs. Sigg judged it expedient to transfer her to the Siamese flag.

At the news of the contemplated transfer Jukes grew restless, as if under a sense of personal affront. He went about grumbling to himself and uttering short, scornful laughs. "Fancy having a ridiculous, Noah's ark elephant in the ensign of one's ship," he said once at the engine-room door. "Dash me if I can stand it. I'll throw up the billet. Don't it make *you* sick, Mr. Rout?" The chief-engineer only cleared his throat with the air of a man who knows the value of a good billet.

The first morning the new flag floated over the stern of the *Nan-Shan*, Jukes stood looking at it bitterly from the bridge. He struggled with his feelings for a while, and then remarked: "Queer flag for a man to sail under, sir."

"What's the matter with the flag?" inquired Captain MacWhirr. "Seems all right to me." And he walked across to the end of the bridge to have a good look.

"Well, it is queer to me," burst out Jukes, greatly exasperated, and flung off the bridge.

Captain MacWhirr was amazed at these manners. After a while he stepped quietly into the chart-room and opened his *International Signal Code-Book* at the place where the flags of all the nations are correctly figured in gaudy rows. He ran his finger over them, and when he came to Siam he contemplated with great attention the red field and the white elephant. Nothing could be more simple; but to make sure he brought the book out on the bridge for the purpose of comparing the colored drawing with the real thing at the flag-staff astern. When next Jukes, who was carrying on the duty that day with a sort of suppressed fierceness, happened on the bridge his commander observed:

"There's nothing amiss with that flag."

"Is n't there?" mumbled Jukes, falling on his knees before a deck-locker and jerking therefrom viciously a spare lead-line.

"No. I looked up the book. Length twice the breadth and the elephant exactly in the middle. I thought the people ashore would know how to make the local flag. Stands to reason. You were wrong, Jukes."

"Well, sir," began Jukes, getting up excitedly, "all I can say—" He fumbled for the end of the coil of line with trembling hands.

"That's all right." Captain MacWhirr soothed him, sitting heavily on a little canvas folding stool he greatly affected. "All you have to do is to take care they don't hoist the elephant upside down before they get quite used to it."

Jukes flung the new lead-line over on the fore-deck with a loud "Here you are, bo' sn. Don't forget to wet it thoroughly," and turned with immense resolution towards his commander, but Captain MacWhirr spread his elbows on the bridge-rail comfortably.

"Because it would be, I suppose, understood as a signal of distress," he went on. "What do you think? That elephant there, I take it, stands for something in the nature of the Union-Jack in the flag."

"Does it?" yelled Jukes so that every head on the *Nan-Shan's* decks looked towards the bridge. Then he sighed, and with sudden resignation, "It would certainly be a damn distressful sight," he said, meekly.

Later in the day he accosted the chief-engineer with a confidential, "Here! Let me tell you the old man's latest."

Mr. Solomon Rout (frequently alluded to as Long Sol, Old Sol, or Father Rout), from finding himself almost invariably the tallest man on board every ship he joined, had acquired the habit of a stooping, leisurely condescension. His hair was scant and sandy, his flat cheeks were pale, his bony wrists and long scholarly hands were pale, too, as though he had lived all his life in the shade.

He smiled from on high at Jukes and went on smoking and glancing about quietly, in the manner of a kind uncle lending an ear to the tale of an excited schoolboy. Then, greatly amused but impassive, he asked:

"And did you throw up the billet?"

"No," cried Jukes, in a weary, discouraged voice, above the harsh buzz of the *Nan-Shan's* friction winches. All of them were hard at work, snatching slings of cargo, high up, to

the end of long derricks, only, as it seemed, to let them rip down, recklessly, by the run. The cargo chains groaned in the gins, clinked on coamings, rattled over the side; and the whole ship quivered, with her long gray flanks smoking in wreaths of steam. "No," cried Jukes; "I did n't. What's the good? I might just as well fling my resignation at this bulkhead. I don't believe you can make a man like that understand anything. He simply knocks me over."

At that moment, Captain MacWhirr, back from the shore, crossed the deck, umbrella in hand, escorted by a mournful, self-possessed Chinaman, walking behind in paper-soled silk shoes, and who also carried an umbrella.

The master of the *Nan-Shan*, speaking just audibly and gazing at his boots as his manner was, remarked that it would be necessary to call at Fu-chau this trip, and desired Mr. Rout to have steam up to-morrow afternoon at one o'clock sharp. He pushed back his hat to wipe his forehead, observing at the same time that he hated going ashore, anyhow; while overtopping him, Mr. Rout, without deigning a word, smoked austerely, nursing his right elbow in the palm of his left hand. Then Jukes was directed in the same subdued voice to keep the forward 'tween-deck clear of cargo. Two hundred coolies were going to be put down there. The Bun Hin Company were sending that lot home. Twenty-five bags of rice would be coming off in a sampan directly for stores. All seven-years' men they were, said Captain MacWhirr, with a chest to every man. The carpenter should be set to work nailing three-inch battens along the deck below, fore and aft, to keep these boxes from shifting in a sea-way. Jukes had better look to it at once. "D' ye hear, Jukes?" This Chinaman here was coming with the ship as far as Fu-chau—a sort of interpreter he would be. Bun Hin's clerk he was, and wanted to have a look at the space. Jukes had better take him forward. "D' ye hear, Jukes?"

Jukes took good care to punctuate these instructions in proper places with the obligatory "Yes, sir," ejaculated without enthusiasm. His brusque "Come along, John. Make look see," set the Chinaman in motion at his heels.

"Wanchee look see, all same look see can do," said Jukes, who, having no talent for foreign languages, mangled the very pidgin-English cruelly. He pointed at the open hatch. "Catchee number one piecie place to sleep in. Eh?"

He was gruff, as became his racial superior-

ity, but not unfriendly. The Chinaman, gazing sad and speechless into the darkness of the hatchway, seemed to stand at the head of a yawning grave.

"No catchee rain down there—savee?" pointed out Jukes. "Suppose allee same fine weather, one piecie coolie-man come topside," he pursued, warming up imaginatively. "Make so—phooooo!" He expanded his chest and blew out his cheeks. "Savee, John? Breathe—fresh air. Good. Eh? Washee him piecie pants, chow-chow topside see, John?"

With his mouth and hands he made exuberant motions of eating rice and washing clothes, and the Chinaman, who concealed his distrust of this pantomime under a collected demeanor, tinged by a gentle and refined melancholy, glanced out of his almond eyes from Jukes to the hatch and back again. "Velly good," he murmured, in a disconsolate undertone and hastened smoothly along the decks, dodging obstacles in his course: he disappeared, ducking low under a sling of ten dirty gunny-bags full of some costly merchandise and exhaling a repulsive smell.

III

CAPTAIN MACWHIRR meantime had gone on the bridge and into the chart-room, where a letter, commenced two days before, awaited termination. These long letters began with the words, "My darling wife," and the steward, between the scrubbing of the floors and the dusting of chronometer-boxes, snatched at every opportunity to read them. They interested him much more than they possibly could the woman for whose eye they were intended; and for this reason, that they related in minute detail each successive trip of the *Nan-Shan*.

Her master, faithful to facts, which alone his consciousness reflected, would set them down with painstaking care upon many pages. The house, in a Northern suburb, to which these pages were addressed, had a bit of garden before the bow-windows, a deep porch of good appearance, colored glass with imitation lead frame in the front door. He paid five-and-forty pounds a year for it, and did not think the rent too high, because Mrs. MacWhirr, a pretentious person with a scraggy neck and a disdainful manner, was admittedly ladylike, and in the neighborhood considered as "quite superior." The only secret of her life was her abject terror of the time when her husband

would come home to stay for good. Under the same roof there dwelt also a daughter called Lydia, and a son, Tom. These two were but slightly acquainted with their father. Mainly, they knew him as a rare but privileged visitor, who of an evening smoked his pipe in the dining-room and slept in the house. The lanky girl, upon the whole, was rather ashamed of him; the boy was frankly and utterly indifferent, in a straightforward, delightful, unaffected way manly boys have.

And Captain MacWhirr, wrote home from the coast of China twelve times every year, desiring queerly to be "remembered to the children," and subscribing himself "your loving husband," as calmly as if the words so long used by so many men were, apart from their shape, worn out things and of a faded meaning.

The China Seas, North and South, are narrow seas. They are seas full of everyday, eloquent facts, such as islands, sandbanks, reefs, swift and changeable currents—tangled facts that nevertheless speak to a seaman in clear and definite language. Their speech appealed to Captain MacWhirr's sense of realities so forcibly that he had given up his state-room below and practically lived all his days on the bridge of his ship, often having his meals sent up, and sleeping at night in the chart-room. And he indited there his home letters. Each of them, without exception, contained the phrase, "the weather has been very fine this trip," or some other form of a statement to that effect. And this statement, too, in its wonderful persistence, was of the same perfect accuracy as all the others they contained.

Mr. Rout likewise wrote letters, only no one on board knew how chatty he could be, pen in hand, because the chief-engineer had enough imagination to keep his desk locked. His wife relished his style greatly. They were a childless couple, and Mrs. Rout a big, high-bosomed, jolly woman of forty, shared with Mr. Rout's toothless and venerable mother a little cottage near Teddington. She would run over her correspondence at breakfast with lively eyes, and scream out interesting passages in a joyous voice at the deaf old lady, prefacing each extract by the warning shout: "Solomon says!" She had the trick of firing off Solomon's utterances also upon strangers, astonishing them easily by the unfamiliar text and the unexpectedly jocular vein of these quotations. On the day the new curate called for the first time at the cottage she found occasion to remark, "as Solomon says, the engineers

that go down to the sea in ships behold the wonders of sailor nature"; when a change in the visitor's countenance made her stop and stare.

"Solomon! Oh!—Mrs. Rout!" stuttered the young man, startled, shocked, and red in the face. "I must say—I don't—"

"He's my husband," she announced in a great shout, throwing herself back in the chair. Perceiving the joke she laughed immoderately with a handkerchief to her eyes, while he sat wearing a forced smile and, from his inexperience of jolly women, was persuaded that she must be deplorably insane. They were excellent friends afterwards; for, absolving her from irreverent intention, he came to think she was a very worthy person indeed; and he learned in time to receive without flinching other scraps of Solomon's wisdom.

"For my part," Solomon was reported by his wife to have said once, "give me the dull-est ass for a skipper before a rogue. There is a way to take a fool, but a rogue is smart and slippery." This was an airy generalization drawn from the particular case of Captain MacWhirr's honesty, which, in itself, had the heavy obviousness of a lump of clay. On the other hand, Mr. Jukes, unable to generalize, unmarried, and unengaged, was in the habit of opening his heart after another fashion to an old chum and former shipmate, actually serving as second officer on board an Atlantic liner.

First of all, he would insist upon the advantages of the Eastern trade, hinting at its superiority to the Western Ocean service. He extolled the sky, the seas, the ships, and the easy life of the Far East. The *Nan-Shan*, he affirmed, was second to none as a seaboat "We have no brass-bound uniforms, but then we are like brothers here," he wrote. "We all mess together and live like fighting cocks. . . . All the chaps of the black-squad are as decent as they make that kind, and old Sol, the chief, is a dry stick. We are good friends. As to our old man, you could not find a quieter skipper. Sometimes you would think he had n't sense enough to see anything wrong. And yet it is n't that. Can't be. He has been in command for a good few years now. He does n't do anything actually foolish, and gets his ship along all right without worrying anybody. I believe he has n't brains enough to enjoy kicking up a row. I don't take advantage of him. I would scorn it. Outside the routine of duty he does n't seem to understand more than half of what

you tell him. We get a laugh out of this at times, but it is dull, too, to be with a man like this—in the long run. Old Sol says he has n't much conversation. Conversation! Oh, Lord! He never talks. The other day I had been yarning under the bridge with one of the engineers, and he must have heard us. When I came up to take my watch he steps out of the chart-room and has a good look all round, peeps over at the sidelights, glances at the compass, squints upwards at the stars. That's his regular performance. By and by he says: 'Was that you talking just now in the port alley-way?'—'Yes, sir.'—'With the third engineer?'—'Yes, sir.' He walks off to starboard and sits under the dodger on a little campstool of his and for half an hour, perhaps, he makes no sound except that I heard him sneeze once. Then after a while I hear him getting up over there and he strolls across to port where I was. 'I can't understand what you can find to talk about,' says he. 'Two solid hours. I am not blaming you. I see people ashore at it all day long, and then in the evening they sit down and keep at it over the drinks. Must be saying the same things over and over again. I can't understand.' Did you ever hear anything like that? And he was so patient about it. It made me quite sorry for him. But he is exasperating, too, sometimes. Of course, one would not do anything to vex him even if it were worth while. But it is n't. He's so jolly dense that if you were to put your thumb to your nose and wave your fingers at him, he would only wonder gravely to himself what got into you. He told me once quite simply that he found it very difficult to make out what made people always act so queerly. He's too dense to trouble about and that's the truth."

Thus wrote Mr. Jukes to his chum in the Western Ocean trade, out of the fulness of his heart and the liveliness of his fancy.

He had expressed his honest opinion. It was not worth while trying to impress a man like that. If the world had been full of such men life would have probably appeared to Jukes an unentertaining and unprofitable business. He was not alone in his opinion. The sea itself, as if sharing Mr. Jukes's good-natured forbearance, had never put itself out to startle the silent man who seldom looked up and wandered innocently over the waters with the only visible purpose of getting food, raiment, and house-room for three people ashore. Dirty weather he had known, of course. He had been made wet, uncomfortable, tired in

the usual way,—felt at the time and presently forgotten. So that upon the whole he had been justified in reporting fine weather at home. But he had never been given a glimpse of immeasurable strength and of immoderate wrath, the wrath that passes exhausted but never appeased—the wrath and fury of the passionate sea. He knew it existed, as we know that crime and abominations exist; he had heard of it as a peaceable citizen in a town hears of battles, famines, and floods, and yet knows nothing of what these things mean, though, indeed, he may have been mixed up in a street row, have gone without his dinner once, or been soaked to the skin in a shower. He sailed over the surface of the oceans as some men go skimming over the years of existence and sink at last into a placid grave, ignorant of life to the last, without ever having been made to see all it contains of perfidy, violence, and terror. There are on sea and land such men thus fortunate, or thus disdained by destiny or by the sea.

IV

OBSERVING the steady fall of the barometer, Captain MacWhirr thought: "There's some dirty weather knocking about." This is precisely what he thought. He had had an experience of moderately dirty weather,—the term dirty, as applied to the weather in itself, implying only moderate discomfort to the seaman. Had he been informed by an indisputable authority that the end of the world was to be finally accomplished by a catastrophic disturbance of the atmosphere, he would have assimilated the information under the simple idea of dirty weather and no other, because he had no experience of cataclysms and belief does not necessarily imply comprehension. The wisdom of his country had pronounced by means of an Act of Parliament that before he could be considered as fit to take charge of a ship he should be able to answer certain simple questions on the subject of circular storms, such as hurricanes, cyclones, typhoons,—and apparently he had answered them, since he was now in command of the *Nan-Shan* in the China seas during the season of typhoons. But if he had answered he remembered nothing of it. He was, however, conscious of being made uncomfortable by the clammy heat. He came out on the bridge and found no relief to this oppression. The air seemed thick. He gasped like a fish and began to believe himself greatly out of sorts.

The *Nan-Shan* was ploughing a vanishing furrow upon the circle of the sea that had a surface like a piece of gray satin; and under this surface slow undulations passed, unbroken and smooth, swinging the ship bodily up and down at regular intervals. The white patch of mist declined down the sky together with the sun which, pale and without rays, poured a leaden heat in a strangely indecisive light, and the Chinamen were lying prostrate about the decks. Their bloodless, pinched yellow faces were like the faces of bilious invalids. Captain MacWhirr noticed two of them especially, stretched out on their backs below the bridge. As soon as they had closed their eyes they seemed dead. Three others, however, were quarrelling barbarously away forward, and one big fellow, half naked, with herculean shoulders, was hanging limply over a winch; while another sitting on the deck, his knees up and his head drooping sideways in a girlish attitude, was plaiting his tail with infinite languor depicted in his whole person and in the very movement of his fingers. The smoke struggled with difficulty out of the funnel, and instead of streaming away spread out like an infernal sort of cloud, smelling of sulphur and raining soot on the decks.

"What the devil are you doing there, Mr. Jukes?" asked Captain MacWhirr.

This unusual form of address, though mumbled rather than spoken, caused the body of Mr. Jukes to start as though it had been prodded under the fifth rib. He had had a low bench brought on the bridge, and, sitting on it with a length of rope curled about his feet and a piece of canvas stretched over his knees, was pushing a sail-needle vigorously. He looked up, and his surprise gave to his eyes an expression of innocence and candor.

"I am only roping some of that new set of bags we made last trip for whipping up coals," he remonstrated genfly. "We shall want them for the next coaling, sir."

"What became of the others?"

"Why! Worn out, of course, sir."

Captain MacWhirr, after glaring down irresolutely at his chief-mate, disclosed the gloomy and cynical conviction that more than half of them had been lost overboard, "if only the truth was known," and retired to the other end of the bridge. Jukes, exasperated by this unprovoked attack, broke the needle at the second stitch, and, dropping his work, got up and cursed the heat in a violent undertone.

The propeller thumped, the three Chinamen

forward had given up squabbling very suddenly, and the one who had been plaiting his tail clasped his legs and stared dejectedly over his knees. The lurid sunshine cast faint and sickly shadows. The swell ran higher and swifter every moment, and the ship lurched heavily in the smooth, deep hollows of the sea.

"I wonder where that beastly swell comes from," said Jukes aloud, recovering himself after a stagger.

"Northeast," grunted the literal Mac-Whirr, from his side of the bridge. "There's some dirty weather knocking about. Go and look at the glass."

When Jukes came out of the chart-room the cast of his countenance had changed to thoughtfulness and concern. He caught hold of the bridge-rail and stared ahead.

The temperature in the engine-room had gone up to 110 degrees. Irritated voices were ascending through the skylight and through the fiddle of the stoke-hold. They made a harsh and resonant uproar, mingled with angry clangs and scrapes of metal, as if men with limbs of iron and throats of bronze had been quarrelling down there. The second engineer was falling foul of the stokers for letting the steam go down. He was a man with arms like a blacksmith and generally feared, but that afternoon the stokers were answering him back recklessly and slammed the furnace doors with the fury of despair. Then the noise ceased suddenly and the second engineer appeared, emerging out of the stoke-hold, streaked with grime and soaking wet, like a chimney-sweep coming out of a well. As soon as his head was clear of the fiddle he began upbraiding Jukes for not trimming properly the stoke-hold ventilators, and in answer Jukes made with his hands deprecatory soothing signs, meaning no wind—can't be helped—you can see for yourself. But the other would n't hear reason. His teeth flashed angrily in his dirty face, and he cursed like a madman. He did n't mind, he said, the trouble of punching their blanked heads down there, blank his soul, but did the condemned sailors think you could keep steam up in the God-forsaken boilers simply by knocking the blanked stokers about? No, by George! You had to get some draught, too—may he be everlastingly blanked for a swab-headed, deck-hand, if you did n't! And the chief, too, rampaging before the steam-gauge and carrying on like a lunatic all over the engine-room ever since noon. What did Jukes think he was stuck up there for, if he could-

n't get one of his decayed, good-for-nothing, deck-cripples to turn the ventilators to the wind?

The relations of the "engine-room" and the "deck" of the *Nan-Shan* were, as is known, of a brotherly nature; therefore Jukes leaned over and begged the other in a restrained tone not to make a disgusting ass of himself—the skipper was on the other side of the bridge. But the second declared mutinously that he did n't care who was on the other side of the bridge, and Jukes, passing in a flash from lofty disapproval into a state of exaltation, invited him in unflattering terms to come up and twist the beastly things to please himself, and to catch such wind as a donkey of his sort could find. The second rushed up to the fray. He flung himself at the port ventilator as though he meant to tear it out bodily and toss it overboard. All he did was to move round the cowl a few inches, with an enormous expenditure of force, and seemed spent in the effort. He leaned against the back of the wheel-house, and Jukes walked up to him.

"Oh, heavens!" ejaculated the engineer in a feeble voice. He lifted his eyes to the sky and then let his glassy stare descend to meet the horizon that, tilting up to an angle of forty degrees, seemed to hang on a slant for awhile and settled down slowly. "Heavens! Phew! What's up, anyhow?"

Jukes, straddling his long legs like a pair of compasses, put on an air of superiority. "We're going to catch it this time," he said. "The barometer is tumbling down like anything, Harry. And you trying to kick up that silly row."

It seemed as though the word "barometer" had revived the second engineer's mad animosity. Collecting afresh all his energies he directed Jukes in a low and brutal tone to shove the unmentionable instrument down his gory throat. Who cared for his crimson barometer? It was the steam—the steam—that was going down; and what between the firemen going faint and the chief going silly, it was worse than a dog's life for him; and he did n't care a tinker's curse how soon the whole show was blown out of the water. He seemed on the point of having a cry, but, after regaining his breath, he muttered darkly, "I'll faint them," and dashed off. He stopped upon the fiddle long enough to shake his fist at the unnatural daylight and dropped into the dark hole with a whoop.

(To be continued.)

The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editors.

ARCHITECTURE

Sturgis—A Dictionary of Architecture and Building. Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive. By Russel Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., and other Expert Writers. In three volumes. Vol. III.—O-Z. Illustrated. Macmillan. \$18.00.

Now that the third and final volume of Mr. Sturgis's "Dictionary of Architecture" has made its appearance one is afforded a better opportunity for judging the undertaking both broadly and specifically. Perhaps the most disappointing feature of the work are the illustrations, which include a vast and not always pertinent quantity of modern half-tones and antiquated line engravings. The juxtaposition of these is sometimes startling, and often where one might expect to find illustrations there are none, though the number of irrelevant plates is unduly large. It is also to be regretted that there has been no attempt to throw light upon the pronunciation and derivation of the terms defined, many of which, of course, come directly from foreign languages. Aside from these points the defects of the Dictionary are of minor moment. There is a certain lack of proportion in the treatment of titles, though this has, of course, favored one of the Dictionary's chief merits, which is the inclusion of extensive descriptive articles. One may well congratulate the editor and publishers on the speedy completion of a work which has involved so much painstaking research, and to praise once more the concise and scholarly biographical material which forms such an important portion of the work, and which has been largely furnished by Mr. Edward R. Smith of the Avery Architectural Library.

Wooton—The Elements of Architecture. By the Curious Pencil of the Ever Memorable Sir Henry Wooton, Kt. London, 1651. Bassett Co., Springfield. \$1.50.

The present volume is a welcome reproduction of the 1651 edition of "Reliquiæ Wootonianæ," which included this quaint attempt of an amateur to set down the results of his study, and his observations on Italian architecture.

BELLES-LETTRES

Black—Culture and Restraint. By Hugh Black. Revell. \$1.50.

This volume is a thoroughgoing study of the problem suggested by the opposing ideals of

culture and self-denial. The author considers in turn the arguments for and against the æsthetic and ascetic ideals, and finds the solution in the balance which Christianity maintains between the two. His reasoning is not always sound, and his statements in regard to monasticism are sometimes reckless. He seems, too, to disregard, or at least not to give due importance to, the doctrine of vicarious penance. But the book makes interesting reading.

Boise—Music and Its Masters. By O. B. Boise. With six portraits. Lippincott. \$1.50.

Modesty and well-digested information are the keynotes of this book. Mr. Boise writes with the authority of thirty years' experience as a teacher of composition, and he speaks in the manner of the man who knows whereof he speaks. In seven chapters he discusses the nature and origin of music, music's first era, and the influences operative in various lands during its continuance, Biblical mention of music, Wagner, the influencing factors in deciding musical destinies, and musical intelligence. Musicians and amateurs will find his book psychologically suggestive.

Hastings—The Theatre. By Charles Hastings. Translated from the French by Frances A. Welby. Lippincott, \$3.00.

This is an attempt to supply the need, in France and England, of a "history, or rather an historical outline," of the theatre in Greece, Rome, and the two countries named above. It gives every evidence of studious research and careful preparation, and must prove a useful handbook to students of the drama. A bibliography of the subject is appended, and the work is thoroughly indexed. In a prefatory letter, M. Sardou gives his cordial endorsement to Mr. Hastings's history.

Le Row: Mark Twain.—English as She is Taught. Edited by Caroline B. Le Row. Introduction by Mark Twain. Century. \$1.00.

A new and more attractive edition of the little book compiled by a Brooklyn teacher from the compositions and definitions of public-school children. It illustrates the truth that fact may be funnier than fiction, for no one could possibly invent anything so laughable as most of the matter here presented, with every assurance as to its authenticity.

Prothero—The Works of Lord Byron. Letters and Journals, Vol. VI. Edited by R. E. Prothero, M.A., London: Murray. Imported by Scribners. \$2.00.

This volume completes the issue of the Letters and Journals. The superiority of this edition to the best of the former ones may be stated arithmetically. Moore, in his "Life of Byron," prints 561 letters; Halleck prints 635; Prothero gives 1,198, or more than double the number of Moore and almost double that of Halleck. He also gives the letters more accurately, and adds a vast amount of biographical, historical, and other illustrative matter in his notes and appendixes.

Reed—The Spinster Book. By Myrtle Reed. Putnam. \$1.50.

Another heart's cry has broken from the tender bosom of Miss Myrtle Reed. This time the cry is cynical and almost bitter, for in "The Spinster Book" Miss Reed eases her mind, and tells Man what she thinks of him. The over-sensitive may find the aphorisms that compose this book not quite to their taste though some of them are funny; but the young spinster desirous of altering her state will find valuable advice. The matrimonial hook, Miss Reed thinks, should be baited with food and lots of it. Feed man, feed him early and often, overfeed him! This is the core of Miss Reed's philosophy.

Street—Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism.

By Ida M. Street. Stone. \$1.60.

While one may well question the utility of any attempt to resuscitate Ruskin the art critic, still there is no pronounced consensus against such an undertaking. The author of these interpretations and the compiler of these selections shows scant aptitude for the task in hand—the task of formulating and summarizing Ruskin's art philosophy; a philosophy at best vague, inchoate, and contradictory, yet couched in supple, colorful language. Though he succeeded in proving that he knew little about art, Ruskin proved that he was himself an artist, a master of expression, which, after all, was the better.

Strong—The Times and Young Men. By

Josiah Strong. Baker & Taylor. 75 cts.

"The Father of 'Our Country'" knows his boys, and is well acquainted with the century in which American lads live. Born and trained as a "Puritan," his rigid views felt the shock of theological and social changes, but he set himself to interpret the new ideas and movements. Seeing that right interpretation has done so much for himself, he now tries in this little book to show certain controlling principles or great laws of life which never alter.

Thackeray—Stray Papers. By William Make-

peace Thackeray. Being Stories, Reviews, Verses, and Sketches (1821-1847).

Edited by Lewis Melville. Illustrated. Jacobs. \$2.00, *nett*.

It is a question whether it is wise to collect and print the early writings of a famous author, but without stopping to argue the case,

one may say that such collections are generally interesting. The early work of few writers is as well worth collecting as that of Thackeray, and no one who collects Thackerayana can afford to be without Mr. Lewis Melville's volume of "Stray Papers."

BIOGRAPHY

Hall—John Hall, Pastor and Preacher. A Biography. By his son, Thomas C. Hall. Revell. \$1.50, *nett*.

With singularly good taste, eliminating from his work both eulogium and criticism, the professor of ethics in Union Seminary, and son of the famous Fifth Avenue Presbyterian preacher, has written the story of his father's life. John Hall was a big-hearted Irishman, with one idea dominating all others and shaping his career. By spiritual induction he moulded the life of thousands. He was not an orator in the pulpit, not a platform speaker, but a preacher of God's good news to man. His writings had astonishingly little literary charm or value, but his sermons moved men to unselfish and fruitful lives, while at the council board every word of John Hall weighed a ton. In all things John Hall was manly and consistent, and this book is an admirable presentation of his beautiful and fruitful life.

Hapgood—George Washington. By Norman Hapgood. Macmillan. \$1.75.

If there must be so many new lives of Washington it is not a bad idea to have them as clear and interesting as this one. It is compact, vivid, and, for so brief a biography, singularly comprehensive. It gives evidence of scholarship, too, and research, and is far from being mere bookmaker's task-work. Mr. Hapgood has a clear, readable style that invites attention and holds the interest. The book is illustrated with handsome reproductions of various portraits of Washington, the frontispiece being a photogravure of Savage's painting, now the property of Harvard University. There are also facsimile reproductions of pages from his own account of his journey over the mountains in March, 1747, and of his opinion of the field-officers of the Revolution who were alive in 1791.

Lee—Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Supplement, Vol. III. How-Woodward. Macmillan. \$5.00.

The most notable contribution to the third supplementary volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is that dedicated to Queen Victoria. The article, which covers pages 389-500, is from the pen of the present editor, Mr. Sidney Lee, and easily ranks among the ablest and most concise biographies of the late Queen.

Mason—Memories of a Musical Life. By William Mason. Illustrated. Century. \$2.00, *nett*.

Had Dr. Mason been childless his "Memories" would never have been committed to

paper. It is due to the insistent urging of his daughter, and the cordial co-operation of his son-in-law, Mr. Howard van Sinderen, and Mr. Gustav Kobbé, the critic, that the literature of music has been enriched with this budget of reminiscences, portraits, autographs, etc. The author is the dean of the musical guild in America; he was a pupil of Liszt's, and has known most of the famous musicians of the past half-century at home and abroad. Like his father before him, though in a different way, he has done much to foster the study and enjoyment of music in America. And not the least part of the veteran pianist and composer's service to the music-loving world has been the preparation of this highly entertaining and historically interesting work.

Pinloche—Pestalozzi, and the Foundation of the Modern Elementary School. By A. Pinloche. Scribner. \$1.00.

That happy day long looked for, which seems to be dawning, when teaching will be exalted into and recognized as a profession, is certainly being hastened by the series of able works on the Great Educators, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler. In this compact volume, the Swiss educational reformer is pictured, in the detail of his daily work, by one who is already known in the field of educational history, and who is able boldly to grasp and clearly to state the philosophy which, in the face of manifold obstacles, Pestalozzi persistently wrought out and successfully applied.

FICTION

Becke—Yorke the Adventurer. By Louis Becke. Lippincott. \$1.50.

With the South Sea Islands to draw on for picturesque material, Mr. Becke has managed to turn out some unusually commonplace stories, told with rather less sense of proportion and construction than the average story one reads. This is a pity, as he apparently knows the South Seas and had the stuff for better stories than these.

Connor—The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. Revell. \$1.50.

The scene of this tale is laid in Ontario and British Columbia, and the chief characters are drawn from the Highland Scots who have emigrated to the new world. Mr. Connor seems to have undertaken for the transplanted Scotchman what Messrs. Maclaren and Crockett have done for him at home in his native kail-yard. It may seem strange to the uninitiated that the Canadian Scotchman should have a monopoly of all the virtues, physical and moral, in the Dominion; but Mr. Connor implies as much—and he should know. The cause of such a state of things is a nice ethnological problem, and the author, being a keen observer and in a position to use his equipment, owes it to the world to demonstrate its solution. However, for those who like their Scotsmen strong, fearless, and angelic, and all other races, especially French and Irish Canadians, endowed with

all the opposite vices, "The Man from Glengarry" will be exhilarating reading. Some of the scenes are wonderfully thrilling. The picture of the bar-room brawl, with six Scotchmen gayly bandying jests while they engage and vanquish a party of fifty or thereabouts of the inferior races, and Macdonald Bhain tossing able-bodied men over the bar and through convenient windows, is a joyous reminder of the dear dead days when "Old Sleuth" used to play similar havoc with hosts of adversaries.

Crawford—Marietta, a Maid of Venice. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Other romancers come and go. An all-embracing reputation is made in thirty days and forgotten in a year. But Mr. Crawford goes on forever, serenely doing what he always has done, as well as he always has done it, and reaping the rewards as if it were no great matter after all. It is no treat to him to be on the lists of the "six best-selling." That happens once or twice a year with an almost tiresome regularity. "Marietta" is a story of the glass-blowers of Murano, and a right good story, too. The romance of the wealthy glass-blower's daughter and Zovgi, the Dalmatian, her father's servant, but an artist, happens to have an interesting foundation in reality, but it is just as absorbing as if Mr. Crawford had made it all out of his own head. Even facts do not get in Mr. Crawford's way—and what need to say more?

Gallon—The Man who Knew Better. A Christmas Dream. By T. Gallon. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. Appleton. \$1.50.

This story starts out to be a second "Santa Claus's Christmas" by Thomas Nelson Page, and then changes its course through the loss of identity of Andrew Judkin into a tale of poor relatives made happy by unexpected accession of a fortune. The illustrations and the print are particularly good. The tone of the story is somewhat oppressively didactic.

Hichens—The Prophet of Berkeley Square. By Robert Hichens. Dodd, Mead, & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Hichens is undeniably clever,—so emphatically clever, indeed, that it seems hardly necessary to announce on the title-page of "The Prophet of Berkeley Square" that he is the author of "Flames," and, it might be added, of "The Green Carnation." One remembers these facts. There is a soft sensuousness about his novels that affects one's nerves like the stroking of a cat the right way. One would like to be the Prophet's grandmother, to sleep in that heavy, dull-blue carpeted bedchamber, where the walls were dressed with a dull-blue paper like velvet, before every one of the many low and seductive chairs was set a low and seductive footstool, and in front of the hearth was a sofa on which an emperor might have laid an easy head, even wearing a crown. This suggestion of comfort is admirably balanced by an abrupt contrast of phrases for which Mr.

Hichens is notable,—a contrast which wakes one suddenly from the day dream before the fire. Whatever effort he produces, he never bores. On every new page is a new and clever turn.

Hope—Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. McClure, Phillips, & Co. \$1.50.

Here is a rattling good story. Mr. Hope has often furnished us with tales answering that description before, but they were performances of a different order. Whereas his previous successes have been stories of incident, this is a novel of character. The vein of "Zenda" can easily be worked out, but the success of "Tristram of Blent" can be repeated indefinitely to a satisfied audience. It is the kind of story Anthony Trollope might write if he were abridged, reincarnated, brought up to date, and given a touch of the divine fire to vivify the carefully shaped clay of his puppets.

Both in plot and workmanship the story is much better than any of Mr. Hope's former attempts in the same line. It seems to mark his achievement of mastery in this kind, and holds out the promise of an indefinite number of clever novels of social life to accompany the present generation on its way down the shady side of life.

Horton—The Tempting of Father Anthony.

By George Horton. McClurg & Co. \$1.25. "The Tempting of Father Anthony" is a pretty story; the characters are all pretty and the scenery is irreproachably pretty. The plot is laid in Greece, where, we are told, the author has spent much time living among the people and studying them. He has been impressed by what impresses most foreigners in any strange land—the quaintness and picturesqueness. So the story naturally bristles with the picturesque. The book preserves a comic-opera tone throughout, but it is consistent, and makes very pretty pictures for one.

Janvier—In Great Waters. By Thomas Janvier. Harper. \$1.25.

Here are four stories of dwellers beside the waves. One, perhaps the best of all, "The Wrath of the Zuyder Zee," is placed on the island of Marken; another is beside Lake Superior, the third in Provence, and the fourth on the English shores of the North Sea. Being Mr. Janvier's work, it goes without saying that they are admirably done—but they are all tragedies. There are so few writers who can give us hearty, wholesome laughter that we are justified in our indignation when one of them brings us tears instead.

Lefèvre—Wall Street Stories. By Edwin Lefèvre. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Lefèvre would probably be the first to repudiate for his Wall Street Stories the title "Tracts for the Times." Nonetheless the stories are tracts, in the best sense of the word, and they are both for the times and of

the times. It would not surprise one to know that in future years they will furnish valuable documentary evidence to students of sociology intent upon understanding the spirit of speculation that has characterized the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries. Mr. Lefèvre's stories strike at the root of the matter. They waste no time in moralizing. They merely show speculation for what it is,—a desire to get something for nothing, a desire that often outwits and overreaches its possessor, and that destroys character and honeycombs the life that it fastens upon.

Montresor—The Alien. By F. F. Montresor. Appleton. \$1.50.

"The Alien" belongs to the school of Brontë. Rochester and Jane Eyre, a little toned down by time and convention, appear in the characters of Jaspar and Esther Mordaunt. Esther, who like her prototype is pale gray on the outside but blood-red within, is dependent on the whim of a rich, crabbed aunt; and Jaspar, having, like Rochester, lived in many climes and achieved a deal of wickedness, comes home to play havoc in her monotonous life. The interest of the story, however, does not centre in these two, but in the crabbed old aunt, whose prototype we do not remember to have met in fiction. She is very much alive, as are all the characters of the book, and quite capable, with her vagaries past and present, of helping one to while away an afternoon or an evening by the fire.

Patteson—Pussy Meow: The Autobiography of a Cat. By S. Louise Patteson. Jacobs. 60 cts., net.

"This book is intended to do for the cat what 'Black Beauty' has done for the horse." Let us hope that it will, for the cat, except in rare instances, is a much-abused animal.

Rhys—The Wooing of Sheila. By Grace Rhys. Holt. \$1.50.

There seems to be somewhat of a dearth this season of stories that are merely pretty stories, with attractive little heroines, who are neither galloping tomboys nor heroines of a grand type ready for all emergencies, from subduing pirates to quelling cardinals. Literary curiosities of all kinds we have without number; the reader can wander at will from Polar pits to the moon, but there are comparatively few stories like "The Wooing of Sheila,"—simple stories, with a good deal of romance, not a little human nature, and enough adventure to make a plot that carries one along. Besides these merits, "The Wooing of Sheila" has the merit of being charmingly told.

Shaw—Cashel Byron's Profession. By G. Bernard Shaw. Stone. \$1.50.

Those who take Mr. Shaw seriously are happily few—a cheering sign, since it argues that a sense of humor is still a characteristic of the many. People for whom the peculiar

quality of his humor has a relish will find plenty of opportunity to gratify their taste for the whimsical in this reprint of a work of his nonage. It is no reflection on the tale itself to say that the "several prefaces" and the essay on prize-fighting which he has written for this edition are quite as good reading as, if not better than, his original account of the adventures of the pugilist-hero. In the blank verse dramatic version of the story which the author has appended, and in his justification of this adaptation, he is equally happy. Only a refreshingly keen sense of the ludicrous and a faculty for its adequate expression could enable a man to burlesque himself as enjoyably as Mr. Shaw has done here.

Van Dyke—The Ruling Passion. By Henry Van Dyke. Scribner. \$1.50.

Dr. Van Dyke's stories are always genial and comforting, uplifting and sincere. Without being obtrusively instructive, they are ethical rather than æsthetic utterances. "The Ruling Passion," as the author tells us in a preface that is the best part of his book, does not mean the universal passion of romantic love, but, rather, refers to "those hidden and durable desires, affections, and impulses to which men and women give themselves up for rule and guidance." In one tale it is love of music, in another love of children, in a third the sense of duty, in a fourth the instinct for fair play that controls the life of the humble hero or heroine, but always it is something worth hearing about, and wrought into a tale that leaves a little glow in the heart.

Voss—Sigurd Eckdal's Bride. By Richard Voss. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

The story of a Northland hero who planned to go to the Pole in a balloon. He first robbed his friend of his fiancée, and then was so ill-advised as to take the former along, and was murdered in consequence. The tale has all the accessories to which we are accustomed in Scandinavian fiction, but it is singularly artificial and deficient in the illusion of reality. The characters are as grim, grotesque, and as little like flesh and blood as are the carved dragons pictured on the cover. The whole book, indeed, in spirit and feeling resembles an old piece of Scandinavian carving more closely than any other art-form.

White—The Westerners. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips, & Co. \$1.50.

Here is a new writer who has stories to tell and a keen observation of character as well. You may regard "The Westerners" as a story of life in the Black Hills during the days of the gold excitement there, or you may regard it as a study of the inherited New England conscience dominant over environment or training; it is interesting in either light. Michail Lafond, a revengeful half-breed, has a grudge against a couple of plainsmen and

the helpless family of a New England geologist who is making scientific investigations in the Hills. He incites an Indian raid, during which the professor's wife is killed; he carries off their child, a girl, and has her brought up as his own by the wife of an Indian agent, intending later to make of her a dance-hall girl, and then to overwhelm her with the knowledge of her family and birth, that her shame may be a last sweet morsel of revenge. However, he plans without considering Molly's New England inheritance, and he reckons ill who leaves that out. The story is too melodramatic to carry entire conviction, but it is noteworthy, nevertheless.

Wilkins—The Portion of Labor. By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper. \$1.50.

Miss Wilkins's new novel is hardly so serious as the title threatens. It is a story of life in a New England factory town, but the interest is concentrated upon the heroine, Ellen Brewster, one of those sweet and beautiful children whom this writer delights to depict, and more than half the volume is devoted to her little girlhood. Ellen is pleasant to read about, but she is so petted and doted upon by the author as well as by an abject family and a circle of adoring friends, that the reader comes to think of her as a large and lovely doll, and is therefore not so keenly touched by her trials and her brief career as a leader of strikes as he might have been had Ellen seemed more human.

In spite of two shooting affrays, several family quarrels, madness, elopement, and the strike, the best and most exciting incident in the book is the action of Miss Cynthia Lennox, who finds runaway Ellen in the street during her childhood, takes her home, and keeps her a day and a half while the town is turned upside down in the effort to find her. Cynthia Lennox is, indeed, the most definite and interesting character the book contains.

Williams—J. Devlin, Boss. By Francis Churchill Williams. Lothrop, \$1.50.

"J. Devlin, Boss," is a brawny book. In the evolution of the gritty little newsboy Jimmy into the chief personality of a great city we get the informing details of that American process by which the other half becomes this half. The scenes are not localized, for the action might occur in any one of a dozen of our large cities. The story suggests copious reserve material in the grip of a strong hand. A hint of profound character study is given in the fact that the opposing forces in the book come not from without the individual but from within the soul of the hero himself. His political ambitions have to reckon not so much with a civic rival as with his devotion to a heart-hungry woman who needs protection from the wretch she must call husband. The underlying tragedy of the book is offset by the cheery courage of the trusty J. Devlin, and by the wooing of two young lovers. The interest in this book is

likely to become general, notwithstanding it cannot be read at a glance. Primaries, national conventions, city deals, and contracts are rugged subjects, to be sure, but when handled in a virile style they become vital social forces. A book for men is this, and for the woman who wants to understand.

HISTORY

Brown—English Politics in Early Virginia History. By Alexander Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

In his former works, "The Genesis of the United States" and "The First Republic in America," Mr. Brown has collected a good deal of valuable information. For this the historian is grateful, though he cannot countenance Mr. Brown's peculiar interpretation of the period that he has made so conspicuously his own. The present work is on the same lines as were its predecessors. The information therein contained is, however, not so important, and the interpretation thereof is if anything more extreme. The great fault of writers like Mr. Brown is that they view our early colonial history from the standpoint of what the United States is to-day. They look upon the early history of Virginia solely as the beginnings of a great nation, not as a manifestation of English growth and development. This standpoint is especially vicious because it leads to an unjust condemnation of English statesmen who, by the very nature of things, could not look into the future and were inevitably forced to regard the colonies as parts of the British Empire and not as an embryonic national state.

Curtis—The True Thomas Jefferson. By Wm. Leroy Curtis. Lippincott. \$2.00, *nett*.

This new volume of the "True Biographies" maintains the commendable standard set by its four predecessors in the series. The author has evidently made it his aim to describe the man, without partisanship or prejudice,—as he actually was, rather than as extremists among either friends or enemies regarded him. We see him at home and on his farm; as a lawyer and as a politician; in offices up to the highest in the gift of his countrymen during a public career of more than sixty years; as the founder of the University of Virginia, the buildings of which he designed—as he did his own mansion, the State Capitol, and other edifices; as a theologian and a thinker; and in his services to science, of which he was a zealous and generous patron, though often inaccurate and impractical in his own scientific work.

Smith—China in Convulsion. By Arthur H. Smith. 2 vols. Illustrated. Revell. \$5.00.

By thirty years' residence in China, and by such long and patient investigation of the country and people as is set forth in his wonderful books, "Chinese Characteristics," and "Village Life in China," this American mis-

sionary, always living in closest contact with the people, has been enabled to show us, not *China in Convulsions*, as some of the newspapers have it, but Northern China in the throes of both civil disturbance and foreign war.

Dr. Smith's story, in these two portly volumes, with their rich sandwiching of striking photographs, is just what we should expect of him. Here are the facts, full, well arranged in orderly sequence and in fine literary style. He gives us not only history, as exact as a conscientious and diligent investigator can give it, but he inquires into the antecedent of each event, its meaning and its results. Among the most valuable contributions to the book are the personal narratives of surviving Christian Chinese. Incredible as it may seem, not a few of the foreign rescuers never took in the situation at all, not knowing that about 30,000 Chinese had been slain for their faith in Christ. The judicial fairness of the author is manifest on every page. We reckon this among the great books of the twentieth century and one which will outlive the century.

Wildman—Aguinaldo : A Narrative of Filipino Ambitions. By Edwin Wildman. Illustrated. Lothrop. \$1.20 *nett*.

The author of this book is a brother and was a subordinate of the late Rounsville Wildman, Consul-General at Hong Kong—the American who aided Aguinaldo's return to the Philippines. The object of his book is to discredit the captured Filipino leader and his followers.

MISCELLANEOUS

Blanchard—Mistress May. By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated. Jacobs. 80 cts., *nett*.

Miss Blanchard and Miss Waugh are still working together, one as author and the other as illustrator, to the great delight of the young people. "Mistress May" is in Miss Blanchard's usual entertaining style, and Miss Waugh's illustrations will satisfy their many admirers.

De Vinne—Correct Composition. By Theodore L. De Vinne. The Century Co. \$2.00, *nett*.

The founder of the De Vinne Press, who as a printer has won the good-will and admiration of the reading world, is employing the well-earned leisure of his later years in a way to make the printing, publishing, and writing guilds his debtors. His trilogy on the Practice of Typography, which began in 1900 with a work on "Plain Printing Types," and is to be concluded with one on "Title-Pages," is continued this year with a volume on "Correct Composition,"—a treatise on spelling, abbreviations, the compounding and division of words, the proper use of figures and numerals, italic and capital letters, notes, etc. It is an eminently practical work, sound and sensible in the advice it gives to others, and

consistent as an illustration of the author's own practice in the matters of which it treats. The book is, of course, a product of the De Vinne Press.

Malan—Other Famous Homes of Great Britain. Edited by A. H. Malan. Putnam, \$6.50, *nett.*

One of the most noteworthy features of the Pall Mall Magazine has been the series of papers on the famous homes of Great Britain, written, as a rule, by members of the families owning or occupying them, and illustrated with exterior and interior views of castle, park, and garden, and of interiors, and with reproductions of portraits and other works of art. Three sumptuous volumes, of which this is the last, have been compiled from this source under the editorship of Mr. A. H. Malan. In the present work such remarkable seats are described as Wollaton Hall, Howard and Dunrobin Castles, Stowe, Stoneleigh, Osterley Park, Dalkeith Palace, and Clumber, the contributors being, among others, Lady Middleton, the Countess of Jersey, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Countess of Bradford, the Hon. Mary Leigh, Lord Ronald Gower, and Lord Henry Scott. Perhaps the most impressive picture in the volume is the photograph frontispiece of the rocky promontory known as St. Michael's Mount, with the magnificent mass of masonry crowning its summit—an English counterpart and namesake of the Norman Mont St. Michael.

Mowbray—The Making of a Country Home. By J. P. Mowbray. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50, *nett.*

The author who came to fame by his weekly contributions to the Evening Post over the signature "J. P. M." (since republished as "A Journey to Nature") devoted himself to the same general theme, but in another way, and with a different object and audience in view, when he prepared these papers for serial publication in *Everybody's Magazine*. The man who journeys to nature in the present volume is not a valetudinarian and widowed broker, with a boy to keep him company, and a country girl to fall in love with, after a fashion; but a happily married young "superintendent in a large wholesale establishment," earning a salary of \$2,400 per year. The story lacks the poetry of its predecessor, but it is much likelier to attract city folk to the country than was that delightfully humorous tale, and we wish it Godspeed in its excellent missionary work. The publisher has embellished the book with an attractive cover and picturesque head- and tail-pieces.

Phyfe—5000 Facts and Fancies. A Cyclopædia of Important, Curious, Quaint, and Unique Information in History, Literature, Science, Art, and Nature. By William Henry P. Phyfe. Putnam. \$5.00, *nett.*

Already well known as a compiler of popular handbooks on pronunciation and spelling, Mr. Phyfe has here turned his energies into

wider and more diverse channels. "5000 Facts and Fancies" is a mine of information well digested and admirably assorted. Mr. Phyfe has used independent judgments as to the relative importance of the various titles, and his judgments have been uniformly excellent.

Sharp—Wild Life Near Home. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall. Century. \$1.80, *nett.*

By this, his first book, the author has placed himself side by side with such a rare observer and recorder of natural phenomena as John Burroughs. A patient and acute searcher after truth, with mind and senses thoroughly trained for their task, he has found enough material to fill a volume without going more than a day's march afield; and what he has noted accurately he has reported faithfully, and in a style that is marked throughout by literary finish and a delicate and delightful sense of humor. His text is sympathetically and beautifully illustrated. Mr. Sharp, who has studied biology under a disciple and friend of Agassiz, is a Methodist minister, and an instructor in English at Boston University.

Wells—The Merry Go Round. By Carolyn Wells. Russell. \$1.50.

"The Merry Go Round" is a book of frabjous joy. It is Lewis Carroll with a grain of sense, and Rollo with a grain of nonsense. There is the naughty clock that will not wash its face and hands and the reprehensible kettle that sings through its nose, and other familiar friends with tricks and ways of their own—all very naughty and very entertaining to the small, round-eyed listener on your knee.

POETRY AND VERSE

Dickinson—The Cathedral, and Other Poems. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson. Scribner. \$1.25, *nett.*

Among the sequence of poems collectively entitled "The Cathedral," we prefer the two entitled, respectively, "The Confessional" and "The Rosary." The others somehow fail to impress us. A lyrical note is heard in some of the "other poems," but generally they give the impression that the author has perhaps felt more intensely than she has the power to make her readers feel; her pen, as Lowell put it in another case, is a non-conductor.

Garnett—The Queen, and Other Poems. By Richard Garnett, C. B. Lane. \$1.25.

Grave, dignified, and technically flawless verse, which fails to prove that poetry is the calling unto which the author is called. To handle the sonnet-form skilfully is not a spiritual achievement.

Hughes—Gyges' Ring: A Dramatic Monologue. By Rupert Hughes. Russell. \$1.25.

We fear this must be added to the long list of not wholly successful attempts to make blank-verse attractive to the ear accustomed

to less difficult verse forms. At best, we can regard it only as an interesting experiment.

Markham—Lincoln, and Other Poems. By Edwin Markham. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Markham finds himself tethered to "The Man with a Hoe." It is hardly in the nature of things that having (much to his surprise, no doubt) fallen upon fame with that striking bit of rhetoric, he should turn his face and (poetic) feet in another direction, and strike out on a path where the people might or might not follow him. So we find in his new book of poems "The Sower" ("after seeing Millet's painting with this title"), in which the monied idlers, male and female, get such another drubbing as they had apropos of the same painter's hoe-man. Mr. Markham has an imaginative attitude, if not outlook, and his resonant rhetoric keeps the word of promise to the physical ear, if not always to the ear of the spirit. This is good verse, whether it is true poetry or not.

Milton—Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity. By John Milton. Hand-lettered book printed from etched plates. Two colors. Edition limited to 1000 copies on hand-made paper, 30 copies on Japan vellum paper. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour. \$2 and \$15.

TRAVEL

Burton—Wanderings in Three Continents. By the Late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G. Edited, with a Preface, by W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50, *nett*.

This volume of posthumous essays, which includes an account of Burton's hazardous expedition into Central Africa, the pilgrimage to Mecca, the ride to Harar, and numerous kindred exploits, refreshes in enthralling terms one's interest in the gifted traveller and explorer. His active, adventurous, and yet scholarly career was without parallel, and the period here covered—1853-1870—was the most fruitful of his life. Burton's recall from Damascus by Lord Granville in 1870 and his subsequent appointment as Consul at Trieste was one of the most stupid and pathetic blunders in British diplomatic history, yet, as Mr. Wilkins suggests, had it not

been for this, his masterpiece, "Laylah Wa Laylah," might never have seen the light.

Haggard—A Winter Pilgrimage. Being an Account of Travels through Palestine, Italy, and the Island of Cyprus, accomplished in the year 1900. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans. \$4.00.

The portion of this handsome volume which is devoted to Cyprus, about a third of the 355 pages, is perhaps the most noteworthy, as dealing with a region comparatively little known and little written about; but we find the rest of the book hardly less interesting and enjoyable. Mr. Haggard is not only a keen observer of scenery and life, but can give a graphic account of what he sees. He is, moreover, familiar with history, art, archæology, and agriculture, and notes much that the majority of tourists would overlook.

Hough—Dutch Life in Town and Country. By P. M. Hough. Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.20, *nett*.

This handy book is a delightful little encyclopædia of Dutch customs, manners, festivals, learning, art, letters, justice, religion, military, naval, city, and country life. It is written with spirit and has a great deal of local color. It is altogether a pleasing picture of the country and people to whom modern civilization owes so much. One must not expect accuracy in every detail, and with some of the statements those of us who know better, by actual experience or critical observation, the statistical facts, and the life, for example, of the Leyden students, might well complain of positive misstatements or lack of perspective. Instead of "seven provinces" which comprise the Netherlands, we count eleven. The chapter on the universities is decidedly British, with a strong flavor of insular prejudice. We can assure the author, also, that there is no historic ground whatever for the belief that the Pilgrim Fathers worshipped in the Reformed Dutch Church at Delfshaven before leaving for New England, so far as known, the late Dr. Cohen Stuart of Utrecht having first only a very few years ago, while in America, suggested that notion. Nevertheless, the book is a capital presentation, in very pleasant style, of the Dutch life of to-day, with a good chapter on "Holland over Sea."

Books Received

ART

HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT. Contemporary French Painters; Painting in France. Little, Brown, 2 vols., \$1.50 each.

BIOGRAPHY.

ADAMS, JOHN COLEMAN. William Hamilton Gibson. Putnam, \$2.00, *nett*.

ADDERLEY, JAMES. Monsieur Vincent. Longmans, \$1.25.

TIERNAN, CHARLES B. The Tiernan and Other Families. Gallery, Baltimore.

EDUCATIONAL.

ABBOTT, FRANK FROST. A History and Description of Roman Political Institutions. Ginn, \$1.60.

ARNOLD, SARAH LOUISE. The Arnold Primer. Silver, Burdett.

BRIGGS, LE BARON RUSSELL. School, College, and Character. Houghton, \$1.00, *nett*.

BURNS, ROBERT. Selected Poems. Edited by Charles W. Kent. Silver, Burdett.

CHAMPLIN, JOHN DENISON. The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Literature and Art. Holt, \$.

CHUBB, EDWIN WATTS. English Words. Bardeen, Syracuse, \$0.75.

COPELAND, C. T., and RIDEOUT, H. M. Freshman English and Theme-Correcting in Harvard College. Silver, Burdett, \$1.00.

CUSHING, LUTHER S. Manual of Parliamentary Practice. New Edition. Coates, 75 cts.

FERRIS, CARRIE SIVYER. *Our First School Book*. Silver, Burdett, \$0.30.

FOSTER, MARY H. and CUMMINGS, MABEL H. *Asgard Stories, Tales from Norse Mythology*. Silver, Burdett, \$0.36.

FREYTAG, GUSTAV. *Die Journalisten*. Edited by Thomas Bertrand Bronson. Appleton, \$0.45.

GOETHE. *Hermann und Dorothea*. Edited by C. A. Buchheim and E. S. Buchheim. Clarendon Press.

GREENE, FRANCES NIMMO. *Legends of King Arthur and His Court*. Ginn, \$0.60.

HAUFF, WILHELM. *Lichtenstein*. Abridged and edited by Frank Vogel. Heath, \$0.75.

HOPKINS, JAMES FREDERICK. *Outlines of Art History, Vol. I. Architecture*. Educational Publishing Company, \$1.00.

KASTNER, L. E., and ATKINS, H. G. *A Short History of French Literature*. Holt.

LAMB, CHARLES. *Selected Essays*. Edited by Ernest Dressel North. Silver, Burdett.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON. *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Edited by Duffield Osborne. Silver, Burdett, cloth, \$0.35; paper, \$0.25.

PEARSON, T. GILBERT. *Stories of Bird Life*. Johnson, Richmond, 60 cts.

Report of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. James B. Lyon, State Printer, Albany.

ROW, T. SUNDARA. *Geometrical Exercises in Paper Folding*. Edited by W. W. Beman and D. E. Smith. Open Court Pub. Co., \$1.00, *nett*.

RUSKIN, JOHN. *Sesame and Lilies*. Edited by Robert K. Root. Holt.

SCHILLER. *Die Braut von Messina*. Edited by A. H. Palmer and J. G. Eldridge. Holt.

SCHILLER. *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*. With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by Lewis A. Rhoades. Appleton, \$0.60.

SEARCH, PRESTON W. *An Ideal School*. International Education Series, edited by W. T. Harris. Appleton, \$1.20, *nett*.

SHELDON, HENRY D. *Student Life and Customs*. International Education Series, edited by W. T. Harris. Appleton, \$1.20, *nett*.

TÉLLEZ, FRAY GABRIEL. *Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes*. Edited by B. P. Bourland. Holt.

TENNYSON, ALFRED. *The Holy Grail*. Edited by Sophie Jewett. Silver, Burdett.

THOMAS, CALVIN, and HERVEY, WM. *ADISON*. German Reader. Holt.

VERNE, JULES. *Les Forceurs de Blocus*. Edited by C. Fontaine. Appleton, \$0.30.

WHITE, MARY. *How to Make Baskets*. Doubleday, \$1.00.

WRIGHT, JULIA McNAIR. *Seaside and Wayside*. No. 3. Heath, Boston.

FICTION.

BARBOUR, A. MAYNARD. *The Award of Justice*. Rand, \$1.50.

BARNES, WILLIS. *Doctor Josephine*. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

BEGBIE, HAROLD. *The Fall of the Curtain*. Bowen-Merrill, \$1.25, *nett*.

BLISSETT, NELLIE K. *The Most Famous Loba*. Appleton, cloth, \$1.00; paper, \$0.50.

BOWLES, MAMIE. *The Supreme Sacrifice*. Dillingham, \$1.50.

CARUS, PAUL. *The Crown of Thorns*. Open Court Pub. Co., 75 cts.

CLAY, MRS. JOHN M. *Uncle Phil*. Abbey Press.

COLERIDGE, M. E. *The Fiery Dawn*. Longmans.

CORELLI, MARIE. *Barabbas*. Lippincott, \$3.50, *nett*.

DUFFY, JAMES O. Q. *Glass and Gold*. Lippincott, \$1.50.

DYSON, EDWARD. *The Gold-Stealers*. Longmans.

EDWARDS, SUE. *Jewels of Paste*. Abbey Press.

ELIOT, GEORGE. *Miscellaneous Essays. The Personal Edition, Vol. XI., Biographical Introduction by Esther Wood*. Doubleday, \$1.50.

ELIOT, GEORGE. *Complete Poems. The Personal Edition, Vol. XII., Biographical Introduction by Esther Wood*. Doubleday, \$1.50.

FARJEON, B. L. *The Pride of Race*. Jacobs, \$1.00, *nett*.

FIELD, ROSWELL. *The Passing of Mother's Portrait*. Lord, Evanston.

FLATTERY, M. DOUGLAS. *Wife or Maid?* Abbey Press, \$1.00.

GILBERT, HENRY. *Hearts in Revolt. Colonial Edition*. Allen, London, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

GILMAN, STELLA. *A Gumbo Lily*. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

GILSON, ROY ROLFE. *When Love Is Young*. Harper, \$1.50.

HABBERTON, JOHN. *Caleb Wright*. Lothrop, \$1.50.

HIRD, FRANK. *King Fritz's A. D. C.* Macmillan, \$1.75.

HOME, MARSHALL. *The MacGregors*. Scroll Publishing Company, Chicago.

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE. *The Field of Clover*. Lane, \$1.50, *nett*.

KEMBLE, W. FRETZ. *Pitted against Anarchists*. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

KLINCK, ALBERT J. *The Quest for the Empress*. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

LEVER, CHARLES. *The Fortunes of Glen-core and A Rent In a Cloud*. Little, Brown.

LINCOLN, FRED. S. *An Indiana Girl*. Neale Publishing Company, Washington.

LORIMER, NORMA. By the Waters of Sicily. Pott, \$1.75.

MACNAUGHTON, S. The Fortune of Christina M'Nab. Appleton, \$1.00.

MAGEE, KNOX. Mark Everard. Fenno, \$1.50.

MANNIX, MARY E. A Life's Labyrinth. The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind., \$1.25.

MCCOWAN, ARCHIBALD. The Prisoners of War. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

PARKER, GILBERT. The March of the White Guard. Fenno, 50 cts.

PHELPS, ELEANOR GAYLORD. As a Falling Star. McClurg, \$1.00.

POLLOCK, CHANNING. Behold the Man. Neale Publishing Company.

PRATT, REV. MAGEE. The Orthodox Preacher and Nancy. Connecticut Magazine Company, Hartford.

RYAN, MARAH ELLIS. That Girl Montana. Rand, \$1.50.

SHELTON, JANE DE FOREST. The Salt-Box House. Illustrated Edition. Baker & Taylor, \$1.50, *nett*.

SIDGWICK, MRS. ALFRED. Cynthia's Way. Longmans.

SINCLAIR, UPTON. King Midas. Funk, \$1.20, *nett*.

Wigwam Stories Told by North American Indians. Compiled by Mary Catherine Judd. Ginn.

WOLFENSTEIN, MARTHA. Idyls of the Gass. Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.

WOOD, EDITH ELMER. Shoulder-straps and Sun-bonnets. Holt, \$1.50.

ZITKALA-ŠA. Old Indian Legends. Ginn.

FRENCH BOOKS.

BERNARDIN, N. M. Devant le Rideau. Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

BERTHELOT, M. Science et Éducation. Société Française D'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

STIEGLER, GASTON. Le Tour du Monde en 63 Jours. Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

TORAU-BAYLE, X. République et Université. Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

HISTORY

History for Ready Reference. Compiled by J. N. Larned. Vol. VI., Recent History. The C. A. Nichols Company, Springfield, Mass.

HOSMER, JAMES K. A Short History of the Mississippi Valley. Houghton, \$1.20, *nett*.

HOUCK, LOUIS. The Boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase. Roeder's, St. Louis.

LINCOLN, CHARLES H. The Revolutionary Movement in Pennsylvania. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Ginn, agents.

PRICE, L. L. A Short History of English Commerce and Industry. Longmans, \$1.25.

JUVENILE.

ADELBORG, OTTILIA. Clean Peter and The Children of Grubbylea. Translated by Ada Wallas. Longmans, \$1.25.

ALGER, HORATIO, JR. Nelson the News-boy. The Mershon Company.

ALLEN, EMMA S. Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond. Eaton & Mains.

AYERS, RAYMOND FULLER. Four-Footed Folk. Russell, \$1.25.

BAKER, LOUISE R. Rosey Posey's Mission. Eaton & Mains.

BELL, ADELAIDE FULLER. The King's Rubies. Coates, \$1.00.

BONEHILL, CAPTAIN RALPH. Boys of the Fort. The Mershon Company, \$1.25.

BONEHILL, CAPTAIN RALPH. Three Young Ranchmen. Saalfield, \$1.00.

BOUVET, MARGUERITE. Bernardo and Laurette. McClurg, \$1.00.

BREWSTER, FRANCES S. When Mother Was a Little Girl. Jacobs, \$0.80.

BRUSH, MARY E. Q. The Little Maid of Doubting Castle. Eaton & Mains.

BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH. Little Sky-High. Crowell, 35 cts.

CASTLETON, HARRY. Winged Arrow's Medicine. Saalfield.

CLARK, EDWARD B. The Jingle Book of Birds. Mumford, Chicago, \$0.60.

CLARK, FELICIA BUTTZ. Beppino. Eaton & Mains.

CLARK, G. ORR. Nightmare Land. Russell, \$1.50.

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COWDRICK, J. C. Tommy Tucker. Eaton & Mains.

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ELDRIDGE, CLEMENT. Rescued by a Prince. Saalfield, \$1.00.

ELLIS, EDWARD S. Red Eagle. Coates.

EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN. Miss Marjorie of Silvermead. Jacobs, \$1.00, *nett*.

FORRESTER, IZOLA L. Rook's Nest. Jacobs, \$1.00, *nett*.

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GATES, JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER. The Story of Live Dolls. Bowen-Merrill, \$1.00, *nett*.

GRAEFF, FRANK E. The Minister's Twins. Eaton & Mains.

GRAYDON, WILLIAM MURRAY. The Princess of the Purple Palace. McClure, \$1.10, *nett*.

HABBERTON, JOHN. Some Boys' Doings. Jacobs, \$0.80, *nett*.

HARBOUR, J. L. Marcia and the Major. Crowell, \$0.35.

HOME, ANDREW. Out of Bounds. Lippincott.

JACKSON, GABRIELLE E. The Colburn Prize. J. F. Taylor, \$1.00.

JOY, JANE ELLIS. When the River Rose. Eaton & Mains.

JUDD, MARY CATHERINE. The A-B-C Book of Birds. Mumford, Chicago, \$1.00.

KEMBLE, EDWARD W. Kemble's Pickaninnies. Russell, \$2.00.

LOVETT, EVA. The Billy Stories. J. F. Taylor, \$1.00.

MEADE, L. T. A Very Naughty Girl. Lippincott, \$1.20, *nett*.

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MOLESWORTH, MRS. Miss Bouverie. Lippincott, \$1.20, *nett*.

MUNROE, KIRK. The Belt of Seven Totems. Lippincott, \$1.20, *nett*.

OBER, FRED A. Tommy Foster's Adventures. Altemus, \$1.00.

PATTESON, S. LOUISE. Pussy Meow. Jacobs, \$0.60.

PRATT, ELLA FARMAN. The Little Cave-Dwellers. Crowell, \$0.35.

RAY, ANNA CHAPIN. Teddy: Her Daughter. Little, Brown, \$1.20, *nett*.

ROBINS, EDWARD. A Boy in Early Virginia. Jacobs, \$1.00, *nett*.

SCOTT, MRS. O. W. The Upstairs Family. Eaton & Mains.

SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT. The Children of the Valley. Crowell, \$0.35.

STREAMER, COL. D. Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes. Russell, \$1.25.

STRONG, ARMOUR. Dear Days. Coates, \$1.00.

TIDDEMAN, L. E. Celia's Conquest. Lippincott, \$1.00, *nett*.

WELLS, CAROLYN. Folly in Fairyland. Altemus, \$1.00.

WELLS, KATE GANNETT. Little Dick's Son. Crowell, \$0.35.

WINFIELD, ARTHUR M. A Young Inventor's Pluck. Saalfield, \$1.00.

WINFIELD, ARTHUR M. The Rover Boys on the Great Lakes. The Mershon Company, \$1.25.

ZOLLINGER, GULIELMA. Maggie McLanehan. McClurg, \$1.00, *nett*.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOLLES, J. A. Under Reckless Rule. Abbey Press, \$0.75.

Breakfast Dishes, 365. Jacobs, \$0.40, *nett*.

CLARK, EDWARD B. Birds of Lakeside and Prairie. Mumford, Chicago, \$1.00.

CROWE, CATHERINE. The Night-Side of Nature. New edition. Coates.

DICKENS, CHARLES. A Tale of Two Cities and A Child's History of England. Oxford India Paper Dickens. New York, Oxford University Press, American Branch.

DOS PASSOS, JOHN R. Commercial Trusts. Putnam, \$1.00, *nett*.

Dream Children. Edited by Elizabeth B. Brownell. Bowen-Merrill, \$0.95, *nett*.

ENGLISH, V. P. The Mind and Its Machinery. Ohio State Publishing Company, \$1.00.

Essays in Paradox. By the author of "Exploded Ideas," etc. Longmans.

FRANK, HENRY. The Shrine of Silence. Abbey Press, \$1.50.

GEORGE, HENRY, JR. Who Are the Criminals? Abbey Press.

GOODSELL, DANIEL A. Nature and Character at Granite Bay. Eaton & Mains, \$1.50.

HADLEY, ARTHUR TWINING. The Greatness of Patience. Crowell, \$0.35.

HENDERSON, CHARLES RICHMOND. The Social Spirit in America. Scott, Foresman and Company, Chicago, \$1.50.

HILL, FREDERICK TREVOR. The Care of Estates. Baker, Voorhis, \$1.25.

JENNINGS, EDWIN B. Democracy and the Trusts. Abbey Press.

JENNINGS, EDWIN B. People and Property. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

JORDAN, WILLIAM GEORGE. The Kingship of Self-Control. Revell, \$0.50.

KROPOTKIN, PRINCE. Fields, Factories, and Workshops. Putnam, \$0.90, *nett*.

LINK, SAMUEL ALBERT. Pioneers of Southern Literature. Vol. II. Barbee & Smith, Nashville, \$0.75.

LYNCH, GEORGE. The War of the Civilizations. Longmans.

MARDEN, ORISON SWETT. Economy. Crowell, \$0.50.

MARSCHNER, HARRY. From Death to Life. Abbey Press, \$1.50.

MILLER, GUSTAVUS HINDMAN. What's in a Dream? Dillingham, \$1.50.

One Hundred and One Sandwiches. Compiled by May E. Southworth. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, \$0.50, *nett*.

SMITH, COL. NICHOLAS. Hymns Historically Famous. Advance Publishing Company, \$1.25.

STARR, LOUIS, M. D. Diseases of the Digestive Organs in Infancy and Childhood. Blakiston, Philadelphia, \$3.00, *nett*.

TAYLOR, JAMES M. Practical or Ideal? Crowell, \$0.35.

THOMAS, J. W. Intuitive Suggestion. Longmans.

WALTER, REV. JOHNSTON ESTEP. The Principles of Knowledge. Vol. I. Johnston & Penney, West Newton, Pa., \$2.00.

WATERS, B. Training the Hunting Dog. Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

WILSON, FLOYD B. Paths to Power. Fenno, \$1.00.

WINTERBURN, FLORENCE HULL. The Children's Health. Baker & Taylor, \$1.25.

POETRY AND VERSE

Bardos Cubanos. Edited by Elijah Clarence Hills. Heath.

BLODGETT, HARRIET F. Songs of the Days and the Year. Grafton Press.

BOYNTON, H. W. The Golfer's Rubáiyát. Stone, \$1.00.

BROOKS, FLORENCE. The Destiny and Other Poems. Small, Maynard.

Cavalier Poets. Edited by Clarence M. Lindsay. Abbey Press.

GOSSE, EDMUND. Hypolympia, or The Gods in the Island. Dodd, Mead, \$1.00, *nett*.

HIBBARD, GRACE. California Violets. Robertson, San Francisco, \$1.00, *nett*.

HOPKINS, ALPHONSO ALVA. Ballads of Brotherhood. Abbey Press, cloth, \$0.50; paper, \$0.25.

HUGHES, RUPERT. Gyges' Ring. Russell.

KERNESTAFFE, CLELAND. Pebbles and Pearls. Neely.

Nonsense Verses, The Best. Chosen by Josephine Dodge Daskam. Lord, Evanston.

RANKIN, REGINALD. Wagner's Nibelungen Ring Done into English Verse by. Vol. II., Siegfried, and the Twilight of the Gods. Longmans.

SOSSO, LORENZO. In the Realms of Gold. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, \$1.00, *nett*.

SCIENCE

BRITTON, NATHANIEL LORD. Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada. Holt.

DOOLITTLE, ERIC. Measures of Double and Multiple Stars. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania, Astronomical Series. Ginn, agents.

LUCAS, FREDERICK A. Animals of the Past. McClure, \$2.00, *nett*.

NEWCOMB, SIMON. The Stars. The Science Series. Putnam, \$2.00, *nett*.

PHILLIPS, P. LEE. A List of Maps of America in the Library of Congress. Government Printing Office, Washington.

SERVISS, GARRETT P. Other Worlds. Appleton, \$1.20, *nett*.

TROUGHTON, FELIX J. A Classified List of Minerals, Precious and Other Stones. Abbey Press, \$0.25.

THE OLOGY AND RELIGION

Biblical and Semitic Studies. Essays by members of the Semitic and Biblical Faculty of Yale University. Scribners, \$2.50, *nett*.

Choral Service Book, The. Edited by H. G. Archer and the Rev. Luther D. Reed. General Council Publication Board, Philadelphia, \$1.00.

DARNELL, FLORENCE H. The Blackboard Class for Sunday-School Teachers. W. A. Wilde, Boston, \$0.25 *nett*.

DESCARTES, RENÉ. Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy. Open Court Publishing Company, \$0.35.

Ecumenical Missionary Conference. Philanthropy in Missions. Foreign Missions Library, N. Y., \$0.25.

FOSTER, ADDISON PINNEO. A Manual of Sunday-School Methods. Union Press, Philadelphia.

FOSTER, JOHN MCGAW. The White Stone. Longmans, \$0.80, *nett*.

Genesis. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Dent, London; Lippincott, Philadelphia, \$0.60, *nett*.

GUNKEL, HERMANN. The Legends of Genesis. Translated by W. H. Carruth. Open Court Publishing Company, \$1.00, *nett*.

HILLIS, NEWELL DWIGHT. The Master of the Science of Right Living. Revell, \$0.50, *nett*.

JASTROW, MORRIS, JR. The Study of Religion. Imported by Scribners, \$1.50.

Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day. Selected by the Editor of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," etc. Little, Brown.

KERLIN, ROBERT THOMAS. The Church of the Fathers. Barbee & Smith, Nashville, \$1.25.

MAY, JOSEPH. The Miracles and Myths of the New Testament. Ellis, Boston, \$1.00.

NEELY, REV. THOMAS BENJAMIN, and DOHERTY, ROBERT REMINGTON. The Illustrative Lesson Notes. Eaton & Mains, \$1.25.

PASSMORE, REV. T. H. Leisurable Studies. Longmans, \$1.50.

RACKHAM, RICHARD BELWARD. The Acts of the Apostles. Oxford Commentaries. Methuen, London, 12s. 6d.

Sunday School Outlook, The. Addresses at The Crypt Conference, 1901. Longmans, \$0.60, *nett*.

Twentieth Century New Testament, The. In Three Parts. Revell, Part III, \$0.50.

TRAVEL

BAKER, RAY STANNARD. Seen in Germany. McClure, \$2.00, *nett*.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of *THE CRITIC* by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mechanics' Institute Free Library. H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

With Bobs and Kruger. Unger. (Coates, \$2.00.)

The World Beautiful in Books. Whiting. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.00.)

Views of an ex-President. Harrison. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$3.00.)

Life of the Master. Watson. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$3.50.)

The Ordeal of Elizabeth. (Taylor, \$1.50.)

Mexico as I Saw it. Tweedie. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)

The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Talks with Great Workers. Marden. (Crowell, \$1.50.)

Forty Modern Fables. Ade. (Russell, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novels.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Mercantile Library. W. T. PEOPLES, Librarian.

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)

Victorian Prose Masterpieces. Brownell. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

The Real Latin Quarter. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Mexico as I Saw it. Tweedie. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)

Private Life of the Sultan. Dorys. (Appleton, \$1.20.)

The Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$6.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

Society Library. F. B. BIGELOW, Librarian.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

The Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.)

Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.00.)

Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 2 vols., \$15.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. Tschudi. (Dutton, \$3.00.)

John Hall, Pastor and Preacher. Hall. (Revell, \$1.50.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

A Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pratt Institute Free Library. M. W. PLUMMER, Librarian.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Calvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

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DR. HENRIK IBSEN
(From the portrait by Erik Werenskiöld)
See page 237

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature Art and Life

Vol. XL

MARCH, 1902

No. 3

The Lounger

THE difficulties between Mr. Hall Caine and the publisher of *Pearson's Weekly* have been settled out of court. Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of *The Sphere*, was called in as arbitrator or peace-maker. Mr. Caine has been paid for just as much of "The Eternal City" as was published in *Pearson's* and no more. In the meantime the novel is running serially through *Household Words*, which is edited by the author's son. Mr. Pearson has sold out his interest in the American edition of his magazine to Mr. J. J. Little, the well-known printer, and ex-member of the Board of Education.



The author of "Eve Triumphant," who signs herself Pierre de Coulevain, is Mademoiselle Favre—not an American or English woman visiting in France, but a native-born French woman who lives in Paris. Curiously enough, she has never been to this country, and her acquaintance in the American colony of Paris is not very extensive, but she reads, writes, and speaks English perfectly. She has undoubtedly gained her knowledge of Americans from American books and papers, and as she is a very clever woman, she has drawn her own deductions,

which hit the nail on the head in many particulars. Her portraits of American women are most incisive and decidedly entertaining. Mademoiselle Favre is the author of another book on the same subject, which was called "American Nobility," and which made a great sensation when published some time ago. She is at work on still another novel, but whether it is to have American women for its heroines or not I do not know. "Eve Triumphant" will, no doubt, have a very irritating effect on some of its readers, but the unprejudiced will find it not only very true, but very amusing.



Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, who has been for some months past in this country, returned to his home in England late last month. Mr. Abbey started up a hornets' nest during his stay in America by giving London preference over Paris as a place for art study. This was so entirely out of line with the accepted idea that Paris is the only place where art can be effectively studied that both continents were agitated. Paris is disgusted with Mr. Abbey's statement and London, strangely enough, does not seem to be flattered by it. The London *Daily Chronicle*



MR. EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY
(Bronze bust by the late Onslow Ford)

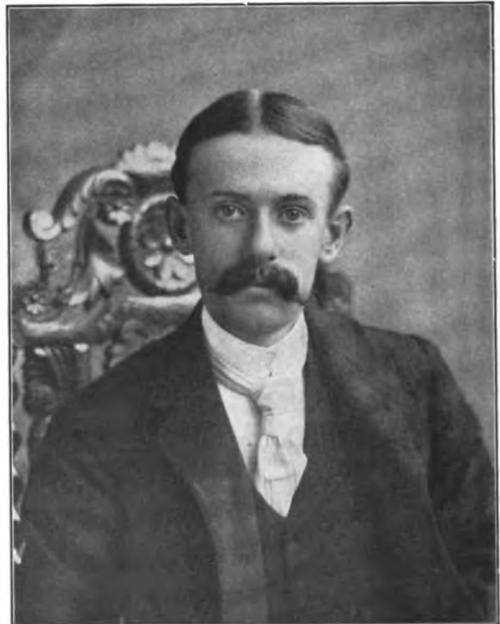
says that Mr. Abbey "should have enough consideration for the artists who are to follow him not to advise them to come to study in London until the conditions have become very different from what they are now." So Mr. Abbey seems to be between the devil and the deep sea. A reproduction of the bust of this artist is given here by courtesy of the Carnegie Institute of Fine Arts at Pittsburg, where it was exhibited. It is the work of the late Mr. Onslow Ford.

The formidable and scholarly volume recently published by the Macmillans on "American Diplomatic Questions" is more than a promise that there is to be another exception to the rule that sons of distinguished men are not likely to distinguish themselves. The author, John B. Henderson, Jr., is the son of the very able lawyer and veteran ex-Senator from Missouri. He was born a little more than thirty years ago, and was graduated from Harvard in 1891. He took the degree of LL.B. at the Columbian Law School in Washington, D. C., in 1894, and for two years thereafter practised his profession in that city. But he did not need the financial rewards of the law, and his tastes were in the line of diplomacy and a branch of science.

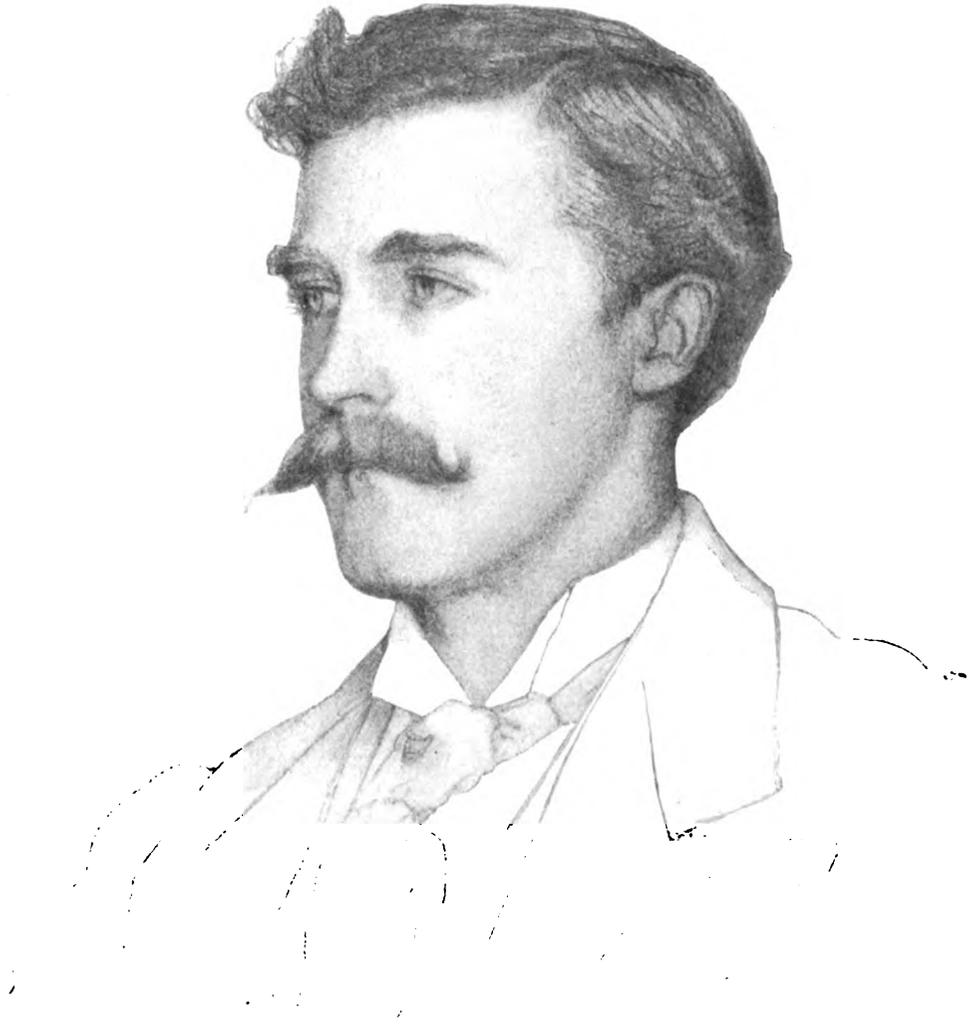
When the Hon. John W. Foster became the adviser of the Chinese Government in connection with the war and the treaty of peace with Japan, young Henderson was taken as his private secretary, and accompanied the envoys to Japan and Formosa. Also, when General Miles made his well-known trip of army inspection in Europe a few years ago Mr. Henderson went with him in a semi-official capacity.

Aside from these serious studies and valuable experiences he has found time to accomplish much in an entirely different field—biology, especially in the study and collection of shells. Although he has published some important articles and chapters on this branch of science, an aversion to publicity has caused him to let his writings appear anonymously or over another's name.

Sir Rennell Rodd, a poem by whom will be found on another page of THE CRITIC, is not only a poet of distinction, but he is a diplomat of unusual promise. He is still a young man, having been born in 1858. He has recently been transferred from the British Embassy at Cairo to Rome, where he has become Secretary to the Embassy.



MR. JOHN B. HENDERSON, JR.



SIR RENNELL RODD, C.B., K.C.M.G.
(From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby)

In a quiet, sequestered Passy villa, not too near the busy city and not too far away from it,—writes a London *Daily Mail* representative,—I had a chat with M. Maeterlinck, the Belgian author, a few days ago. To M. Mae-

He likes to run across to the metropolis now and then to see his publisher and spend a night at the theatre. When asked if he had any favorites among English actors he said he was a warm admirer of Mrs. Patrick Camp-



Photographie

Benque, Paris

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK

terlinck there is no life comparable to that of the student. Surrounded by his books he is perfectly happy, and the premières, receptions, and other social happenings of the French capital rarely draw him from his seclusion. When M. Maeterlinck is not in Paris or Brussels he is usually in London.

bell, on account of her great talent. Among British authors he is fond of the works of Swinburne, Meredith, Kipling, and Hardy.



M. Maeterlinck, it is known, is soon to marry Mlle. Leblanc, of the Opéra

Comique. They are to be married in England "because the formalities are so much simpler than on the Continent." The playwright's prospective bride has not yet published anything, but she is engaged on a study of the

country are present on its opening night. It is no more than fair to say that the place that this exhibition holds among art lovers is largely due to the ability and enthusiasm of Mr. Harrison Morris, who leaves no stone



MR. DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)
 (After the portrait by Mr. Gari Melchers)

psychology of woman, which M. Maeterlinck believes will make a sensation when it appears.

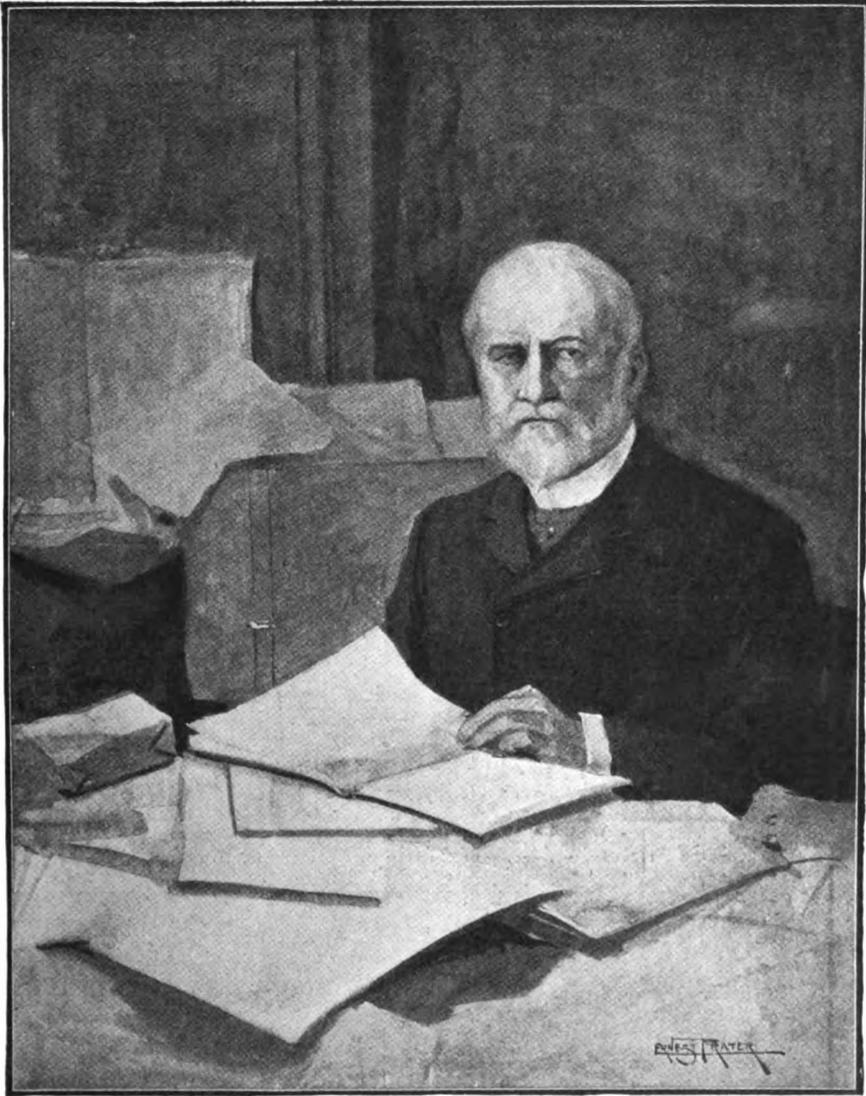
✿
 The annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts is one of the most important events in the art world of this country. Artists look forward to it with as much interest as to either of the New York exhibitions, and connoisseurs from all over the

returned to bring it up to high-water mark. Through the courtesy of Mr. Morris I am allowed to reproduce three of the most striking portraits in the present exhibition.

✿
 It is said that England is to put a tax upon wedding presents. Wedding presents have for so long been a tax upon the givers that turn about seems only fair play.



MRS. I. N. PHELPS STOKES
(From the portrait by Miss Cecilia Beaux)



From

M. JEAN DE BLOCH

Black and White

The influence of the writings of the late M. Jean de Bloch have never been more conspicuous than at the present moment. The calling of the Peace Conference at The Hague was, it is said by the highest authorities, directly due to the impression made upon the Czar by Bloch's great work upon the horrors of war, and the new factors introduced by the perfection of weapons of destruction, and the complicated commercial conditions of our times. M. de Bloch, whose early training was that of a banker, dealt in facts and figures, which

is probably the reason why his arguments held the attention if they did not always carry conviction. His history is a most interesting one: He was a Polish Jew, and began life at Warsaw as a peddler, and taught himself to read and write. His start in life came from drawing a ten-thousand-dollar prize in a local lottery. He used this money to procure a sound education. He returned to Warsaw and obtained a position in a bank. Soon he married a great heiress, and rose in society, being ennobled and made financial adviser of the Czar.



Photo by

Schutt, London

MR. GEORGE DOUGLAS

A new periodical, called *The Bibliographer*, edited by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. *The Bibliographer* will be devoted to old rather than to new books. Its field, the publishers say, "will be as broad as that of the collector of books, manuscripts, and autographs." In July, August, and September the editor may take a holiday, for *The Bibliographer* will not be issued during those months. This, it seems to me, is a most wise arrangement. There is little or nothing doing in the book business, certainly little in the way of advertising, during the dog days. And why should not editors have their outing as well as school teachers and clergymen? It is not an unusual thing to suspend the publication of continental periodicals during the summer months, but seldom that such a scheme has been proposed in this country, where all days, even dog days, are devoted to business.



Mme. Matilde Serao, the Italian novelist, has applied for the dissolution of her marriage with Signor Scarfo-

glio, editor of the *Mattino*, of Naples, on the ground that her husband's conduct has involved and compromised her in a Neapolitan municipal scandal. This adds a new terror to the domestic life of politicians. It is to be hoped that the United States courts will not admit any such grounds for divorce. They are busy enough now with the usual and unusual grounds, but if incompatibility in politics is an admitted cause thousands of families will be divided against themselves.



"The House with the Green Shutters" is the first book of its author, Mr. George Douglas. It has been greatly, almost injudiciously, praised by critics of the highest standing. The *London Times* describes it as "the kind of a novel which Balzac and Flaubert might have written, had either been a Scot." This leaves little more to be said. There is no doubt that Mr. Douglas's novel has made a sensation in the literary world, though there are some reviewers who have failed to penetrate through its gloom to its greatness.



The day after the death of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. Azariah Smith,



THE LATE MR. AZARIAH SMITH

who had for years been associated with the same firm, died suddenly. The loss of two such men as Mr. Scudder and Mr. Smith was a severe blow, not only to their business associates, but to every one who knew them. Mr. Scudder was connected with the editorial

a pleasant one. It was his function to see all men in quest of advertisements as well as to write the advertisements of the house himself. There have never been more dignified or entertaining advertisements of books written than were to be found in Messrs.

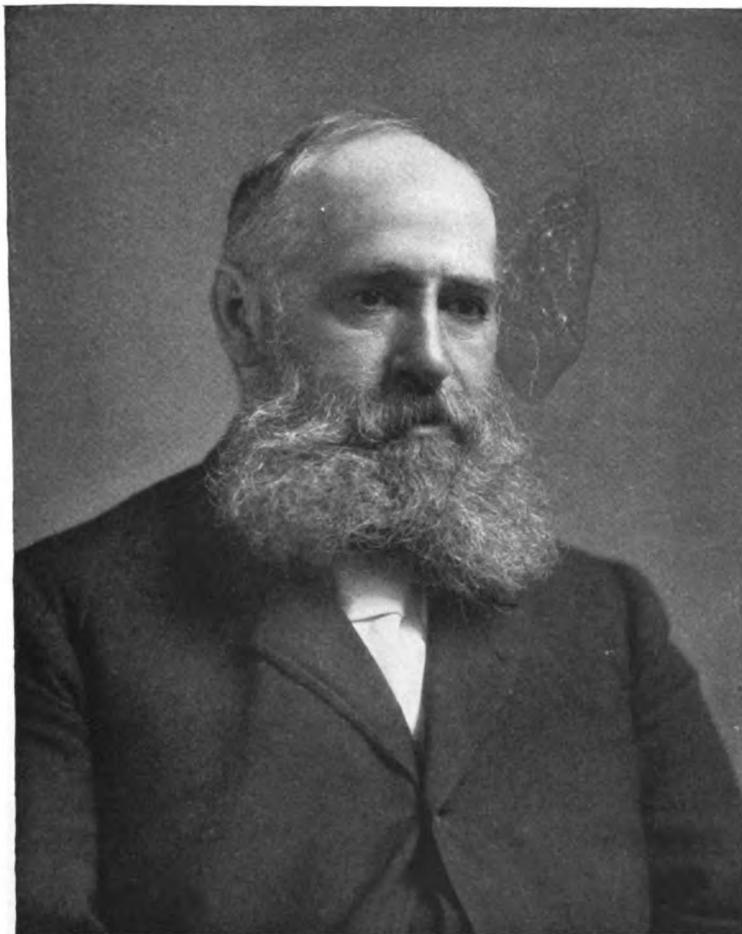


Photo by

THE LATE HORACE E. SCUDDER

Smith, Boston

department of the firm. He was at one time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he was a writer of sound judgment and an agreeable style. His death followed close upon the publication of his life of James Russell Lowell, which will, no doubt, be the standard life of that poet and diplomat. Mr. Smith was connected with the business department of the firm. It was he who made the path of the advertising agent

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.'s *Bulletin*. They were all from the pen of Mr. Smith. It is no small accomplishment to do this sort of work with a literary touch, and at the same time to meet the requirements of the advertising pages, but Mr. Smith understood his business thoroughly. His advertisements were never sensational, but every line told and his *Bulletins* were always worth reading.

Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, the well-known sculptor and painter, has recently returned to America to paint portraits. For the past fifteen years he has lived in Paris. His work in the line of sculpture is known to all the world since the World's Fair at

now been done, and he intends to devote himself to painting. For some time past he has made a careful study of this art, working at the various problems that present themselves, studying the methods, and always going to the bottom of everything



MR. FREDERICK MACMONNIES
(From a drawing by Mr Ira M. Remsen)

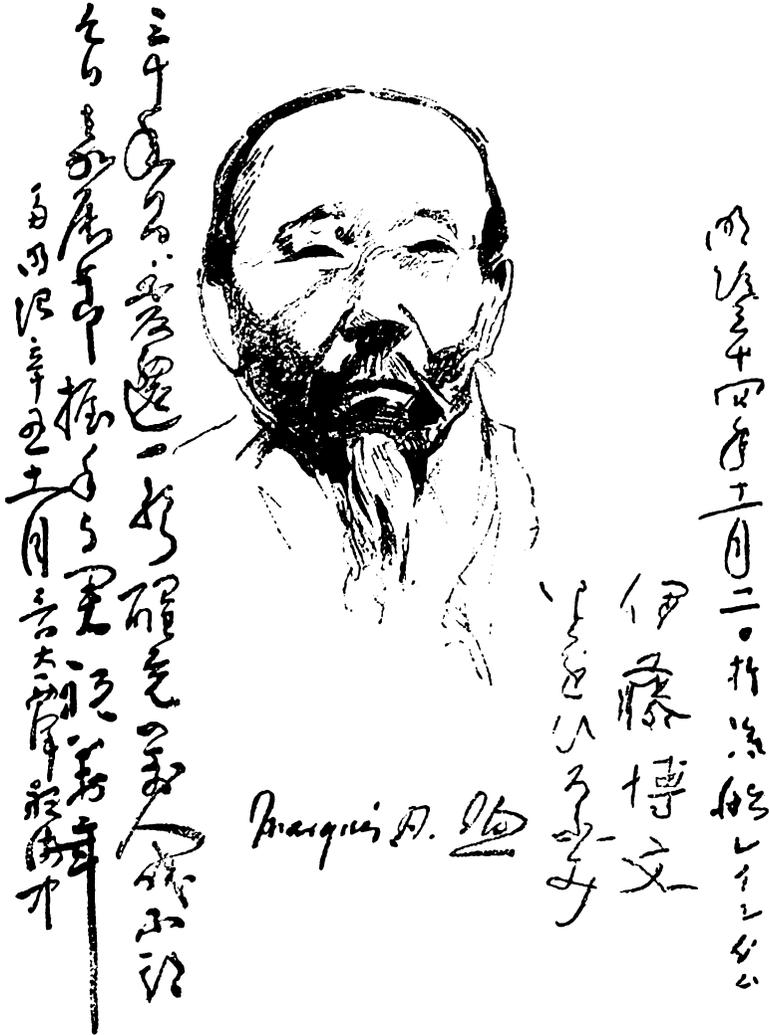
Chicago, where his very striking fountain attracted general attention. It is interesting to note that for this work he received \$50,000, but, when it was completed and shipped to New York, the artist had only \$1000 left as the actual pay for his services. During the past two years he has refused all work in order that he might finish that already contracted for. This has

until it is mastered. His style is most vigorous, wholesome, and sincere. He has drawn most from the works of Rembrandt and of Velasquez. This spring he will send to the Champs de Mars two huge canvases painted during the past summer. It is not often that a sculptor takes up painting. With the facility shown by Mr. MacMonnies it is possible that he may prove to be

even greater in painting than in sculpture.

Another sculptor among the moderns who was also a draughtsman of distinction, was Henrik Christian Ander-

college. After a course at the Art Students' League in New York he went to Paris and worked in Juliens' studio. At present he has a studio in the French capital, though he has no



THE MARQUIS ITO
(Sketched by Mr. Ira M. Remsen)

sen, whose lamented death is just recorded. Mr. Andersen's portrait of Mr. Norman Hapgood appeared in the February CRITIC.

Mr. Ira M. Remsen, two of whose clever sketches are here given, is the son of President Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University. Mr. Remsen devoted all his spare time to art while in

intention of making that city his home. Mr. Remsen is at the beginning of his career, and a most promising beginning it is. The sketch of Marquis Ito was made on shipboard, that of Mr. MacMonnies, in Paris.

The Land of Sunshine has changed its name to *Out West* and has taken this occasion to enlarge its form and

scope. *The Land of Sunshine* was always an interesting magazine, and if under its new name it is more interesting, its readers will have reason to con-

to be introduced by a word from me at this time. Mrs. Shorter is an Irish-woman married to an Englishman, Miss Guiney is an American wedded to her



Photo by

MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER AND MISS GUINEY

Caswall Smith, London

gratulate themselves. Miss Sharlot M. Hall contributes a rather striking poem to the first number under the new name. But why Sharlot?



It is with no little pleasure that I reproduce this photograph of Mrs. Clement Shorter (Dora Sigerson) and Miss Imogen Louise Guiney. The poetry of these gifted ladies is too well known

chosen field of work. Mrs. Shorter's home is in London, Miss Guiney's in New England, but at present she is in London, and it is there that this photograph was taken. Mrs. Shorter, to the best of my knowledge and belief, has never been to America, but her husband has. He is the editor of *The Sphere*, which, I understand, was a success from the start.

Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy is not perhaps as young as he looks, but he is successful, was born in 1860. He has written a number of books and plays and



Photo by

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY, JR.

Marceau

a young man compared with his father, the veteran Justin M'Carthy, M. P. Justin junior, whose play founded on the life of François Villon and whose novel on the same subject have been so suc-

made admirable translations from the French and Persian. Mr. M'Carthy was once the husband of Miss Cecilia Loftus, who is to succeed Miss Terry as Sir Henry Irving's leading lady.

Mr. Richard Mansfield announces that he intends to produce a play by Count Tolstoy some time during next season. It is called "Ivan, the Terrible," which suggests something very different from "Monsieur Beaucaire,"

assist the emigration of the Doukhoborts, and among the most generous supporters of these non-resistants are a Special Committee of the Society of Friends, to whom the English translators of the book—Mr. and Mrs.



Photo by

MR. CHARLES HENRY WEBB ("JOHN PAUL")

Davis & Sanford

See page 213

which has been the one play in Mr. Mansfield's repertoire during the present season.



A very amusing incident has come to light in connection with Tolstoy's novel "Resurrection." Tolstoy wrote the book with the avowed intention of turning over the proceeds arising from it to

Maude—sent a check for £150. A year later the money was returned to Mr. Maude by the clerk of the Committee, on the ground that the book was indecent, and that it would be as much a stain on the Society of Friends to use money coming from its sale as if the money came from the sale of indecent photographs. The action of the Clerk of the Committee has been endorsed by

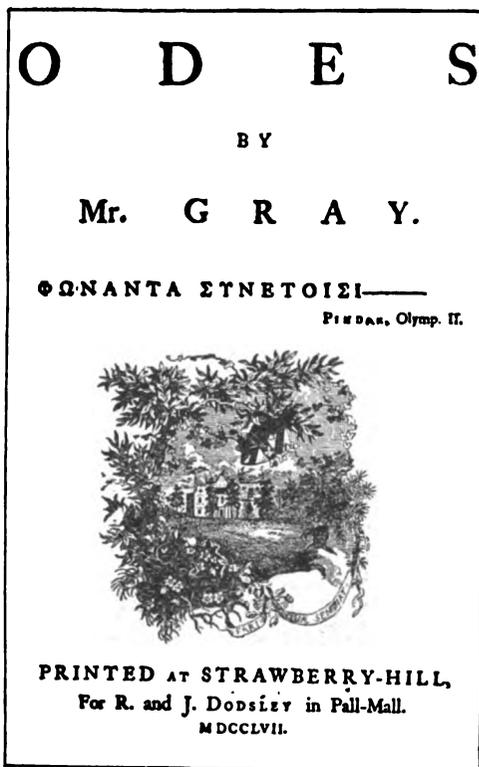
the entire Committee, much to the disgust of Tolstoy's English admirers. One of their number writes to *The Week's Survey* to say that "while these gentlemen are reconciling their daily use of the Bible with their narrow view of the latest Christian apostle, I venture to appeal to judges of greater authority and broader mind still alive and amongst us to give a bolder lead to public opinion." Between April, 1900, and August, 1901, over £1694 were earned by the sale of "Resurrection." Of this sum £1400 came from the American publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead, & Co.—this notwithstanding the fact that there were a number of cheaper pirated editions on the market.



One of the most important exhibitions ever held at the Grolier Club occurred during February. Two hundred and fifty books were shown, illustrating the progress of the art of mosaic or in-laid binding from the sixteenth century down to the present day. Examples of the bindings in the style of Grolier, Padeloup, Derome, and more modern designs by Copé, Cuzin, Mercier, his successor; Chambolle-Duru, Lortic frères, Joly, Trautz-Bauzonnet, Kauffman, Marius-Michel, Ruban, Bedford, Hering, Mackenzie, Zaehnsdorf, Rivière, and, in the United States William Matthews, Stikeman, and the Club Bindery made a most brilliant display of coloring. Although the Club Bindery in this city produces, it is claimed, as fine work as any modern continental bindery, yet the product is not American, for the finisher is a Frenchman, specially imported. It remains to be seen whether strictly American bindings will equal those of France.



Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole is engaged in revising and enlarging his bibliography of Omar Khayyám for a new edition of his *Multivariorum Edition* of "The Rubáiyát," which will be brought out this spring by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. Mr. Dole, whose address is Jamaica Plain, Mass., will be



THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF HORACE WALPOLE'S STRAWBERRY PRESS, A COPY OF WHICH HAS BEEN SOLD FOR £400

grateful for any information regarding new material for this work, such as new editions in English and foreign languages, magazine articles, parodies, and the like.



I learn through the well-informed *British Weekly* that Mrs. George Macdonald has recently died at Bordighera, Italy. Her husband still lives, although he is in very bad health and unable to do any more writing or preaching. Dr. Macdonald and his wife visited America in 1871 and were received with the greatest enthusiasm. Dr. Macdonald's novel, "Robert Falconer," had just run its course through *The Century*, then *Scribner's Magazine*, where it had attracted wide attention. Dr. MacDonald was then in his prime, doing splendid work as novelist and preacher. His son Greville, at that time quite a young man, who came to

this country with his parents, is now one of the leading physicians of London. Another son, who was then a



MR. MAURICE HEWLETT

boy in knickerbockers, has made a reputation for himself as novelist and playwright. He is the author of "The Sword of the King" and of "God Save the King." The former was a play before it was a novel and has been accepted for early production by a leading actress.

The late Elbridge T. Brooks, during the last years of his life, was the literary adviser of the Lothrop Publishing Company. It was he who discovered Mr. Irving Bacheller as a novelist, hav-

ing long known him as a poet and journalist, and it was through his effort and enthusiasm that "Eben Holden" was published. Before Mr. Brooks was associated with the Lothrop Company he was one of the editors of *St. Nicholas*. He was also the author of a number of books for young people that had the great advantage of being not only successful but worthy of their success.

There is nothing to suggest the writer of romance in this sketch of Mr. Maurice Hewlett. He looks more like a moustached Sherlock Holmes, a man with no time to waste, "yours for business only."

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) publishes, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in April, the "Diary of a Goose Girl." It will be a dainty little volume profusely illustrated, and with Charles Egbert Craddock's "The Champion" heads their list of spring fiction.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in his entertaining column of literary notes in *The Sphere*, confesses that he has just been reading Gaboriau for the first time, and he declares that Monsieur Lecoq "is as much the father of Sherlock Holmes as Sir Walter Scott's 'Quentin Durward' was the father of the novels of Dumas and all the 'sword-and-cape' school."

For once I have caught Mr. Shorter napping. He reprints in *The Sphere* of January 19th a poem contributed by Mr. Austin Dobson to "The Garland of Rachel," a volume of privately printed verses by various poets to celebrate the birthday of a friend's little daughter. Mr. Shorter says that he had permission to copy Mr. Dobson's "unpublished verses." I am sorry to contradict Mr. Shorter, but Mr. Dobson's verses were printed in *THE CRITIC* of March 11th, 1882, by Mr. Dobson's kind permission, and the autograph copy remained in my hands until within

The Lounger

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a few days since, when I gave it to a gentleman who I believe possesses the only copy of "The Garland of Rachel" in this country.



HOGARTH'S HOUSE, CHISWICK

(This house, where Hogarth lived and worked, will not be destroyed, as was feared. It will be preserved as a landmark and a shrine, to keep his memory green. Hogarth bought this house in 1749, and moved out of it in 1764. He died in his London house in Leicester Fields.)

Literature, which has been published for a number of years by the *London Times*, has ceased publication as an independent journal and is now merged with the *Academy*. Mr. Morgan Richards, the father of Mrs. Craigie, is the proprietor of the *Academy*. Though his business is not at all in the direction of books, he is said to have paid \$5000 for the good will of *Literature*, and for the privilege of filling out its subscription list. *Literature* was rather a thing of shreds and patches. Its old age was an improvement on its youth. When it was started we expected great things, but we were disappointed. It may be remembered that Messrs. Harper & Brothers were the American publishers of *Literature* from the start until the reorganization of their publishing house. The journal did not go any better in this country than it did in England—in fact, it was even more unsuccessful here. Messrs. Harper paid a tremendous price for the American rights, which rights consisted principally in the name, the very dignified connection, and the privilege of using anything that appeared in the London periodical. There was not much in it suited to an American audience, and in time it was virtually re-made in America, with Mr. John Kendrick Bangs as editor.



The *London Times*, however, is not to be without a literary annex. It has followed the successful example of its New York namesake and has begun the publication of a weekly literary supplement, which is about the size of the *New York Times Saturday Review*. I have seen the first and second numbers, and while they are dignified and scholarly they have not the sprightliness that was found in the pages of *Literature*. I suppose that a new venture of this sort has to feel its way, and the editor of the *Times* supplement will no doubt get into the right groove before he has published many numbers. He has a great opportunity, for this supplement reaches all the readers of the *Times*, who receive it with their regular edition. It will, therefore, have the largest circulation

of any literary paper published in England, and this from the start. Publishers of books will not be long in appreciating this fact.



Miss Margaret Horton Potter—now Mrs. Black—would seem to be the victim of persecution. Before she was sixteen years old she wrote a novel called "A Social Lion." She had no one in her mind when drawing the characters, but as soon as the book was published it was said that she meant this, that, and the other one whom she had not thought of. The book made such a to-do in Chicago, where the author and her family live, and where it was published, that her parents, who own the plates, called in the edition and stopped further publication. I believe that only a limited number of copies of the book were ever printed. The father of Miss Potter printed it at his own expense, as he wished to have control of the book. Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. published it. Now it seems that some one has got hold of a copy of the book and is surreptitiously bringing out a new edition against the wishes of the author and her family. Of course steps will be taken to stop it, but this means litigation and other annoyances. The question will be asked how can these publishers issue a copyright book against the wishes of the author? Here is the misfortune. The book was copyrighted in the author's pen name—Robert Daley Williams. However, this is a technicality which will not, I hope, stand in the way of justice. The manner of exploiting the book by these unauthorized publishers is most obnoxious. Miss Potter and her family have suffered sufficiently owing to the supposed portraits in the novel, and it is rather hard that the whole matter should come up again, even though they may be able to put a stop to the publication of the book. Miss Potter, who was recently married, is not yet twenty-one. She has a remarkable gift as a writer and a literary style that some of her elders might envy.

Mr. Charles Henry Webb

WITH LEAD AND LINE ALONG HIS VARYING SHORES

By EDMUND C. STEDMAN

IN considering Mr. Webb as a poet and humorist, there comes at once to mind that lovable group of the middle nineteenth-century, and one is moved to account him, though of our own time, as its pupil and almost sole inheritor. Hood, Thackeray, Holmes,—will a new generation possess their like, in mirth that is imaginative, in humor that is no loutish jest, but touched with pathos through the mingling of currents from both head and heart?

Whatsoever the future may have in store, there is still to be heard in the vibration of Mr. Webb's lute-strings a syntonic response to the wit and tenderness alike of those endeared predecessors. And, in fact, since the date, fourteen years ago, of a certain book of balladry, it has been confessed that nothing in the lively excursions of John Paul, our Only, more becomes him than the choicer portion of his companionable verse. When most finished, it still is impulsive; it has a savor of unpremeditation, and that personal quality to which latter-day critics confine their estimates of art. To know this jestful and zestful Vagrom, this dispenser of apparently unconsidered trifles, has been a reward, whether he was idling in his Nantucket cat-boat or adapting his sea-legs to the sweet insecurity of Manhattan streets. To meet him coming head-on when laden with cares of his own conjuring at times may render a pilot's luff advisable; but to foregather with him at a feast is its best relish and vintage; to sit up with him beyond the midnight hour is a lure and a delight. When he sits up with himself, pen in hand, until his muse has come and gone,—and if she has been kind,—it is for us to laugh, to cry, at all events to get the essential value of his make up, that of the poet within the humorist. I have a feeling that his gift has not always been adequately kept in mind by us, and also that there have been long intervals when he has kept it

none too adequately in mind himself. To this, of course, he may rejoin, in Lowell's phrase, that he has not set himself to write poems, but has let them write him when they would. "Vagrom Verse," brought together in 1888, justified this usage by those rare and feeling lyrics, "Alec Dunham's Boat" and "With a Nantucket Shell," not to speak of witty off-hand waifs that only Mr. Webb could chance upon. In times more recent his good sprite still has made him refrain from giving out so much of himself, in life and talk, as to leave no surplusage for song that outlasts the day. In "With Lead and Line"* we have, again among unconsidered trifles, a new tally of his soundings, and here and there his high-water mark "along varying shores."

It need not irk a reviewer that the volume is buoyed with the aforesaid trifles, light as air, which the serious-minded would have left to the children and damsels flocking about their dispenser as of old about Autolycus. Not a few of them are welcome to the elders, and anon we find among them a favor such as this:

LOVE

Love is a day
With no thought of morrow.

Love is a joy
With no thought of sorrow.

Love is to give
With no thought of receiving.

Love is to trust—
Without quite believing.

If the Authors Club has no official laureate among its bards that be, Mr. Webb holds the rank *de jure*, by the triptych of ballads written for its Reception and Watch Nights. With these goes a fourth, addressed to a not unmindful fellow singer and sinner,

* "With Lead and Line, along Varying Shores." By Charles Henry Webb (John Paul). Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.

"On Finding the Barnum Show before his Door,"—this in mock-heroics, such as come from John Paul alone in this belated age. Among them is retained that parody of Byron's *Jurassic Alexandrine*, which more than one magazine editor scouted for a false line and revealed himself as not of those who know their Georgian classics.

In the present collection "A Requiem for the Dead Leader" ("Sleep, Sleep, John Brown!") dates back to 1859, that fateful year, and should now give its composer a twinge of remorse, as it gives his reviewer one of regret, that he did not, even in the untoward years that followed, cling to poetry with a justifiable persistency. Other pieces of various dates indicate Mr. Webb's affiliations; for example,—"*O the Pity of it!*" in the manner of "*The Bridge of Sighs*"; and "*Polly Coffin*," with the old-colony lilt of Holmes and Whittier. His original and finer touch is to be found in the simply perfect dedicatory lines to B. T. C., beginning

Oh friend, and sharer through long years
Of half my smiles,—of all my tears;

in a few other pieces in the same measure, and in poems, quite his own, of a deeper mood, such as "*In a Tide-way*" and "*If you would address*"; most of all in the stave which closes the volume. Hood and Holmes apart, only the staunch American who has equalled Canning's double gift of statecraft and pen-craft can be ranked with Mr. Webb in a certain way. Between Webb and Hay there is, indeed, a lyrical masculinity in common, whether grave or gay. "*Gil, the Toreador*," one of Webb's most fortunate lyrics, is quite of a class with Mr. Hay's "*Christine*," and with Hood's ballad that tells of

Gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore:—
It would have been a beauteous dream
If it had been no more!

But the last piece in this volume is at once a culmination and an epilogue. Long after the glow in which it was begotten, the author well might say of it,

as the autocrat said of "*The Chambered Nautilus*," "That time I wrote better than I could." If a poet is to be judged at his best, Mr. Webb may rest content with "*Dum Vivimus Vigilemus*." The oftener read, the more admirable this little masterpiece must seem to "all good fellows whose beards are gray." Our day is one of neglect for new lyrics unless, like "*The Recessional*" and its kind, they appertain to the instant crisis. None the less, Mr. Webb's epilogue has come to stay; it is a part of English verse; no future sifter of poesy's golden grain can fail to catch "*Dum Vivimus*." Some day the right composer will find the predestined air to which such a stanza as this may be trolled:

Turn out more ale, turn up the light;
I will not go to bed to-night.
Of all the foes that man should dread
The first and worst one is a bed.
Friends I have had, both old and young,
And ale we've drunk, and songs we've sung;
Enough you know when this is said:
That, one and all, they died in bed.
In bed they died, and I'll not go
Where all my friends have perished so.
Go you who fain would buried be
But not to-night a bed for me.

Meanwhile so true a lyric carries its own music and is a song to boot. It has, withal, the grace of sincerity. But in what consist the strength and charm of such minstrelsy, apart from its paradoxical quip and quirk, its sturdy English structure? Doubtless in its human quality—the mellow stoicism of a veteran who has lived and won, and lost, and fought again, and will hold his ground right cheerily to the end; you would trust him to honor a woman, to stand for creed and country, to be a comrade through it all. An unsophisticated character,—the counterpart of that in Marks's picture entitled "*When a Man's Single*"; a simple expression yet partaking of the universal. At a pinch this boon fellow will turn down his cup, break his pipe, and rally to the call again, or will die even in bed as piously as any man-jack of us all.

This is a deal to say of a song, yet what more genuine addition to our

Helicon than a song sure to last and to preserve its maker's name? "Dum Vivimus," in fact, has the natural English cast that holds its own through shifting times and modes. It would have bettered Freneau's "The Parting Glass," a hundred years ago; it is of stronger fabric than Kenyon's "Champagne Rosé," yet just as crystalline; it would have found favor in the eighteenth century, when Wolfe sang "Why, Soldier, Why?" Even to a

Thackerayan it may not seem irreverent to name it with "The Age of Wisdom" and "The Mahogany Tree." Though made in this late day, I think it will be cherished so long as Wilde's "Stanzas," Pinkney's "A Health," and Hay's "The Stirrup Cup" survive in our anthology. The man that wrote it, should his name in time be lost, would be reckoned as having been a singer of the true breed, and one to miss when he had gone.

China at Long Range

By J. P. MOWBRAY

(Author of "A Journey to Nature," etc.)

IT is difficult to see how a reader of generous and magnanimous impulses can peruse Mr. Arthur H. Smith's bulky volumes of 770 pages, entitled "China in Convulsion,"* without experiencing an underlying pity for the Chinese, although such an emotion was evidently absent from the author's intent. We lose all those impulses of exasperation occasioned by barbaric violence when we come to estimate all the large factors which at the time were obscured by our excitement.

In this book we have, too, a fresh example of an oft-observed phenomenon,—to wit, that the man who is closest abreast of events is not always the best fitted to draw from them just and broad conclusions.

The title of Mr. Smith's book is a misnomer. It should have been "Pekin in Convulsion," for the immediate incidents at the Chinese capital shut out from his vision the racial and national issues which brought about those occurrences.

He does not in any philosophic or historic sense attempt to tell the story of China. The tale is too large and impalpable for his grasp, and he avoids it if he does not ignore the grandiose tragedies that lie farther back, but which are fastened by receding links of

adamantine logic to the present. The shepherd whose flocks have been swept away by the stream of lava on the side of the volcano can hardly give so impressive or comprehensive an account of the eruption as the distant observer whose vision takes in the darkened heavens and the ruined cities.

But Mr. Smith's book does not stand alone in the closeness of its vision. The story of China has yet to be told to the Western world in all its far-reaching and incredible recessions of wrong and patience. Episodes of the hoary history come to us with every fresh collision that progress makes with inertia, but anything like a philosophical consensus and connection of events in which the commercial rather than the Christian spirit of the West has taken such questionable part must be waited for with calmness.

China's remoteness, not only in space, but in time, to the Western apprehension is baffling. Its facts, even when reported by a contemporary, remain pretty much where Marco Polo left them and seem to have the haze of antiquity intervening. But the countries and races of antiquity have for the most part left us, in their mythology or their monuments, some dim outreachings after beauty, or, scrawled upon their runes and records, some testimonials of a bravery which have kept

* "China in Convulsion." By Arthur H. Smith. 2 vols. Revell. \$5.00.

them kin with the race in spite of time. What we best know of China has been wrenched by Greed from Helplessness. Her literature lies buried in hieroglyphs. Her comity has been a variable phantom that we were told nothing but guns could exorcise. Nations have come up from barbarism through all the stages of development to ripen, wither, decay, and disappear. China, for all that we know to the contrary, is exactly the same in her art, her religion, her policy, and her relations to the rest of the world, that she was when Sappho sang and the Argive Helen incited men to war. Her wisdom and her philosophy stretch mistily back to the times of Akkad, and may have been written and taught when Abraham came out of Ur and wandered with his herds between Babylon and the Persian Gulf.

In one aspect China presents to the wondering observer the similitude of a prehistoric monster, strangely preserved beyond the conditions which gave it birth; a vast behemoth whose bulk only enhances its helplessness in the face of forces which have overtaken it.

But in another and a truer sense China is still a hotbed of humanity, fashioned after the divine ordinance which "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation."

It is this view, taking in not only that modern vista which encompasses the earth with the brotherhood of man, but dealing fairly with the human sequences of wrong and the nexus of historic conduct, that will slowly tell the story of China to our children, and perhaps with no great credit to our fathers.

Mr. Smith's book deals with the siege of Peking following the eruption of the Boxers. In so far as the incidents of attack and defence go, the narrative is specific, minute, and undoubtedly veracious. It reads like the undigested jottings of a journal, kept amid the hurly-burly of preparation and the impatience of suspense, and has

therefore an undeniable graphicality of realism, all the unrelated minutiae of the encompassed legations bearing the hurried impress of the moment's stress.

But Mr. Smith was not content with this recital of happenings under his own eye. He must sweep the vast horizon of China with hurried missionary glances for causes, and here he falls lamentably behind, not only the majesty of his imperial thesis, but behind the logic of his own facts.

When a God-fearing missionary, as we take Mr. Smith to be, is assiduously making history with a pick in the trenches or swathing the wounds of his compatriots in the extemporized hospital, he is very apt to be more of a hero than a historian in the record of it, and his attempts to appraise the outlying causes and measure the abeyant forces while his sympathies as well as his cognitions are focussed upon a few particulars, must fall far short of a judicial estimate.

He leaves us in no sort of doubt that he thinks the genesis of the Boxer movement is to be found in a systematically inflamed hatred of the missionaries. This we take to be the fatally inadequate conclusion of a specialist, and it is not difficult to draw the refutation of it from his own volumes. Had he regarded the Chinese less as Pagans and more as human beings he must have perceived, what, indeed, is so plain when we get the needed perspective, that the real or fancied misdemeanors of a handful of Christian agents in a population of three hundred millions is wholly unable to account for a national unrest stretching over centuries, breaking out in widely separated provinces, and always manifesting itself with similar pre-determination. Nothing short of a national wrong will meet the requirements here, and no student of modern Chinese history can fail to come upon at least three of these wrongs. They rise above the level of the retrospect like those three Spanish peaks in our own San Juan country, eternal monuments, but, alas, not of eternal benignity, but of finite infamy, sending down through all the mesas continual

streams which keep alive in hidden places the hope of reprisal and the dream of freedom.

Towering above all other wrongs is the Manchu Dynasty itself, at once the feeder and preserver of all other wrongs. Beside it the twin peaks, now known to us as the Opium War and the Tai Ping Rebellion, shining as they still do with a dazzling injustice, sink to mere foot-hills.

There can be no sort of doubt that the Manchu Dynasty has, in its treatment of mankind, been the worst of which mankind has any account. Even the Chinese historians, who never heard of Nero or Caligula, have outdone them both in the appalling candor of their recitals. No one now questions that this dynasty has combined insensate voluptuousness with brutish craft from generation to generation, not only to enslave, but to debauch its people. Its consecrated gluttons succeeded each other on a throne which was upheld by perfidy, and gave to the world the monstrous declaration that official dishonesty, which was a necessity, might also become a virtue. It was under this dynasty that a people possessing many noble traits were degraded to the bondage of many vices, and, broken by tyranny, extortion, torture, and official massacre, presented to the world the spectacle of a race so enervated by domestic oppression that it was no longer capable of resisting foreign invasion.

The history of two centuries shows, nevertheless, that the Manchu Dynasty was never without its incipient revolutions and scattered revolts. Some hardier spirits preserved in the mountains the traditions of the Mings and kept alive the feeble flame of patriotism in many secret societies. The student who would acquaint himself with one of the most amazing tragedies of civilization need go no farther back in the history of China than 1850. The Opium War had been waged only ten years before. China had consented to pay an indemnity of twenty-seven million dollars for trying to preserve her people from utter mental and moral destruction. Then there broke out in those wild tablelands that cross the two

Kwang provinces in the Southwest what was known as the Tai Ping Rebellion. It is chiefly remarkable because it met and answered so many Western slurs upon China by bringing to the front a youth of martial genius and sturdy moral character, who, heading the revolt, swept the armies of the government before him from the Southwest up to the city of Nanking. Here was a genuine effort of the people to rid themselves of the accumulated iniquities of centuries, and, what is of still more importance to us, the young leader, Teen Wang, had been educated by a Christian missionary and plainly set forth in his proclamation that with the fall of the Manchus would fall the worship of idols and the exclusion of foreigners.

It is not necessary here to again traverse England's share in that tragedy. She first exacted eight million taels from the government and then put Chinese Gordon in the field to suppress the rebellion and reinstate the Manchus. That England's share in the result can be seen by Occidental eyes to be a wrong for which she will be sure to pay sooner or later, may, of course, be questioned, but there can be no sort of question if we once concede to these people human rights and human feelings, that it bore the aspect of a wrong to the Chinese themselves, which rankled, and the memory of which was to be handed on from father to son.

That the Boxer uprising had its genesis in abiding hatred of the government, distorted as that movement may have been by passing frenzy and misdirected fanaticism, is sufficiently shown in the earlier proclamations, one of which our author sets forth, somewhat unwisely, we think, for his own thesis. We do not know if his pen has given it the pathos and something of the dignity of "Lamentations," but its burden is that of an oppressed people stung to righteous indignation. It says:

For the past five or six generations, bad officials have been in office, bureaus have been opened for the sale of offices, and only those who had money to pay for it have been allowed to hold positions in the government. The Emperor covets the riches of his ministers and the ministers extort from the

mandarins, who again extort from the people. The whole populace is sunk in wretchedness and all the officials are spoilers of their food. Right has disappeared from the world, there is nothing but extortion on all hands. There is no one to whom the aggrieved can appeal. The multitudes are killed with oppression and their cry goes up to Heaven and is heard of God.

Surely this is not the raving of superstition. Rather, one would say, the breathing in broken and fervid accents of that Kyrie Eleison that rises from crushed human hearts, and that has swept over other nations in tones of prayer ahead of the storms of wrath.

Our author persists in seeing in the Boxers only an incendiary hatred of the missionaries. Nor is he ever able to determine with any degree of accuracy what the attitude of the Chinese Government was during the revolt. History might have helped him here with analogy, at least. It is only necessary to make a reasonable deduction from his own scattered facts to clear the situation of much confusion. The Empress Dowager from the start knew that the revolt was directed not at the missionaries, but at the government; that it was widespread, with revered traditions and secret agents who had penetrated her own armies and placed their placards on her imperial walls. No one knew better than she that, numerous as they were, they were ill-equipped, disorganized, undisciplined, and capable of being deflected by superior craft, hither and thither. Unable herself to successfully cope with what was a monster mob, she used her feminine craft and directed it. No finer example of antique cunning can be imagined. Her agents arrayed the Boxers against the missionaries and then her agents arrayed the Christian world against the Boxers. The Allied Powers then took the contract to put down her rebellion for her, as England had taken it once before. It is true the bill is a big one. But when did a tyrant, who is also a woman, consider the expense? She toils not, neither does she spin. It is the miserable wretches living upon a handful of rice a day who will settle the account, or go to the cangue, and they are plentiful.

Reading Mr. Smith's narrative with this key in our hands, we wonder why he never used it himself. What he calls the vacillation, the duplicity, and the treachery of the government, now look like a *chef d'œuvre* of policy that makes Quintus Fabius Maximus shrink indeed. There never was a day of that siege when the insurgents could not have annihilated the legation. We now read that when the rescue had been effected it was found that enormous guns had been erected on platforms around the Legation. Any one of these batteries, he says, if properly worked, ought to have made our position untenable, and yet the execution actually done was trifling. That the besieged suffered all manner of privations and were slowly starving to death was the tenor of the despatches that came to us during those hours of suspense, and that we now know came through Shanghai from the Yamen. Our relief is somewhat late when we read that there were

between one hundred and two hundred tons of wheat available. Besides, there were mountains of rice, white and yellow Indian corn, pulse and much else. All the shops in Peking dealing in foreign goods were within our lines and their stores were immediately available, and during the whole siege were absolutely essential (p. 510).

When, later on, provisions became scarce, ample supplies were sent from the palace.

Perhaps it is unkind to destroy those harrowing pictures in which we revelled for weeks, and which presented to our quivering fancies English and American children carried on the spears of the Boxers. And yet we must give some heed to Mr. Smith, who informs us that

during the whole of the siege the numerous children played about the grounds and seldom with any restraint upon their movements. They paraded as Boxers and as companies of soldiers sent to arrest Boxers. The smallest mites had their little flags and cartridge belts and joined in the incessant sport.

There is a curious naïvete in the author's account of the entrance of the allied troops into Peking. Here at least

we should suppose that the drama of events required a situation and a crisis, and that even so practical a man as the author must arise to the allowable thrill of the occasion. We think of Lucknow, and the leaping expectation gives the page a tremor which the author has failed to substantiate. The Seventh Bengal Rajput Infantry, he tells us, were the first to arrive through the Water Gate.

Everybody swarmed out to see the glorious spectacle. Then followed the Twenty-fourth Punjab Infantry and the Fourteenth American Infantry. By this time the spaces were filled and the whole place was a tangle of Sikhs, Rajputs, Lancers, Chinese, besieged friends, and Americans. The streets were lined with Orientals, everybody shouting and cheering at the parade—

and our rescue melts softly into a gala day. But the touch of naïvete is to come.

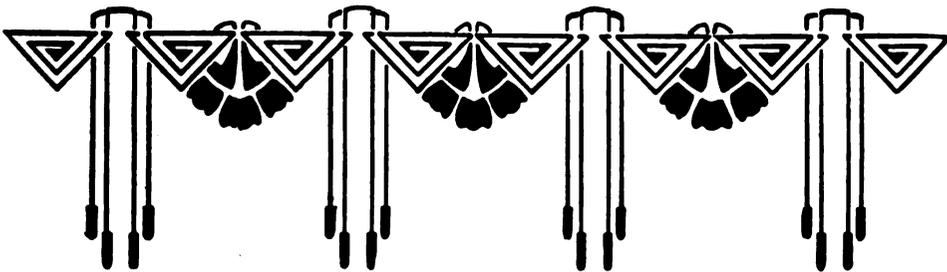
The relieving columns [says our honest chronicler] received a glad welcome, but it was soon evident, from their bearing as well as from their remarks, that they were disappointed in us. They found a large number of ladies and gentlemen going about as they would have done under ordinary circumstances. They did not look pinched by hunger, and were far too well dressed. As one of the bright young ladies expressed it [and the author does not say that she had a croquet-mallet in her hand], the soldiers seemed to have expected to find us lying gasping on the ground.

And here, so far as the legations are concerned, upon which the agonized fears of civilization had been fixed for so many days, the suspense ends pleasantly enough. The Boxers disappear into thin air, and with them the Court.

But the people remain,—that numberless multitude, poor, simple-minded, industrious—looking with placid wonder upon the incursion of new enemies and trying to adapt themselves to the arbitrary administration of discordant elements, which have no purpose in common but vengeance. That which alone was organized retired until the row was over, to come back at its leisure, pay the bill, and settle down to a new lease of oppression.

Our author is disposed to see the hand of God in the rehabilitation of old conditions, but it is vain to bring the measurement of a parochial judgment to these threshing floors of the Almighty. It is not China that is rehabilitated. Those of us who, on this far frontier of freedom, have learned that the only divine rights conferred on communities reside with the people, will be very apt to ask ourselves if another wrong has not been consummated, a wrong which eats silently into the consciousness of a placid race, but that may still gather its forces among the hardier hill clans of the Meaoutsze, where, amid the table-lands of the Kwang-se, they still nurse the wrongs of a down-trodden people and keep burning the secret tapers of The Triad.

If so, we may well ask ourselves that other question which has not occurred to our author: Will not these people come to associate the very Christianity of which he is a professor with the brutal force that rivets more closely upon them the chains of a despotism from which they have so vainly struggled through the centuries to free themselves?



AT FANO

TO ROBERT BROWNING

BY RENNELL RODD

*Dearly honored, great dead poet, still as living speak to me!
This is Fano, world-forgotten little Fano by the sea:*

*I have come to see that angel which Guercino dreamed and drew,
Since whate'er you loved and honored I would hold in honor too.*

*Like some sea-bird's nest the township clusters in its rampart wall,—
Such a twilight on the byways, such an autumn over all:*

*Gloomy streets with silent portals, all the pulse of life they hide,
Throbbing toward that one piazza where it centres into pride;*

*House and palace, as their wont is in these Adriatic ports,
Turn their backs on darkling alleys and their faces on the courts,*

*Courts beyond each tunnelled entrance, where through vaulted arches seen
Glimpses flash of dancing sunlight, jets of fountain, glint of green.—*

*Here I found him, ever watchful for the work of love to do,
That white-winged one whose great glory you interpreted so true;*

*Still he folds the little fingers of that kneeling child to prayer,
On the grave which tells the story why it needs the angel's care;*

*Still above the forehead's glory arch the great wings wide unfurled
As alert to shield and succor all the orphans of the world.*

*Yet hath he but little honor in his home at Fano there
O'er the cold neglected altar in the chapel blanched and bare ;*

*Few come here to read his message in the little nest of towers,—
Few that worship where he watches, none that deck his shrine with flowers.*

*Thence I passed out on the ramparts, high above the olive trees,
Skirting roofs and shadowy belfries, overlooking evening seas*

*Into such a rose of sunset, such a tender twilight hue
Where the orange sails came homeward on the Adriatic blue ;*

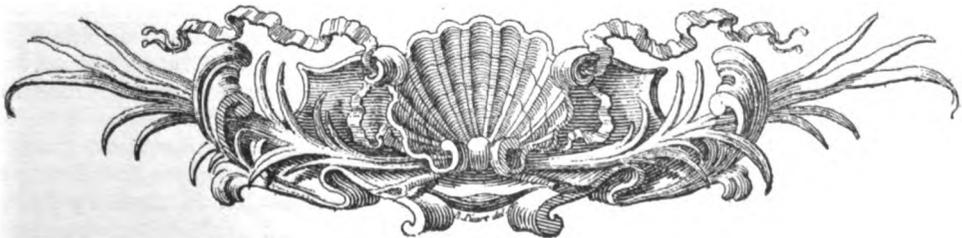
*Oh, my poet, had you seen it, you had found the word to fit
That sweet world of peace at even with God's love enfolding it !*

*There across the rose of sunset, through the perfect hush of things
Stole a gentle rhythmic motion that might be the beat of wings.—*

*Art thou free at last, dear angel, art thou free to fly above,
Leave that little one to slumber, quit the duty which is love,*

*Through the chiming Ave Mary spread those bird wings white as snow,
Whether starwards, whether sunwards, be the way their angels go ?*

*One more service yet, dear angel, find him there beyond the blue,
Tell him how I loved the message he interpreted so true !*



The Great Reviews of the World

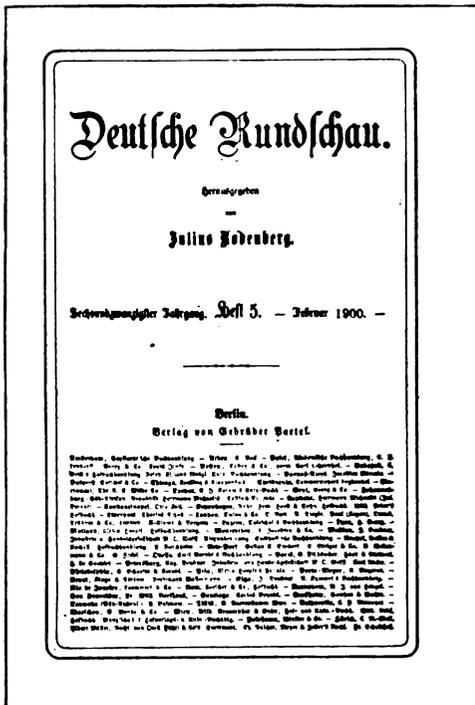
No. III. — The German Reviews

By WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND

IT is one of the apparent anomalies of German literature and public life that that class of periodical styled "review," which in this country and in England and France has exerted for many years a powerful and far-reaching influence, and has attained a high degree of excellence, can compare neither in dignity nor intrinsic worth, and still less in influence or circulation, with those of the countries named. In nearly every essential the few German reviews at all worthy the name are distinctly inferior. With a couple of exceptions they lead a struggling existence, and when some of them died of inanition, the general public became hardly aware of the fact. The tourist might make an extensive trip through the length and breadth of the empire, and it is quite possible that he would not have seen a single copy of any Ger-

man review, nor even heard one mentioned in conversation. Even in the bookstores one sees them but rarely, and as for quoting them in legislative or other representative bodies, as is, for instance, often done in Parliament, that is out of the question. German reviews do not sway the German mind to any great extent, and as for the German government or the voting masses at a general election they usually ignore what any or all of the reviews may have said on the questions of the hour. A man might write a lifetime for the leading reviews and not become known outside a small circle. All this at first blush may seem strange for a country where printer's ink has all along been most liberally spilled, but the fact, after all, is easily susceptible of explanation. The absence of a free press has a great deal to do with it. In a country where public measures and men must be handled gingerly to avoid prosecution and incarceration, the air is not favorable to the growth of periodical publications in which matters may be treated in a trenchant, outspoken, forceful manner. The further fact that in political education the average German is even at this day behind the other leading nations, and that a public life, in the broader sense, does not exist to the same extent in Germany as elsewhere, also counts for something. Add to that that the German reviews are run on small capital, and yield small financial returns, and that they rely (as was the case in England eighty or ninety years ago) exclusively on subscriptions and hardly at all on advertising, and it will readily be perceived why Germany in this respect has remained behind.

The leading German review, though by no means the oldest, is the *Deutsche Rundschau*, founded in 1874 by Julius Rodenberg, and still edited by him. Rodenberg possessed unusual qualifi-



cations for a venture of this kind. Born seventy-one years ago in Rodenberg, Hesse (hence his *nom de plume*, his real name being Levy), he early showed gifts as a versatile and graceful writer, and extensive travels broadened his views, brought him in contact with many interesting personages, and gave him an intimate acquaintance with English and French literature. He did much good literary work during a long stay in England, being then and for many years after on terms of friendship with Freiligrath, the refugee German poet and translator of English poetry. His London experiences he embodied in "Days and Nights in London," and trips to Ireland and Wales produced his "Isle of Saints" and "Autumn in Wales." He was largely instrumental in introducing to literary Germany romantic Great Britain, and he has retained to this day a great love of English literature. He and Fontane rendered into German many of the old border ballads, up to then quite unknown in Germany. After he had started, in a modest way, the *Deutsche Rundschau* in Berlin, he quickly gathered around him as contributors many of the best writers, such as Paul Heyse, Gottfried Keller, Theodor Storm, C. F. Meyer, Hermann Grimm, Wilhelm Scherer, Helmholtz, du Bois-Reymond, Haeckel, Buechner, and discovered many a promising talent, such as Helene Boehla, Anselm Heine, and others, and this, in fact, was one of his chief merits, and earned him the lasting gratitude of even the younger generation. His model had been the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in choice of subjects—literary, artistic, and scientific—many of his issues will compare favorably with that admirable French publication, but in influence and circulation his remained far behind. With advancing age, too, the *Deutsche Rundschau* lost more and more connection with the new thought and the new currents of sentiment in Germany, and it can by no means be held as a faithful exponent of literary style, aspirations, and ideals in the Germany of to-day. Nevertheless, there is nothing so good in average merit printed in the empire.



And the two rivals that were started by the younger talent in Germany, first *Die Gesellschaft*, during the "storm and stress" period of the eighties, and during the past decade the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, although brilliant and intensely virile at times, lacked a number of the essential qualities that go to make up a uniformly good review. *Die Gesellschaft*, at first edited by M. C. Conrad and Carl Bleibtreu, and for five or six years the rallying-point of fine writers and essayists like Wolzogen, Sudermann, and others, admitted, for the sake of encouraging ambitious but extravagant young men, much that was crude, *outré*, and *risqué*, and under its present editor, Ludwig Jacobowski, in Dresden, it seems to be trying to become sedate and orderly, but slightly dull. The short career of the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau* is very similar. Its chief merit seems to have been its championship of such writers as Ibsen, Hauptmann, etc., and the introduction to literary Germany of some of the younger and most talented Scandinavian poets and novelists.

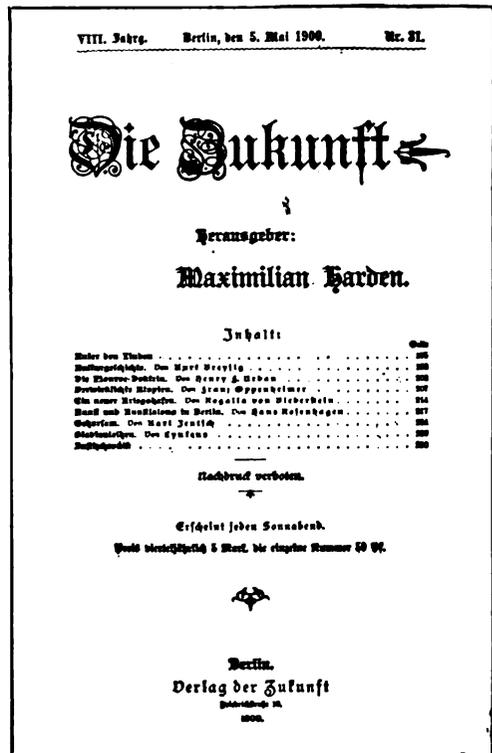


A more serious rival to Rodenberg's *Deutsche Rundschau* was, for a time, Paul Lindau's *Nord und Sued*, which saw the light in 1878 in Berlin. For six or seven years following, this publication made serious inroads upon the older and sedater one, and its staff of contributors and its choice and variety of topics outshone ten years ago the *Rundschau*. It was primarily owing to the character of Paul Lindau himself that *Nord und Sued* enjoyed but a brief succession of halcyon days. That brilliant feuilletonist had earned his literary spurs, after passing through the German universities, during a five years' stay in Paris, and had imbibed some of the most charming characteristics as well as worst foibles of the Gallic writer. After a number of years passed as editor of various papers, he came to Berlin in 1871, and quickly achieved a reputation as the cleverest journalist there. But as editor of *Nord und Sued* he lacked seriousness of purpose and steadiness of character, and a base scandal finally put an end to his Berlin career and drove him out of the capital; since which his review, too, has steadily declined.

Older than either of these publica-

tions and still following the placid tenor of its way, is *Die Gegenwart*. This was started in 1872 in Berlin by Theophil Zolling. Zolling, a graceful and interesting novelist and general writer, had also made his earlier reputation in Paris, where he had been an intimate friend of Alphonse Daudet, who dedicated one of his best tales to him. *Die Gegenwart* deals not alone in literature and art, but also in politics, social studies, and the like, and is bright in tone, and really deserves a larger circle of readers than it was ever able to gather under its wing, owing for the most part to an unenterprising publisher.

About as old as the *Deutsche Rundschau*, and of the same general tendency, is the *Deutsche Revue*, published in Stuttgart and edited by Richard Fleischer. It has, though now in its twenty-seventh year, only lately come to the front. General attention was particularly attracted to it by its publication, in rapid succession, of several Bismarck articles, rather sensational in their purport, the material thereof be-



ing supplied, as generally surmised, by Prince Herbert Bismarck. This publication, too, for the last few years, has made a specialty of weighty contributions by leading men in the German army and navy, and has assumed a rather pronounced nationalistic and patriotic tone. Its list of contributors is more extensive and cosmopolitan, and includes some eminent Frenchmen

hitherto been attempted in Germany. From the list of its contributors for the first year, and there are amongst them such names as Wilbrandt, Jensen, Stinde, Felix Dahn, Detlev von Liliencron, Julius Wolff, Anton von Werner, and a number of leading historians, social economists, and men of action, this new review will rest on a much broader basis than any of its predeces-



Loeschner & Petsch,

Hof-Photographen, Berlin

DR. JULIUS RODENBERG

Founder and Editor of the *Deutsche Rundschau*

and Englishmen. As its scope became broader, and its taste more catholic, its circulation, too, has greatly increased, and in South Germany at least it is decidedly the leading review to-day.

A new review, with a very ambitious programme, was started on October 1st last in Berlin, by Alexander Duncker, and under the editorship of Julius Lohmeyer. It is called the *Deutsche Monatsschrift*, and in some of its features it goes beyond what has

sors. It will make, also, a specialty of colonial and political matters, and cater to the tastes of the Germans residing in other countries. It remains to be seen whether all these promises will be kept. In his initial announcement the editor declares it to be the chief aim of the *Deutsche Monatsschrift* to become the radiating point for Germany's new position as a "world power," politically and commercially, and part of its mission to work for the idea of Pangermanism.



HERR MAXIMILIAN HARDEN
 Founder and Editor of *Die Zukunft*

There has been, however, for a number of years past, and is still, a German review, *Das Echo*, published specially for the millions of sons of Teutonia scattered all over the world. It has been measurably successful in every way, and has, indeed, been one of the intellectual ties that bind the expatriated Germans and their progeny to the old home. The quality of it, though, has been such that it has only appealed to the cultured few and not to the masses of these foreign residents of German extraction.

A special place among the German reviews must also be awarded the *Koloniale Zeitschrift*, the leading organ for Germany's transoceanic interests. The guiding spirit of this publication is Gustav Meinecke, who, after a residence of years in this country, as a young man, returned to Berlin and became the brainiest and most far-sighted

of German colonialists. He has extensively travelled and investigated, with shrewd, practical sense, Germany's possessions in Africa, and he is in close touch with the leaders of German thought in South and Central America, as well as this country and Australia. His review is invaluable to the German government and people, and for all those enterprising Germans and corporations who want to know the actual truth about conditions in those lands chosen by preference by the hardy sons of the fatherland. His publication is the only one of its kind which exerts real and potent influence upon Germany's colonial policy.

The oldest of the German political reviews is *Die Grenzboten*, which was started in 1848, and which for a couple of decades did much in fashioning and influencing liberal German and Austrian thought in the direction of accomplishing the political unity of Germany. As it appeared in Leipzig, a city which then as now was foremost in the very aims this publication held, and away from the disturbing influences of the capitals of Prussia and Austria, it was allowed, up to the Franco-German war of 1870-71, a fair measure of independence and freedom of expression. Its palmiest days were under the editorship of Gustav Freytag, the noted novelist and liberal publicist, who was an intimate friend of both the late Emperor Frederick and his consort. The circulation and the influence of *Die Grenzboten* attained at that time their high-water mark, but during the past score of years or so it has steadily de-

clined, and its dicta and counsels are no longer considered in the political world of the young empire.

The *Preussische Jahrbuecher* (Prussian Annals), still in a sense the leading political review of Germany, was founded ten years later, in 1858, by a leading publicist of those days, Rudolf Haym, who presided over its destinies for six years, being then succeeded by Heinrich von Treitschke, the celebrated historian of Berlin University, and a noted patriot and firm believer in Prussia's hegemony and providential mission in accomplishing the knitting together of the disjointed parts of Germany. In fact, although scion of a noble Saxon family, Treitschke became an enthusiast on the Prussian side, and up to shortly before his death he, as editor of the *Preussische Jahrbuecher*, did much to bring about that revulsion of feeling in favor of Prussia, both inside and out of Germany, which was a necessary pre-ambule to the two triumphant final struggles of 1866 and 1870. For many years the review was read and weighed by every political mind in Germany, and Professor Hans Delbrueck, likewise a noted historian and teacher in the university of the German capital, who, after a number of years' collaboration in editing the review, finally succeeded Treitschke as chief, kept its helm turned in the same direction, that of moderate liberalism and a greater homogeneity of national political life in internal politics, and of concentration and enlightened egotism abroad. But as times went on, and men and methods changed in high places, Delbrueck was gradually forced



Schaarwächter

Hot-photograph, Berlin

HERR PAUL LINDAU

Founder and Editor of *Nord und Sued*

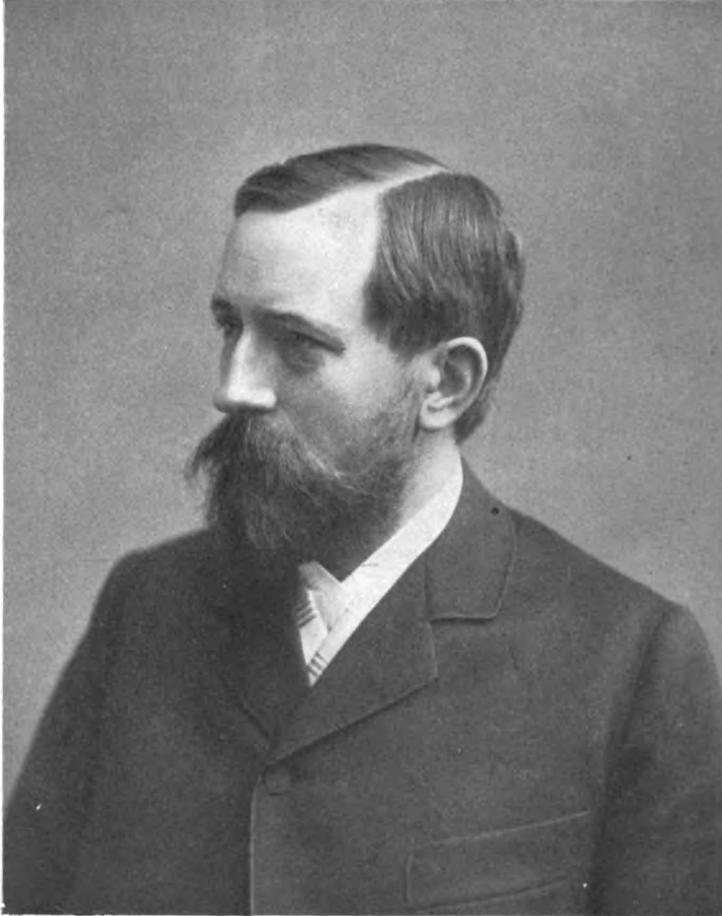
to abate his vigorous style and frank utterance, and a few years ago he was even charged with *lèse majesté*, and convicted by a prejudiced court, for having expressed himself, it was said, with undue frankness about one of the Kaiser's bizarre speeches. With the virility thus gradually driven out of the columns of the *Preussische Jahrbuecher*, it has lost most of its former prestige, and it is now but the shadow of its former self.

Die Nation, owned, founded, and edited by Dr. Theodor Barth, exists since 1888, and is now the leading exponent of German advanced political thought. It was due to Bismarck's attempts to kill politically this very inconvenient free-trader and liberal leader of Bremen that Dr. Barth, a man of independent wealth and fine social position, came to Berlin and there founded, in the teeth of the

The Critic

autocratic Chancellor, his review. In its successful conduct Dr. Barth has, in its political features, consistently advocated a policy of close and friendly relations both with the United States and England, and in the art and liter-

the Scandinavian North. While Ludwig Bamberger was still alive, this brilliant essayist and financier contributed much excellent matter to *Die Nation*, but he has found a worthy successor in Dr. Paul Nathan, who furnishes political



Otto Becker and Maass

Photogr., Berlin

PROFESSOR DR. HANS DELBRUECK
Editor of the *Preussische Jahrbuecher*

ary columns of his periodical he has favored the more or less revolutionary new exponents,—the “secessionists,”—without, however, tabooing older merit. The matter to be found in *Die Nation* is always original and frequently “path-breaking,” and much attention is given to the political, literary, and artistic life in Belgium, Holland, and

comment of first importance.

An Ishmael, with its hands raised against everybody's and everybody's against its, is Maximilian Harden's *Die Zukunft*, the youngest but for a time at least the most vigorous and impressive of German political reviews. Harden is only forty, and his publication exists but since 1892, two years



DR. THEODOR BARTH
 Founder and Editor of *Die Nation*



HERR GUSTAV MEINECKE
 Editor and Publisher of the *Koloniale Zeitschrift*



after Bismarck's enforced retirement, but when this brilliant young man began to publish his handy and novel review, everybody bought it—a thing almost unprecedented in Germany—and *Die Zukunft* became an immediate financial and literary success from its first number,—all due to the sensational and decidedly clever series of slashing and bitterly anti-Kaiser essays published under the diaphanous *nom de guerre* "Apostata." It is quite safe to say that Harden would not have become such a heated champion of Bismarck if that grim old person had still been in office, but as it was he made himself until and even after Bismarck's death the powerful spokesman for the latter's resentment against the young monarch and for the nation's indignation at the manner of the old viking's withdrawal. And it was this happy vein which Harden worked, with great pecuniary and literary profit to himself, for about eight long years. Then, with that failing him, and after a number of convictions for *lèse majesté*, entailing many dull months in musty old fortresses by the Baltic, Harden changed his cue and modified his lan-

guage, dropping the almost Old Testament love of parable, allegory, and mystery, all of which has lost him his popularity and his dash. *Die Zukunft* is on the down-grade. But no matter, Harden has done a deal in changing the taste of readers and of current political thought. He abolished the anonymous contributor, and forced everybody to fight with open visor, and he acted like a leaven in the periodical literature of Germany. He championed with zeal and success many a good cause, and forced recognition for Ibsen in Germany. The so-called Free Stage in Berlin was virtually his creation.

Thus, looking backward upon the relatively brief past of German reviews and reviewers, there is much, too much, that seems to call for criticism, but there is also much that deserves praise—above all, the uniform honesty of purpose and of methods, the cleanly and wholesome tone pervading these German periodicals. And there are now many signs that predict greater strength and greater influence for the review in Germany.



THE GROVE, MAYTHAM HALL

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett at Home

A Visit to Maytham Hall, Rolvenden, Kent

By CHARLOTTE HARWOOD

AN hour and a half in an ordinary train, and half an hour in an extraordinary one, brings you from London through the heart of lovely Kent, to the English home of Mrs. Burnett, Maytham Hall. The drive to the Hall is through the little village of Rolvenden, which consists of the "Street" and the "Lane." Of these the Street is the more aristocratic, as the Lane boasts only a modern, dissenting chapel, while the Street is the proud possessor of a church nine hundred years old, with large square pews which the vicar is rapidly "restoring" away, though the Maytham Hall pew still stands defiant, with round table in the middle and comfortable chairs. Numerous timbered, lattice-windowed cottages, beautiful trees, emerald grass, and genuine English rustics unroll a sort of Constable-Gainsborough-Morland pan-

orama before one's eyes, until finally the Hall is reached. The house is not remarkable outside, nor is it old—for England. There has been a Maytham Hall estate for centuries, but the present house is hardly two hundred years old, and has been partly burnt and restored of late years, so it looks quite new. But inside it has all the charm and coziness of a comfortable English home, than which none are more comfortable, despite the lack of furnaces, electric lights, telephones, and refrigerators. There is a drawing-room on the second floor, and on the ground floor a dear little room with roses climbing all over the wall-paper and the chintz-covered furniture; the dining-room is charming, furnished in old oak, and looking through three large windows on to the terrace and the lawn beyond. But the nicest of all the

rooms is the one that was intended for a billiard-room, but has now become the favorite sitting-room of the family. Here are warm, red walls, bookcases, a large table strewn with papers, old furniture, and a wide sofa invitingly drawn up to the fire. There is also a piano with pianola attached, and Mrs. Burnett told me she had got more pleasure out of it than from anything she had had for a long time. In summer, when the house was full of company, they would dance for hours to the pianola, and some of the staid and rather stiff English neighbors even got limbered up after hearing it once or twice. But when I was there a bright fire burned on the hearth, and seated before it on the sofa, with two dogs snuggled up at our feet, I had Mrs. Burnett all to myself. Mrs. Burnett's son, Vivian, the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy, was confined to his room by illness caused by overwork, and Mr. Townesend (to whom she was married some years ago) was in London arranging for the production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" this winter. The play was to have been revived last year, but it was impossible to get a theatre that would give up all the matinées. "Fauntleroy" must have not only all the matinées, but a very young "star" as well, and a differ-

ent one of necessity every few years. This season the little girl chosen to play the title rôle developed scarlet fever, and for a time it looked as if the little Lord would have to postpone his re-appearance; but a substitute was found, and the play was produced with Mr. Townesend as the Earl. Mrs. Burnett had just finished the sequel to "The Making of a Marchioness." It had been her intention originally to make a long story about Emily Fox-Seton; but finding that the novel she was engaged on could not be finished in time to fulfil her promise of a serial for the *Century Magazine*, she wrote the shorter story, and has made "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst" a sequel. In this the rather commonplace hero and heroine, who, however, made such a romantic marriage, remain the same as to disposition, but placid Emily in her placid way goes through the most romantic and exciting adventures. They are so exciting that one of the editors of the sedate *Cornhill*, after reading the first few chapters, wrote to Mrs. Burnett, "Do let her live!" I asked if she could let her live, or if she had plotted out everything beforehand. "Oh, no," she said, "I have it all in me, and it comes out as I write, like a spider's web."



MAYTHAM HALL AND TENNIS COURT



THE CROQUET GROUNDS

“The Making of a Marchioness” gives some glimpses of Mrs. Burnett’s life at Maytham. “Lady Maria” is drawn from life, and the village treat took place on the grounds of the Hall, when the Rolvenden villagers were treated to tea, donkey rides, sports, and four hundred presents for young and old. On another occasion Mrs. Burnett had a cricket team of friends down from London to play the villagers. There were great rejoicings in the village and great crowds in the house, and as the radius from which provisions are obtained is a large one, and means of communication few and slow, there was much responsibility for the steward. But he is a treasure, and the only real anxiety was about the baths. There are only two bathrooms in the house, and so the London cricketers had to take their baths with strict regard to punctuality and time-allowance.

The villagers are devoted to Mrs. Burnett, for reasons that I learned during my visit. A great deal of kindness without condescension has won their hearts. Mrs. Burnett’s charity is not of the kind that bestows its old clothes on the bedridden, or preaches the beauty of resignation to the starving and homeless; and the rent regularly paid for an

aged, childless couple, a spring bed for the aching limbs that had long known nothing kinder than a horsehair-sofa, as the only bed was too large to come downstairs, and the limbs too weak to go up, and numerous other thoughtful kindnesses, bring a shower of blessings on her from both the “Street” and the “Lane.”

The position of Rolvenden is indicated by its distance from other places, — London, Hastings, etc. I asked Mrs. Burnett how she happened to go there. “Oh, the agent knew just about what I wanted, and when I came and that door was open, and I saw *this*, I decided at once.” “This” is a stone terrace extending along one side of the house and overlooking the tennis and croquet grounds. In the distance are low hills, and tall firs sweep the ground at the side of the lawn. In the middle a flight of steps, flanked by old evergreens, leads to the tennis court, and at one side a narrow, worn stairway brings one to the rose-walk, a high wall on the right, with a broad belt of flowers below it, and on the left clumps of shrubs, broken here and there by arches covered with roses, which admit glimpses of the lawn and the park beyond. At the end of this walk we entered the rose-garden, and though chill October

was upon us, the beauty of it was entrancing. An old orchard with a high wall on three sides, and a semi-circular laurel hedge on the fourth, the walls covered with climbing roses, the old fruit trees, nearly all of them dead, gnarled and lichen-covered, some half fallen and some only stumps, but all covered with roses flinging branches to each other, or clinging tightly to their gray old supports. All between the trees are rose-bushes of every form and color, and in the middle of the garden is a sun-dial with moss-grown steps and old stone column. Immediately I cried: "Ah, that 's where Clorinda stood with the crimson rose-wreath on her hair." But Clorinda was never in the garden, for when Mrs. Burnett first went to Maytham it was nothing but an abandoned orchard, overgrown with weeds, which she, with a great love of gardening, saw the possibilities of and transformed.

But the Marchioness's methods were planned here, even if she was "made" elsewhere, for Mrs. Burnett works here in summer. She has a large table, with a drawer, a chair, and an oilcloth to cover everything in case



BY THE SUN-DIAL

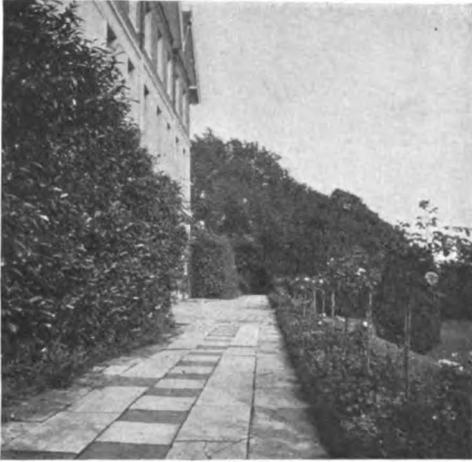
of rain, and a lovelier work-room could not be found, nor one better suited to its owner, who is a devoted gardener, and has filled all the odd nooks of her rose-garden with spring flowers so that its loveliness begins early.

I visited the horses and the pigs, and admired the arched ceiling of the kitchen. It was easy to see that Mrs. Burnett loves her English home and enjoys her life there, but she says she likes a dip into America every now and then, and is spending a few months here this winter while finishing her new book, "The Destiny of Bettina." The story is of an "international" marriage, and of the period when such marriages were not the hackneyed occurrences they have now become. Bettina's views on the subject are novel and "intensely American." Rather different from Mrs. Burnett's former books, it promises to be one of her best.

The park at Rolvenden, and the surrounding country, are beautiful, as most English landscapes are, the famous "weald of Kent" not least so. The neighboring villages are quaint and picturesque (one of them Mrs. Burnett described as "so picturesque as to be affected"), and the life in summer de-



ON THE LAWN



THE TERRACE



AN OUT-DOOR STUDY

lightful. In winter Mrs. Burnett goes to town; and by dividing her time in this way, she says, sees more of her friends than she could during the sea-

son in London, and has really become well acquainted in a few days at Maytham with people she had known slightly for many seasons in town.

Two Worlds

By WILLIAM H. HAYNE

A WORLD of ceaseless toil and strife,
 With vast extremes of death and life,—
 Passions that throb with love or hate,
 And dark complexities of Fate,—
 This is the world of Men.

A mighty world where Thought is king,
 With words forever blossoming,—
 A realm no discord ever seeks,
 Peopled with silence that yet speaks,—
 This is the world of Books.



Farewell

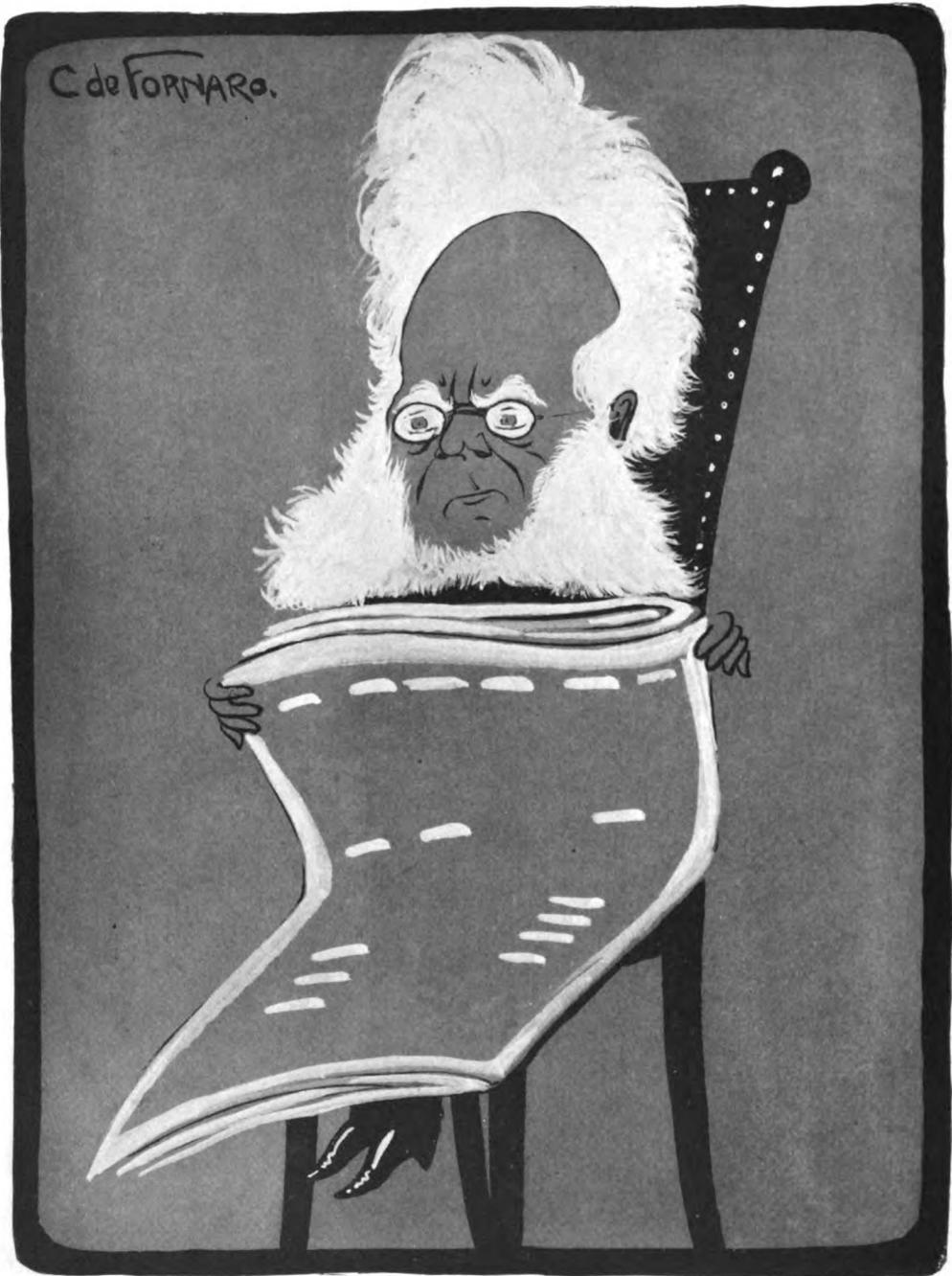
By NANA LOUISE HENRY

WHO does not love the rose ?
Who did not mourn
Her beauty faded and her perished grace ?
Although to take her place
The lily fair another day was born,
Lovely, on stately stem,
Without the rose's thorn.

When sweet, capricious Spring,
That had so long delayed
To come, delayed to go,
We loved her, lingering,
For then we seemed to know
How she was dear,
Who bade farewell with smiles half gay, half sad,
Winking away a tear.

Then Summer came and strewed
With largesse all her way.
Shall we forget her dawn's clear prophecy
Of joy to be ?
The day's fulfilment,—all the still delight
Of golden noon, the loitering hours
In solace of green shade
Beneath her woven bowers,
Where, as we mused
Toil was in full repaid,
Grief half forgot,
The world redeemed, as though its sin were not.
Shall we forget the skies she spread
O'er our day-dreaming head ?
The blue, whose drifting pearl
And silver subtly fused,
At close of day took wing for wider flight ;
The mounting, rapturous flush,
The slow descent
To blessed evening's hush—
The joy, the peace,
How should we have them cease ?

But Autumn comes, with wealthy train
Of corn and oil for future revelry,—
Autumn, in splendor clad
Of ruby and of gold,—
How should we not be glad
Her glory to behold ?
And yet, for all that we shall see
Of that gay pageantry,
Now are we fain
To sigh for Summer's close,
As, when the lily came,
We mourned the rose!



Dr. HENRIK IBSEN.



JUBILEE BANQUET TO DR. IBSEN ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

ECCE IBSEN!*

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Once upon a time, somewhere in Zealand, there walked behind his plough an old man in a smock-frock, who had looked upon men and things till he was wroth at heart; that is a man I like.



NOTHING could be further from the truth than to assume that Dr. Henrik Ibsen is a mere Norwegian. As a matter of fact there flows in Dr. Ibsen's veins not a single drop of Norse blood. During at least four generations, his ancestors have been uniformly Danish, German, or Scotch. Indeed, through his great-grandmother, Wenche Dischington, a descendant of Elisabeth Bruce, sister of King Robert the Bruce, Dr. Ibsen claims direct descent from the Royal Family of Scotland. The master builder, whose temperament has always been characterized as peculiarly Norse, is in reality a "Scoto-Teutonic Dane," with regal symptoms.

Although misconceptions flourish concerning Dr. Ibsen's ancestry, none exist regarding his birth. It is universally conceded that he was born on

March 20, 1828, at Skien, a modest, unsuspecting town in southern Norway. His father, Knud Ibsen, was a keen-witted, vivacious man who conducted an extensive and varied business; the mother, though a rigid pietist, was not without touches of Teutonic sentiment and romance. Dr. Ibsen's childhood, which was passed in Skien and at the Venstøb farm, a few miles distant, was brief and momentous. As a boy he was wholly serious and reserved, and his early impressions and tendencies shed unwonted light upon the future dramatist. Chief among Dr. Ibsen's youthful recollections are those centering about the house where he was born, which was situated in Stockmann's Court, near the market-place. Overlooking the court were the church, the town hall, lockup, madhouse, and pillory. Next to the wild-eyed creatures or the wan and sinister faces of criminals which he saw behind bars, the boy seems to have been most vividly affected by a certain inmate of the church. This he describes as a "white, stout, and heavy-limbed angel, with a bowl in his hand, on week-days sus-

* The biographical material contained in this article is largely based upon the writings of Dr. Henrik Jæger, Valfrid Vasenius, and Dr. Georg Brandes. The illustrations, not otherwise credited, are from *Juleaften, Søndags-Nisse*, and *La Revue Illustrée*.



DR. HENRIK IBSEN

(Drawn for THE CRITIC by Mr. Ernest Haskell)

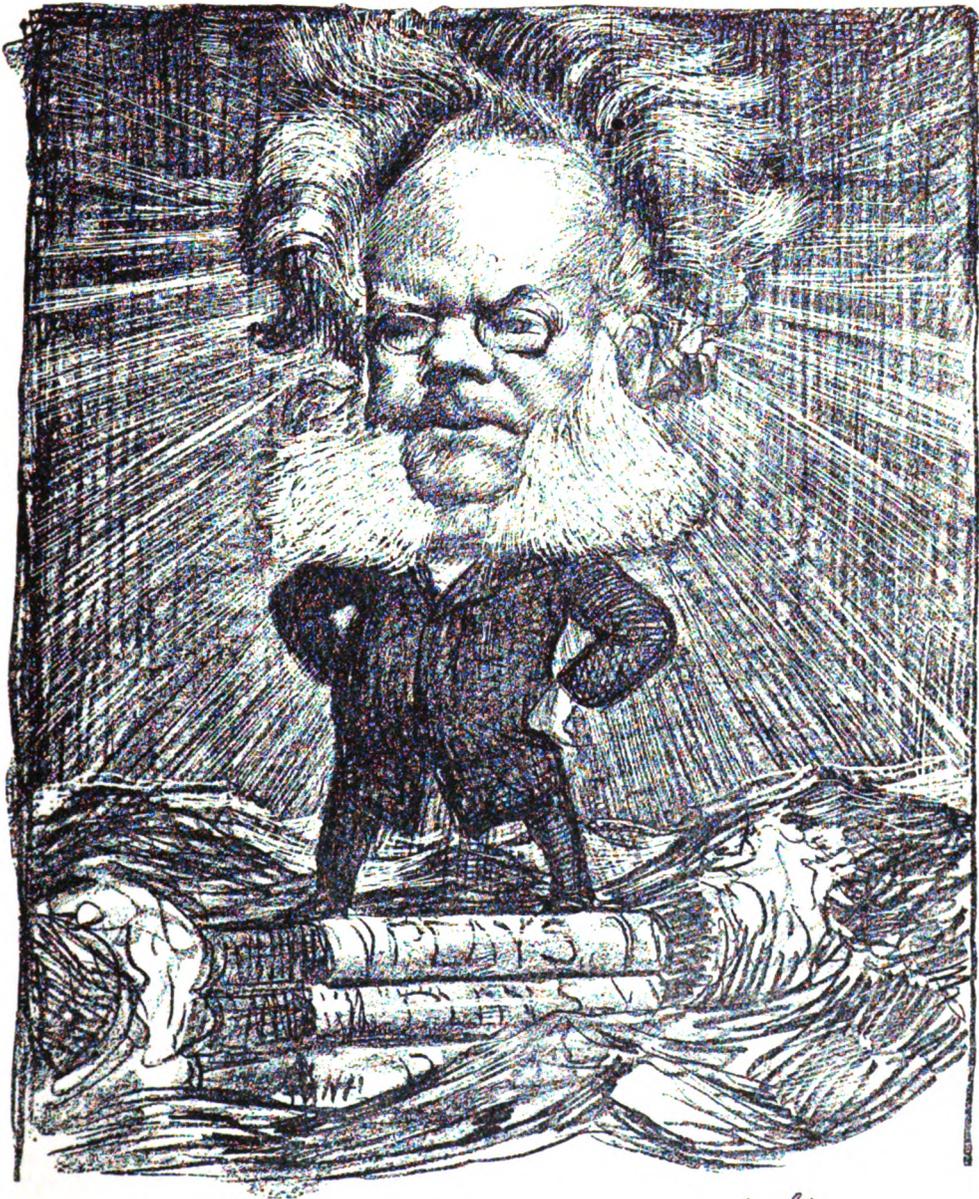
pended high up under the roof, but on Sundays, when children were to be baptized, lowered gently into our midst."

One incident in particular serves to illustrate the boy's early and acute acquisition of a conscience, while also forecasting the subsequent creator of Brand and Gregers Werle. It appears that among his christening gifts was a large silver coin, bearing on one side the features of a man the nurse called "King Fredrik Rex." While Henrik was one day artfully rolling the coin

along the floor, it disappeared into a crack. Realizing that it was an evil omen for the child to lose a christening gift, his parents had the floor torn up, without, however, being able to recover "King Fredrik Rex." "For a long time afterwards," said Dr. Ibsen in recalling the event, "I looked upon myself as a grave criminal, and whenever Peter Tysker, the town policeman, came out of the town hall and across to our front door, I ran as hurriedly as I could into the nursery, and hid under the bed."

Henrik was not a sociable nor playful boy, and when, owing to financial troubles, the family was compelled to

est child, he of course felt cruelly the change in social status. He seldom condescended to play with his brothers



DR. IBSEN ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

(From a drawing by Mr. William Strang, courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)

move to the humble Venstøb property, his demeanor became even more ominous and forbidding. He was then fully eight years of age, and, as the old-

and sisters, but summer and winter shut himself up in a little room all alone "and fastened the door with a hasp." According to his sister, the



ENFLAMING THE UNIVERSE

other children resented this reclusion and used to bombard the door and windows with stones and snowballs. In response, Henrik would dart angrily out after them, but, the sister continues, "nothing ever came of his appearance, and when he had chased us far enough off he went back to his closet."

Meanwhile, beyond the door, Henrik was already contriving a career and fostering in miniature his capacity for independence and isolation. He passed entire days reading, drawing, and cutting out little figures which he made to stand, or move about in serious fashion, prototypes of the selfish men and impassioned, self-sacrificing women who were to illumine the great cycle of historical and social dramas. The room was enriched by a dilapidated desk, a tall clock which would not go, and a curious assortment of old books, among them, Harrison's "History of London," which Hedvig, in "The Wild Duck," afterwards recalls with such child-like magic.

The boy's public accomplishments were confined to appearing as a prestidigitator on Sunday afternoons before the family and friends. During these

incantations he was arrayed in a short jacket and stood "behind a large chest which was decorated and draped for the occasion, and where he presided over performances that appeared like witchcraft to the amazed spectators." Yet despite his uncommon proficiency in the magic arts he seems to have required the assistance of a younger brother, who was concealed inside the chest. His collaborator demanded fancy prices for his services and threatened a public scandal if the recompense were inadequate, and, "as that would have been, to a boy with Henrik's disposition, the most dreadful thing that could have happened, he always promised everything the other demanded."

When he was fourteen, the family returned to Skien, and two years later the boy was apprenticed to an apothecary in Grimstad. He had wished to become a painter, but financial conditions left no room for individual choice. Yet throughout his life he has retained a fervid interest in art, drawing and painting assiduously until he was past thirty, and afterward collecting the admirable series of Renaissance masters which now adorn his apartments in Kristiania. The original sketch, entitled "Public Opinion under the Lash," here published, more than justifies the claim that Dr. Ibsen was "a not unsuccessful dilettante artist."

Fortunately for the boy's development, Grimstad was even smaller than Skien, numbering at that period, according to Dr. Jæger, barely eight hundred inhabitants. The chief events were the coming or going of vessels, and the entire social life of the community focussed around the apothecary's, where gossipers and idlers gathered at all hours to discuss topics of local or general moment. The youthful apprentice was thus afforded a providential opportunity for the study of human nature and character. Behind the counter



where he filled out prescriptions or pasted labels on bottles, he mentally stenographed the petty weaknesses and failings of his patrons, their maladies and shortcomings, both physical and moral. Those unerring and unflinching diagnoses of mind and motive which later reveal themselves in word or gesture, clearly date from the five years Dr. Ibsen passed in the Grimstad apothecary shop.

Meanwhile he was, of course, fulminating far greater things. In addition to preparing himself for the study of medicine, he perpetrated at chance moments considerable verse, both lyric and patriotic. The cryptic, self-centred youth was by no means popular with the little community, and one of its residents speaks of his having gone about "like an enigma, secured with seven seals." His "glowing" ode "To Hungary," on the occasion of the Magyar defeat in the summer of 1849, and his series of "resounding" sonnets entitled "Scandinavians, Awake! An Appeal to the Norwegian and Swedish Brothers," called forth by the war between Germany and Denmark, aroused the derision of his townfolk. They looked with mingled suspicion and distrust upon the little pill-mixer who dared to have opinions of his own on national issues. But Henrik Ibsen, pharmacist's apprentice and incipient dramatist, proved himself equal to the crisis, and both factions were soon, as he puts it, "on a war footing." It is not on record that he inadvertently poisoned any of the attacking party, but by epigram and caricature he seems to have more than held his ground. Long after he left Grimstad, there still hung in the back room of the apothecary shop a number of drawings showing the local pillars of society disporting the heads of dogs, hogs, or asses. This constituted the first and pos-

sibly the only exhibition of Ibsen originals, and its spirit was prophetically secessionist.

It is fruitful to note the hints and recollections of childhood which abound in the Ibsen plays. "The Wild Duck," of course, contains definite memories, and the early years at home must have suggested the description of wealthy John Gynt's household in "Peer Gynt." In "The League of Youth" are glimpses of that petty exclusiveness which at a later period proved a source of humiliation to the entire family, and in "When We Dead Awaken" the sculptor Rubek surely has in mind these Grimstad caricatures when he speaks of subtly giving his portrait busts of respectable citizens "pompous horse-faces, self-opinionated donkey-muzzles, lop-eared, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts."

When, in March, 1850, Henrik Ibsen went to Kristiania to prepare for his matriculation and begin his professional



DR. HENRIK IBSEN
(From a wood-cut by M. Félix Vallotton)



IN HIS STUDY

studies, he was already more addicted to literature than to medicine. He brought with him a number of poems, individual in tone, yet echoing limply the current romanticism, and a school-boy tragedy, "Catilina," which embodied his youthful revolutionary enthusiasm. At Heltberg's flourishing "student factory" his school-fellows were Bjørnson and Vinje, and all three quickly began to rehearse brave, inflammatory plans for the future. The results of Dr. Ibsen's examination were not transcendent, and this, coupled with the acceptance by the Kristiania Theatre of his

one-act drama, "The Hero's Mound," induced him to spurn the allurements of a professional career. The play sustained three performances, and its success confirmed his determination to court a vista of poverty and letters.

Nothing could better augur a triumphant future for Dr. Ibsen than the fate which now enveloped "Catilina." As customary with the first-fruits of genius, no publisher would print it, and no manager would guarantee it a production. Finally, though a "self-denying" friend, Schulerud, printed it at his own expense under the mellifluous pseudonym of "Brynjolf Bjarme," the world declined to betray ecstasy. The critics, save one,—there is always

one exception to mortal sluggishness,—regarded it as adolescent, and the Scandinavian reading public invested in barely thirty copies.

At this time the author and the publisher of "Catilina" were living on a scale which was the antithesis of epicurean. They were obliged to share not only one room but one bed, and dining was quite beyond the scope of Schulerud's monthly remittance. "In order," says Botten-Hansen, "that this might not become known, and they suffer loss of credit thereby at their lodgings, they used to go out at dinner-time, not returning until the people in the house might suppose that they had eaten. Then they drank their coffee, and ate with it some bread, and this had to pass for dinner." Nonetheless the investment, both mental and financial, in "Catilina" ultimately brought its reward, though not in the most flattering guise. Some weeks later, "when their stomachs were as empty as their purses," they managed to sell the remainder of the edition to a huckster for wrapping paper. "And for the next few days," remarked Dr. Ibsen with a possible suggestion of irony, "we lacked none of the necessities of life."



ON KARL JOHANS GADE

Yet despite the blow which destiny dealt "Catilina," Ibsen's own revolutionary ardor, of which the play was but a facet, remained unimpaired. Shortly after his appearance in the capital he participated in two feverish demonstrations. In one of these he figured with Bjørnson in a protest against the banishment of Haring, a picturesque incendiary, and on another occasion he narrowly escaped martyrdom in connection with the arrest and imprisonment of Abildgaard, a socialist fellow-



VISITING ROYALTY

student. His ideas assumed definite form early the following year, when, together with Botten-Hansen and Vinje, he founded a weekly paper called, comprehensively, *The Man*. To *The Man* Dr. Ibsen contributed "Norma, or a Politician's Love," a satire in which he openly lampooned certain members of the Storting, and also numerous poems saturated with the peasant romantics of Munch and Paludan-Müller. After experiencing a tepid infancy, *The Man* contracted the myth-laden title of *Andhrimmer*, but even this failed to inflate a total circulation of nearly one hundred copies, and finally the joint proprietors bowed, with dignity, to the inevitable. Nothing could have been more fortunate than the misfortune which attended the venture, for to have launched a prosperous journal would have been a sad blow to struggling genius, and would, furthermore, have denied its projectors the serene joy of gradually watching stray copies become bibliographical prizes.

Though his success thus far had been intermittent, Dr. Ibsen was appointed, in November, 1851, "instructor" to the theatre recently established in Bergen by Ole Bull. The following summer he visited Denmark and Germany in order to study the foreign stage, and during the five years he remained in Bergen acquired that surpassing knowledge of dramatic construction which characterizes all his subsequent plays. As "instructor," he mounted in turn for the vivacious, pleasure-loving Bergenske, Scribe, Dumas *père*, Shakespeare, Heiberg, and the national classics, Holberg and Oehlenschläger. He also produced each year one of his own plays, "St. John's Night," "Fru Inger of Östraat," "Olaf Liljekrans," and "The Feast at Solhaug," all receiving their *premieres* at Bergen. Dr. Ibsen's sojourn in the sprightly Hanseatic town was propitious despite his meagre salary, and he seems to have made many friends. Professor Dietrichson,



MR. PUNCH'S "POCKET IBSEN"
(Drawn by Mr. Bernard Partridge;
Copyright by The Macmillan Co.)

who afterward knew the poet in Rome and Dresden, speaks of having met him every day, "with his lively eyes and his bushy brown beard, taking a brisk constitutional." Now Bjørnson explicitly asserts that the beard was "coal-black," thus placing earnest students of the Scandinavian drama in a cruel quandary.

For a certain period the poet-satirist now condescended to believe in those conventions in which it is deemed circumspect to believe. He admitted the claims of friendship, patriotism, and love, being repaid for the latter concession by many years of qualified happiness. The post of director of the Norwegian Theatre in Kristiania being offered to him, he left Bergen in the summer of 1857, marrying, the following year, Frøken Susanna Daae Thoresen, a step-daughter of the novelist, Fru Magdalene Thoresen. His career at Kristiania was marked by incomplete recognition as poet and dramatist, and was spiced by bitterness and controversy. Together with Bjørnson, Vinje, Sars, and other aggressive spirits, he founded "The Norwegian Society" with a view to breaking the supremacy of the Danish literary and dramatic faction in the capital. The young nationalists used to meet at Botten-Han-

sen's rooms or in the little L'Orsa's Café, where they read their poems and essays with unflinching fervour. On these occasions Bjørnson would recite those simple, appealing songs which occur in "Synnøve Solbakken," "Arne," or "En Glad Gut," while Ibsen would rehearse the mystic incertitude of "Terje Vigen" or "Pa Vidderne." Yet all was not elusive lyricism, for the poet-patriots soon had the opportunity of rejoicing over the final departure for Copenhagen of Borggaard and his Danish players.

The sterling work accomplished by the little group was, however, counteracted by the arrogant stupidity of both press and public, who declined to concede that its members possessed unquestioned genius. Throughout his term as director of the Norwegian Theatre Dr. Ibsen was reviled on all sides. Actresses ventilated their grievances in the papers, and the director was charged with "dishonesty" and with "boundless vanity." His plays, including "The Chieftains," "Love's Comedy," and "The Pretenders," were hailed as "Norwegian weeds" and "Norwegian trash." "Love's Comedy" in particular called forth shrieks of dismay, one writer saying that it was "a commendation of celibacy, showing that H. Ibsen must have had Roman Catholic notions in his head when he wrote it." The failure of the Norwegian Theatre now left Dr. Ibsen in distressing straits. His royalties amounted to almost nothing, and certain misguided friends even tried to secure him a position in the custom-house. Meanwhile he endeavored to obtain from the state the "poet's salary," such as Bjørnson enjoyed, but one of the officials objected on the ground that "the person who had written 'Love's Comedy' deserved a stick rather than a stipend." After delays and disappointments, an annual grant was finally voted him, and in the spring of 1864 he turned his back upon pettiness and apathy and cast his eyes toward the luminous enchantment of Italy.

Though when he left the heartless, virgin-queen city of the north he had



(From a drawing by Mr. Gardiner Teall)

no intention of remaining abroad permanently, it was nearly thirty years before Dr. Ibsen again identified himself with life in Kristiania. He lived first in Rome, then Dresden, then München, again in Italy, and once more in München, visiting, meanwhile, Egypt and the Orient. Finally, some ten years ago, he returned to the Norwegian capital, where he now resides. During this time he has produced, on the average, a play every two years. Absence from his native land served to intensify early impressions, to give him, as it were, points of vantage. Under the ilexes by the Lake of Nemi, among the lemon-groves of Ischia, at Sorrento and Amalfi, in the Tyrol or the Saxon and Bavarian capitals, he crystallized those profoundly daring and analytical plays which have shattered convention and established the supremacy of the modern drama. Although Dr. Ibsen lived away from Norway, he continued in close touch with events at home, always reading the Scandinavian papers—including advertisements—and associating with those of his countrymen whom he chanced to meet abroad. During his first sojourn in Italy he saw considerable of Professor Dietrichson, who was then Librarian of the Scandinavian Club in Rome. They frequently took jaunts together, on which occasions Dr. Ibsen would disport "a very broad-brimmed soft hat, with a sky-blue lining," which his friends christened "the Blue Grotto," and which procured for him with the country-folk the title of "il Cappellone"—the "Big Hat."

The composition of Dr. Ibsen's searching indictments of contemporary life was attended by a more complete affirmation of his individuality both intellectual and personal. Careful comparison of numerous portraits dating from this period proves that until about 1869



(After a wood-cut by Mr. Robert Bryden)

he wore a full beard, afterward exhibiting his chin and upper lip, as noted in all recent photographs. In conversations with Dr. Georg Brandes and also in certain letters to the Danish critic, Dr. Ibsen discloses more fully than anywhere else his attitude on questions social, political, and æsthetic. All his life he has been a doubter, a questioner, an exposé of hypocrisy and sham, and the high-priest of individualism. "The State," he says in one memorable letter, "has its root in time, and will ripe and rot in time. Greater things than it will fall—religion, for example. Neither moral conceptions nor art-forms have an eternity before them. How much are we really in duty bound to pin our faith to? Who will guarantee me that on Jupiter two and two do not make five?" In another letter he takes Bjørnson to task for believing in the majority fallacy, Dr. Ibsen himself, of course, holding that "the *minority* is always in the right." He was deeply disgusted with the Paris Commune for having "gone and spoilt" his "excellent state-theory,

remained impassive, inscrutable. He has never discussed nor defended their theses, and will permit no reference to them in his presence. The bedlamite receptions accorded "The Doll's House" and "Ghosts" left him un-

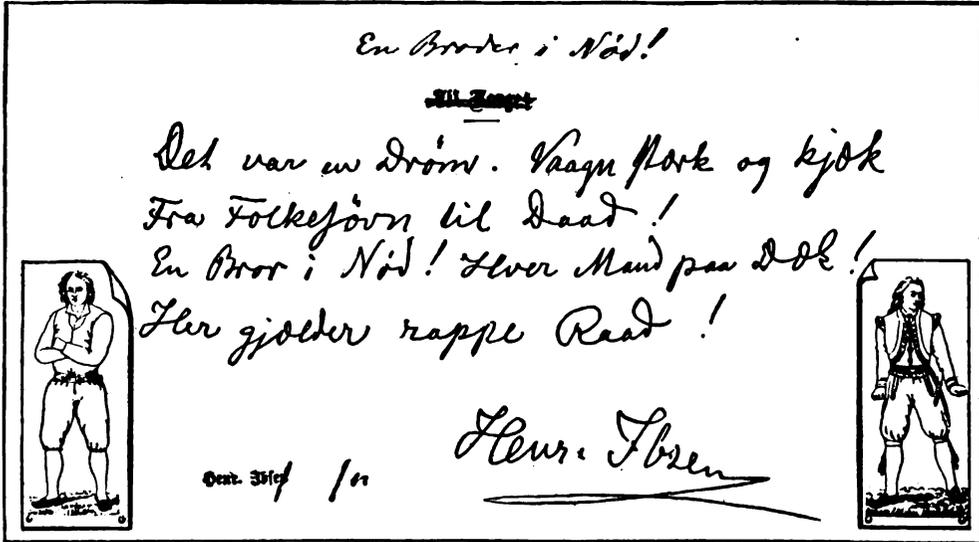
ington, D. C., would permit no readings in her home from plays by that "foul-mouthed Ibsen who recognizes no law, human or divine." To personal attacks Dr. Ibsen has been equally impervious, never shuddering



DR. HENRIK IBSEN
(From a wood-cut by M. Félix Vallotton)

moved. To hear them called "dull dirt long drawn out," "loathsome and fetid," "garbage and offal," or "maunderings of nook-shotten Norwegians," never drew his fire. It mattered little to him that a Swedish hostess wrote on her invitations, "You are politely requested not to discuss 'The Doll's House,'" or that a woman of Wash-

under such choice characterizations as "a crazy fanatic," "an egotist and a bungler," "a Zola with a wooden leg," or "a gloomy sort of ghoulish bent on groping for horrors." All these have seemed to the master builder merely short-sighted compliments. He had stirred the pool, and could wait until the water cleared.



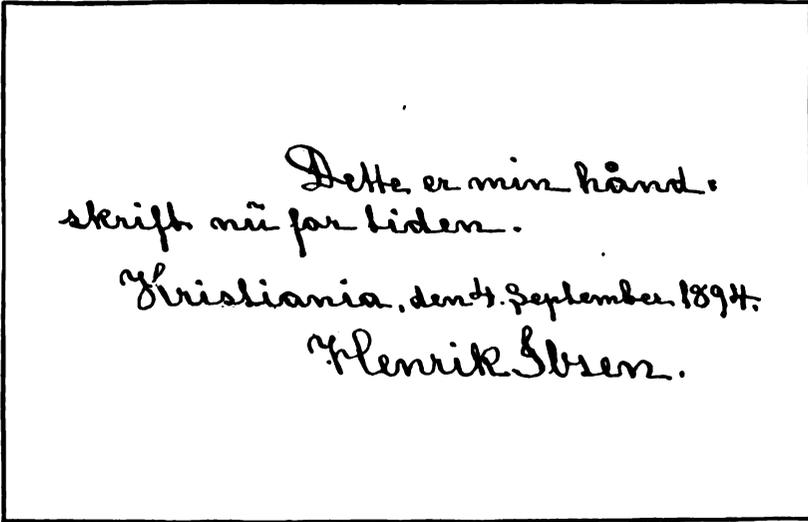
MS. VERSES "TIL NORGE" AND ORIGINAL SKETCHES OF COSTUMES BY DR. IBSEN

During the current decade Dr. Ibsen has assumed cosmic proportions. As a dramatist he has but one peer—Æschylus; as a man he has been more discussed than any figure in contemporary life. Streets and squares have been named after him and intolerable statues have been erected to his memory. Kings, even, have left their carriages to walk beside him. His personal appearance—the rebellious hair and beard, the Zeus-like forehead, the defiant eyes and inflexible lips, have

become legendary. Every nameless scribbler who visits Kristiania during the summer months writes columns of sacred impertinences on the strength of having passed Dr. Ibsen in Karl Johans Gade or caught a glimpse of him at the Grand Hotel, where he reads the papers and sips his cognac, always occupying a chair marked "RESERVED FOR DR. IBSEN." Nearly all these amiable fabulists revamp the stock stories about his drinking alternate drafts of brandy and beer, or about his having a plate-glass mirror inside his hat and contemplating his countenance with approval every few minutes. A few fling themselves upon him, and an infinitesimal number step inside the doors of his apartment at No. 1. Arbins Gade. Even these latter have failed, unaccountably, to note that the brass plate bearing his name is on the left, not the right, as one enters, and that the floor of his study is covered with linoleum, not rugs. In the interest of the picturesque it should be recalled that the tram-cars which buzz along the Drammensveien just outside Dr. Ibsen's windows are painted blue. For the salvation of posterity it should be placed on record that he rents his apartment furnished, and that only the pictures and a few bibelots are his



ORIGINAL COSTUME SKETCHES BY DR. IBSEN WHEN STAGE DIRECTOR



ACKNOWLEDGED SPECIMEN OF DR. IBSEN'S HANDWRITING, AND SIGNATURE, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-SIX

property; also that he declines to write autographs or indite dedications save with his own particular gold pen. The question of personal attire, which is usually confined to a word about the perpetual frock suit and top hat, might be embellished by the detail that Dr. Ibsen wears scarfs of white batiste, and that, though he formerly did so, he no longer blacks his own boots. Incidentally, and finally, a word of admonition should be addressed those who, in their simplicity, speak or write of "Mr." Ibsen, "Hr." Ibsen, "Herr" Ibsen, etc., etc. His correct title is Dr.—Doctor of Philology *hon. causa*—and he insists on the explicit application of the Dr.

This indignant, implacable man has all his life been misunderstood and ma-

ligned. Although at times frank and communicative, his almost habitual reserve, his singular shyness of soul, have repelled the public. When fame came, it must have seemed trivial to the master builder, bringing, as it did, so much that was petty and prying. During the past few months he has been reconciled with his old friend, rival, and antagonist, Bjørnson, and has penned with difficulty a few scattered pages of his autobiography. His life-work is finished, and he now paces the floor like a sick wolf, or lies on a bed of pain awaiting, impassively, the visible or the invisible. He has been greater, calmer, more courageous than his fellows, and perhaps that is why the pigmies have sometimes laughed at him with brush, or pencil,—or with pen.



The Dead Level of Intelligence

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

YOUR hostess introduces you to a man in a drawing room. "Mr. C— belongs to a Browning Club, too," she says.

What are you going to do about it? Are you going to talk about Browning?

Not if Browning is one of your alive places. You will reconnoitre first—James Whitcomb Riley or Ella Wheeler Wilcox. There is no telling where The Enemy will bring you up, if you do not. He may tell you something about Browning you never knew—something you have always wanted to know,—but you will be hurt that he knew it. He may be the original Grammarian of "The Grammarian's Funeral" (whom Robert Browning took—and knew perfectly well that he took—the one poetic moment of his life), but his belonging to a Browning Club—The Enemy, that is—does not mean anything to you or to anyone else nowadays—either about Browning or about himself.

There was a time once, when, if a man revealed in a conversation that he was familiar with poetic structure in John Keats, it meant something about the man—his temperament, his producing or delighting power. It means now, that he has taken a course in poetics in college, or teaches English in a High School, and is carrying deadly information about with him wherever he goes. It does not mean that he has a spark of the Keats spirit in him, or that he could have endured being in the same room with Keats, or Keats could have endured being in the same room with him, for fifteen minutes.

There is no more sorry or significant inconvenience in modern life than the almost constant compulsion in it of finding people out—making a distinction between the people who know a beautiful thing and are worth while and the boors of culture—the people who know all about it. One sees them on every hand to-day, many of them occupying positions of importance.

They have been taken through all the regular means of education, from the bottom to the top, but they always belong to the intellectual lower classes whatever their positions may be, because they are clumsy and futile with knowledge—because they are not masters. Their culture has not been made over into themselves and does not belong to them, and cannot be made to belong to them. They have acquired it largely under mob-influence (the dead level of intelligence) and all that they can do with it—with what they do not want—is to force it on other people who do not want it.

Whether in the origin, processes, or results of their learning, these people have all the attributes of a mob. Their influence and force in civilization is a mob influence, and it operates in the old and classic fashion of mobs upon all who oppose it.

It constitutes at present the most important and securely entrenched intimidating force that modern society presents, against the actual culture of the world, whether in the schools or out of it. Its voice is in every street, and its shout of derision may be heard in almost every walk of life against all who refuse to conform to it. There are but very few who refuse. Millions of human beings, young and old, in meek and willing rows are seen on every side, standing before It,—THE DEAD LEVEL—anxious to do anything to be graded up to it, or to be graded down to it—offering their heads to be taken off, their necks to be stretched, or their waists—willing to live footless all their days—anything—anything whatever, bless their hearts! to know that they are on the Level, the Dead Level, the precise and exact Dead Level of Intelligence.

The fact that this mob-power keeps its hold by using books instead of bricks, is merely a matter of form. It occupies most of the strategic positions just now in the highways of learning,

and it does all the things that mobs do, and does them in the way that mobs do them. In a frenzy of labor it despoils gardens, lays its own palaces low, dictates fates to those who build palaces for the world and keep them open in it. With its workhouses in parks, jails called schools,—factories to learn to love in, treadmills to learn to sing in, it girdles its belt of drudgery around the world and carries bricks and mortar to the clouds. It shouts to every human being across the spaces—the outdoors of life: "Who goes there? Come thou with us. Dig thou with us. Root or die!"

Every vagrant joy-maker and world-builder this modern day can boast—genius, lover, singer, artist,—has had to have his struggle with the hod-carriers of culture and if a lover of books has not enough love in him to refuse to be coerced into joining the huge Intimidator, the aggregation of the Reading Labor Unions of the world, which rules the world, there is little hope for him. All true books draw quietly away from him. Their spirit is a spirit that shall not know him—a spirit he shall never know.

It would be hard to find a more significant fact with regard to the ruling culture of modern life than the almost total displacement of temperament in it,—its blank, staring inexpressiveness. We have lived our lives so long under the domination of the "Cultured man must" theory of education—the industry of being well-informed has gained such headway with us, that out of all of the crowds of the civilized we prefer to live with to-day, one must go very far to find a cultivated man who has not violated himself in his knowledge, who has not given up his last chance at distinction—that is, his last chance to have his knowledge fit him closely and express him and belong to him.

The time was when knowledge was made to fit people like their clothes. But now that we have come to the point where we pride ourselves on educating people in rows and civilizing them in the bulk, "If a man has the privilege of being born by himself—of beginning his life by himself, it is as

much as he can expect," says the typical Board of Education. The result is,—so far as his being educated is concerned—the average man looks back to his first birthday as his last chance of being treated as God made him, and as he is—a special creation by himself. "The Almighty may deal with a man, when He makes him, as a special creation by himself. He may manage to do it afterward. *We* cannot," says The Board, succinctly, drawing its salary; "it increases the tax rate."

The problem is dealt with simply enough. There is just so much cloth to be had and just so many young and two-legged persons to be covered with it—and that is the end of it. The growing child walks down the years—turns every corner of life—with Vistas of Ready-Made Clothing hanging before him, closing behind him. Unless he shall fit himself to these clothes—he is given to understand—down the pitying, staring world he shall go, naked, all his days, like a dream in the night.

It is a general principle that a nation's life can be said to be truly a civilized life in proportion as it is expressive, and in proportion as all the persons in it, in the things they know and in the things they do, are engaged in expressing what they are.

A generation may be said to stand forth in history, to be a great and memorable generation in art and letters, in material and spiritual creation, in proportion as the knowledge of that generation was fitted to the people who wore it, and the things they were doing in it and the things they were born to do.

If it were not contradicted by almost every attribute of what is being called an age of special and general culture, it would seem to be the first axiom of all culture that knowledge can only be made to be true knowledge by being made to fit people, and to express them as their clothes fit them and express them.

But we do not want knowledge in our civilization to fit people as their clothes fit them. We do not even want their clothes to fit them. The

people themselves do not want it. There is no more striking and significant fact of our modern life than that it is an elaborate and organized endeavor, on the part of almost every person in it, to escape from being fitted, either in knowledge or in anything else. The first symptom of civilization—of the fact that a man is becoming civilized—is that he wishes to appear to belong where he does not. It is looked upon as the spirit of the age. He wishes to be learned, that no one may find out how little he knows. He wishes to be religious, that no one may see how wicked he is. He wishes to be respectable, that no one may know that he does not respect himself. The result mocks at us from every corner in life. Society is a struggle to get into the wrong clothes. Culture is a struggle to learn the things that belong to someone else. Black Mollie (who is the cook next door) presented her betrothed last week—a stable hand on the farm—with an eight-dollar manicure set. She did not mean to sum up the condition of culture in the United States in this simple and tender act. But she did.

Michael O'Hennessy, who lives under the hill sums it up also. He has just bought a brougham in which he and Mrs. O'H. can be seen almost any pleasant Sunday driving in the Park. It is not to be denied that Michael O'Hennessy, sitting in his brougham, is a genuinely happy-looking object. But it is not the brougham itself that Michael enjoys. What he enjoys is the fact that he has bought the brougham and that the brougham that he has bought, belongs to someone else. Mrs. John Brown-Smith, who presides at our tubs from week to week and who comes to us in a brilliant silk waist—(removed for business)—has just bought a piano to play "Hold the Fort" on, with one finger, when the neighbors are passing by—a fact which cannot be said to be without national significance—which sheds light upon schools and upon college catalogues and upon conditions of learning through the whole United States.

It would be a great pity if a man could not know the things that have always belonged before to other men to know, and it is the essence of culture that he should know these things, but his appearing to know things that belong to someone else—his desire to appear to know them—heaps up darkness. The more things there are a man knows without knowing the inside of them—the spirit of them—the more kinds of an ignoramus he is. It is not enough to say that the learned man (learned in this way) is merely ignorant. His ignorance is placed where it counts the most,—generally,—at the fountain heads of society, and he radiates ignorance. Every new thing he learns—every masterpiece he touches, is blighted by him.

It would be hard to find a more serious menace in human society to real culture, than the innumerable people one sees about to-day (they are seen almost everywhere) appearing to know the wrong things,—things that do not belong to them to know—that they have no spiritual right to appear to know.

There are three objections to the Dead Level of Intelligence,—getting people at all hazards, alive or dead, to know certain things. First, the things that a person who learns in this way appears to know are damned by his appearing to know them. Second, he keeps other people who might know them from wanting to. Third, he poisons his own life, by appearing to know—by even desiring to appear to know—what is not in him to know. He takes away the last hope he can ever have of really knowing the thing he appears to know, and, unless he is careful, the last hope he can ever have of really knowing anything. He destroys The Thing a man does his knowing with. It is not the least pathetic phase of the great industry of being well informed that thousands of men and women may be seen on every hand giving up their lives that they may appear to live, and giving up knowledge that they may appear to know, taking pains for vacuums. Success in appearing to know

is success in locking oneself outside of knowledge, and all that can be said of the most learned man that lives—if he is learned in this way—is that he knows more things that he does not know, about more things, than any man in the world. He runs the gamut of ignorance.

In the meantime, as long as the industry of being well-informed is the main ideal of living in the world, as long as every man's life, chasing the shadow of some other man's life, goes hurrying by, grasping at Ignorance, there is nothing we can do—most of us—as educators, but to rescue a youth now and then from the rush and wait for results both good and evil to work themselves out. Those of us who respect every man's life, and delight in it and in the dignity of the things that belong to it, would like to do many things. We should be particularly glad to join hands in the "practical" things that are being hurried into the hurry around us. But they do not seem to us practical. The only practical thing we know of that can be done with a man who does not respect himself, is to get him to. It is true, no doubt, that we cannot respect another man's life for him, but we are profoundly convinced that we cannot do anything more practical for such a man's life than respecting it until he respects it himself, and we are convinced also that until he does respect it himself, respecting it for him is the only thing that anyone else can do—the beginning and end of all action for him and of all knowledge. Democracy to-day in education—as in everything else—is facing its supreme opportunity. Going about in the world respecting men until they respect themselves is almost the only practical way there is of serving them.

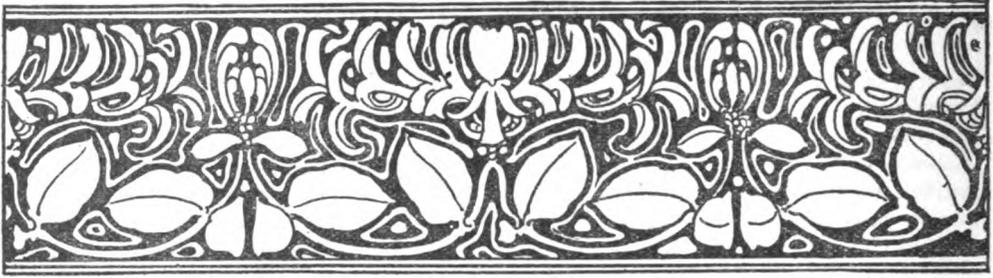
We find it necessary to believe that any man in this present day who shall

be inspired to respect his life, who shall refuse to take to himself the things that do not belong to his life, who shall break with the appearance of things, who shall rejoice in the things that are really real to him—there shall be no withstanding him. The strength of the universe shall be in him. He shall be glorious with it. The man who lives down through the knowledge that he has, has the secret of all knowledge that he does not have. By patience and thoroughness in knowing his own truth the spirit that all truths are known with, becomes his spirit. The essential mastery over all real things and over all real men is his possession forever.

When this vital and delighted knowledge—knowledge that is based on facts—ones own self-respecting experience with facts, shall begin again to be the habit of the educated life, the days of the Dead Level of Intelligence shall be numbered. Men are going to be the embodiment of the truths they know—sometime—as they have been in the past. When the world is filled once more with men who know what they know, learning will cease to be a theory about a theory of life, and children will acquire truths as helplessly and inescapably as they acquire parents. Truths will be learned through the types of men the truths have made. A man was meant to learn truths by gazing up and down lives—out of his own life.

When these principles are brought home to educators—when they practised in some degree by the people—instead of merely, as they have always been before, by the leaders of the people, the world of knowledge shall be a new world. All knowledge shall be human, incarnate, expressive, artistic. Whole systems of knowledge shall come to us by seeing one another's faces on the street.





“R. L. S.” *

By JOSEPH B. GILDER

THE official life of Stevenson would have been awaited with less patience had not its appearance been forestalled by the publication of several unofficial lives, and two portly volumes containing his letters. The latter, being largely autobiographical, might almost have taken the place of a formal biography; but while they rendered such a work less necessary, they made it none the less welcome to thousands of readers in England and America, who, unlike the romancer's old friend, Mr. Henley, enjoy his writings and admire the man.

There are no surprises in the present book—unless we except the very wooden image of Stevenson that does duty as frontispiece to the first volume. Mr. Graham Balfour has retold the familiar story of his cousin's childhood, youth, and manhood with abundant detail, and in a literary style so good that there is no jarring contrast between the original matter in his narrative and the extracts from Stevenson's own writings with which he illuminates and embellishes it. The romancer's ancestry is set forth with just sufficient fulness; and the portrait of Stevenson's father is drawn by the son himself. Justice is done to the mother also,—a fine and attractive character, whose relations with her famous child have been misconceived owing to his failure to write of her as he wrote of his father and his grandparents: the obvious explanation being that she alone outlived him. Stevenson was in-

teresting at every stage of his career; and not the least so in his childhood and early youth, of which we have here the fullest account yet given. He never wholly ceased to be a child, indeed; which perhaps accounts for the vividness with which he recalled his earliest thoughts and feelings in after years, as shown directly in his reminiscences, and indirectly in “A Child's Garden of Verses.” The ambition to be a writer was strong in him from the age of six years, and precocity was not lacking. His first contribution to literature—the anonymous pamphlet on “The Pentland Rising,” which appeared when he was only sixteen—was a study of a subject on which he had based one of two novels, written at an earlier age, but never published.

It would be interesting, were not the story too familiar to justify a reviewer's doing so, to follow Stevenson throughout his school and college days, his brief and rather ludicrous experience as a barrister in Edinburgh, his winter visits to southern France when “ordered South” to avoid the rigors of the Scottish climate, his Bohemian days in northern France where he met his future wife and helpmate, his pursuit of her (as “an amateur emigrant”) across the Atlantic Ocean and the American continent, his marriage and subsequent return to Europe, his winters at Davos and sojourns in the Highlands, at Bournemouth, and in America, and his quest of health on shipboard in southern seas, and as a dweller among the Samoan islands, where now he fills a mountain grave. The whole pictur-

* “The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.” By Graham Balfour. 2 vols. Scribner. \$4.00 net.

esque drama of his life, which was as entertaining to himself and to those who read of it as any romance he ever wrote, is here unrolled like a panorama. As Mr. Balfour tells it, the story gives us no new insight into Stevenson's character, but emphasizes the impression of his brilliancy and many-sidedness, the breadth of his sympathies, and his immense courage and cheerfulness in the most adverse and depressing circumstances. Mr. Henley protests against his old friend's being praised for keeping up heart and sticking to his work to the bitter end, when many a consumptive sempstress has done as much,—which would seem a reason for lauding the quiet heroism of the obscure sempstress, rather than for withholding commendation from the man of genius.

This allusion to the one discordant note in the reception of the present work introduces a theme which, while not strictly relevant, is difficult to avoid in estimating the value of Mr. Balfour's volumes. For some reason which he fails to disclose, beyond the vague admission that he is a man with a grievance, Mr. Stevenson's intimate of earlier days has seen fit to assist as Devil's advocate at his old friend's canonization. The performance is so extraordinary, and evidence of a worthy motive so far to seek, that one is forced to account for the phenomenon by accepting it as merely a fresh revelation of the baser qualities in human nature. When Mr. Henley knew Stevenson, the latter was inclined to levity; in later years, when circumstances had separated them, he became more serious, and in his latter days even went so far as to moralize in his letters, and to write certain prayers for family use. Incidentally, he became rich and famous. Mr. Henley, on the

other hand, has written several volumes of clever verse, a very frank biography of Burns that could hardly be matched for the involution and self-consciousness of many of its sentences, an essay in disparagement and abuse of some of the masters of English song, and several bits of music-hall doggerel out-jingoing Rudyard Kipling. At fifty he finds himself likely to be enduringly remembered chiefly by virtue of his whilom intimacy with Stevenson. The suggestion that the sight of his friend's prosperity has embittered him, and that he has been exasperated because the references to Mr. Henley in the “official” life, though highly complimentary, are merely casual, may be left to some intimate friend of the “man with a grievance”: coming from an outsider, it might seem malicious.

Stevenson was not a saint; we doubt that he would have cared to be one; and Mr. Balfour has set no halo above his head. But he has shown that sense of decency and proportion that causes a biographer to hint at the weaknesses and failings of his subject, rather than to paint him from the point of view of, say, a taproom companion, or a chambermaid in a country inn. Very human and very lovable we find R. L. S. here, as we have already found him in his letters and his books; and we have the assurance of witnesses who knew him before Mr. Henley did, and afterwards, that the impression we have gained of him is the true one. As an author he was not in the same rank with Scott and Dumas; as a man he was not too good for human nature's daily food; but he was so rare a man and a writer that the world can well afford to judge him by his written words, and the testimony of such of his friends as lack a grievance.





F. VILLON, VIEUX POÈTE FRANÇAIS
(From the engraving by Caxenove; courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)

François Villon

By A. I. DU P. COLEMAN

DINING the other night in a delightful little Italian restaurant (by your leave, the place shall not be indicated—it will be invaded soon enough), I was made the unwilling auditor of a conversation at the next table. One penetrating voice, obviously not Italian, was narrating a visit to a physician for whose learning and attainments the speaker evidently had a reverential awe. "He had a bust on top of his bookcase," said the voice, "and he told me it was Ambroise Paré." In spite of the phonetic pronunciation which made the surname rhyme with "care," one recognized the appropriateness of this token of professional devotion to the father of French surgery, and was hardly prepared for what followed. "I asked him if that was the Ambroise that loved Heloise so deeply, but he said no,—that was another Ambroise." This cross-section of a large mass of

our contemporary national culture is offered to aid the exposition of a thought which may console the lovers of modern drama, amid the many and just reflections cast upon it. With all its faults, it still at intervals performs a very real service to those whose education has been confined to the present and the practical. Thus, M. Rostand (not, more 's the pity, a type of the modern dramatist) has recalled in "Cyrano," and made once more actual and vivid one of the most interesting and attractive personalities in the *grand siècle* of France; and now Mr. McCarthy, powerfully aided by Mr. Sothern, has done as much for "Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name."

Stevenson moralizes on the immortality of evil and of shame:

Let an antiquary fall across a sheet of manu-

script, and the name will be recalled, the old infamy will pop out into daylight like a toad out of a fissure in the rock, and the shadow of the shade of what was once a man will be heartily pilloried by his descendants.

It is all true, and put as engagingly as is every one of his thoughts; but it is not the only truth suggested by the career of the man who managed to be at once a great poet and a great rascal. One scarcely less obvious is the enforcement of the old copy-book aphorism which contrasts the permanence of art and the brevity of life. It is not merely that Villon's actual sojourn here was short—probably but little longer than that strange Elizabethan career which ended so miserably in a tavern brawl after it had made possible the tragedy of Shakespeare and the blank verse of Milton: had he lived to the age of Wordsworth, and become like him a pillar of conservative institutions, he might long since have been forgotten. One reads in a footnote of Taine's of another malefactor, a certain Baron de Plumartin, who was hanged for highway robbery little more than a century and a half ago—and one's curiosity is aroused for the moment into the wish to know more of that piquant contrast, of the survival of the mediæval freebooting noble amidst the polished civilization of the Regency; but there it ends. The Baron gets his footnote, and that is all. Villon, on the other hand, though he lived for years in the shadow of the gallows, could do more than bring his neck in danger. He could write an epitaph *ære perennius*, and make us, distant as we are in time and space, shudder still at the creaking of the chains and the flapping of foul wings about the gibbet on Montfaucon.

Here are we five or six strung up, you see,
And here the flesh that all too well we fed,
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,
And we the bones grow dust and ash withal.
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,
But pray to God that He forgive us all!

Aye, and for the man himself, leaving aside the artist—a plague on our respectability if we are deaf to his appeal! Think of him in those cruel

winters when the Burgundians lay about Paris, and the bolder wolves ravened in the very streets. He has the appetite of the natural man for bread and meat and wine—and with it the artistic temperament and the education of a scholar and a gentleman to give him an acute sense of the absurdity of going hungry. Judge him not by the standards of our enlightened and superior age, but set him for comparison amidst the widespread corruption and lawlessness of his own; and say whether the old Puritan, with his "There, but for the grace of God—," was not both wiser and more Christian-like than those who are so forward to cast the first stone at fifteenth-century Villon, and at poor Verlaine (splendid poet and uncertain moralist like him) in our day.

It may be some such stirrings of righteous charity, or but the novelist's need for the exaltation of his hero, that has led Mr. McCarthy to depict Villon in the glowing colors which he has here * bestowed upon him. Yet one likes to think that it is another fruit of that idealism which can see the possibilities in a man, however they

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE 15TH CENTURY

* "If I Were a King." By Justin Huntly McCarthy. R. H. Russell & Co. \$1.50.

have been overlaid by the muddy deposits of the torrent which has swept through his life. It is possible, historically, that Villon did so shine out for a few brief splendid hours; for Mr. McCarthy has taken the precaution of placing the events of his story in those years of which the authentic biographers tell us nothing. Almost the last definitely recorded fact of the poet's life is his enlargement (in consequence of a general amnesty following the accession of Louis XI., who plays so large a part in the romance) from the episcopal prison at Meung. By the way, without going further afield than Stevenson's essay, the novelist, who is generally a little free with his names, might have avoided using for his traitorous Grand Constable that of Thibaud d'Aussigny. It belonged of right to the Bishop of Orléans in question, whom Villon roundly abused for the discomforts of his imprisonment—rather ungratefully, perhaps, since there is reason to think that his surrender as a clerk to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction may have saved him from the worse fate which had just befallen his friend Colin des Cayeux, clerk though he was.

But Mr. McCarthy has precedent to cite, if he chooses, for independently original treatment of the period. In "Nôtre Dame de Paris," Victor Hugo has picked up a historical personage whose career is not without its analogies to Villon's—Gringoire, the originator of the political drama in France—and thrown him boldly back from the reign of Louis XII. to that of Louis XI. Here Théodore de Banville left him, when on June 21, 1866, he put him on the stage of the Théâtre Français in a one-act comedy which it is not impossible that Mr. McCarthy may have read. At least in this play, too, the ragged poet is condemned to the gallows, and the humorous king offers him a pardon on condition that he shall incontinently win the love of an honest maiden apparently quite out of his reach. He accomplishes the task, not so much here by exploits of high patriotism as by eloquent rhapsodies on the lofty estate of the poet, on the

consolations that are his, and on the ideals of justice and clemency which it is his privilege to exalt.

But these pedantic questions of origins and of historical accuracy will not seriously affect the pleasure of the great majority of readers. The tale is well conceived, though never approaching the flash-light vividness of "A Lodging for the Night," and conducts us through all the proper sort of romantic adventures to the approved "And so they were married, and lived happily ever afterwards." Villon himself, we may please ourselves by fancying, was far too much of an artist to leave behind such a conclusion to his life—which, when all is said and done, is the most picturesque and striking of his many "legacies."

Apart, however, from the pleasing figments of romance, or from the unkindly memorials of contemporaneous legal documents, the work of François Villon, small as it is in bulk, must ever be of singular interest to the student of those developments of the human mind whose records we call literature. Those whose preoccupation is with antiquarian minutiae, with the reconstruction in its material details of the life of the fifteenth century, may of course find all they want in this man, who saw with the eye of a realist, and whom one of his recent critics has not hesitated to call the precursor of Zola. But to those whose range is broader, the appeal will be incalculably strong of a singer who was the first of his race to strike that personal note so rare in France until the nineteenth century—to feel that *besoin de s'épancher* which made Musset and Baudelaire, Sully Prudhomme and Verlaine what they were. Join to this that sad underlying sense of the vanity of things, that realization of the *Weltschmerz* ages before Goethe, and you have reason enough to admit Villon's claim to be the first modern poet.

His name, and to some extent his work, have been made familiar to scholarly English readers for forty years by Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Lang, by the charming, if a little gloomy, essay already twice cited,

and most of all by the unwearied labors, both in biography and as a rule extremely successful translation, of Mr. John Payne.* Nor do his own countrymen show any signs of wearying in their interest. M. Marcel Schwob has long had in hand a considerable work upon him; and within a twelvemonth another distinguished man of letters, M. Gaston Paris, has added to their excellent Great Writers' series an admirable little book,† the fruit of many years' study, which may be unhesitatingly commended to those who read French. Like the preceding volume of the series, it deals equally with the life and the work of its subject; and it has also a careful chapter tracing his influence down to the present day. M. Paris draws a graphic picture of the childish nature who (at thirty!) was still promising himself to forswear sack, purge, and live cleanly when he should be grown up, and points out that if by his earlier choice of virtue the fifteenth century had had one respectable man the more, it is only too probable that all the ages would have been the poorer by a great poet.

* T. B. Mosher.
† "François Villon." Par Gaston Paris. (Grands Écrivains Français). Paris : Hachette et Cie.

**Freres humains q' apres nous viues
Napez les cueurs cōtre no' endurcis
Car se pitie de nous pourrez auez
Dieu en aura plus tost de vo' mercis
Dous no' boies cy ataches cinq sie
Quāt de la char q' trop aude nourrie
Est est pieca deuotree ⁊ pourrie
et no' les os deuotēs cōtes ⁊ poals
De nre mal p'sonne ne sen vie (die
Mais pes bien q' to' no' d'neille abs
soudre.**

**Des freres vo' clamo: pas ne deuez
Auoit desdaing quoy q' fumes occis
Par iustice toute fois dous scanes
Que to' hōes nōt pas bon sēs rassie
Excuseo no' pais que sōmes trāsie
Enuers le filz de la vierge marie
Que sa grace ne soit pour no' tarie
No' preserāt d' infernalte foalbre
Dous sōmes mors ame ne no' harie
Mais pes dieu q' to' no' d'neille abs
(soudre**

FROM AN EDITION OF THE 15TH CENTURY



Miss Johnston's "Audrey"

They have to read old books and consult antiquarian collections to get their knowledge. . . . This leads to dragging in historical details by head and shoulders, so that the interest of the main piece is lost in minute descriptions of events which do not affect its progress.

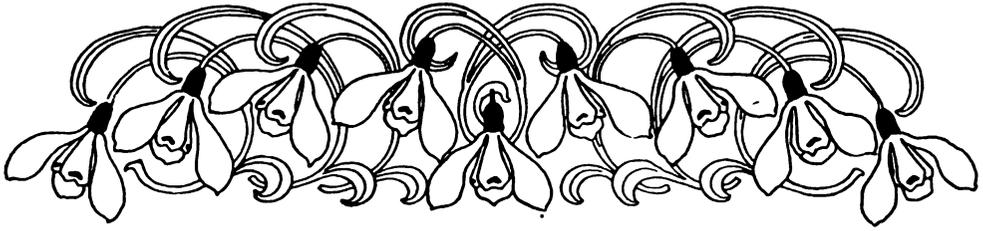
THIS comment of Scott's on the methods of his imitators might have been written to-day instead of in the first quarter of the last century. It sums up so well the methods of the historical novelist. The literary man of Scott's day made his romantic pose a reality. It affected his mode of thought, the architecture of his home, his dress. Scott talked about his "Gothic mind." His imitators were often as sincere in their point of view as they were inept in the expression of it. In a word, there was a *raison d'être* for the historical romance: a great literary reaction, and, in fiction, a great leader. To-day we have the host of historical romancers, with no Scott at their head. The output of romantic novels is numerically greater than in the days of 1830, but one looks in vain for an excuse for the multiplication of them. The ladies and gentlemen who produce these works are living in no dream of the Middle Ages; they have no Gothic souls or colonial minds not at all. They tranquilly proceed on their twentieth-century way in the cable car, the successful ones watching their books sell up into the tens of thousands. The historical novel has absorbed so many of our writers who are counted the most skilful, public attention has been so fixed on this kind of book, that it has attained the dignity of a literary movement—a movement that has its roots in nothing else than that in former years, stories of this nature have hit the public taste, and that authors need the money. Of course, the result has been that the greater part of these books have been unworthy of coming into print, and those that can claim any consideration are manifestly artificial. Their authors have so evidently "consulted antiquarian collections." Besides this, there has been

of late a striking tendency among authors to write with an eye to the stage; and that gives a finishing touch to the machine-made aspect of their works. "Audrey," by Miss Mary Johnston,* is a very perfect example of the best of these. It has all the "elements of popularity," as neatly mixed as a good cook would put together the ingredients of a cake. "Audrey" is a pretty, touching story. Its skilful authoress has perceived that the public was getting deafened with the perpetual clash of arms and has written a story in the realms of pure romance. A colonial wood nymph of the eighteenth century is the heroine, and an eighteenth-century "fine gentleman" the hero. One would wish that Mr. Marmaduke Hawood and the authoress of his being would not comment quite so often on this point; it reminds one of a certain romance of 1830, whose chaste heroine prefaced most of her remarks by exclaiming, "I am a maiden." "Audrey" is very prettily written; there are charming descriptions of nature, picturesque ones of eighteenth-century customs in the colonies, pathetic ones of poor Audrey after her "awakening." The book has a good deal of distinction. Audrey is a graceful, pretty figure and a decided variant from the ordinary heroine of the historical romance. The book is one of manners and customs of the time rather than the record of some specific event, and with much originality Miss Johnston arranges that the only blood that is shed is that of the heroine and her entire family.

In fact, if one can manage to find pleasure in the historical romance in its latter-day incarnation there is no reason why "Audrey" should not delight one. If it does not ring true, if its conversations are artificial, if the main lines of the plot are old, it is the fault of the class of books to which it belongs, whose defects "Audrey" shares.

M. H. V.

* "Audrey." By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.



Some Recent Verse

By EDITH M. THOMAS

HAZLITT, that most acute and incisive of essayists, discovers that "the human mind is not cast to receive double proofs of entire superiority to itself." Accepting his judgment as valid, we are the better able to account for the fact that the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd" and of "Tess," and also, now, of "Poems of the Past and the Present,"* should wear his honors as a great master of fiction somewhat to the prejudice of his very real claims to poetship. The but half-hearted acceptance accorded him in the realm of poetry is, no doubt, in part due to the lack of lyrical quality in his verse. Again, the obvious falling short of the mark indicated by Keats, when he declares,

And they shall be accounted poet-kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things

must be reckoned as an element of discouragement to the General Reader. For the General Reader (if there be such where Poesy is concerned) is chary of following an Orpheus whose utterances all have about them something of the ring of Fate. Mr. Hardy is a laureate of the *Vehm-Gericht* of Destiny; and there is no possibility of the soul's destiny which he fears to face. With a western and a modern inflection, in such poems as "The God-Forgotten," "By the Earth's Corpse," and "The To-Be-Forgotten," he repeats the old answerless inquiries of Omar. In "The Problem" he asks,

Shall we conceal the Case, or tell it—
We who believe the evidence ?

* "Poems of the Past and the Present." By Thomas Hardy. Harper & Brothers. \$1.60 net.

But in the appeal "To Life," he is himself moved to entreat her

But canst thou not array
Thyself in rare disguise,
And feign like truth, for one mad day,
That Earth is Paradise ?

It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Hardy's muse is without touches of an exquisite, sombre tenderness. Such, if looked for, can be found, as in "Memory and I"; nor is his Muse wholly without intimations of hopeful emergence from the world-gloom that enshrouds her: witness such strains as "Mute Opinion" and the apostrophe to "The Unknown God," in closing.

Let none infer, from the rather sentimental title which Mr. Henley has chosen for his latest collection of verse,* that his formerly strenuous and militant Muse has lost sight of her masterful stride and challenging mien, albeit shut in "flowerful closes." Still, as in Carlyle's admired portraiture of the god Thor, he "draws down his brows" in a veritable Norse rage; "grasps his hammer till the *knuckles grow white*." This rhapsodic energy on the part of Mr. Henley seems to be aroused equally by something or nothing in the subject-matter, and is equally displayed when the theme is England and her high vindication before the nations (as in the Prologue); when (as in the fine and ringing Epilogue) the beatitudes of war are preached, or when the motive of his

* "Hawthorn and Lavender, with Other Verses." By William Ernest Henley. Harper & Brothers. \$1.60 net.

song is merely the description of a storm-boding daybreak, and

The low East quakes ; and hark !
 Out of the kindless dark
 A fierce-protesting lark
 High in the horror of dawn !

We are aware that the genius of recent and of impending verse (save when it is on the "still hunt" of mysticism) requires frequent use of the thunderbolt in the delegated hand of the demiurge! Perhaps, indeed, the worst sign of a lapse of interest in poetry is found in the fact that it is only when the "Kingdom of heaven," so to speak, "is taken by violence," that the average reader is disposed to believe that the Muse is still existent. Moreover, in the better days we wot of,—in the days of Byron, Shelley, and Keats,—it was not deemed necessary, in order to heighten effects, to transmute sound into color and form,—a method so frequently employed in current verse. At these transmutations Mr. Henley is very apt. If it is the song of the "larks in the blue," that song presto! "glitters, and glances, and gleams"; and it is given to Mr. Henley to see almost exclusively *with his ears*, in a "præludium" of his, describing the late autumn. Accordingly, we must conjure up a "visual orchestra," with "thin, clamant greens," "transcending unisons of resignation" and "exquisite chromatics of decay." Violence and turgidity and frequent tastelessness of epithet and metaphor follow in the train of this method: to the end that we encounter "hangman rains and winds"; Winter in the guise of an "obscene old crapulous Regent," and, in due course (save the mark!),

The wild, sweet-blooded, wonderful harlot, Spring !

And yet Mr. Henley it is, who, dropping all his pet heresies and insincere oburgation, thus hymns the vernal goddess:

There 's a lift in the blood—
 Oh, this gracious, and thirsting, and aching
 Unrest !
 All life 's at the bud,
 And my heart, full of April, is breaking
 My breast.

There are many strong studies, characteristic, graphic touches in his "London Types," as in "The Barmaid," "The Flower Girl," "The Blue-Coat Boy," where Mr. Henley's peculiar perversities (shown chiefly in the lyrical flight) do not stand in the way of the reader's full enjoyment and approval.

For some time past, we have heard, with delighted ears, the voice of a new and authentic claimant of the right to divide the Roses of Pieria with the singing sisterhood of our day and land. And now, having well established the proofs of her rare lyrical gift, Miss Peabody essays new fields of conquest*; and in the direction her effort takes she is, we may premise, largely influenced by the recent fashion in verse of harking back, for theme and treatment, to the spacious days of Great Elizabeth. We have had "neo-Platonism," "neo-Greek," perhaps even "neo-Celtic" characterizations for sundry revivals in letters: we would ask if we may not also claim that there is such a "product" in current literature as the *neo-Elizabethan*? We might ask, too, if in donning the archaic vestments of the diction of that period, if even by the conjuring with mighty names and historic haunts of that time, however well studied and well verified, we can reinduce the reckless, glorying, grandiose spirit of that era. With the scanty outlines which remain to us of the personal Marlowe, Miss Peabody has constructed a very creditable piece of dramatic work in blank verse. From the almost sole-remembered lines of Marlowe, the playwright,

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
 And burned the topless towers of Ilium ?

she has projected a living Helena, "Her Ladyship," of whom the Marlowe of Miss Peabody's creation is represented as enamored. With an equally insistent repetition of "Come live with me and be my love," an idyllic "Alison"—fit companion for the Passionate Shepherd—is evoked. This thinly veiled idealization of

* "Marlowe: A Drama in Five Acts." By Josephine Preston Peabody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.

modern girlhood Miss Peabody (following, perhaps, Beaumont and Fletcher's phrasing, "little world of Virtue") causes to be addressed by Marlowe as "the little Quietude," and "the little Shrine." There is an introduction of the *ewig-weibliche* motive, caught from a later than Elizabethan source, in the idea of Marlowe's pilgrimage to "the little Shrine," and in the idea of the sublimation of love through suffering, and its vicarious avail for erring man. But whatever psychological anachronisms may confront us in "Marlowe," we are bound to say that the blank verse often marches with the grand air of its species, and that lines of the true fire abound in Miss Peabody's dramatic presentment of the character of her hero. Some exquisite little lyrics, also, thread their way through the loftier blank verse; and of these is the twilight love-song, beginning,

Summer moon, summer moon,
Bless thy golden face.

The sundry titulary abbreviations which we here find accruing to our poet's long-honored name might be replaced, if we were permitted, by the impromptu compound, "Ode-Master." It is an admirably built stanza, all his own in construction, in which Mr. Stedman celebrates the *Mater Coronata*.^{*} Noble in thought, sonorous and harmonious in diction and measure, Mr. Stedman's ode starts the slumbering shades in that "Twilight of the Poets" which he himself has descried. We refuse to believe, however, that "twilight"

^{*} "Mater Coronata: Recited at the Bicentennial Celebration of Yale University," etc. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00 net.

has fallen, with such a voice still singing, as that which declares,

Even as our Platonist's exultant soul
That westward course of empire visioned far,
Now round the sheen, to Asia and the Pole,
Time charts upon our scroll
The empearled pathways of an orient star.

Were it within our civic pretensions and stern democracies to ordain a laureateship, Mr. Stedman should have the post,—by virtue of this and the three stanzas which follow, celebrating current national events!

The face that has looked so discerningly and so long into the face of Nature, greets us welcomingly at the threshold of this charming volume^{*}; and we owe the publishers our thanks for presenting so excellent a portrait of Mr. Burroughs. As to the poets whom our genial naturalist invites to help him spread this symposium, though ranging widely, from old Charles Cotton to the latest lyrist of the hour, we shall find that the selection or rejection depends upon both the quantitative and qualitative degrees of their loyalty to Nature's truth. Mr. Burroughs will have no peccant rhymester admitted, who may in verse show a swallow perched upon a barn in October (the swallow having flown *in August*, as Mr. Burroughs avers) or who has caused the chestnut to bloom with the lilac. But with a touch of the Muses warm in his heart, Mr. Burroughs adds, "When the poet can give us himself, we can well afford to miss the bird," so John Keats and his train, albeit "with little or no natural history," are welcomed.

^{*} "Songs of Nature." By John Burroughs. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.



The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

THE opinion expressed, in the February number of *THE CRITIC*, of the capacities and limitations of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as an actress, founded upon her single performance of Magda, was confirmed by her subsequent interpretations of other characters. Beyond question, she is entitled to a place in the first rank of the rising generation of players, but she must advance greatly in versatility, inspiration, and general artistic accomplishment before she can hope to attain to the higher plane occupied by such women as Duse, Modjeska, Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, or even Clara Morris. She has rare personal charm, both of form and manner, and intelligence in ample measure, but she has yet to demonstrate, here, her possession of that supreme gift of genius which her most fervent admirers have ascribed to her. It is true that her acting was often natural and impressive to an unusual degree, that she frequently succeeded in identifying herself very fully with certain phases of different characters and in creating a definite and strong illusion, but it is also true that most of the parts which she impersonated were variations of one type and that she was least successful when she ventured upon new and intellectually higher ground, in Magda and Mariana for instance, whose perfect embodiment demands imagination and great skill and brilliancy in execution, in addition to an instinctive mastery of the simpler forms of feminine emotion.

In this last respect, Mrs. Campbell is vastly superior to most of her contemporaries. Her acting, though often lacking in variety, inspiration, and brilliancy, is, as a rule, exceedingly natural, and her portrayal of feminine moods, emotions, and passions, in what for the sake of convenient definition may be called the middle register, is vivid, eloquent, and essentially true. But in all her impersonations seen here there was an undeniable sameness, a constant repetition of poses, gestures,

and attitudes, appropriate enough to the situation and invariably graceful and picturesque, but plainly due to habit rather than design. The inevitable inference is that she is governed by her impulses, that she adapts the character to herself, not herself to the character, and that her range is limited to such parts as appeal, in one way or another, to her own emotions or instincts. This, of course, does not mean that she is in sympathy with such women as Paula Tanqueray or Agnes Ebbsmith, but that there are chords in her nature which respond to their sufferings and misfortunes. Her impersonations of them were not so much characterizations as pleas for pity, of which both no doubt stood desperately in need. She did not depict the actual women, but the emotions which she herself would have experienced if, by any conceivable chance, she had been subjected to the same conditions. This she did with eloquence, veracity, and deep pathos. Here as in London her Paula, by almost universal consent, was held to be her most notable achievement, and, indisputably, in the closing scenes, she played it in just the right moods of dogged revolt, blind despair, and pitiful defeat. But in the opening acts she failed to suggest, except by a sort of languorous indifference, the hardening and coarsening effect upon the woman of the life which she is supposed to have led. There was in her manner too much of freshness and refinement. She acted in that midnight visit to her lover's chambers like a pure woman who knew that she was doing an imprudent thing, not like a woman of the half world who could afford to defy the proprieties. Her own innate refinement betrayed her again, curiously, in that admirable passage-at-arms with Mrs. Cortelyou, whom she attacked not with the rudeness begotten of mad jealousy and conscious inferiority, but with the cool, polished, and deadly incivility of one sure of her own

position. In her encounters with "Saint" Elise she was all womanly, natural, and admirable, and, as the fatal net of circumstances closed around her and she perceived that escape from the impending ruin was impossible, her assumption of haggard and helpless wretchedness was exceedingly true and pathetic. If she reached no great heights of emotion, created no memorable theatrical effect, she played with sustained power and verity, and having once enchained the sympathies of her audience never lost control of them.

The poignant delineation of slow heart-break was again the strong feature of her Agnes Ebbsmith, and once again the actual characterization was weak, except in externals. It was only in the vigorous harangue with which she "Trafalgar Squared" the Duke of St. Olpherts, that one caught a glimpse of the socialistic orator of the parks and slums. Elsewhere she showed the intellectual and self-reliant side of the character without realizing its impatient and revolutionary energy. Her sense of moral degradation in stooping to reconquer her lover by purely sensual means was marked with admirable subtlety, but there was a distinct failure of perception in the unconscious ease with which she put on a new manner to correspond with her fine raiment. All the emotions which she displayed were expressed in terms of her own personality. But in the concluding scenes, in dealing with the dumb, distracted misery of a crushed, disillusioned, and stranded woman, she rose to the requirements of the situation. In the theatrical episode of the stove and the Bible she was less effective than Julia Neilson.

Her performance of Mariana in Echegaray's brilliant and powerful, but rather repellent drama may be dismissed briefly. In the first place, the play was butchered to make a star's holiday. All the subordinate parts were reduced to skeleton forms, and even Mariana was robbed of nearly all her psychological significance. Thus the piece became little more than ordinary melodrama. In all but her type

of beauty Mrs. Campbell's Spanish heroine was essentially English. Her impersonation had grace, coquetry, intelligence, statuesqueness, and declamatory force, but was deficient in vivacity, archness, imperiousness, the swift contrasts of ice and fire, and in individuality, national or other. It was not until the last scene, where she stands before her outraged and avenging husband, that she really met the exigencies of the occasion. Then her fine attitude, imposing presence, and passionate delivery of her confession and defiance were exceedingly dramatic and impressive, and brought down the curtain upon an outburst of genuine enthusiasm.

In Bjørnson's didactic, theological, disquieting, strong, but inconclusive drama, "Beyond Human Power," with its startling dramatic climax, the true significance of which need not be discussed at this time, she has a part which is singularly well adapted to her natural capacities and her methods of utterance. There is no subtlety in it, no theatrical difficulty, and very little variety. It is a realistic sketch of a woman dying of nervous exhaustion, worshipping her husband, and striving for his sake, but in vain, to believe in the possibility of the miracle which is to cure her. Mrs. Campbell comprehends it perfectly, identifies herself with it absolutely, and represents the weariness, the devotion, the unselfishness, and the yearning of it with true and touching fidelity. Her death fall is a good piece of pantomime, but the effect of it, of course, belongs to the author. Her performance is thoroughly adequate, but in no way remarkable, except in its sustained naturalness.

Nor is there anything in her Méli-sande to awaken enthusiasm. Whatever the value of Maeterlinck's dream-like piece as fanciful and poetic literature, it can only be an elaborate futility upon the stage, for which it is altogether too unreal and insubstantial. As for its symbolism, that part of it which is not obvious is worthless. Most of the prevalent gabble about symbolism is the product of unintelligence. There is symbolism in every-

thing, for those who care to hunt for it and possess an ordinary amount of imagination. What is wanted in drama is truth. Mrs. Campbell played her part in the dream story prettily, gracefully, rhythmically, with an appropriate air of labored and misty abstraction and with all the potency of her rare personal charm. But the dash of real human passion infused into Maeterlinck's syrupy mixture of maudlin extravagance by Mr. Titheradge, as Goland, was worth all the rest of the ingredients put together. Some day, perhaps, Mrs. Campbell will give us a chance to see her in the real poetic drama, the supreme test of dramatic genius. Of that distinctive quality she has exhibited no clear sign here,

but in her own line she is a delightful and interesting performer and her return will be welcome.

Of the other January plays none requires comment. Mr. Rose's adaptation of "Les Doigts de Fée," called "Lady Margaret," proved to be a more reasonable story, but far less effective comedy, than Mr. Grundy's "Frocks and Frills," although it furnished a good part to Miss Amelia Bingham, who made a personal success. Mr. Charles Klein's "Hon. John Grigsby" is a clumsy and conventional arrangement of a promising scheme, but Mr. Frank Keenan played the central character with skill and authority, in a very agreeable, if rather monotonous, vein of dry humor.

Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

Nature remains still in very reduced circumstances. One nice flower-shop in Piccadilly has just closed its doors. It could not survive the winter. How often have I rubbed my nose against its windows in the early spring to see if there were yet any daffodils.

The war-cry of the month has been Lord Rosebery's appeal for spade-work. If spade-work will bring back spring any more quickly, I trust that all who have spades will see to it and will do their utmost. For myself I cannot dig, and to beg I am ashamed. In a play written several years ago there is an intelligent anticipation of Lord Rosebery's suggestion:

CICELY: This is no time for wearing the shallow mask of manners. When I see a spade I call it a spade.

GWENDOLINE (*satirically*): I am glad to say that I have never seen a spade. It is obvious that our social spheres have been widely different.

Thus do women love one another. According to more than one journal, this opportune appeal for spade-work by Lord Rosebery is evidently considered to be *infra dig*. Anyone who has visited Piccadilly, or any part of London, during the past week or so would

have seen that Lord Rosebery's appeal had been promptly responded to, for almost all the main streets are up, and all who travel by storied 'bus or animated cab have had a trying time. No other statesman in England could have done this. It is to be hoped that when Lord Rosebery speaks at Liverpool he will use his influence to transfer this spade-work to the mining districts of the North—its appropriate sphere. These navvies in Piccadilly infect the atmosphere. They are not even picturesque.

Much criticism has been passed upon Rudyard Kipling's "Islanders." The main point raised in the poem has remained undiscussed, probably because very few of those who have written indignantly to the papers have read the poem, which should have been printed in *all* the papers, including the *Daily News*. "Flannelled fools" and "muddied oafs" do not subscribe to the *Times*; they take the football *Star* instead. "The Islanders" has done much more good than "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and the latter poem was circulated broadcast over the country. Why not "The Islanders?" The truth is this, the "Absent-Minded Beggar" was a bid to the gallery—the

music-hall gallery. "The Islanders" conveys a much more difficult message, and one much more necessary. One of the most amusing incidents of the correspondence has been the question of the identity of "A. A." The frivolous say that the initials "A. A." stand for Alfred Austin; and others, not less frivolous, that they stand for "An Athlete." One paper exclaims:

It's odd how angry A. A.'s grown
About the verse that Kipling's done,
For why should two A's wish it known
That they, they only, are A I?

Kipling's poem has had the distinction of being translated into French, and the following is the translation of one of the most quoted lines:

A voir les imbéciles en complets de flanelle qui
jouent au cricket.

Kipling is a genius, as is any man who has succeeded in writing the ballads of a people. Mr. Birrell, in a fine passage in his recent book, remarks:

The longer I live the more convinced I become that the only two things that really count in national existence are a succession of writers of genius and the proud memories of great, noble, and honorable deeds. And the writer of genius is only he whose words "pass into proverbs among the people"; whose thoughts color men's lives; who comes and goes with them in and out of their homesteads; who accompanies them whithersoever they may wander, whatever they may do, by whatever death they may be destined to die.

During the forthcoming month two important plays are being produced—one by Stephen Phillips, and the other by Anthony Hope. The austerity of Mr. Phillips prevents his putting forth his work in any other form than blank verse. Did not the learned authors of "Lives of the 'Lustrious'" refer to the redundant "feet" of Stephen Phillips? No doubt we shall *hear* much of the redundant feet of Mr. Phillips's blank verse, and *see* a good deal of the redundant feet of the actors and actresses. As much time as could be spared from rehearsals has, I believe, been devoted by the performers to pedicure.

There was an old man named Ulysses,
Who wandered in search of his misses;

He came in old age
To His Majesty's Stage,
And he said, "This is good enough—this is."

While this classical representation in slender attire goes on at Her Majesty's, there are frocks enough over the way at the Haymarket Theatre, and although, above all places, the Haymarket is the place where we should expect all flesh to be grass, there is some evidence that at the Haymarket Theatre all flesh is frock, and very frilly. The second play of which I spoke is "Pilkerton's Peerage," by Anthony Hope. When the late Mr. Sala published "The Baddington Peerage," Thackeray, who disliked Sala, persisted in alluding to it as "The Paddington Beerage." This suggests the story of the brewer upon whose tombstone were incised, instead of a full quotation, merely "He brews XXX." The ignorant were impressed. The more curious soon discovered that, for some reason or other, St. Paul's Epistle only contains thirteen chapters written to the Hebrews. The right reading of the brewer's epitaph was, "He brews triple X."

I have but little patience with those who say that there is nothing worth reading. Anyone who follows closely the lists of books which are issued can soon find abundance of amusement. "Count Hannibal" and "The Velvet Glove" have met with success. In Mr. Merriman's novel *Juanita* says: "You wear gloves, whereas Marcos takes hold of life with his bare hand." "Teresa's eyes had seen the world before they looked on heaven." "Leon de Moyente lived in an atmosphere of æsthetic emotion which he mistook for holiness. He was a dandy in the care of his soul, and tricked himself out to catch the eye of heaven." Mary Mann's "Mating of a Dove"; "Lady Gwendoline," by Thomas Cobb; "Sons of the Sword," by Mrs. Woods; "The Grand Babylon Hotel," by Arnold Bennett;—are as good novels as may be found. Before I write again there will be many more, chiefly a new book by Mrs. Walford, entitled "Charlotte"; "Houses of Ignorance," by F. Carrel, and "The Catspaw," by Mrs. Croker. Mr.

Wells's "Anticipation" has attracted much notice, as indeed it deserves. A collection of prophetic memoranda and pictures of futurity would make an entertaining library. The man of the future we are told will be taller and will live longer. With the advent of the motor car the horse will gradually disappear from the streets, and with the disappearance of the horse the house-fly will no longer flourish. The flea we may suppose in turn will disappear when the dog and cat become extinct animals. Nothing is said of other insects, though a short and easy way with black beetles may be urgently prayed for.

"The Civilizing of the Matafanus," by A. R. Waller, is a slender little book of much distinction which has not, so far, received the welcome it deserves. The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* both contain good matter. The *Quarterly* has an article upon "Solitude and Genius." Two of the finest lines upon solitude have been written by the poet John Davidson:

Be your own star, for strength is from within,
And one against the world will always win.

"An artist," Ruskin said, "should be fit for the best society, and should keep out of it." Mrs. Archibald Little's book on China, "The Land of the Blue Gown," is the one good readable book of travel this month. Alice Morse Earle's "Old Time Gardens" is an attractive record of many beautiful American gardens. Mr. Tuckwell's book upon A. W. Kinglake will probably be very readable, but Kinglake was not a personality easy to transfer to the printed page. Of three supremely interesting men who have died within recent years, Froude, Kinglake, and Hayward, it would hardly be possible to convey any proper idea by means of biography. Many people who knew Froude would say that he was the most

interesting person they ever had known.

Owing no doubt to the enormous market which exists for all kinds of sentimentalism, crowds of love-letters are continually being issued. The last is called "Blighted Billets-doux." We are told that the book is issued "owing to the inquisitiveness of the dustman." I think that the dustman wrote some of it. "Blighted Billets-doux" is a very belated joke, but in an age of sentimentalism and mistletoe it will serve as a complete letter-writer to many readers of *Home Chat* and *Forget-me-not*.

The social event of the month has been the wedding of Lady Helen Stewart. Lady Stavordale has become one of the most popular women in London. When Bernard Shaw wrote in a recent print of fascination, he must, I think, have had Lady Stavordale in his mind.

The object of a fascinating woman [he wrote] is to gather power into the hands of man, because she knows that she can govern him. She is no more jealous of his nominal supremacy than he himself is jealous of the strength and speed of his horse. Clever women put their husbands into Parliament and into Ministerial offices quite easily, and every clever husband knows that, in public life, a captivating wife is one of the strongest cards he can have.

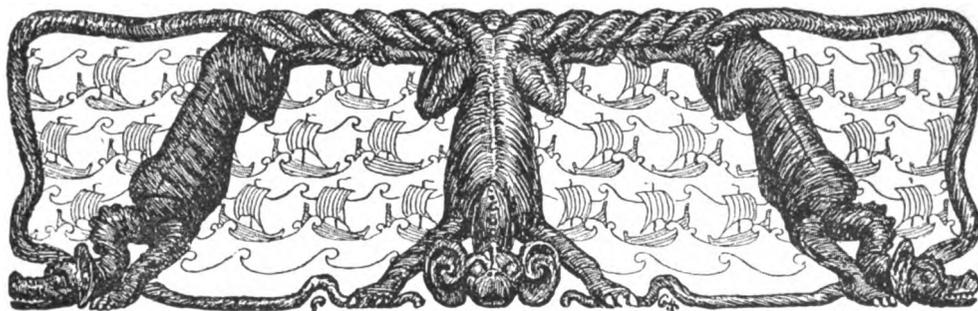
When Lord Stavordale lost, for a few hours, the jewels, I was reminded of what Walpole once said of Lord Stavordale's ancestor, Charles James Fox. Walpole is quoted as having said that the things best worth finding were the philosopher's stone, the Duchess of Kingston's first marriage-certificate, the missing books of Livy, and all that Charles Fox had lost. Most people would, it has been said, prefer to have found the last named.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, February, 1902.





Typhoon

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Author of "Children of the Sea," "Lord Jim," Etc.

V

WHEN Jukes turned round his eyes fell upon the rounded back and the big red ears of Captain MacWhirr, who had come across. He did not look at his chief officer, but said at once: "That's a very violent man, that second engineer."

"Jolly good second anyhow," grunted Jukes. "They can't keep up steam," he added rapidly, and made a grab at the rail against the coming lurch.

Captain MacWhirr, unprepared, took a run and brought himself up with a jerk by an awning stanchion.

"A profane man," he said obstinately. "If this goes on I'll have to get rid of him the first chance."

"It's the heat," said Jukes. "The weather's awful. It would make a saint swear. Even up here I feel exactly as if I had my head tied up in a woollen blanket."

Captain MacWhirr looked up.

"D'ye mean to say, Mr. Jukes, you ever had your head tied up in a blanket? What was that for?"

"It's a manner of speaking, sir," said Jukes stolidly.

"Some of you fellows do go on! What's that about saints swearing? I wish you would n't talk so wild. What sort of saint would that be that would swear? No more saint than yourself, I expect. And what a blanket's got to do with it—or the weather either. The heat does not make me swear—does it? It's filthy bad temper. That's what it is. And what's the good of you talking like this? . . ."

Thus Captain MacWhirr expostulated

against the use of images in speech, and at the end electrified Jukes by a contemptuous snort followed by words of passion and resentment. "Damme! I'll fire him out of the ship if he don't look out."

And Jukes, incorrigible, thought:

"Goodness me! Somebody's put a new inside to my old man. Here's temper if you like. Of course it's the weather; what else? It would make an angel quarrelsome—let alone a saint."

All the Chinamen on deck appeared at their last gasp.

At its setting the sun had a diminished diameter and an expiring brown, rayless glow, as if millions of centuries elapsing since the morning had brought it near its end. A dense bank of cloud became visible to the northward: it had a sinister dark olive tint, and lay low and motionless upon the sea, resembling a solid obstacle in the path of the ship. She went floundering towards it like an exhausted creature driven to its death. The coppery twilight retired slowly, and the darkness brought out overhead a swarm of unsteady big stars that, as if blown upon, flickered exceedingly and seemed to hang very near the earth. At eight o'clock Jukes went into the chart-room to write up the ship's log.

He copied neatly out of the rough-book the number of miles, the course of the ship, and in the column for "Wind" he scrawled the word "Calm" from top to bottom of the eight hours since noon. He was exasperated by the continuous, monotonous rolling of the ship. The heavy inkstand would slide away in a manner that suggested perverse intelligence in dodging the pen. Having written in the large space under the head of "Remarks,"

"Heat very oppressive," he stuck the end of the penholder in his teeth, pipe-fashion, and mopped his face carefully.

"Ship rolling heavily in a high cross-swell," he began again, and commented to himself, "'Heavily' is no word for it." Then he wrote: "Sunset threatening, with a low bank of clouds to N. and E. Sky clear overhead."

Sprawling over the table with arrested pen he glanced out of the door, and in that frame of his vision he saw all the stars flying upwards between the teakwood jambs on a black sky. The whole lot took flight together and disappeared, leaving only a blackness flecked with white flashes, for the sea was as black as the sky and speckled with foam afar. The stars had flown to the roll and came back on the return swing of the ship, rushing downwards in a swarming glitter not of fiery points but enlarged to tiny discs brilliant with a clear, wet sheen.

He watched the flying big stars for a moment, and then wrote: "8 P.M. Swell increasing. Ship laboring and taking water on her decks. Battered down the coolies for the night. Barometer still falling." He paused and thought to himself, "Perhaps nothing whatever 'll come of it." And then he closed resolutely his entries: "Every appearance of a typhoon coming on."

On going out he had to stand aside, and Captain MacWhirr strode over the doorstep without saying a word or making a sign.

"Shut the door, Mr. Jukes, will you?" he cried from within.

Jukes turned back to do so, muttering ironically, "Afraid to catch cold, I suppose." It was his watch below, but he yearned for communion with his kind; and he remarked cheerily to the second mate, "Does n't look so bad, after all, does it?"

The second mate was marching to and fro on the bridge, tripping down with small steps one moment, and the next climbing with difficulty the shifting slope of the deck. At the sound of Jukes's voice he stood still, facing forward, but made no answer.

"Hallo! That 's a heavy one," said Jukes, swaying to meet the long roll till his lowered hand touched the planks. This time the second mate made in his throat a noise of an unfriendly nature.

He was an oldish, shabby little fellow, with bad teeth and no hair on his face. He had been shipped in a hurry in Shanghai that trip when the second officer brought from home had delayed the ship three hours in port by

contriving (in some manner Captain MacWhirr could never understand) to fall overboard into an empty coal-lighter alongside; and had to be sent ashore to the hospital with concussion of the brain and a broken limb or two.

VI

JUKES was not discouraged by the unsympathetic sound. "The Chinamen must be having a lovely time of it down there," he said. "It 's lucky for them the old girl has the easiest roll of any ship I 've ever been in. There, now. This one was n't so bad."

"You wait," snarled the second mate. With his sharp nose, red at the tip, and his thin, pinched lips, he always looked as though he were raging inwardly, and he was concise in his speech to the point of rudeness. All his time off duty he spent in his cabin with the door shut, and keeping so still in there that he was supposed to fall asleep as soon as he had disappeared; but the man who came in to wake him for his watch on deck would invariably find him with his eyes wide open, flat on his back in the bunk, and glaring irritably from a soiled pillow. He never wrote any letters, did not seem to hope for news from anywhere, and though he had been heard once to mention West Hartlepool, it was with extreme bitterness and only in connection with the charges in a boarding-house. He was one of those men who are picked up by ships in the ports of the world. They are competent enough, appear hopelessly hard up, show no evidence of any sort of vice, and carry about them all the signs of manifest failure. They come aboard on an emergency, care for no ship afloat, live in their own atmosphere of casual connection amongst their shipmates, who know nothing of them, and make up their minds to leave at inconvenient times. They clear out, with no words of leave-taking, in some God-forsaken port that other men would fear to be stranded in, and go ashore in company of a shabby sea-chest corded like a treasure box, and with an air of shaking the ship's dust off their feet.

"You wait," he repeated, balancing in great swings with his back to Jukes, motionless and implacable.

"Do you mean to say we are going to catch it hot?" asked Jukes, with boyish interest.

"Say? I say nothing. You don't catch me!" snapped the little second mate with a mixture of pride, scorn, and cunning, as if Jukes's question had been a trap cleverly detected. "Oh, no! None of you here shall

make a fool of me if I know it," he mumbled to himself.

Jukes reflected rapidly that this second mate was a mean little beast, and in his heart he wished poor Jack Allen had never smashed himself up in the coal-lighter. The far-off blackness ahead of the ship was like another night seen through the starry night of the earth—a blackness without stars—the night of the immensities beyond the created universe revealed in its appalling stillness through a low fissure in the glittering sphere of which the earth is the kernel.

"Whatever there might be about," said Jukes, "we are steaming straight into it."

"You've said it," caught up the second mate, always with his back to Jukes. "You've said it—mind. Not I."

"Oh, go to Jericho!" said Jukes frankly; and the other emitted a triumphant little chuckle. "You've said it," he repeated.

"And what of that?"

"I've known some real good men get into trouble with their skippers for saying a dam' sight less," answered the second mate feverishly. "Oh, no! You don't catch me."

"You seem deucedly anxious not to give yourself away," said Jukes, completely soured by such absurdity. "I would n't be afraid to say what I think."

"Aye, to me! That's no great trick. I am nobody, and well I know it."

The ship, after a pause of comparative steadiness, started upon a series of rolls one worse than the other, and for a time Jukes, preserving his equilibrium, was too busy to open his mouth. As soon as the violent swinging had quieted down somewhat, he said:

"This is a bit too much of a good thing. Whether anything is coming or not, I think she ought to be put head-on to that swell. The old man is just gone in to lie down. Hang me if I don't speak to him!"

But when he opened the door of the chart-room he saw his captain reading a book. Captain MacWhirr was not lying down: he was standing up, with one hand grasping the edge of the bookshelf and the other holding open before his face a thick volume. The lamp wriggled in the gimbals, the loosened books toppled from side to side on the shelf, the long barometer swung in jerky circles, the table altered its slant every moment. In the midst of all this stir and movement Captain MacWhirr, very steady on his feet and holding on, was reading in a book.

VII

WHEN Jukes opened the door the Captain showed his eyes above the upper edge, and asked:

"What's the matter?"

"Swell getting worse, sir."*

"Noticed that in here," muttered Captain MacWhirr. "Anything wrong?"

Jukes, inwardly disconcerted by the seriousness of the eyes looking at him over the top of the book, produced an embarrassed grin.

"Rolling like old boots," he said sheepishly.

"Aye! Very heavy. Very heavy. What do you want?"

At this Jukes lost his footing and began to flounder.

"I was thinking of our passengers," he said in the manner of a man clutching at a straw.

"Passengers?" wondered the Captain, gravely. "What passengers?"

"Why! The Chinamen, sir," explained Jukes, very sick of this conversation.

"The Chinamen! Why don't you speak plainly? Could n't tell what you meant. Never heard a lot of coolies spoken of as passengers before. Passengers indeed! What's come to you?"

Captain MacWhirr, closing the book on his forefinger, lowered his arm and looked completely mystified. "Why are you thinking of the Chinamen, Mr. Jukes?" he inquired.

Jukes took a plunge like a man driven to it.

"She's rolling her decks full of water, sir. Thought you might put her head-on perhaps—for a while. Till this goes down a bit—very soon. Head to the eastward. I never knew a ship roll like this."

He held on in the doorway, and Captain MacWhirr, feeling his grip on the shelf inadequate, made up his mind to let go in a hurry and fell heavily on the couch.

"Head to the eastward," he said struggling to sit up. "That's more than four points off her course."

"Yes, sir. Fifty degrees. . . . would just bring her head far enough round to meet this. . . ."

Captain MacWhirr was now sitting up. He had not dropped the book and he had not lost his place.

"To the eastward," he repeated, with dawning astonishment. "To the . . . Where do you think we are bound to? You want me to haul a full-powered steamship four points off her course to make the Chinamen

comfortable! Now I've heard more than enough of mad things done in the world—but this. . . If I did n't know you, Jukes, I would think you were in liquor. Steer four points off . . . and what afterwards? Steer four points over the other way, I suppose, to make the course good: What put it into your head that I would start to tack a steamer as if she were a sailing ship?"

"Joily good thing she is n't," threw in Jukes with bitter readiness. "She would have rolled every blessed stick out of her this afternoon."

"Aye! And you just would have had to stand and see them go," said Captain Mac Whirr, showing a certain animation. "It's a dead calm, is n't it?"

"It is, sir. But there's something out of the common coming for sure."

"May be. I suppose you have a notion I should be getting out of the way of that dirt," said Captain MacWhirr, speaking with the utmost simplicity of manner and tone, and fixing the oilcloth on the floor with a heavy stare. Thus he noticed neither Jukes's discomfiture nor the mixture of vexation and astonished respect on his face.

"Now here's this book," he continued with deliberation, slapping his thigh with the closed volume. "I've been reading the chapter on the winds there."

This was true. He had been reading the chapter on the winds. When he had entered the chart-room it was with no intention of taking the book down. Some influence in the air—the same influence, probably, that caused the steward to bring without orders the Captain's sea-boots and oilskin coat up to the chart-room—had, as it were, guided his hand to the shelf. And without condescending to sit down he had waded with a conscious effort into the terminology of the subject. He lost himself amongst advancing semicircles, left- and right-hand quadrants, the curves of the tracks, the probable bearing of the centre, the shifts of wind, and the readings of barometer. He tried to bring all these things into a definite relation to himself, and ended by becoming contemptuously angry with such a lot of words and with so much advice that seemed to him all sheer headwork and supposition without a glimmer of certitude.

"It's the confoundest thing, Jukes," he said. "If a fellow was to believe all that's in there he would be running most of his time all over the sea trying to get behind the weather."

Again he slapped his leg with the book, and Jukes opened his mouth, but said nothing.

"Running to get behind the weather! Do you understand that, Mr. Jukes? It's the maddest thing," ejaculated Captain MacWhirr, with pauses, gazing at the floor profoundly. "You would think an old woman had been writing this. It passes me. If that thing means anything useful, then it means that I should at once alter the course away,—away to the devil somewhere, and come booming down on Fu-chau from the northward at the tail of this dirty weather that's supposed to be knocking about in our way. From the north! Do you understand, Mr. Jukes? Three hundred extra miles to the distance, and a pretty coal bill to show. I could n't bring myself to do that if every word in there was gospel truth, Mr. Jukes. Don't you expect me. . . ."

And Jukes, silent, marvelled at this display of feeling and loquacity.

"But the truth is that you don't know if the fellow is right anyhow. How can you tell what a gale is made of till you get it? He is n't aboard here, is he? Very well. Here he says that the centre of them things bears eight points off the wind. But we have n't got any wind, for all the barometer falling. Where's his centre now?"

"We shall get the wind presently," mumbled Jukes.

"Let it come then," said Captain MacWhirr, with dignified indignation. "It's only to let you see, Mr. Jukes, that you don't find everything in books. All these rules for dodging breezes and circumventing the winds of heaven, Mr. Jukes, seem to me the maddest thing, when you come to look at it sensibly."

He looked up, saw Jukes gazing at him dubiously, and tried to illustrate his meaning.

"About as queer as your extraordinary notion of dodging the ship head to sea, for I don't know how long, to make the Chinamen comfortable; while all we've got to do is to take them to Fu-chau, being expected to get there before noon on Friday. If the weather delays me—very well. There's your log-book to talk straight about the weather. But suppose I went swinging off three hundred miles out of my course and came in two days late, and they asked me, 'Where have you been all that time, Captain?' What could I say to that? 'Went around to dodge the bad weather,' I would say. 'It must've been dam' bad,' they would say. 'Don't know,' I would have to say; 'I've dodged clear of it.'

See that, Jukes? I have been thinking it all out this afternoon."

He looked up again in his unseeing, unimaginative way. No one had ever heard him say so much at one time. Jukes, with his arms open, in the doorway, was like a man invited to confront a miracle. Unbounded wonder was the intellectual meaning of his eye, while hard incredulity was seated in his whole countenance.

"A gale is a gale, Mr. Jukes," resumed the Captain, "and a full-powered steamship has got to face it. There's just so much dirty weather knocking about the world, and the proper thing is to go through it with none of what old Captain Wilson of the *Melita* calls storm strategy. The other day ashore I heard him hold forth about it to a lot of shipmasters who came in and sat at a table next to mine. It seemed to me the greatest nonsense. He was telling them how he—outmanœuvred, I think he said—a terrific gale, so that it never came nearer than fifty miles to him. A neat piece of headwork, he called it. How he knew there was a gale fifty miles off beats me altogether. It was like listening to a crazy man. I would have thought Captain Wilson was old enough to know better."

Captain MacWhirr ceased for a moment, then said, "It's your watch below, Mr. Jukes?" Jukes came to himself with a start.

"Yes, sir."

"Leave orders to call me at the slightest chance," said the Captain. He reached up to put the book away and tucked his legs upon the couch. "Shut the door so that it don't fly open—will you? I can't stand a door banging. They've put a lot of rubbishy locks in this ship—I must say."

VIII

CAPTAIN MACWHIRR closed his eyes. He did so to rest himself. He was tired, and he experienced that state of mental vacuity which comes upon one at the end of an exhaustive discussion that had liberated some belief matured in the course of meditative years. He had indeed been making his confession of faith, had he only known it. And its effect was to make Jukes on the other side of the door stand scratching his head for a good while.

Captain MacWhirr opened his eyes.

He thought he must have been asleep. What was that loud noise? Wind? Why had he not been called? The lamp wriggled

in its gimbals, the barometer swung in circles, the table altered its slant every moment: a pair of limp sea-boots with collapsed long tops went sliding past the couch. He put out his hand instantly and captured one.

Jukes's face appeared in a crack of the door,—only his face, very red, with staring eyes. The flame of the lamp leaped; a piece of paper flew up; a rush of air struck and enveloped Captain MacWhirr. Beginning to draw on the boot he directed an expectant gaze at Jukes's swollen, excited features.

"Came on like this," shouted Jukes. "Five minutes ago . . . all of a sudden."

The head disappeared with a bang, and a heavy splash and patter of drops swept past the closed door as if a pailful of melted lead had been flung against the house. A whistling could be heard now upon the deep, vibrating noise outside. The stuffy chart-room seemed as full of draughts as a shed. Captain MacWhirr collared the other sea-boot on its violent passage along the floor. He was not flustered, but he could not find at once the opening for inserting his foot. The shoes he had flung off were scurrying from end to end of the cabin, gambolling playfully over each other like puppies. As soon as he stood up he kicked at them viciously, but without effect.

He threw himself into the attitude of a lounging fencer to reach after his oilskin coat; and afterwards he staggered all over the confined space while he jerked himself into it. Very grave, straddling his legs far apart, and stretching his neck, he started to tie deliberately the strings of his sou'wester under his chin, with thick fingers that trembled slightly. He went through all the movements of a woman putting on her bonnet before a glass, with a mien of strained, listening attention, as though he expected every moment to hear the shout of his name, shouted in the confused clamor that had suddenly beset his ship. Its increase filled his ears while he was getting ready to go out and confront whatever it might mean. It was tumultuous and very loud too, made up of the rush of the wind, the crashes of the sea, with that prolonged, deep vibration of the air, like the roll of an immense and remote drum beating the charge of the gale.

He stood for a moment in the light of the lamp, thick, clumsy, shapeless, in his panoply of combat, vigilant and red-faced.

"There's a lot of weight in this," he muttered.

As soon as he attempted to open the door

the wind caught it and he was absolutely dragged out over the doorstep; clinging to the handle he was flung around, and at once found himself engaged with the wind in a sort of personal scuffle whose object was the shutting of that door. At the last moment a tongue of air scurried in and licked out the flame of the lamp.

Ahead of the ship he perceived a great darkness lying upon a multitude of white flashes; on the starboard beam a few amazing stars drooped, dim and fitful, above an immense waste of broken seas, as if seen through a mad drift of smoke.

On the bridge a knot of men, indistinct and toiling, were making great efforts in the light of the wheelhouse windows that shone mistily on their heads and backs. Suddenly darkness closed upon one pane, then on another. The voices of the lost group reached him after the manner of men's voices in a gale, in shreds and fragments of forlorn shouting snatched past the ear. All at once Jukes appeared at his side, yelling with his head down:

"Watch—put in—wheelhouse shutters—glass—afraid—blow in."

Jukes heard his commander upbraiding.

"This — come — anything — warning — call me."

He tried to explain with the uproar pressing on his lips:

"Light air—remained—bridge—sudden—northeast—could turn—thought—you—sure—hear."

They had gained the shelter of the weather-cloth and could converse with raised voices as people quarrel.

"I got the hands to cover up all the ventilators. Good job I had remained on deck. I did n't think you would be asleep, and so . . . What did you say, sir? What?"

"Nothing," cried Captain MacWhirr. "I said—all right."

"By all the powers! We've got it this time," observed Jukes in a howl.

"You have n't altered her course?" inquired Captain MacWhirr, straining his voice.

"No, sir. Certainly not. Wind came out right ahead. And here comes the head sea."

A plunge of the ship ended in a shock as if she had landed her forefoot upon something solid. After a moment of stillness a lofty flight of sprays drove hard with the wind upon their faces.

"Keep her at it as long as we can," shouted Captain MacWhirr.

Before Jukes had squeezed the salt water out of his eyes all the stars had disappeared.

IX

JUKES was as ready a man as any half-dozen young mates that may be caught by casting a net upon the waters, and though he had been somewhat taken aback by the startling viciousness of the first squall he had pulled himself together on the instant, had called out the hands, and had rushed then to secure such openings about the deck as had not been already battened down earlier in the evening. Shouting in his fresh, stentorian voice, "Jump, boys, and bear a hand!" he led in the work, telling himself the while that he had "just expected this."

But at the same time he was growing aware that this was rather more than he had expected. From the first stir of the air on his cheek the gale seemed to take upon itself the accumulated impetus of an avalanche. Heavy sprays enveloped the *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern, and instantly, in the midst of her regular rolling, she began to jerk and plunge as though she had gone mad with fright.

Jukes thought—This is no joke. While he was exchanging explanatory yells with his captain a sudden lowering of the darkness came upon the night, falling before their vision like something palpable. It was as if the masked lights of the world had been turned down. Jukes was uncritically glad to have his captain at hand. It relieved him as though that man had, by simply coming on deck, taken at once most of the gale's weight upon his shoulders. Such is the prestige, the privilege, and the burden of command.

Captain MacWhirr could expect no comfort of that sort from any one on earth. Such is the loneliness of command. He was trying to see, with that watchful manner of a seaman who stares into the wind's eye as if into the eye of an adversary, to penetrate the hidden intention and guess the aim and force of the thrust. The strong wind swept at him out of a vast obscurity; he felt under his feet the uneasiness of his ship, and he could not even discern a shadow of her shape. He wished it were not so; and very still he waited, feeling stricken by a blind man's helplessness.

To be silent was natural to him, dark or shine. Jukes at his elbow made himself heard, yelling cheerily in the gusts, "We must have got the worst of it at once, sir." A faint burst of lightning quivered all round as if flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests.

It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, the black figures of men caught on the bridge, heads forward, as if petrified in the act of butting. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

X

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a Vial of Wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. It destroyed at once the organized life of the ship by its scattering effect. In an instant the men lost touch of each other. This is the disintegrating power of a great wind. It isolates one from one's kind. An earthquake, a landslip, an avalanche, overtake a man incidentally, as it were—without passion. A furious gale attacks him like a personal enemy, tries to grasp his limbs, fastens upon his mind, seeks to rout his very spirit out of him.

Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied himself whirled a great distance through the air. Everything disappeared, even for a moment his power of thinking, but his hand had found within six feet of him one of the rail-stanchions. This he embraced with the ardor of love that will not be thwarted. It saved his body and steadied his soul so far that it became conscious of an intolerable distress. It was by no means alleviated by an inclination to disbelieve the reality of this experience. Though young he had seen some bad weather and had never doubted his ability to imagine the worst; but this was so much beyond his powers of fancy that it appeared incompatible with the existence of any ship whatever. He would have been incredulous about himself in the same way, perhaps, had he not been so greatly harassed by the necessity of exerting a continuous wrestling effort against a force trying to tear him away from his hold. Moreover, the conviction of not being utterly destroyed returned to him through the sensations of being half drowned, bestially shaken, and partly choked. He thought, Heavens! What 's this?

It seemed to him he remained there precariously alone with the stanchion for a long, long time. The rain poured on him, flowed, drove in sheets. He was plunged in rushing water like a diver holding on to a stake

planted in the bed of a swollen river. He breathed in gasps, and sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh, and sometimes it was salt. For the most part he kept his eyes shut tight, as if suspecting his sight might be destroyed in the immense flurry of the elements. When he ventured to blink hastily, he derived some moral support from the green gleam of the starboard light shining feebly upon the flight of rain and sprays. He was actually looking at it when its ray fell upon the up-rearing head of the sea which put it out. He saw the head of the wave topple over, adding the mite of its crash to the tremendous uproar raging around him, and almost at the same instant the stanchion was wrenched from his grasp. After a crushing thump on his back he found himself suddenly afloat and borne away. His first irresistible notion was that the whole China Sea had climbed on the bridge. Then, more sanely, he concluded himself gone overboard. All the time he was being tossed, flung, and rolled in great volumes of water he kept on repeating mentally with the utmost precipitation the words: "My God! My God! My God! My God! My God! My God!"

All at once in a revolt of misery and despair he formed the crazy resolution to get out of that. And he began to thresh about with his arms and legs. But as soon as he commenced his wretched struggles he discovered himself to have become somehow mixed up with a face, an oilskin coat, somebody's boots. He clawed ferociously all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and was caught in the firm clasp of a pair of stout arms. He returned the embrace closely round a thick, soft body. He had found his captain.

They tumbled over and over each other, tightening their hug. Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang, and, stranded against the side of the wheelhouse, out of breath and bruised, they were left to stagger up in the wind and hold on where they could.

Jukes came out of it rather horrified, as though he had just escaped some unparalleled outrage directed at his feelings. It had weakened his faith in himself. He started shouting aimlessly to the man he could feel near him in that fiendish blackness: "Is it you, sir? Is it you, sir?" till his temples seemed ready to burst. And he heard in answer a voice, as if crying far away, as if screaming to him fretfully from a very great distance the one word, "Yes!" It was this tinge of irritation which silenced him rather than the difficulty of

making himself heard. Other seas swept again over the bridge. He received them defencelessly right over his bare head, with both his hands engaged in holding.

The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness; she pitched, as if taking a header into a void and seemed to find a wall to hit every time. When she rolled she fell on her side headlong as if she were beginning to tumble, turning down a slope, and she would be righted by such a demolishing blow that Jukes felt her reeling as a clubbed man reels before he collapses. In the darkness round her the gale howled and scuffled about gigantically, as though the entire world were a black gully. At certain moments the air would stream against the ship as if sucked through a tunnel with a concentrated, solid force of impact that seemed to lift her clean out of the water and keep her up for an instant with only a quiver running through her from end to end. And then she would begin her tumbling again as if dropped back into a boiling caldron. Jukes tried hard to compose his mind and judge things coolly.

Both ends of the *Nan-Shan* were under water, as though she had no more freeboard than a raft. The sea, flattened down in the heavier gusts, would uprise and overwhelm them in snowy rushes of foam expanding wide, beyond both rails, into the night. And on this dazzling sheet, spread under the blackness of the clouds and emitting a bluish glow, Captain MacWhirr could catch a desolate glimpse of a few tiny specks black as ebony, the tops of the hatches, the battened companions, the heads of the covered winches, the foot of a mast. This was all he could see of his ship. Her middle structure—covered by the bridge which bore him, his mate, the dark wheel-house where a man was steering, shut up with the fear of being swept overboard together with the whole thing in one great crash—her middle structure was like a half-tide rock awash upon a coast. It was like an outlying rock in the night, with the water boiling up, streaming over, pouring off, beating round—like a rock in the surf to which shipwrecked people cling before they let go—only it rose, it sank, it rolled continuously, without respite and rest, like a rock that had miraculously struck adrift from a coast and gone wallowing upon the sea.

She was being looted with a senseless, destructive fury; trysails torn out from the extra gaskets, double-lashed awnings blown

away, bridge swept clean, weather-cloths burst, rails twisted, light-screens smashed—and two of the boats had gone already. They had gone unheard and unseen, melting, as it were, in the shock and smother of the wave. It was only later, when, upon the white flash of another high sea hurling itself amidships, Jukes had a rapid vision of two pairs of davits leaping black and empty out of the solid blackness, with one overhauled fall flying and an iron-bound block threshing in the wind, that he became aware of what had happened within about three yards of his back.

He poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it—big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone:

“The boats are going now, sir.”

And again he heard that voice distinct and faint, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice,—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution, and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall and justice is done,—and it was crying to him as if from very, very far,—“All right.”

He thought he had not managed to make himself understood.

“Our boats—I say boats—the boats, sir! Two gone!”

The same voice, within a foot of him, and yet so remote, yelled sensibly:

“Can't be helped.”

Captain MacWhirr had never turned his face, but Jukes caught some more words on the wind.

“What can—expect—Hammering through—Such—Bound to leave—something behind—Stands to reason.”

Watchfully Jukes listened for more. No more came. This was all Captain MacWhirr had to say; and Jukes could picture to himself rather than see the broad squat back before him. An impenetrable obscurity pressing down upon the ghostly glimmers of the sea harbored the mysterious madness of all this rush, deluge, and uproar. Suddenly Jukes imagined himself completely indifferent to it all. It was too much. A sort of dull conviction seized upon him that there was nothing to be done.

If the steering-gear did not give way, if the sea did not burst the deck in or smash one of the

hatches, if the engines did not give up, if way could be kept on her against this terrific wind, and she did not bury herself in one of these awful seas, of whose white crests alone, topping high above her bows, he could now and then get a sickening glimpse,—then there was a chance of her coming out of it. Something within him seemed to turn over, bringing uppermost the feeling that the ship was lost.

"She 's done for," he said to himself with a surprising mental agitation as though he had discovered an unexpected meaning in this thought. One of these things were bound to happen. Nothing could be prevented now and nothing could be remedied. The men on board did not count, and the ship could not last. This weather was too impossible.

It was like the maddest of dreams: a dream in which you inhabit a world ready to fly to pieces and are jostled rudely against a man you cannot see. Jukes felt an arm thrown heavily over his shoulders. And to this overture he responded with great intelligence by catching hold of his Captain round the waist.

They stood clasped thus in the blind night, bracing each other against the wind, cheek to cheek and lip to ear, in the manner of two battered hulks lashed stem to stern together.

XI

JUKES heard the voice of his commander hardly any louder than before, but nearer, as though, starting to march athwart the prodigious rush of the hurricane, it had approached him, bearing that strange effect of quietness like the serene glow of a halo.

"D' ye know where the hands got to?" it asked, vigorous and evanescent at the same time, overcoming the strength of the wind, and swept away from Jukes instantly.

Jukes did n't know. They were all on the bridge when the real force of the hurricane struck the ship. He had no idea where they had crawled to. Under the circumstances they were nowhere for all the use that could be made of them. Somehow the Captain's wish to know distressed Jukes.

"Want the hands, sir?" he cried apprehensively.

"Ought to know," asserted Captain MacWhirr. "Hold hard."

They held hard. An outburst of unchained fury, a vicious rush of the wind, absolutely steadied the ship. Her disordered motion was checked and she only rolled short and

swift; she rocked quick and light like a child's cradle for a terrific moment of suspense, while the whole atmosphere, as it seemed, streamed furiously past her, roaring away from the tenebrous earth.

It suffocated them, and with eyes shut they tightened their grasp. What from the magnitude of the shock might have been a column of water, running upright in the dark, butted against the ship, broke short, and fell on her bridge, crushingly from on high, with a dead, burying weight.

A flying fragment of that collapse, a mere splash, enveloped them in one swirl from their feet over their heads, violently, filling their ears, mouths, and nostrils with salt water. It knocked out their legs, wrenched hastily at their arms, seethed away swiftly under their chins, and opening their eyes they saw the piled-up masses of foam dashing to and fro amongst what looked like the fragments of a ship. She had given way as if driven straight in. They had felt her give under them, and in their panting breasts their hearts yielded, too, before the tremendous blow; and all at once she sprang up to her desperate plunging as if trying to scramble out from under the ruins.

The seas in the dark seemed to rush from all sides to keep her back where she might perish. There was hate in the way she was handled, and a ferocity in the blows that fell. She was like a living creature thrown to the rage of a mob: hustled terribly, struck at, borne up, flung down, leaped upon. Captain MacWhirr and Jukes kept hold of each other, deafened by the noise, gagged by the wind; and the great physical tumult beating about their bodies brought, like an unbridled display of passion, a profound trouble to their souls. One of those wild and appalling shrieks that are heard at times passing mysteriously overhead in the steady roar of a hurricane, like a long scream of pain from something living, immense and tormented, swooped, as if borne on wings, upon the ship, and Jukes tried to outscreech it.

"Will she live?"

The cry was wrenched out of his breast. It was as unintentional as the birth of a thought in the head, and he heard nothing of it himself. It all became extinct at once—thought, intention, effort; and of his cry the inaudible vibration added to the tempest-waves of the air.

He expected nothing from it—nothing at all. For indeed what answer could be made?

But after a while he heard with amazement the frail and resisting voice in his ear,—the dwarf sound, unconquered, in the giant tumult,—

"She may!"

It was a dull yell, more difficult to seize than a whisper,—the unsubstantial and passing shadow of a yell. Jukes accepted it with bitterness. And presently the voice returned again, half submerged in the vast crashes, like a ship battling against the waves of an ocean.

"Let 's hope so!" it cried, small, lonely, and unmoved, a stranger to the visions of hope or fear, and it flickered into disconnected words: "Ship—This—Never—Anyhow—For the best." Jukes gave it up contemptuously.

And then, as if it had come suddenly upon the one thing fit to withstand the power of a storm, it seemed to gain force and firmness for the last broken shouts:

"Keep on hammering—builders—Good men—And chance it—Rout—Engines—Good man."

XII

CAPTAIN MACWHIRR removed his arm from Jukes's shoulders and thereby ceased to exist for his mate, so dark it was. Jukes experienced a great deception, as though of undeniable right he had expected to obtain an utterance of precise effect. After a tense stiffening of every muscle he would let himself go limp all over. The gnawing of profound discomfort existed side by side with an incredible disposition to somnolence, as though he had been buffeted and worried into drowsiness. The wind would get hold of his head and try to shake it off his shoulders; his clothes, full of water, were as heavy as lead, stiff like sheet-iron, cold and dripping like an armor of melting ice: he shivered. It lasted a long time; and, with his hands contracted by cramp closed hard on his hold, he was letting himself sink slowly into the depths of bodily misery. There was no suggestion of end to it, as there is no end to the horror of a nightmare. Jukes's mind became concentrated upon himself in an aimless, idle way, and when something pushed lightly at the back of his knees he nearly, as the saying is, jumped out of his skin.

In the start forward he bumped the back of

Captain MacWhirr, who did n't move, and then a hand gripped his thigh. A lull had come, a menacing lull of the wind, the holding of a stormy breath—and he felt himself pawed all over. It was the boatswain. He had recognized the hands, so thick and enormous that they seemed to belong to some new species of man.

The boatswain had arrived on the bridge, crawling on all fours against the wind, and had found the chief mate's legs with the top of his head. Immediately he crouched and began to explore Jukes's person upwards, with clumsy, prudent, apologetic touches, as became an inferior.

He was an ill-favored, undersized, gruff sailor of fifty, coarsely hairy, short-legged, long-armed, resembling an elderly ape. His strength was immense; and in his great lumpy paws, bulging like brown boxing-gloves on the end of his furry forearms, the heaviest objects were handled like playthings. Apart from the grizzled pelt on his chest, the menacing demeanor, and the hoarse voice, he had none of the classical attributes of his rating. His good nature amounted almost to imbecility; the men did what they liked with him, and he had not an ounce of initiative in his character, which was easy-going and talkative. For these reasons Jukes naturally disliked him; but Captain MacWhirr, to Jukes's scornful disgust, seemed to regard him as a first-rate petty officer.

He pulled himself up by Jukes's coat, taking that liberty with the greatest moderation, and only so far as it was forced upon him by the hurricane. "What is it, bo's'n, what is it?" yelled Jukes, impatient with the foreboding of some odious trouble. What could that fraud of a bo's'n want on the bridge? The typhoon had got on Jukes's nerves. The husky bellowings of the other, though unintelligible, seemed to suggest a state of lively satisfaction. There could be no mistake. The old fool was pleased with something.

The boatswain's other hand had found some other body, for in a changed tone he began to inquire, "Is it you, sir? Is it you, sir?" The wind strangled his howls.

"Yes!" cried Captain MacWhirr.

(To be continued.)



The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Fr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editor.

BELLES-LETTRES

Blanc—Questions Américaines. By Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc). Paris: Hachette.

In this volume Madame Blanc has selected from her contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* six papers dealing with American and English subjects: the works of Hamlin Garland ("a radical of the prairie," as she aptly calls him) in prose and verse; "America of the Past," in Virginia and Louisiana; "Sketches of Kansas," a review of William Allen White's "The Real Issue"; a long and appreciative criticism of Col. T. W. Higginson as "a representative American"; "The English Army as Painted by Kipling"; and "The International Council of Women," based upon the report of the meeting in London, July, 1899, by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, "general-in-chief of an army of five millions of women" in the United States. The author tells us in her preface that the papers are not taken at haphazard, but are chosen as dealing with questions of the day, which, if foreign questions, are also French questions, having to do with sociology, the status of woman, colonial wars, emigration, and the lust for gold. The book will interest equally readers at home and abroad.

Jones—The Liars. An Original Comedy in Four Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. Macmillan. 75 cts.

The Jones play, like the Pinero play, reads indifferently. As a mere record of the stage it is well to have printed versions of these comedies; as dramatic literature they are inconsequent.

Harrison—George Washington, and Other American Addresses. By Frederic Harrison. Macmillan. \$1.75, net.

The notable address which the distinguished author of this book came from England last year to deliver at Chicago on the one hundred and sixty-ninth birthday of George Washington, is here printed in the form in which he wishes it to be preserved. Nine other speeches and lectures, including the carefully prepared Johns Hopkins address on "The Millennium of King Alfred," and an informal after-dinner talk on Lincoln, delivered on the same day as the Washington address, accompany it; and the volume is appropriately dedicated to Ambassador Choate,

through whom the various invitations to speak in this country were forwarded. It is a pity that the ten papers could not have been supplemented by the magazine article in which this keen and unprejudiced observer recorded his impressions of the Great Republic.

Mason—Woman in the Golden Ages. By Amelia Gere Mason. Century. \$1.80, net.

Having treated in an earlier volume of "The Women of the French Salons," Mrs. Mason limits the present essays "mainly to the golden ages of Greece, Rome, and the Renaissance, with a brief interlude that serves as a transition from pagan to mediæval times." The vaunted, feared, and ridiculed "new woman" proves to be as old as the time of Sappho; there have always been women of great intellectual or moral force, or both; and the author of these papers—most of which, we opine, have been heard at the meetings of women's clubs—has had no difficulty in gathering the materials for her entertaining book. She writes learnedly, but with excellent taste and discretion, and imparts a very considerable amount of information without any apparent solicitude to instruct or edify.

Munsterberg—American Traits; from the Point of View of a German. By Hugo Munsterberg. Houghton. \$1.60, net.

This volume, chiefly of reprints from magazine articles, is a sound and scholarly exposition of an intelligent foreigner's views on several widely differing topics. It consists of five essays on the Americans and the Germans, on Education, Scholarship, Women, and American Democracy. Professor Munsterberg has been accused, he tells us in his preface, of viewing "the American world through German eyes with Harvard astigmatism"; but the diagnosis can hardly be supported by the essay on Education, which is startlingly free from Harvard influence. The vigor of its attack on the elective system is remarkable, coming as it does from that stronghold of the new beliefs. Its sound logic and clear reasoning are strong, though unconscious, arguments in favor of the old conservative system which it so enthusiastically defends. The style of all the essays is as easy and graceful as their philosophy is sound.

Trent—Wells—Colonial Prose and Poetry.

Edited by William P. Trent and Benjamin W. Wells. 3 vols. Crowell. \$2.25. Diminutive and daintily bound volumes, of 300 pages or so each, made up of extracts from the best-known American authors of the colonial period, the captions being "The Transplanting of Culture" (1607-50), "The Beginnings of Americanism" (1650-1710), and "The Growth of the National Spirit" (1710-75). Each volume has a carefully considered introduction.

BIOGRAPHY**Packard—Lamarck, the Founder of Evolution.**

His Life and Work. By Alpheus S. Packard. Longmans. \$2.40.

Toward the final statement of the doctrine of evolution, this book is a notable contribution. Lamarck, born in France, August 1, 1744, first meteorologist, then botanist, and later zoologist, was the first to speak of the variations of species and to propound a doctrine of evolution, which, though thrown somewhat into shadow by the brilliant researches and formulations of Darwin, has, in recent years, again attracted such attention that no student of the orthodoxy of evolution can afford to neglect Lamarck. Indeed, the Lamarckian theory of organic evolution has been so rehabilitated, that it has come to be a powerful rival of Darwinism. In France the author is "justly," as Professor Packard insists, regarded as the real founder of organic evolution. Familiar as was the name of Lamarck to the biographer from boyhood, when he arranged his shells on the Lamarckian system, he, when a student in Paris, determined to make it greater. In 1899 he became a true literary Old Mortality, and engaged in the fascinating work of reconstructing the biography of Lamarck from the data he was able to obtain. The result is a very notable addition in this special field. It shows how Lamarck reorganized the national garden and museums of France, and tells of his work in invertebrate zoology, but the bulk of the book is taken up with showing Lamarck's posthumous fame and his place in modern science, for Professor Packard is himself an expert in the various theories, and knows well the particular contribution of each physicist and philosopher to that modern view of the universe known as evolution.

FICTION.**Bullock—Irish Pastorals.** By Shan F. Bullock. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

These are stories of the Irish peasantry, very humble folk, and very close to earth, but very appealing in their courageous acceptance of life's hardest conditions. The tales are simple, human, full of pathos and of tenderness. No short stories we have had for long equal them in these qualities. Technically, they are almost perfect, and much the best of anything this writer has done. Only Jane Barlow has equalled him in making

stories of universal interest out of similar material. The volume shows conclusively how little else it takes to make a story if only the author has the right point of view.

Crockett—Love Idyls. By S. R. Crockett. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The two heroines in "Love Idyls" are women such as any man might love. Making a fool of men who ought to know better, men more than twice her age, was one of the chief occupations of Bell MacLurg. She promised to protect her rebel lover because his side had "the prettiest fashions in dress and also the most glosing tongues"; so for the safety of other poor innocent maids she would help them all out of the country as fast as needs be. Mr. Crockett has made two as charming love stories as one could wish in Scotch and Austrian environments. It is hard choosing between the spoiled Scotch beauty and the tricky, yet demure little Gertrud.

Drachmann—Nanna. From the Danish of Holger Drachmann. Rewritten in English by Francis F. Browne. McClurg. \$1.00.

Drachmann's well-known "Paul og Virginie under nordlig Bredde," as it is known in the original, is a welcome addition to the popular "Tales from Foreign Lands" series.

Dutt—Norfolk. By William A. Dutt. Dutton. \$1.50, net.

The latest handbook in Dent's series of County Guides to Rural England, prepared by Mr. Dutt with the aid of various specialists, and profusely illustrated from pen-and-ink and wash drawings by J. A. Symington, and with maps. An admirably edited little book, brimful of information, made doubly accessible by means of a thorough index.

Elliott—The Making of Jane. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. Scribners. \$1.50.

The Lord made one thing out of Jane and Mrs. Saunders tried to make another. It is with these two elements, heredity and environment, that Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott, juggles, and she juggles with more than usual dexterity.

The Jane of the Lord's making triumphs, and triumphs so absolutely that it sets the reader wondering if the Bible was mistaken, once again, and if figs, after all, can grow of thistles. Mrs. Saunders caught Jane pretty young, and her training, so dwarfing, so heartless, and so worldly, should have left more trace on Jane's character than a transient bitterness.

The book is made up of four, perhaps five, real people who live and act. Three of these, Mrs. Saunders, Mark Witting, and Jane, are very clever, careful pieces of work. There are besides a number of amusing character sketches and several dummies, characters like Jane's sister, for instance, that Miss Elliott has made use of in the most flagrant way, simply because she needed them to round

out her plot nicely. Like most books that are purely psychological studies, "The Making of Jane" is too long.

Friedman—By Bread Alone. By I. K. Friedman. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Man cannot live by bread alone—especially if the bread is half baked. Mr. Friedman seems to have had in mind the presentation of a remarkable hero and a heroine who, in the midst of remarkable circumstances, should achieve remarkable deeds. He formally presents the actors of the story and devotes several pages to setting forth their remarkable traits. He makes the sunsets against which they figure surpassingly brilliant and the foundry flames that play about them luridly picturesque. Nevertheless, in spite of conscientious enthusiasm and hard work on the part of the author, the reader remains unmoved. Perhaps if Mr. Friedman had admired his characters less and had said less about it, the reader would admire them more.

Gerard—The Million. By Dorothea Gerard. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

"The Million" is another of the recent books whose theme is the futility of wrath. It is a book written with a good deal of strength and vigor, but as in so many books dealing with a "problem," the writer is not content to let the plot work itself out logically. From the first page one feels that the author, Dorothea Gerard, disapproves of Moravsk's view of life and will see that he is properly punished for it. That she takes a placid satisfaction in the disappointments that overtake him is evident. In spite of this, and in spite of some rather melodramatic episodes, "The Million" has more human nature in it and gives a greater impression of reality than most of the novels of the moment.

Harland—In Our County. By Marion Harland. Putnam. \$1.50.

Certain books have a charm like the odor of lavender. Like it they breathe out the perfume of an order of things that is past, and hint at a time of more formality, less luxury, and, perhaps, more daintiness and more precision in the life of day to day than we now have time for. "In Our County" is such a book. The spirit of the past lives in it, and the ten stories that compose it are written with a tenderness as though the author had loved to write them. At the same time the life of old Virginia is not idealized, but as the author paints it its outlines are merely softened, its colors rendered more harmonious by time.

Harrigan—The Mulligans. By Edward Harrigan. Dillingham. \$1.50.

"The Mulligans" is addressed to the elder generation, and there is small doubt that many a one among them will be glad to have it on the table as a reminder of the pleasant evenings he has spent at Mr. Harrigan's plays—those curious mixtures of good character drawing and flagrant horse-play. Mr. Harrigan has turned these plays into stories with descriptions to fill in the stage directions. That they will have any particular interest

for those who never saw the "Mulligan Guards' Ball," or "Cordelia's Aspirations," is doubtful; for there is not much art and altogether too many words in the telling of the tale. But Mr. Harrigan's old clientele will like to muse over the book and revive pleasant old memories.

Matthews—My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. By Frances Aymar Matthews. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

It was perhaps in Mrs. Frances Aymar Matthews's mind when she wrote "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town" that some manager of a shapely lady star would seize upon the book, saying: "Behold! I should like to make a play of this." For the heroine does all the things that heroines in plays like to do: puts on trousers, fights duels, discomferts highwaymen, and finally consents to marry the good but commonplace hero. The book is moderately good of its kind; about as good as "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Paine—The Van Dwellers. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Taylor & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has written an amplified newspaper special which is printed in book form and called "The Van Dwellers." The theme of the book is the well-known one of the flat-hunter, the janitor, and the domestic and their peculiarities. Any reader of the Sunday papers has seen many, many stories concerning all these things, written, too, with as much spirit as Mr. Paine's book. How a man with his sense of humor could have been betrayed in ending an amusing trifle like "The Van Dwellers" with a tract on the beauties of charity will be a mystery to most readers.

Quiller-Couch—The Laird's Luck, and Other Fireside Tales. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Scribners. \$1.50.

Was it not Stevenson who wrote to someone in a letter: "Q. is doing excellent work"? They still have a reverence for literature and literary things in England, and one would think that this very reverence would make Mr. Quiller-Couch desire to live up to the opinion of the master whom most people love and respect. Nevertheless he has presented before the public a book of rather empty stories—better told, perhaps, than are the yarns of the ordinary writer to-day, but still hardly rich enough in character and incident to deserve the praise of the discriminating.

Westcott—The Teller. By Edward Noyes Westcott. With the Letters of Edward Noyes Westcott, and an Account of his Life. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

A short story by Edward Noyes Westcott, with letters concerning David Harum, and a memoir. Neither letters, story, nor memoir will have any interest whatever to any one not a rabid admirer of David Harum, and even these will derive only a mild satisfaction from them.

HISTORY

Powell—Historic Towns of the Western States. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. Putnam, \$3.00.

Though the history of the West, so far as it relates to the civilization of the present day, is far briefer than that of New England, the Middle States, and the South, the fourth and last volume in the series of "Historic Towns" vies in interest with its predecessors. In fact, as one realizes from a first hasty glance at the illustrations in this book, there are elements of picturesqueness in the stories of these Western cities that can hardly be matched in the case of the cities previously treated of. Most notable of the towns in the present volume is, of course, the youthful giantess Chicago, the story of whose marvellous growth is told by Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. Similar in kind, though not in degree, is the interest that attaches to the history of such great towns as Cincinnati, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. Certain smaller places, such as Mackinac, Vincennes, Los Angeles, interest the reader in a different way, but no less potently. In preparing "Historic Towns of the Western States," the editor of the series has had especial help from Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites; but the success of this, as of the preceding volumes, is almost wholly due to his own tact and skill. The four volumes will prove of lasting value.

MISCELLANEOUS

Boies—The Science of Penology. The Defence of Society against Crime. Collated and Systematized by Henry M. Boies. Putnam. \$3.50.

The current work, which is by the author of "Prisoners and Paupers," is a comprehensive though not too technical contribution to an engrossing subject. While somewhat more of a compilation than an original or vigorously independent document, the survey of the field is so thorough, and the conclusions are presented with such clarity and system that one can find small ground for regret. In the words of the author, he has "endeavored to collect in this book the principal data, to arrange them in order, and to state the generally accepted conclusions of penologists." It only remains to add that Mr. Boies has done this, and done it admirably.

Bradford—The Wild Fowlers. By Charles Bradford. Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.00, net.

Though told in dialogue and semi-narrative form, this slender volume contains much that is of practical value to the sportsman. Mr. Bradford knows his subject down to the minutest detail, and imparts to his pages both a love of wild-fowling and the refreshing impress of nature.

Bryce—Studies in History and Jurisprudence. By James Bryce, D.C.L. Oxford University Press.

This stocky and somewhat forbidding volume of 926 pages contains reprints of Professor Bryce's essays on the "Constitution of the United States as Seen in the Past" and on "Two South African Constitutions," together

with amplifications of the author's Regius Professorship Lectures delivered at Oxford between 1870-1893.

Denslow—Mother Goose. By W. W. Denslow. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Denslow has re-created "Mother Goose." This would seem on the face of it an impossibility, but his illustrations have attracted a new audience and re-interested those who were familiar with the book in its former state.

Featherstan—The Christ of Our Poets. By H. Walker Featherstan, D.D., Nashville, Tenn. Barbee & Smith. 75 cts. Brief essays with abundant quotations.

Kirk—The Christ of the Red Planet. By Eleanor Kirk. Publishers' Printing Co. \$1.00.

It is for our sins that we had to read this book, which menaces reason. Apparently it is occult and theosophic, perhaps spiritualistic, we cannot certainly say because we have not taken the higher and the side degrees of occultism. The author will pity us, and every one else who lives in the region of the senses, and finds this screed a "fytte." "Nuf sed!"

Moffett—Careers of Danger and Daring. By Cleveland Moffett. Illustrated. Century. \$1.80, net.

Mr. Moffett introduces us to the heroes of peace, and shows how calmly and coolly thousands of men go daily to the performance of tasks no less dangerous and difficult than, say, that of an English soldier in South Africa. The dangers to which steeple-climbers, bridge-builders, and divers are exposed he has experienced himself, in gathering the materials for this book; but even in the case of those he has not thus sampled, he writes with a vigor and picturesqueness that hold one spellbound.

Psychic—A Course in Practical Psychic Instruction. Psychic Research Co.

The course includes five instructions, to wit: in (1) Personal Magnetism, (2) Mind Reading, (3) Hypnotism, (4) Magnetic Healing, (5) Zoism. Anyone, we are told, who masters these instructions can command men, and achieve any sort of success that he may fancy. We have not yet mastered them, but acknowledge that they contain many excellent suggestions.

Sharp—Round the World to Wympland. By Evelyn Sharp. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. Lane. \$1.25.

A collection of stories for children, not better nor worse than the average.

Wyckoff—A Day with a Tramp and Other Days. By Walter Wyckoff. Scribner. \$1.00.

These Days belong to a trip from New York to San Francisco—the same trip of which Professor Wyckoff has already given an account in "The Workers." The experiences are similar to those related in that book and the conclusions to which they lead the reader are much the same; namely, that Professor Wyckoff's

experiences were interesting, that he saw many phases of life and much variety of character, but that the account of these experiences is, on the whole, lacking in vital interest. When he remarks casually that "the picture of the hardy old woman . . . is one that lingers gleefully in memory," and that two speeches referred to were "memorable as gems of unstudied humor," the reader is inclined to take Professor Wyckoff's word for it. He has an air of candor that compels belief. But one could well wish that something of the humor that lingers so gleefully in his memory had crept into the telling—something of the misery, of the grandeur, of the all-embracing humanness that must have been in the Days. One cannot but feel that because Professor Wyckoff started out with a deliberate intention to see life, he fell, everywhere, just short of seeing it. Life, even life in the mass, refuses to be interviewed, visited, inspected. While the inspection goes on it slips quietly away, leaving only its shell. And the man who attempts to size up the country from Maine to California by a deliberate process of inspection is in a fair way to bring home a very pretty collection of shells. The lack of humor that would lead a man to set out on such an expedition is liable to crop out in the telling. A poet lounging from city to city,—some Carman or Whitman,—living with men and women, loving them, with no thought or wish to make literature out of them, or political economy, will perhaps give a truer account. The methodical note-book, with its record of fact and its snap-shot judgment, has its limitations both as literature and as a record of life.

POETRY

Banning—Songs of the Hill Winds. Edited by Kendall Banning. Cheltenham Press. A dainty little leather-covered volume compiled from the undergraduate publications of Dartmouth College since 1871. The most striking poems in the collection are those of the late Richard Hovey, whose "Men of Dartmouth" is, properly enough, printed on page 1.

Emerson—Poems. By Edwin Emerson, M.A. Carson-Harper Co.

There is, perhaps, more of the sage than of the poet in this late harvest-sheaf of verse; at least the collection, as a whole, while containing much that is well-considered in respect to the conduct of life, will scarcely make appeal from the point of view of modern verse-making. It requires some courage, indeed, to offer to the public a long poem in the Spenserian stanza, as the author of this volume has done. Nor can we claim that he has, in this attempt, offered any notable addition to the great poems of the language written in this beautiful measure. Mr. Emerson's best verse in this volume is probably his sonnets; and many of the "occasional" poems might have been omitted to the advantage of the collection.

King—Verses. By Dorothy King. Boston: Badger & Co. \$1.00, net.

Thirty small pages of verse, apparently written without thought of publication.

In College Days: Recent Varsity Verse. Chosen by Joseph Leroy Harrison. Knight & Millet. \$1.25.

There is little promise in these 230 pages of a revival of poetry in America. Perhaps the best of the pieces are those in which Kipling is obviously, though not avowedly, imitated. The selections from E. Lyttleton Fox, of *The Yale Lit.*, do not show him at his best.

Young—Ah, What Riddles these Women Be. By William Young. Russell. \$1.00.

The author of "Wishmaker's Town" and other notable poems, and of sundry poetic dramas, gives us now a rousing ballad of

"Kings and jarls of the east and the west—
Vikings, out of the Jomsborg nest—
Norse marauder, and pirate Dane—
Lords of the mainland and the main."

How Skarli loved, and was loved by, the bride of Leif, and how when he had slain her husband and rescued her from the sea,

"Straight to the death she had feared before,
She leaped and flashed and was seen no more,"—

All this is told in picturesque and vigorous verse, that goes with "the downward fling and crash of the surge" when gales are loosened over the North Sea.

Sangster—Lyrics of Love, of Hearth and Home, of Field and Garden. By Margaret E. Sangster. Revell. \$1.25.

A volume of gentle, sweet and melodious verse, elevated in sentiment and simple in expression, which the author rightly describes as "home verses for home folks."

Spalding—God and the Soul: A Poem. By John Lancaster Spalding. The Grafton Press. \$1.25.

The Bishop of Peoria is best known in the literary world by half a dozen volumes of essays, in which stands revealed a scholar and a man of sense. He is responsible, also, it seems, for a volume of "Songs, chiefly from the German," so that the present work is not, so to speak, a first offence. It is a scholarly production, consisting chiefly of sonnets on intellectual and spiritual themes; but, to tell the honest truth, we prefer Bishop Spalding's prose to his poetry.

TRAVEL

Fountain—The Great Deserts and Forests of North America. By Paul Fountain. Longmans. \$3.75.

Mr. W. H. Hudson, who furnishes a preface to "The Great Deserts and Forests of North America," notes that "it is the freshness of Mr. Fountain's observations which makes them attractive." The author's personality gives to the book its chief interest and value. The data on the bison, the puma and grizzly bear, on the moose and wolf and coyote, the mountain beaver and prairie marmot, on spiders and alligators and snakes, are of value, not because they add to our knowledge of these animals, but because they are the record of fresh and unhackneyed observation.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of *THE CRITIC* by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mechanics' Institute Free Library. H. W. PARKER, *Librarian.*

- The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 2 vols., \$15.00.)
 With Bobs and Kruger. Unger. (Coates, \$2.00.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)
 Talks to Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novels.

- The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Mercantile Library. W. T. PEOPLES, *Librarian.*

- Queen Victoria. Lorne. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 Recollections of the Foreign Office. Hertslet. (Murray, \$5.00.)
 Mexico as I Saw It. Tweedie. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)
 American Traits. Munsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)
 William Hamilton Gibson. Adams. (Putnam, \$2.00 net.)
 Women of the Salon and Other French Portraits. Ballentyn. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$4.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

The Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

Society Library. F. B. BIGELOW, *Librarian.*

- Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$9.00.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.00.)
 Queen Victoria. Lorne. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 2 vols., \$15.00.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 English Villages. Litchfield. (Pott, \$1.50.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Most Popular Novel.

Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pratt Institute Free Library. M. W. PLUMMER, *Librarian.*

- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, \$3.75.)
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
 My Musical Memories. Mason. (Century, net, \$2.00.)
 Talks to Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Works. Plato. Trans. by Jowett. (Froude, 5 vols., \$20.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Brooklyn Public Library. FRANK P. HILL,
Librarian.

Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$3.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

Evolution of Immortality. McConnell. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.00.)

Washington, the Capital City. Wilson. (Lippincott, 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Bridgeport Public Library. AGNES HILLS,
Librarian.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

Fireside Sphinx. Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Real Latin Quarter. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo Public Library. H. L. ELMENDORF,
Librarian.

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

Culture and Restraint. Black. (Revell, \$1.50.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Wisdom and Destiny. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.75.)

The Mohawk Valley. Reid. (Putnam, \$3.50.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Public Library. FREDERICK H. HILD,
Librarian.

Coffin's American Histories. (Harper, V. P.)

Abbott's American Histories. (Dodd, V. P.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Real Latin Quarter. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Public Library. WILLIAM H. BRETT,
Librarian.

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Victorian Prose Masters. Brownell. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

- History of American Art. Hartmann. (Page & Co., 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)
 Story of the Great Republic. Guerber. (American Book Co., 60 cts.)
 The True Story of Abraham Lincoln. (Lothrop, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

DETROIT, MICH.

- Detroit Public Library.** HENRY M. UTLEY,
Librarian.
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 Strong Eyes. MacFadden. (Phys. Cult. Pub., Co., \$1.00.)
 Practical Electric Railway Handbook. Herrick. (Street Railway Pub. Co., N. Y., \$3.00.)
 Spanish-American War. Alger. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Benefactress. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 How to Control Circumstances. Gestefeld. (The Gestefeld Pub. Co., 75 cts.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

HELENA, MONT.

- Helena Public Library.** MARY C. GARDNER,
Librarian.
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Julius Cæsar. Shakespeare. (Various editions.)
 Merchant of Venice. Shakespeare. (Various editions.)
 Teledpathy and the Subliminal Self. Mason. (Holt, \$1.50.)
 Poems. Tennyson. (Various editions.)
 Education. Spencer. (Appleton, \$1.25.)
 Within the Gates. Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)

- Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 "Boots and Saddles." Custer. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

- Free Public Library.** ESTHER E. BURDICK,
Librarian.
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner, \$3.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Principles of Psychology. James. (Holt, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 A Year in a Yawl. Doubleday. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Mr. Dooley's Opinions. Dunne. (Russell, \$1.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 Books on Electricity.
Most Popular Novel.
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KANSAS CITY, MO.

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Librarian.
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
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 History of French Painting. Stranahan. (Scribner, \$3.50.)
 Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)
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 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
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 The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Los Angeles Public Library. MARY L. JONES,
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- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)
Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
Indian Basketry. James. (Malkam, \$2.50.)
Our National Parks. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)
Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
Stoddard's Lectures. (Balch, 12 vols., \$40.00.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
Most Popular Novel.
Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Minneapolis Public Library. J. K. HOSMER,
Librarian.

- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
Oriental Rugs. Mumford. (Scribner, \$7.50.)
The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
History of the Mississippi Valley. Hosmer. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.20.)
Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
Life of Cromwell. Roosevelt. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell, \$1.50.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Free Public Library. ANNIE E. CHAPMAN,
Librarian.

- Training of the Body. Schmidt and Miles. (Dutton, \$2.50.)
Historic Towns of the Western States. Powell. (Putnam, \$3.00.)

An American with Lord Roberts. Ralph. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

- Private Life of the Queen. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
Oriental Rugs. Mumford. (Scribner, \$7.50.)
Life Work of Henry Drummond. Mabie. (Pött & Co., \$1.10.)
Talks with Great Workers. Marden. (Crowell, \$1.50.)
The Bastile. Bingham. (Pott & Co., 2 vols., \$5.00.)
Talks on Writing English. Bates. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.45.)
Madame Chrysantheme. Loti. (Routledge & Sons, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Public Library. GEORGE T. CLARK, *Librarian.*

- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
Fireside Sphinx. Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)
Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)
China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
Five Years of my Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Public Library. HELEN J. McCAINE, *Librarian.*

- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

- Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton-Thompson. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

- City Library Association.** ALICE SHEPARD, *Acting Librarian.*
 Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 School, College, and Character. Briggs. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
Most Popular Novel.

- The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

- Syracuse Public Library.** EZEKIEL W. MUNDY, *Librarian.*
 Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill, \$1.50.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)
 Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill, \$1.50.)
 The Benefactress. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Works. Roosevelt. (Putnam, 15 vols., \$15.00.)

- The Art of Building a Home. Parker and Unwin. (Macmillan, \$3.75.)
Most Popular Novel.

- The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

- Toronto Public Library.** JAMES BAIN, JR., *Librarian.*
 American Annual of Photography, 1902. (Scovil & Adams Co., \$1.00.)
 Wanderings in Three Continents. Burton. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$3.50, net.)
 Burma under British Rule. Nesbit. (Constable, 2 vols., \$12.50.)
 Childhood of Queen Victoria. Gurney. (Nisbet, \$2.40.)
 Lord Milner. Luke. (Partridge, 75 cts.)
 The Theatre. Hastings. (Lippincott, \$3.00, net.)
 The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.00, net.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, net, \$2.00.)
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
 History of the Plymouth Brethren. Neatby. (Hodder & Son, net, \$2.40.)
Most Popular Novels.
 Marietta. Crawford. (Copp, Clark Co., \$1.50.)
 Deep-Sea Plunderings. Bullen. (Smith, Elder & Co., \$2.40.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

- Free Public Library.** SAMUEL S. GREEN, *Librarian.*
 Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner, \$3.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, \$3.75.)
 Chinese Characteristics. Smith. (Revell, \$1.25.)
 Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
 Old Time Gardens. Earle. (Macmillan, \$2.25.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Old Virginia and her Neighbors. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$4.00.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 How the Other Half Lives. Riis. (Scribner, \$2.50.)
 On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)





Courtesy of

The Berlin Photographic Co.

COUNT TOLSTOY
(From the recent portrait by Repin)

The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature Art and Life*

Vol. XL

APRIL, 1902

No. 4

The Lounger

IT is with pleasure that THE CRITIC is enabled to publish the accompanying portrait of Count Tolstoy, for it is not only the latest, but is the most characteristic portrait of the Master of Yasnaya Polyana ever painted. It is by Ilia Repin, Russia's foremost artist, and was a feature of the recent Secession Exhibition in Munich.



In view of the endless rumors and conjectures concerning Count Tolstoy's condition, it is interesting to learn the facts of the case. The true story of the Count's recent illness is told in a private letter addressed by one of his daughters to a relative at St. Petersburg. After surmounting last autumn an attack of malarial fever and a severe quinsy, Count Tolstoy needed recuperation, and speedily found it in the Crimea. His strength came back to him under the influence of the mild autumn climate. But the violent extremes of temperature characteristic of the South Russian winter—the thermometer, rising to sixty or sixty-five degrees during the day, drops precipitately to nine degrees in the evening and eighteen degrees at night—again made havoc with the strength of the

aged author, and brought on inflammation of the left lung.

The inflammation developed into acute pleurisy, so that it became imperative to summon specialists from Moscow and St. Petersburg. The physicians found the pulse so weak that they were obliged to prescribe the injection of digitalis and other methods for quickening the action of the heart. Scarcely, however, had the doctors concluded their first consultation than Count Tolstoy became suddenly worse. His pulse rose to 180 per minute, and his strength fell to so low an ebb that it was necessary to have instant recourse to an injection of camphor and musk.

Nothing but the mighty constitution of the patient enabled him once again to emerge victorious. His strength began to come back, his pulse to approach the normal rate. After a few spells of weakness there came, on February 12th, a serious relapse, leading up to the crisis of February 17th, from which, in turn, the Count seems partially to have recovered.

When the award of the Nobel Literary Prize to M. Prudhomme, the French poet, was announced, Swedish men of art and letters hastened to show their sympathy with Count Tolstoy.

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MISS OTILIE LILJENCANTZ

and sent him an address. The Count has just sent the following characteristic reply from his bed of sickness:

Chers et honorés confrères.—I am very glad that the Nobel Prize was not awarded to me. In the first place, because I am rid of a great embarrassment, viz., that of disposing of this money, which, in my humble opinion, can produce nothing but evil; and, in the second place, because it has given me the great pleasure of receiving this expression of sympathy from so many people whom—though personally unknown to me—I highly esteem.

Miss Otilie Liljencrantz, the author of "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," is a descendant of the fine old searovers she describes. She is a resident of Chicago, and, although very young, has spent many years preparing herself for her first book. After the preparations were made she took two years to write the story, which shows that Miss Liljencrantz is a painstaking author.

M. Paul Hervieu's remarkable play, "L'Énigme," which was the great success of the Théâtre Français last autumn, is at the time of this writing

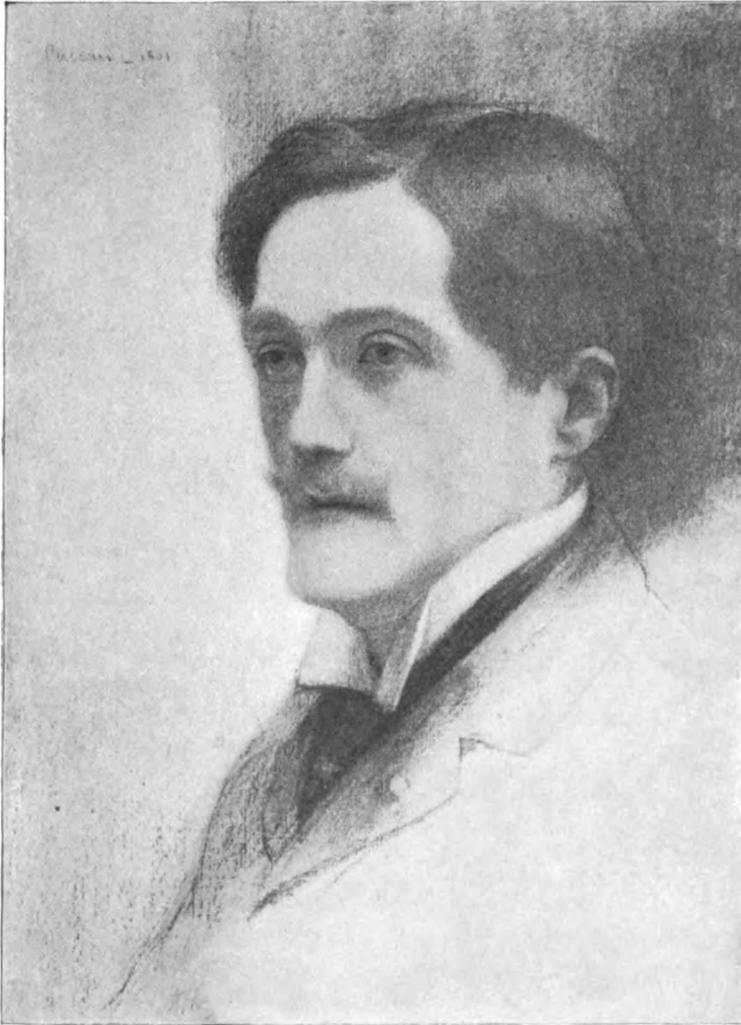
being played by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree at Wyndham's Theatre, London. Mrs. John Van Vorst, who saw the play several times in Paris, is now in New York. She writes me the following interesting description of it:

While the majority of modern novelists and playwrights are hurrying quantities of poor ink over poorer paper, to produce a striking momentary result, Paul Hervieu is chiselling fine and deep and lastingly. He works much, produces little. He is a modern Racine—a writer of tragedies. His place is aloof from the crowd; he neither touches them nor is touched by them. He is the satirical observer of a narrow circle of fashionable men and women. With the heart of a poet he could not have limited his vision to the heroes and heroines of "Les Tenailles," "Peints par Eux-Mêmes," "La Loi de l'Homme," "La Course du Flambeau." If he did not write with perfect art his characters would too plainly show their deformities.

There are six characters in "L'Énigme." Two commonplace women of the world, bored and weary of inactivity as any two women would be, shut off in a remote château; they represent the idle, the sentimental. Their two husbands, gruff, brutal, absorbed in hunting and sport, devoid of sensibilities, staunch upholders of marriage, the domestic, the regular in existence. Two friends, an old marquis who stands for all the romance, adventure, chivalry, and passion the world can offer, and a young man, reckless, indifferent to laws and to life, the lover of his friend's wife; but which of the two—Giselle or Léonore—this is the Enigma. The astonishing part of the play is the interest one takes in it. The people are all banal. The day before, the hour before we are introduced to them, they would not have held our attention a moment; the day following we would have turned from them as forlorn and dreary. Hervieu has had the dramatic tact to present these six dull people to us at the instant in their lives when one tragic incident makes them all absorbingly interesting. We join them as they come out from dinner in a tiny hunting box too small to shelter the guests, the Marquis de Neste and Vivarce, who are quartered in a neighboring pavilion. We have ten minutes of literal realism—distribution of letters and newspapers. Some one reads out from the column of horrors the familiar story of an indiscreet lover murdered by an irate husband, whom the law protects. A discussion ensues. Immediately our suspicions are aroused: which is the guilty woman, the one who grows flushed and excited, who loses her temper in the discussion, or the one who remains silent, her eyes bent over a piece of fancy-work, which seemingly absorbs her? Again and

again Hervieu gives us a chance to condemn, to exonerate, to do both, to regret our decision, and to judge once more. Our judgments, which have been based on superficial evidence in the first act, have convincing proofs, we fancy, in the second. It is four o'clock of the same night in the same hall

threats, condemnations, bring the household together. The two women are both pale, dishevelled, and excited; both swear to their innocence; each accuses the other. In the general confusion they all appeal in various ways for an explanation. The lover determines upon suicide. In a time when



M. PAUL HERVIEU

(From a drawing by M. Pascau)

of the same château. The two stolid brothers are aloof, guns in hand, to enforce the law and bring down a poacher or a pheasant as they deem fit. There is a brusque and unexpected encounter with the young Vivarce. He comes hurriedly, frantically into the presence of the two husbands. He has made his entrance by a stairway which leads only to the bedrooms of the two wives. Accusations,

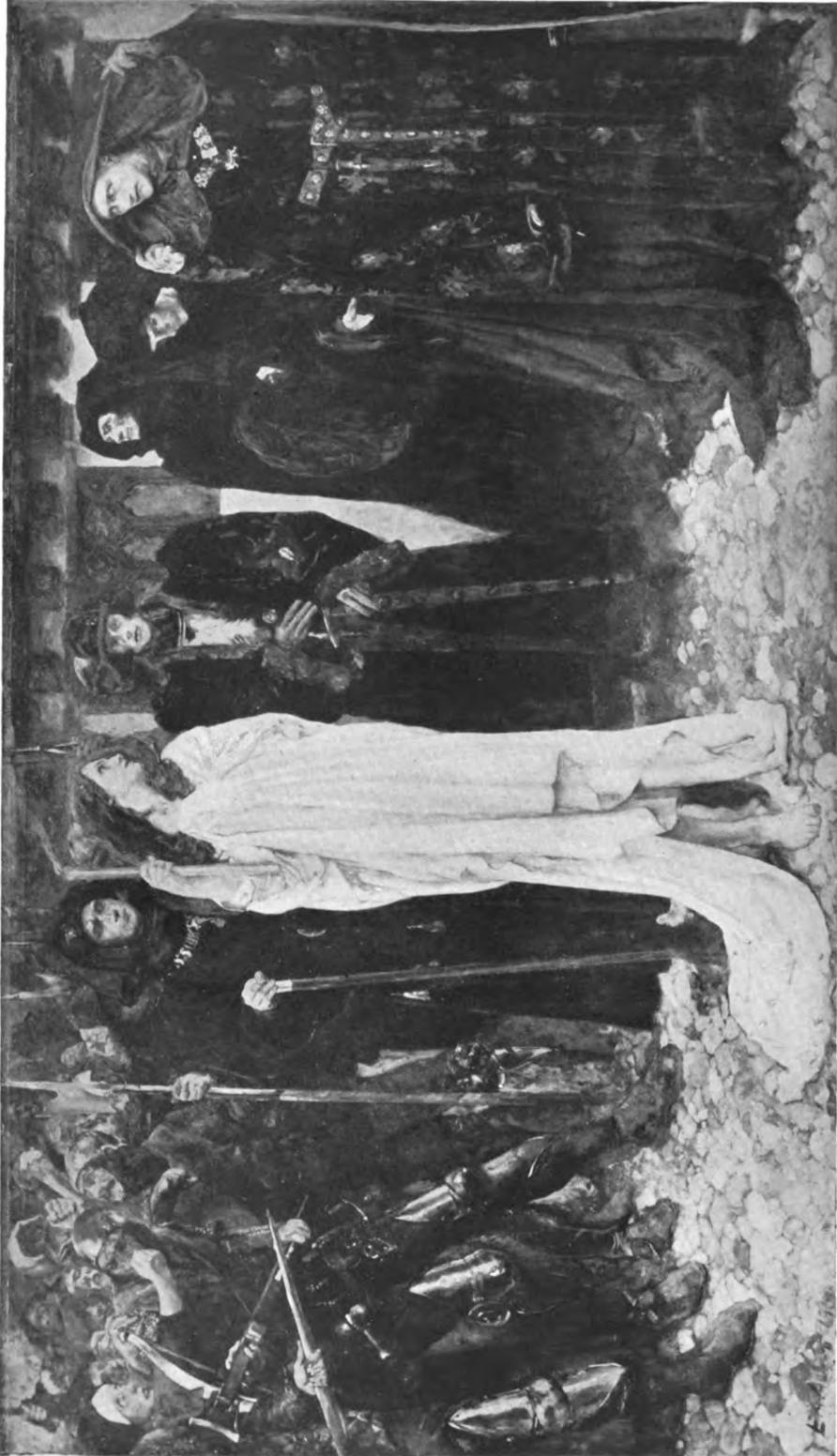
the two husbands are for a moment alone with the marquis there is the sudden report of a gun.

Léonore comes at once, asking feverishly :

“ Who fired so near the house ? ”

Her husband answers : “ Vivarce.”

“ Perhaps he is not dead,” she cries out ; “ let me go to him ! ”



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Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, 1922

"THE PENANCE OF ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER"
(From the painting by Mr. Edwin Austin Abbey, R. A. Reproduced by permission of the Carnegie Institute)

"Ah," her husband answers, "you need to see him—you are guilty."

While she still proclaims her innocence the *garde-chasse* arrives, announcing that Vivarce has shot himself through the heart. Giselle faints away—but Léonore, all the despair of a broken heart in her accent of anguish, cries out to her husband:

"Dead—dead—the end—Gérard—strangle me—he was my lover!"



Mr. Clinton Scollard is well known to the readers of THE CRITIC as a writer of graceful verse. He is also a writer of excellent prose and has just published a novel through L. C. Page & Co.

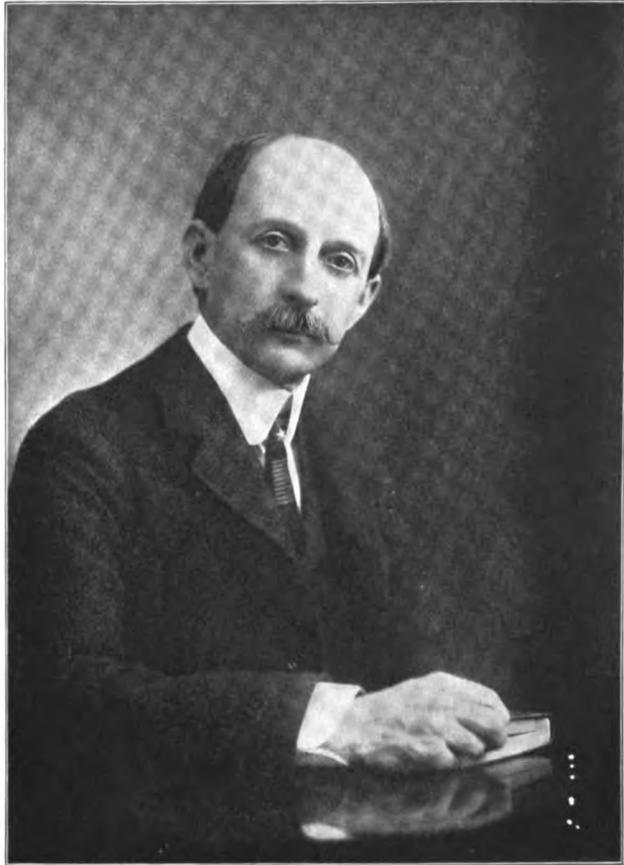
Mr. Scollard lives a quiet, scholarly life at Clinton, N. Y. Whether he was named for the place or the place for him, I do not know.



Speaking of the silence that followed the violent exclamations of homage with which Victor Hugo was carried to the grave, Mr. Edmund Gosse, writing in the *London Daily Chronicle*, says:

It was excellent for French poetry, it was even indispensable that that fatal formula of 1885—"Victor Hugo est toute la poésie du XIXe. siècle"—should be cancelled and eschewed. No doubt, for a while, in the violence of reaction against this poisonous doctrine, there was injustice for the luminous and gigantic master. But after all, when a human being is as great as Hugo, when he dominates his century in such an amazing way, he offers to literature itself a positive and a serious danger. It is not good for art that one artist should arrogate to himself the pretensions of a tyrant and of a pontiff. Nothing could check the real reputation of so immense a writer, but it was a useful thing to close the organ-loft for a moment after the burst of funeral tumult had died away.

But now, when his peers have taken their seats again and are in no further danger of being excluded, Victor Hugo joins them once more, and in the roar of applause which meets his name to-day we see how much greater he is than they, great and



MR. CLINTON SCOLLARD

charming as they are. In the first place, is he not the ancestor, the founder? It was he who made France what she is to-day, a poetical country, a country where the divine lyric art is living as perhaps nowhere else in Europe. All the schools, Parnassians and Decadents alike, point back to him. In his body, somewhere or other, as in the flesh of Jesse in the old charts of genealogy, every French poet of yesterday and of to-day finds his starting-point. Even the symbolists point to "L'Homme qui rit." It was Victor Hugo who first proved that the lyric cry could be given in French, as it had been given in Greek and English. It was he first who displayed, with incomparable prodigality, the resources of a language which, since the days of Ronsard, had seemed niggardly in its eloquence and measured refinement. His extraordinary inventiveness in the use of verbal color and sound, his force, his virtuosity on the instruments of rhythm and rhyme, the vast tumult of his emotions—all these qualities, when once they were accepted by France, gave Victor Hugo a prominence which we have a difficulty in appreciating.

He is not merely a poet to the French, he is a part of the national religion.



M. Hugues Le Roux, on "French Family Life of Yesterday and Today," said that the foreigner has a false view of French family life.

He goes to Paris [says M. Le Roux] and sees the *parvenus*, from every corner of the globe—a cosmopolitan aggregation—and imagines that he sees the French people. He also reads the novels of such men as Paul Bourget and Guy de Maupassant, which he thinks mirror French life. Their heroes are often men who are wealthy, sceptical, who hold that suffering is not for them, but for others. If it snows in France, they go to Egypt. These men represent women and their actions who are not even Europeans. The harm they have done the character of good Frenchwomen is irreparable. To undo this idea I would recommend the reading of Anatole France, who has given us in his admirable works of art true sketches of our life.

Why does M. Le Roux want to destroy our illusions in this ruthless manner? If good Americans are not to believe in all they hear of the immor-

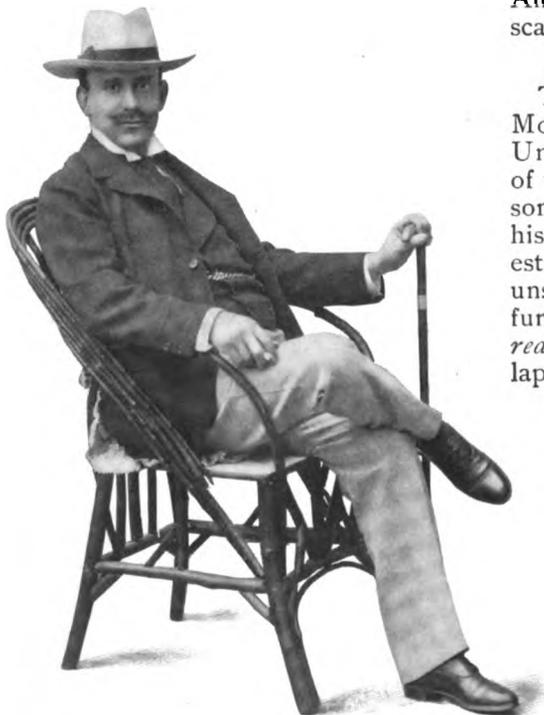


Photo Guittard,

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN

The English publisher, with whom Mr. Archer holds a "Real Conversation" on page 347

Ajaccio, Corse

ality of "gay Paree" they will not want to go there when they die. Already they are casting eyes upon Budapest and Berlin as more desirable places of post-mortem residence. The views of Mme. Blanc and M. France are so disconcerting!

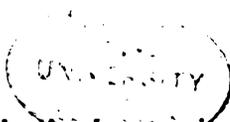


To paint the Rough Riders' charge up San Juan Hill is the present ambition of Vassili Verestchagin, the Russian battle painter. If he could send the pictures he has recently brought to America on a long tour through the country, under other management than his own, he would at once proceed to Cuba to make studies of the locality. Portraying American soldiers will be no novelty to him, for his latest works set forth incidents of field and hospital near Manila, which he painted on the spot and sometimes so near the firing line as to be ordered back by the officer in command. Being unable to reach South Africa, he turned to the Philippines to study his specialty, war. And the war there, though on a small scale, is, he says, as fierce as any.

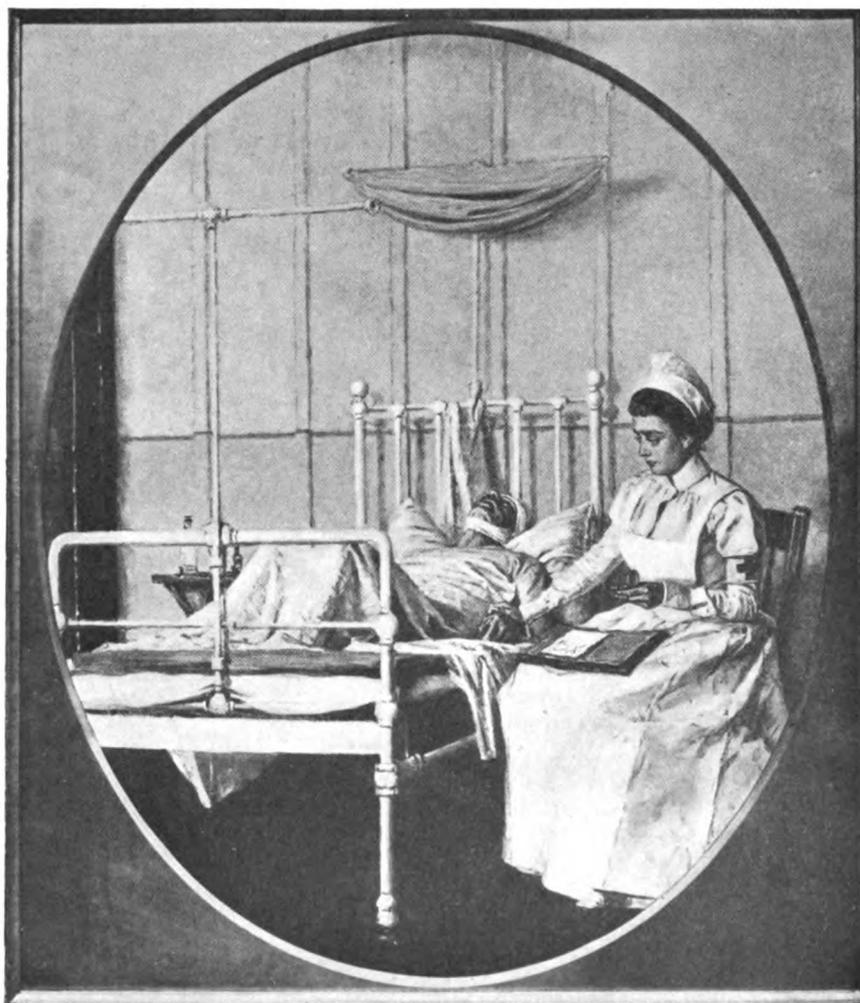


The series dealing with Napoleon's Moscow campaign, though new to the United States, has been shown in most of the capitals of Europe and provoked some discussion on account of novel historical details. However, Mr. Verestchagin triumphantly justified his unshaven Napoleon, his Napoleon in fur-trimmed velvet coat instead of *la redingote grise*, and his Napoleon in earlaps instead of cocked hat. Certainly no other man ever attempted the subject with a more intimate knowledge of Russia or a closer personal experience of war.

The ten pictures from the Philippines were never exhibited until they went to Chicago. The artist brought them with him fresh and hot from Manila. Unfortunately, interesting as they are in subject, they are poorer in execution than the Napoleon series. The catalogue explains which officers commanded at Santana, at Zapote Bridge, etc.,



but no face can be recognized as a portrait. The pictures of spies, deserters, and the like are entirely undra- more discrimination in art or it was disappointed in a search for sensations. After six weeks in Chicago the pictures



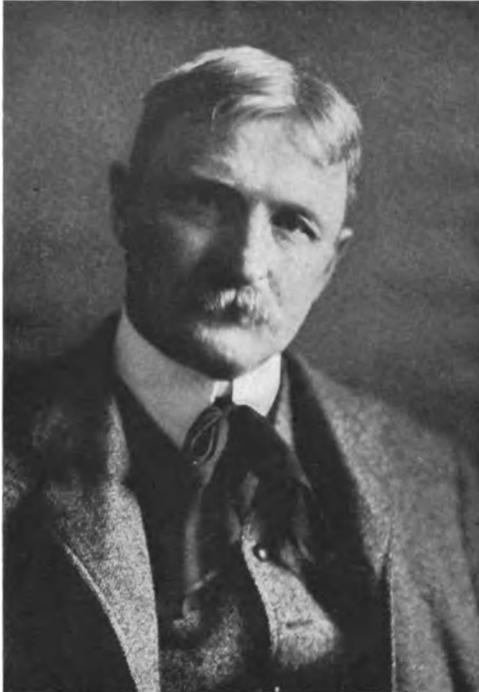
"THE INTERRUPTED LETTER"
(From the painting by V. Verestchagin)

matic, and the so-called "poem in paint" of a dying soldier's letter home is the plainest prose. On the whole, Verestchagin's present exhibition is less able and also less horrible than the one he brought to this country about a dozen years ago. Also it has drawn no such crowds—in spite of red plush hangings, Russian tea, and Russian attendants in native costume. Either the American public has learned

are now in St. Louis, and will probably come to New York in the autumn, with possibly a return to St. Louis for the Exposition season.



Emerson Hough, author of "The Story of the Cowboy," which President Roosevelt has rated so high, and of "The Girl at the Half-Way House," which the British public, with its well-known liking for the literature of our



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E. B. Brownell

MR. EMERSON HOUGH

plains, has just received with immense favor, according to reports from London, will publish shortly, through the Bowen - Merrill Company, a novel which will convey to the American public the fruits of years of enthusiasm and study on the part of Mr. Hough. It centres about that picturesque rascal, John Law, the "Mississippi Bubble" financier, and is of particularly timely interest on account of the approaching Louisiana Purchase celebration, as giving an insight into the thoroughly exciting part this Louisiana territory once played in the history of France.



Mr. Hilaire Belloc is one of the cleverest young writers in England. He is only thirty-two years of age and he has given the world two remarkable books—"Danton" and "Robespierre." Mr. Belloc is a humorist as well as a biographer, as his "Bad Child's Book of Beasts," and "More Beasts for Worse Children" will prove beyond a doubt. His mother is also a clever writer, who has made a special study of French history.

This is Miss Barrymore's favorite portrait of herself. The face is faithful, but Mr. Alexander has suggested a mermaid or a centaur, rather than a charming young actress, in his painting of the draperies. However, if Miss Barrymore is satisfied, why should I grumble!

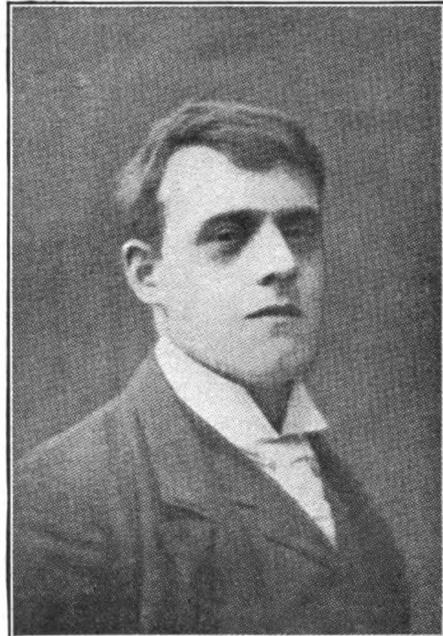


A recent number of *The Academy* contains this item:

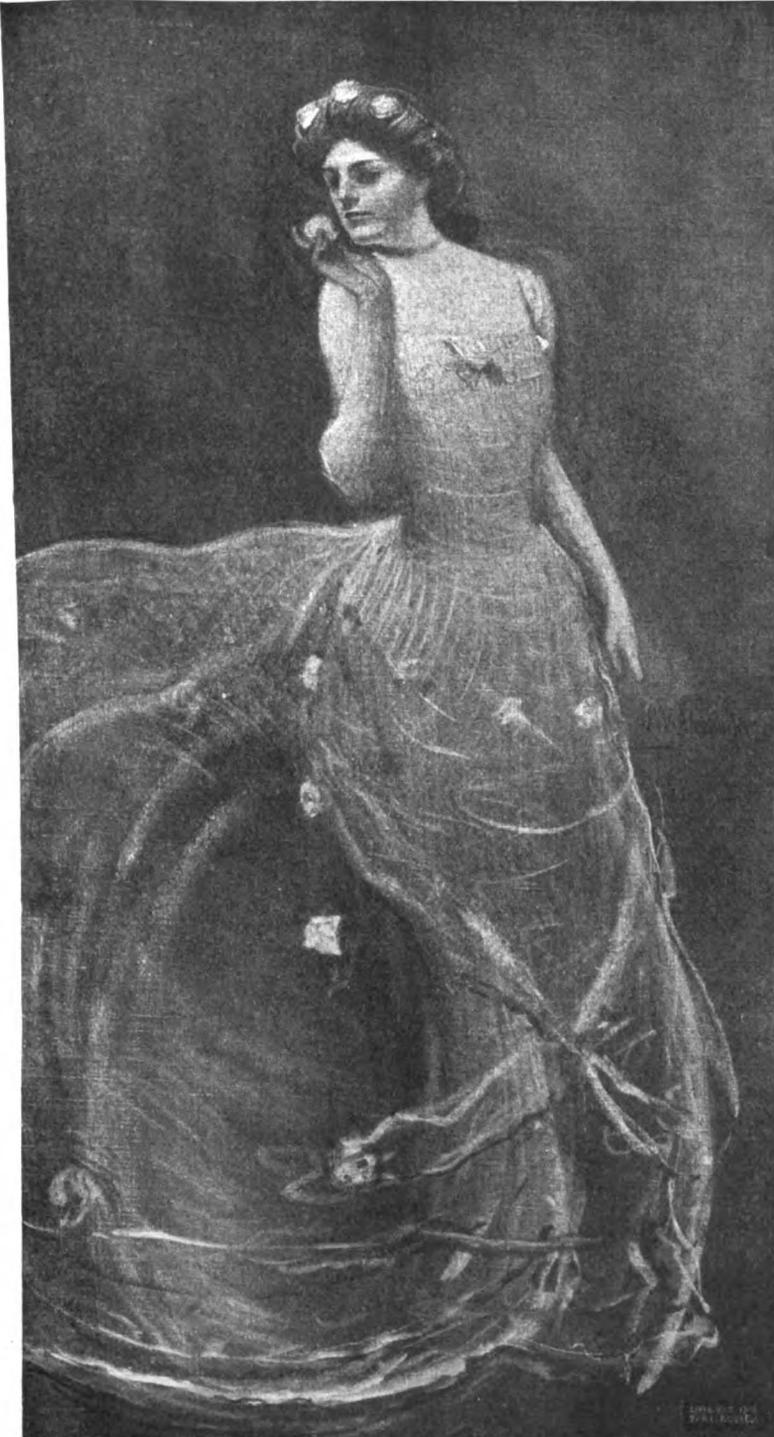
With reference to the announcement that it is proposed to republish the Latin text of the report of the trial of Joan of Arc, I am reminded that an English version of that report (which Quicherat turned into French) forms one of the appendices to a volume called *The Maid of Orleans*, issued by Hutchinsons in 1889.

Apropos of the above announcement, Mr. Theodore Stanton writes from Paris in a private note:

The well-known French Senator, M. Joseph Fabre, who has made Joan of Arc a special study, published a few years ago a popular French version of the celebrated Report, and last autumn, through the kindness of Baron d'Estournelles, I had the pleasure of seeing and holding in my hands the original Latin document on which M. Fabre worked and which is one of the "show" volumes of the library of the Chamber of Deputies.



MR. HILAIRE BELLOC



Copyright, 1902,

by R. H. Russell

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES"
(From a painting by Mr John W. Alexander)

Madame de Navarro, Miss Mary Anderson, has written an introduction to the English edition of Miss Clara Morris's "Stage Life," and she tells in it the story of her life on the stage. As in her published "Memoirs" she warns young girls against the stage. The warned do not pay much attention to the warning. They say: "Did not Miss Anderson do the very thing she tells us not to do, and did n't she do it in spite of the fiercest opposition?"



A little work called "Fables for the Fair" is attracting amused notice in London, where it is published. Here is an example of the fables:

There was once a Woman who Had the Opportunity of Marrying Either of Two Brothers she Preferred. Since they had Both of them Good Points she decided to Consult their Sister as to Which in her Opinion would Make the Best Husband. "I think," she said, "that I shall Take John. He is so Good."

"But," said the Sister, "He Gobbles his Soup and Sugars his Lettuce. To say nothing of Buttering his Bread in Slabs. We have Never been Able to Teach him Better."

"But he Reads Browning so Beautifully," cried the Woman.

"You will Hear him Eat Soup Oftener than you will Hear him Read Browning," said the Sister.

"I am Sure he would Give his Life for Me," cried the Woman.

"If you will Pause and Consider," replied the Sister, "you will Realize that the Probabilities of his being Called upon to Do that are very Few indeed. Whereas the fact that he is very Careless about Brushing his Clothes will be Daily Apparent to you."

The book is full of good things, among them the fable of a singer who sang "Annie Laurie" in a muslin gown to a country audience.

"Goodness alive!" said they, "is that all? Our Jenny knows that Piece." But the rival wore Silver Brocade and sang in German and French, whereupon the Country Paper remarked that "it was a Real Pleasure to hear Old Favorites Rendered with Such Spirit." This teaches us that When in Rome we should Do as the Romans Don't.



One who knows Dr. Joseph Bell, the original of Dr. Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes," writes of him:

The pictured presentment of Sherlock Holmes differs materially from the man as he actually is, and those who are familiar with the one would not willingly exchange it for the angular, "lean game head" of the other. We are told it is wrong to judge by appearances, but it is difficult to avoid doing so, and a comely countenance must ever be its own reward, so that the man with a pleasing exterior must always exact more than his deserts. The exterior of the beloved physician is a more than pleasing one, and his face, mainly on account of wonderful magnetic eyes, once seen is not readily forgotten. His face is the clean-shaven face of a surgeon, the only outward feature by which he resembles the detective, and his hair is prematurely grey.



From

The Candid Friend

"THE NAPOLEON OF CRIME"

(Mr. Frank Richardson's version of Mr. Abingdon, as "Moriarty" in "Sherlock Holmes.")

His profession and nationality should write him down a sober Scot, but there is at times a total lack of sobriety about this great man which pleasantly leavens the national trait; with a fatherly charm of manner he is ever more than willing to obey the apostolic mandate, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," and as it were, plays with his patients even while he cures them. His swift, swinging gait belongs to a man who never lets the grass grow under his feet, while his general air of protective kindness establishes that rare sensation of confidence and perfect trust, so necessary to a doctor, who to a certain extent must ever rely on the Faith Cure.



The following letter tells its own tale. I print it as it was written, at the request of the writer:

69 Broadhurst Gardens,
HAMPSTEAD, N. W.,
XXII Feb. 1902.

To the Editor of the New York CRITIC:

As there appears to be a slight misunderstanding among the critics of "Chronicles of the House of Borgia," (deluded no doubt by its perridulous form, to which from the first I objected), which has caused an obvious *satura*, a picturesque gallimanfry, to be regarded (in despite of my preface) as though it were intended as "serious history," will you allow me to say that I wrote that brochure between Nov. 1899 and July 1900, that I was forbidden to write "serious history" and bidden to write "vividly and picturesquely to suit the Library Public," and that I withdrew my name from the work in Sept. 1900 thirteen months before publication.

In order that there may be no mistake concerning my connection with this piece of hackwork which I regard as an insult to the intelligence of the public, and in justice to what little I arduously have scraped together of literary reputation, I trust you will note the date of, and do me the favor of publishing, the enclosed letter, with this present statement.

I ought to add that I have been concerned in no negotiations connected with the book in your hemisphere, and that from the American publishers I have received nothing but courtesy. I am, Madam,
Your obedient servant,
The writer of "Chronicles of the House of Borgia."

Copy of letter addressed to the English Publishers.

XIII Oct. 1901.

Dear Sirs:

I am surprised to see in the *Athenaum* that you are advertising your Borgia book by my name. I



DR. JOSEPH BELL
(The real "Sherlock Holmes")

beg leave to remind you that more than a year ago, I withdrew my name from your Borgia book, on account of your demand for the reformation of its style in accordance with your two extraordinary "Readers' (singular) Reports" of Sept., 1900. Since that date I several times have informed you that your book is a tissue of historical inaccuracies, owing to your refusal to provide me with opportunities for original research and owing to your refusal to avail yourself of the new material obtained by me from Conte Cesare Borgia after the expiration of my contract with you.

I now have to intimate to you that I formally prohibit you from using my name in connection with your "Chronicles of the House of Borgia," not only on the grounds before mentioned; but also, on the additional grounds that I decline to accept responsibility for your mutilation of and excision from, my MS.; and that there is no stipulation in our contract obliging me to lend my name to a work which I consider subterpulous, and which, frequently during



MISS MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY

the last twelve months, I categorically have disapproved. This is without prejudice; and I reserve all rights in this letter.

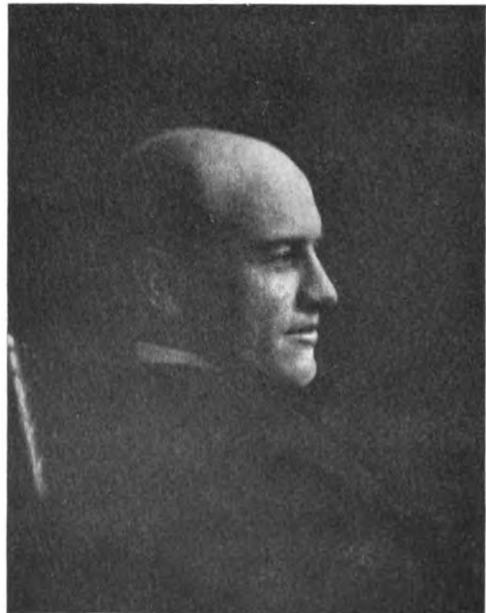
Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK BARON CORVO.

Miss Mary Catharine Crowley, author of "A Daughter of New France," whose new book, "The Heroine of the Strait," will be published this spring, has been actively engaged in literary work for about ten years. She is a native of Boston, and is a graduate of the convent of Manhattanville, N. Y. She has visited the principal cities of the old world, and has travelled extensively in the United States and Canada. During the past nine years she has lived in Detroit; there she has made herself familiar with the early history of that region, and from her acquaintance with old French-Canadian families, and from the pages of old memoirs she gathered material for her first historical novel. Previous to writing "A Daughter of New France," Miss Crowley wrote several

short stories and poems. She has been a contributor to *St. Nicholas*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Ave Maria*, *The Pilot*, and several daily and Catholic publications.



The current year, when all American minds are turned in the direction of the Louisiana Purchase celebration, will undoubtedly bring many a good story to light of those early Louisiana days. The first to arrive, however, is Mr. Harris Dickson's "The Siege of Lady Resolute," which deals with that little-known episode when Louis XIV. sold to Antoine Crozat, one of his subjects, all lands in the Western Hemisphere watered by the Mississippi. It is not known, positively, why Crozat should have paid so much of his precious yellow gold for these vast, unwieldy lands which he had never seen and which he had so little idea what to do with, but Mr. Dickson finds the possibility of a romance here. Part of Mr. Dickson's story deals with the court of Louis XIV.; part of it brings some of the principal actors to the Louisiana wilderness and up the waterway of the mighty "Hidden River."



MR. HARRIS DICKSON

Mr. Dickson's home is in Mississippi, and he knows every inch, so to speak, of the ground he describes in his story, and loves it.



One day last summer the editor of *Harper's Bazar* visited E. Nesbit in her English home. In the following December, E. Nesbit addressed this acrostic to Miss Jordan :

Eden, they say, was very fair and dear :
 Let others image all the beauty there,—
 I, for my part, am confident the mere
 Zone that enclosed it made it dear and fair!
 All that the primal world could show of price
 By that strait zone was gathered safe and close ;
 Each friend could read deep in the other's eyes—
 The book where all the prettiest lyrics are !
 Had we an Eden now where sure and small
 Germs of true friendship might in time grow strong
 Joy would plant flowers, and some bright rose of
 song

On this your page might from her rose-tree fall.
 Receive, instead, this pale December rose,
 Dear Lady, for the world is very wide,
 And you are hidden on the other side—
 Never forgotten—but so far, so far !



It is perhaps worth while to pick up a passage in "The Marriage of Mr. Merivale" and call attention to it. It is one of those familiar passages wherein the galled jades of literature lift their heels against the lashes of critics. The heroine, who evidently voices the opinion of the author—complains of the reviewers. She has just written her first novel and a critic has said unkind things about it. The author says that the review "was written by a woman who had quarrelled with the publisher and had never glanced at any part of the book except the title-page, first page, and last." It is just as well for immature authors to learn that the percentage of reviews determined by personal prejudice is exceedingly small; the majority of literary critics are exceedingly conscientious persons. If they review many books; they become year by year more tired of trash and more eager to welcome any sign of originality. They are not to be blamed



From

L'Illustrazione Italiana

SIGNORA DUSE AS "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

if they condemn, even severely, the vast body of stuff that ought never to have been put into print.



Through the courtesy of M. C. de Fornaro, I am able to publish these souvenirs of Mme. Duse's performance of D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini."



MR. CHARLES A. HANNA

Mr. Charles A. Hanna, who, as a national bank examiner, doubtless has a natural love for infinite research, has contributed a most elaborate and valuable work to genealogy. "The Scotch-Irish," being a study of "The Scot in North Britain, North Ireland, and North America," is a book that has wider scope than if it were simply a genealogical work, however, and will probably be followed by a volume giving a detailed history of Scotch-Irish families in America. Among its leading features are a brief history of Scotland from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century; an account of the plantation of Ulster by the Scotch in the time of James I., as taken from contemporary records; the "Ragman Roll" of the landowners of lowland Scotland in the time of the Bruce; extended accounts of the origin and location of the families of Scotland; an account of the derivation of Scottish surnames in Scotland and in Ireland; together with a consideration of the part the Scotch-Irish took in the colo-

nization, separation, and the final unification of the American colonies.



There is to be an American edition of Châteaubriand's Memoirs, as translated into English by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. This work will be in six volumes, with illustrations from contemporary sources and is the first thorough rendering into our language of the famous *Mémoires D'Outre-Tombe*. It is remarkable how many events of world-history are covered by this one man's experience.

I have met [he says] nearly all the men who in my time have played a part, great or small, in my own country or abroad: from Washington to Napoleon, from Louis XVIII to Alexander, from Pius VII to Gregory XVI, from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istrias to Malesherbes, Mirabeau, and the rest; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet, Pasha of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, La Perouse, Moreau.



PLAYBILL OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

Mr. Harland's new story, "The Lady Paramount," is the longest he has ever written. It contains over 100,000 words and is in the vein of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," which is the most popular vein that he has ever struck. Mr. Harland's first published novel was called "As It Was Written." His first title for it was "Father and Son," but he found that a greater writer had pre-empted that title, so he took the other. The manuscript of "As It Was Written" was offered by Mr. E. C. Stedman to the Cassell Publishing Company, with whom he had pleasant relations. I was then "reading" for that house, and was the first person to whom Mr. Harland's manuscript was given. It was pen written, not typed, but the hand was so big and bold that it was as easy to read as print. My opinion was favorable, and the book was published. It made a success—that is, it sold a few thousand copies—and he followed it with other Jewish stories that also sold well. Mr. Harland then called himself "Sidney Luska." Not till he went to England and began writing in the style of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" did he seem to take hold. The "Snuff Box," of course, has been his most successful novel, and it has had ten times the sale in this country that it has had in England. He did n't want to bother about copyrighting it here, because to copyright a book in America it has to be put into type in America. And he did n't like the American way of spelling. He likes u's in labor and honor and other words of that sort, and he came near sacrificing a small fortune on account of his idiosyncrasy.

Mr. Bradley, in his "Highways and

Byways of the Lake District," shows no particular liking for Americans. At Keswick he says that "the vendors of photographs or curiosities declare that American tourists give them no end of trouble and buy nothing. The tip-expecting class," he adds, "complain that their most obvious and most equitable claims are often disregarded." There is complaint, also, at the way-side hostelries that the Yankee travelers have "an unnatural craving for cold water, iced if possible, which amounts almost to a vice," and they drink "gratuitous glasses of the hostile element" instead of the wholesome British beer. This is quite contrary to my own observation in the Lake District and elsewhere in England. The average Yankee, I suspect, drinks less water and more beer and wine abroad than at home. Elsewhere Mr. Bradley says that "the Americans are held in Lakeland to be stanch disciples" of Wordsworth, but he himself "never gathered that impression in America," and he suspects that "it is only the greater industry exhibited by our cousins in 'seeing the whole show' when on their travels" to which their interest in Wordsworthshire (as Lowell calls it) is to be ascribed. He is inclined to think that "the majority of those enthusiasts, like most of their English fellow-travellers, know just so much of Wordsworth as is quoted in the guide-books," and "have never read a page of the 'Excursion' or even heard of the 'Intimations.' He may be right so far as the "Excursion" is concerned, but I venture to say that the average high-school boy or girl in this country is familiar with the "Intimations" and many other of Wordsworth's best poems.



SALT AND SINCERITY

NOTHING succeeds like distress.

WHAT is sauce for the gander may be saucy for the goose.

YOU must catch your hare before you can cook for him.

BIRDS of a feather occasionally prefer to flock apart.

THE man who has a large heart cannot have a light one.

IF you have a wife, and love her, tell her so—tell her half a dozen times a day. This was said by a bachelor.

IF you mind your own business you won't work more than eight hours a day.

THE bigger a little man is, the less he amounts to.

A DISCIPLE is a man who does not understand. He thinks that he is on, but he is n't.

“**MY** son,” said the philosopher, on his death-bed, “My son, two things you should never do. First, do not endeavor to pry into the future, for if you will only wait you shall know all. And second, do not chase after women, for if you do not they will chase after you. Farewell.”

ONE who knows does not talk; one who talks does not know.

PEOPLE who take pains never to do any more than they are paid for, never get paid for anything more than they do.

IT may be that there is a bigger bit of political clap-trap than the statement that all men are born free and equal, but I cannot just recall it at the moment.

“**THEY** belong to the landed aristocracy.” “Indeed! When did they land?”

SOME writers are famous for the books they have written; others for the books they ought not to have written.

THERE is a subtle sympathy produced by marked passages. Put faint pencil marks, then lend the volume, and you will know your fate.

A WOMAN may be a mystery to a man and to herself, but never to another woman.

THE average woman wishes to be idealized and strongly objects to being understood.

RELIEVED of the presence of that social pace-maker, the chaperone, the disciples of Plato are wont to take long walks, and further on, they spend whole days in the country.

Browning's Treatment of Nature

By STOPFORD A. BROOKE

Author of "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life"

FIRST PAPER

IT is a difficult task to explain or analyze the treatment of Nature by Browning. It is easy enough to point out his remarkable love of her color, his vivid painting of brief landscapes, his minute observation, his flashing way of description, his feeling for her breath and freshness, his love of flowers and animals, and the way he has of emphasizing the central point or light of a landscape. This is easy work, but it is not so easy to capture and define the way in which his soul, when he was alone, felt with regard to the heavens and the earth and all that therein is. Others, like Wordsworth, have stated this plainly: Browning has nowhere defined his way. What his intellect held the Natural World to be in itself; what it meant for man; the relation in which it stood to God and God to it—these things are partly plain. They have their attraction for us. It is always interesting to know what an imaginative genius thinks about such matters. But it is only a biographical or a half-scientific interest. But what we want to discover is how Browning, as a poet, felt the world of Nature. We have to try and catch the unconscious attitude of his soul when the Universe was at work around him, and he was for the time its centre—and this is the real difficulty.

Sometimes we imagine we have caught and fixed this elusive thing, but we cannot be sure. What we think of it cannot be as clearly outlined as we should wish it to be. We cannot, indeed, expect to outline the imaginative play of the soul of a poet; but we can try to find the two or three general thoughts, the most frequently recurring emotions Browning had when Nature at sundry hours and in divers manners displayed before him her beauty, splendor and fire, and seemed to ask his worship; or, again, when she stood

apart from him, with the mocking smile she often wears, and whispered in his ear, "Thou shalt pursue me always, but never find my secret, never grasp my streaming hair." And both these experiences are to be found in Browning. Nature and he are sometimes at one, and sometimes at two; but seldom the first, and generally the second.

The natural world Tennyson describes, is; for the greater part of it, a reflection of man, or used to heighten man's feeling, or to illustrate his action, or sentimentalized by memorial associations of humanity, or, finally, invented as a background for a human subject and with a distinct direction towards that subject. Browning, with a few exceptions, does the exact opposite. His natural world is not made by our thought, nor does it reflect our passions. His illustrations, drawn from it, of our actions, break down at certain points, as if the illustrating material were alien from our nature. Nature, he thinks, leads up to man, and therefore has elements in her which are dim prophecies and prognostics of us; but she is only connected with us as the road is with the goal it reaches in the end. She exists independently of us, but yet—since we are linked to her as the flower to the plant—she exists to suggest to us what we may become; to awaken in us dim longings and desires; to surprise us into confession of our inadequacy; to startle us with perceptions of an infinitude we do not possess as yet, but may possess; to make us feel our ignorance, weakness, want of finish; and, by partly exhibiting the variety, knowledge, love, power, and finish of God, to urge us forward in humble pursuit to the infinite in him. The day Browning climbs Mount Salsiaz, at the beginning of his poem "La Saisiaz," after a description of his climb, in which he notes a host of

minute quaintnesses in rock and flower, and especially little flares of color, all of them unsentimentalized, he suddenly stands on the mountain-top and is smitten with the glory of the view. What does he see? Himself in Nature? or Nature herself like a living being? Not at all. He sees what he thinks Nature is there to teach us—not herself, but what is beyond herself. "I was stationed," he cries, deliberately making this point, "face to face with—Nature?—rather with Infinitude." We are not in Nature: an aspiring part of God is there, but not the all of God. And Nature shows forth her glory, not to keep us with herself, but to send us on to her Source, of whom the universe is but a shred.

The universe of what we call matter in all its forms, which is the definition of Nature as I speak of it here, is one form to Browning of the creative joy of God: we are another form of the same joy. Nor does Browning conceive, as Wordsworth conceived, of any pre-established harmony between us and the natural world, so that Humanity and Nature can easily converse and live together; so that we can express our thoughts and emotions in terms of Nature; or so that Nature can have, as it were, a human soul. This is not Browning's conception. If he had such a conception he would frequently use in his descriptions what Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy," the use of which is excessively common in Tennyson. I can scarcely recall more than a very few instances of this in all the poetry of Browning. Even where it seems to occur, where Nature is spoken of in human terms, it does not really occur. Take this passage from "James Lee's Wife":

O good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
 This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
 To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
 For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
 Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
 The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

The smile, the mirth, the listening, might be said to impute humanity to Nature: but the Earth and the Sea are plainly quite distinct from us. These

are great giant creatures who are not us: Titans who live with one another and not with us; and the terms of our humanity are used to make us aware of their separate existence from us, not of their being images only of our mind.

Another passage will illustrate the same habit of Browning's mind with nature. He describes for the purpose of his general thought, in "Fifine at the Fair," the course of a stormy sunset. The clouds, the sun, the night, act like men, and are spoken of in terms of humanity. But this is only to explain matters to us; the mighty creatures themselves have nothing to do with us. They live their own vast, indifferent life, and we see, like spectators, what they are doing, and do not understand what we see. The sunset seems to Browning the last act of an ever-recurring drama, in which the clouds barricade the Sun against his rest, and he plays with their opposition like the huge giant he is; till Night, with her terrific mace, angry with them for preventing the Sun from repose—repose which will make her Queen of the world, beats them into ruin. This is the passage:

For as on edifice of cloud i' the grey and green
 Of Evening—built about some glory of the west,
 To barricade the sun's departure—manifest,
 He plays, pre-eminently gold, gilds vapour, crag
 and crest,
 Which bend in rapt suspense above the act and
 deed
 They cluster round and keep their very own, nor
 heed
 The world at watch; while we, breathlessly at the
 base
 O' the castellated bulk, note momentarily the mace
 Of night fall here, fall there, bring change with
 every blow,
 Alike to sharpened shaft and broadened portico
 I' the structure: heights and depths, beneath the
 leaden stress,
 Crumble and melt and mix together, coalesce,
 Reform, but sadder still, subdued yet more and
 more
 By every fresh defeat, till wearied eyes need pore
 No longer on the dull impoverished decadence
 Of all that pomp of pile in towering evidence
 So lately.

Fifine, cvi.

It is plain that Browning separates us altogether from the elemental life of

these gigantic beings. And what is true of these passages is, I dare to say, true of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the natural descriptions of Browning in which the pathetic fallacy seems to be used by him. I need not say how extraordinarily apart this method of his is from that of Tennyson.

Then Tennyson, like Coleridge—only Tennyson is as vague and wavering in this belief as Coleridge is firm and clear in it—sometimes speaks as if Nature did not exist at all apart from our thought:

Her life, the eddying of our living soul—

a possible, even a probable explanation. But it is not Browning's view. There is a celebrated passage in "Paracelsus" which is wholly inconsistent with it. All Nature, from the beginning, is made to issue forth from the joy God has in making, in embodying his Thought in Form; and, when one form has been made and rejoiced in, in making another still more lovely on the foundation of the last. So, joy after joy, the world was built, till, in the life of all he has made, God sees his ancient rapture of movement and power, and feels his delight renewed. I will not quote it here, but only mark that we and the "eddying of our living souls" have nothing to do with the making of this Nature. It is not even the thoughts of God in us. God and Nature are alone, and were alone together countless years before we were born. But man was the close of all. Nature was built up, through every stage, that man might know himself to be its close—its seal—but not it. It is a separate, unhuman part of God. Existing thus apart, it does a certain work on us, impressing us from without. The God in it speaks to the God in us.

It may sometimes be said to be interested in us, but not like a man in a man. Browning even goes so far as to impute, but rarely, such an interest in us to Nature, but in reality he rather thinks that we, being Nature's end, have at such times touched for a moment some of those elements in her which have come down to us—elements apart from the soul. And he takes

care, even when he represents Nature as suddenly at one with us, to keep up the separateness. The interest spoken of is not a human interest, nor resembles it. It is like the interest Ariel takes in Prospero and Miranda—an elemental interest, that of a creature whose nature knows its radical difference from human nature. If Nature sees us in sorrow or in joy, she knows (in these few passages of Browning's poetry), or seems to know, that we mourn or rejoice, and if she could feel with us she would; but she cannot quite do so. Like Ariel, she would be grieved with the grief of Gonzalo were her affections human. She has, then, a wild, unhuman, unmoral, unspiritual interest in us, like a being who has an elemental life, but no soul. But sometimes she is made to go farther, and has the same kind of interest in us which Oberon and Titania have in the loves of Helena and Hermia. When we are loving, and on the verge of such untroubled joy as Nature has always in her being, then she seems able, in Browning's poetry, actually to work for us, and help us into the fulness of our joy. In his poem, "By the Fireside," he tells how he and the woman he loved were brought to know their love. It is a passage full of his peculiar view of Nature. The place where the two lovers stay their footsteps on the hill knows all about them. "It is silent and aware." But it is apart from them also:

It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
But that is its own affair.

And its silence also is its own. Those who linger there think that the place longs to speak; its bosom seems to heave with all it knows; but the desire is its own, not ours transferred to it. But when the two lovers were there, Nature, of her own accord, made up a spell for them and troubled them into speech:

A moment after, and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast,
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life, we were missed at last
In spite of the mortal screen.

The forests had done it, there they stood—
 We caught for a second the powers at play :
 They had mingled us so, for once and for good—
 Their work was done—we might go or stay.
 They relapsed to their ancient mood.

Not one of the poets of this century would have thought in that fashion concerning Nature. Only for a second, man happened to be in harmony with the powers at play in Nature. They took the two lovers up for a moment, made them one, and dropped them. "They relapsed to their ancient mood." The line is a whole lesson in Browning's view of Nature. But this special interest in us is rare, for we are rarely in the blessed mood of unself-conscious joy and love. When we are, on the other hand, self-conscious, or in doubt, or out of harmony with love and joy, or anxious for the transient things of the world—Nature, unsympathetic wholly, mocks and plays with us like a faun. When Sordello climbs the ravine, thinking of himself as Apollo, the wood, "proud of its observer," a mocking phrase, "tried surprises on him, stratagems and games." Or, our life is too small for her greatness. When we are unworthy our high lineage, noisy or mean, then we

quail before a quiet sky
 Or sea, too little for their quietude.

That is a phrase which might fall in with Wordsworth's theory of Nature, but this which follows, from "The Englishman in Italy," is only Browning's. The man has climbed to the top of Calvano,

And God's own profound
 Was above me, and round me the mountains,
 And under, the sea,
 And within me, my heart to bear witness
 What was and shall be.

He is quite worthy of the glorious sight, full of eternal thoughts. Wordsworth would then have made the soul of Nature sympathize with his soul. But Browning makes Nature manifest her apartness from the man. The mountains know nothing of his soul; they amuse themselves with him; they are even half angry with him for his

intrusion—a foreigner who dares an entrance into their untrampled world. Tennyson could not have thought that way. It is true the mountains are alive in the poet's thought, but not with the poet's life: nor does he touch them with his sentiment.

Oh, those mountains, their infinite movement !
 Still moving with you,
 For, ever some new head and heart of them
 Thrusts into view
 To observe the intruder—you see it,
 If quickly you turn,
 And, before they escape you, surprise them !
 They grudge you should learn
 How the soft plains they look on, lean over,
 And love (they pretend)—
 Cower beneath them.

Total apartness from us! Nature mocking, surprising us; watching us from a distance, even pleased to see us going to our destruction. We may remember how the hills look grimly on Childe Roland when he comes to the tower. The very sunset comes back to see him die.

Before it left,
 The dying sunset kindled through a cleft,
 The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay—
 Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay.—

Then, as if they loved to see the death of their quarry, cried, without one touch of sympathy:

Now stab, and end the creature, to the left.

And once, so divided from our life is her life, she pities her own case and refuses our pity. Man cannot help her. The starved, ignoble country in "Childe Roland," one of the finest pieces of description in Browning, wicked, waste, and leprous land, makes Nature herself sick with peevish wrath. "I cannot help my case," she cries. "Nothing but the Judgment's fire can cure the place."

On the whole, then, for these instances might be backed up with many more, Nature is alive in Browning, but she is not humanized at all, nor at all at one with us. Tennyson does not make her alive, but he does humanize her. The other poets of last century do make her alive, and they harmonize

her in one way or another with us. Browning is distinct from them all in keeping her quite divided from man. But then he has observed that Nature is expressed in terms of man, and he naturally, because this conflicts with his general view, desires to explain this. He does explain it in a subtle passage in "Paracelsus." Man, once described, imprints for ever

His presence on all lifeless things; the winds
Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout,
A querulous mutter or a quick gay laugh:
Never a senseless gust now man is born.
The herded pines commune and have deep thoughts,
A secret they assemble to discuss
When the sun drops behind their trunks which glare
Like grates of hell: the peerless cup afloat
Of the lake-lily is an urn, some nymph
Swims bearing high above her head: no bird
Whistles unseen, but through the gaps above
That let light in upon the gloomy woods,
A shape peeps from the breezy forest-top,
Arch with small puckered mouth and mocking eye.
The morn has enterprise, deep quiet droops
With evening, triumph takes the sunset hour,
Voluptuous transport ripens with the corn
Beneath a warm moon like a happy fall:
—And this to fill us with regard for Man.

He does not say, as the other poets do, that the pines really commune, nor that the morn has enterprise, nor that nymphs and satyrs live in the woods, but that this seems to be, because man, as the crown of the natural world, throws back his soul and his soul's life on all the grades of inferior life which preceded him. It is Browning's contradiction of any one who thinks that the pathetic fallacy exists in his poetry.

Nature has, then, a life of her own, her own joys and sorrows, or, rather, only joy. Browning, indeed, with his intensity of imagination and his ineradicable desire of life, was not the man to conceive Nature as dead, as having no conscious being of any kind. He did not impute a personality like ours to Nature, but he saw joy and rapture and play, even love, moving in her everywhere; and sometimes he added to this her delight in herself—and just because the creature was not human—a touch of elemental unmoral malice, a tricksome sportiveness like

that of Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

On the whole, then, the life of Nature had no relation of its own to our life; but we had some relation to it because we were conscious that we were its close and its completion. It follows from this idea of Browning's that he was capable of describing Nature as she was, without adding any deceiving mist of human sentiment to his descriptions, and of describing her as accurately and as vividly as Tennyson; even more vividly, because of his extraordinary eye for color. And Nature, so described, is of great interest in Browning's poetry. But then, in any description of Nature, we desire the entrance into such description of some human feeling. Browning does this in a different way from Tennyson, who gives human feelings and thoughts to Nature, or steeps it in human memories. Browning catches Nature up into himself, and the human element is not in Nature but in him, in what he thinks and feels, in all that Nature, quite apart from him, awakens in him. Sometimes he even goes so far as to toss Nature aside altogether, as unworthy to be thought of in comparison with humanity. That joy in Nature herself, for her own sake, which was so distinguishing a mark of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and Keats, is rarely, if ever, found in Browning. This places him apart. What he loved was man; and save at those times of which I have spoken, when he conceives Nature as the life and play and wrath and fancy of huge elemental powers like gods and goddesses, he uses her as a background only for human life. She is of little importance unless man be present, and then she is no more than the scenery in the drama. Take the first two verses of a "Lovers' Quarrel":

Oh, what a dawn of day!
How the March sun felt like May!
All is blue again
After last night's rain,
And the South dries the hawthorn spray!

That is well done—he has liked what he saw. But what is it all? he thinks;

what do I care about it? And he ends the verse :

Only my love 's away
I 'd as lief that the blue were grey.

Then take the next verse—

Runnels which rillets swell
Must be dancing down the dell,
With a foaming head
On the beryl bed
Paven smooth as a hermit's cell.

It is excellent description, but it is only scenery for the real passion in Browning's mind.

Each with a tale to tell—
Could my Love but attend as well.

"By the Fireside" illustrates the same point. No description can be better, more close, more observed, than of the whole walk over the hill; but it is mere scenery for the lovers. The real passion lies in their hearts.

We have, then, direct description of Nature; direct description of man, sometimes as influenced by Nature, sometimes Nature used as the scenery of human passion,—but no intermingling of them both,—each for ever distinct. The only thing that unites them in idea, and in the end, is that both have proceeded from the creative joy of God.

Of course this way of thinking permits of the things of Nature being used to illustrate the doings, thinkings, and character of man; and in none of his poems is such illustration better used than in "Sordello." There is a famous passage, in itself a noble description of the opulent generativeness of a warm land like Italy, in which he compares the rich poetic soul of Sordello to such a land; and the lovely line in it,

And still more labyrinthine buds the rose,

holds in its symbolism the whole essence of a great artist's nature. I quote the passage. It describes Sordello, and it could not better describe Italy:

Sordello foremost in the regal class
Nature has broadly severed from the mass
Of men and framed for pleasure, as she frames

Some happy lands that have luxurious names
For loose fertility : a footfall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half germinating spices : mere decay
Produces richer life, and day by day
New pollen on the lily-petal grows
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose.

That compares to the character of a whole country the character of a whole type of humanity. I take another of such comparisons, and it is as minute as that is broad, and done with as great skill and charm. Sordello is full of poetic fancies, touched and glimmering with the dew of youth, and he has woven them around the old castle where he lives. Browning compares the young man's imaginative play to the airy and audacious labor of the spider. He (Sordello)

. . . o'er festooning every interval,
As the adventurous spider, making light
Of distance, shoots her threads from depth to height,
From barbican to battlement: so flung
Fantasies forth and in their centre swung
Our architect,—the breezy morning fresh
Above, and merry,—all his waving mesh
Laughing with lucid dew-drops rainbow-edged.

It could not be better done. The description might stand alone, but better than it is the image it gives of the joy, fancifulness, and creativeness of a young poet, making his web of thoughts and imaginations, swinging in their centre like a spider, all of them subtle as the spider's threads, obeying every passing wind of impulse, and gemmed with the dew and sunlight of youth.

Again, this is another instance from "Ferishtah's Fancies," "A Bean-Stripe: Apple-Eating." Ferishtah is asked—Is life a good or bad thing, white or black? "Good," says Ferishtah, "if one keeps moving. It is I only who move. When I stop, I may stop in a black place or a white. But everything around me is motionless as regards me, and is nothing more than stuff which tests my power of throwing light and color on them as I move. It is I who make life good or bad, black or white. I am like the moon going through vapor"—and this is the illustration:

Mark the flying orb!
Think'st thou the halo, painted still afresh,

At each new cloud-fleece pierced and passaged
through:

This was and is and will be evermore
Coloured in permanence? The glory swims
Girdling the glory-giver, swallowed straight
By night's abysmal gloom, unglorified
Behind as erst before the advancer: gloom?
Faced by the onward-faring, see, succeeds
From the abandoned heaven a next surprise,
And where's the gloom now? Silver-smitten
straight,
One glow and variegation! So, with me,

Who move and make—myself—the black, the
white,

The good, the bad, of life's environment.

Fine as these illustrations are, intimate and minute, they are only a few out of a multitude of those comparisons which in Browning image what is in man from that which is within Nature—hints, prognostics, prophecies, as he would call them, of humanity, but not human.

Ruskin's Ilaria

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

IT will be just twenty years next Michaelmas Day since I went to Lucca with Ruskin. He was wandering in search of health; Sir William Gull had told him to rest, and a change, they say, is as good. His notion of resting, and a very fair one, was to take up new work, and drive out the worries of public affairs with energetic drawing and the sort of writing that amused him.

An autobiography was among his projects. The first chapter had come out casually and accidentally in "Fors," but he still needed to look up local color among the scenes of his youth. So he travelled step by step from one French town to another, and drove over the Jura and through Savoy in the ancient, pre-railroad style, discoursing as we went about old times, and his parents, and his early friends. Once, when the talk was rather confidential, I said, "Never mind, I'm not Boswell taking notes." "I think you might do worse," he replied.

Even then I had no notion of writing about him. I was too busy. He was a unique employer, so exacting and so indulgent; "spoiling" you and slave-driving you at once. Nothing was too much for him to ask or to give. I can quite understand why some of his *protégés* turned again and rent him; unless you were ready for everything you could not work with him long. But he was always eager to teach all he knew and to learn all you knew; as

patient as a saint in ordinary worries of life, but as craving for sympathy as a woman. Kim's Lama puts me often in mind of him, but Ruskin was not so lucky in his *chela*.

In September, 1882, it was dull weather at Pisa after the first dewy morning for the Campo Santo; and there were "entirely diabolical" trams and chimneys in the town since his last visit. The streets, every reach of them loved of old for some jewel of mellowed architecture, were changing with modern progress. The town was noisier and dirtier than in days of yore. He had come to meet Nicola Pisano and company; but the ghosts would n't rise. So he broke off work in the Baptistery on Michaelmas Day at noon, and ordered the carriage for Lucca.

Every one knows the route; over the Maremma, between the sea and the mountains. Peaks of Carrara clouded to the north; ruins of Ripafratta, frowning over the crags; "vines, olives, precipices." At last you see a neat little town, boxed up in four neat walls, with rows of trees on the ramparts, and towers looking over the trees; it is just like the mediæval town in the background of a triptych. Silk-mills there are, but not in evidence—at least, so it was twenty years ago.

As we drove up to the gate that afternoon, the customs officers turned out, and we laughed when the coachman shouted: "English family! No-

thing to declare!" and the officers bowed, unquestioning. "So much nicer, is n't it?" said Ruskin, "than being bundled about among trucks and all the hideous things they heap round railway-stations"; and in a few minutes we were in front of the Hotel Royal of the Universe. Signor Ruskin was expected; family and servants were at the door; everybody shook hands. The cook was busy with the dinner, I think; for when we had seen our rooms,—he took the plainest of the tall, partitioned suite with rococo decorations, palatial but tarnished,—“First,” he said, “I must go and see the cook”; and so away to the kitchen.

He was patient, I said, of life's little worries; but he liked a good dinner when it was there. I remember the serviette full of crumbly chestnuts, and the Hermitage,—afternoon sun meanwhile beating through half-shut persians in dusty air, and a peep of greeny-blue hills over the square,—Ruskin lifting his glass for a birthday toast. There was a certain damsel, whose own folk called her the Michaelmas goose; he put it more prettily: “Here 's to St. Michael, and Dorrie, and All Angels.”

Then we went out to see Ilaria.

She was an early flame of his. He must have seen Ilaria before 1845, but it was in that eventful year he fell in love. Ilaria was, of course, the marble Lady of Lucca; but falling in love is not too strong a word.

The Forty-five in the nineteenth century had its Rebellion almost as full of consequences as the Forty-five of the century before. The raid of Prince Charlie opened up the Highlands, and gave us Ossian and Scott and Romanticism; little else. The raid of John Ruskin, in 1845, for the first time wandering free and working out his own thoughts among the Old Masters and mediæval ruins of Italy, started the whole movement which made British art decorative and philanthropic. There were others helping, but he led the way; and it was in that Forty-five that he “went up the Three Steps and in at the Door.”

The passage in which he first described Ilaria is almost hackneyed.

She is lying on a simple couch with a hound at her feet. . . . The hair is bound in a flat braid over the fair brow, the sweet and arched eyes are closed, the tenderness of the loving lips is set and quiet; there is that about them which forbids breath; something which is not death nor sleep, but the pure image of both.

Who or what the lady might have been in the flesh he hardly seems to have cared; at least he never dwelt on the story. She was daughter of a Marquis of Carretto, and wife of Paolo Guinigi, chief of a powerful family in Lucca. In 1405 she died. In 1413 Paolo was building that palace with the tower, now a poorhouse, from which he ruled his fellow-townsmen with a rod of iron. She never saw the arcaded palace, and the frowning, machicolated tower; she could never have had part or lot in the tyranny of his later rule. We often read in history of a woman keeping within bounds the nascent fierceness of a man who, losing her, let himself go and became the scourge of his world. But in all his pride Paolo remembered the pretty wife, untimely lost. The very year he built his castle he tempted away the greatest sculptor of the age from his native town and thronging engagements to carve her a tomb. Jacopo della Quercia came to Lucca in 1413, and six years later left after finishing this and other sculptures there. He could never have seen Ilaria; he must have worked from very insufficient materials in getting her portrait, and it must have been a tiresome and delicate business to satisfy his patron, the tyrant. But then Quercia was “a most amiable and modest man,” and he had the secret of noble portraiture, “Truth lovingly told.” The sort of critics who do not gush say of this work that it was the first masterpiece of the Early Renaissance. It has all the best qualities of mediæval art—its severe symbolism and decorative effect, with all the best of the later classicism—its reality, softness, and sweetness. Paolo's enemies before long drove him out of Lucca, and the city wreaked vengeance

on the tyrant by shattering his wife's tomb, this masterpiece. Somehow the effigy itself was spared, and set up again with bits of the wreck against the bare church wall. It was this dead lady, this marble lady, with browned, translucent cheeks, and little nose just bruised away at the tip, that took Ruskin's imagination in his youth. In his age he wrote, "It is forty years since I first saw it, and I have never found its like."

For a month, with an interval at Florence, he kept me pretty closely at work drawing *Ilaria*—side-face, full-face, three-quarters, every way; together with bits of detail from the early thirteenth-century porch of St. Martin's and other churches, and some copies in the picture gallery. He painted hard himself, and never did better work in his life. Two studies, "half-imperial," of the façade of St. Martin's are especially well known; one was at the Academy last winter, and one at the same time at the Royal Water-color Society's Exhibition. He used to sit in quaint attitudes on his camp-stool in the square, manipulating his drawing-board with one hand and his paint-brush with the other; Baxter, his valet, holding the color-box up for him to dip into, and a little crowd of chatterers always looking on. He rather enjoyed an audience, and sometimes used to bring back odd gleanings of their remarks when he came in to luncheon. One ragged boy, personally conducting a friend from the country, was overheard enumerating the strangers' meals at the hotel: "They eat much, much, these English!" Of course, most in the crowd knew him, or about him. The dean and chapter came to approve, the choir to grin, and the gendarmes to patronize; a few French tourists hovered round, but no English that I remember.

After these long mornings of work—inside when it rained, outside when it shone—we always went for a ramble or a drive. One venturesome start in a thunder-storm I recollect, for Ruskin was not the least timid, as you might expect from his highly strung temperament. He used to walk planks and

look down precipices, too, like a regular steeple-jack, and handle all sorts of animals fearlessly. This thunder-storm gave us grand Turner-esque effects, of which I have a sketch, but no description; but I have borrowed an old letter of the time which gives a fair sample of an afternoon with Ruskin. It is dated October 28, 1882.

A biting scirocco was blowing, but we started in the usual carriage driven by the boy with the red tie. As we left the hotel an army of beggars hailed the Professor [so he was always called at home] who solemnly distributed pence, to lighten his pocket and his mind. Then we scampered through the streets, which are all pavement, and none broader than Hanway Street; but everybody drives furiously in them as a point of Lucchese and Tuscan honour, and nobody seems to be run over.

Out through the city walls you are in the country at once. Indeed, I can't help thinking of the town as a garden where houses are bedded out instead of flowers; they are so close-packed, so varied and pretty. But out at the gate it is a wide stretch of plain with mountains all round, and bright cottages, cadmium-yellow in the stubble-fields and cane-brakes, for they thatch the maize-heads over the roofs by way of storage. Out of one quite decent-looking farm house a decent-looking woman came rushing and gesticulating after the carriage. The Professor called on the driver to stop; and the woman, out of breath, declared she was the mother of five and wanted charity. He gave her a note; notes, you know, can be a good deal less than five pounds in Italy.

At the foot of the hills, south of Lucca, we left the carriage and walked up the road; Baxter, too, with the umbrella, coat, camp-stool, and geological hammer as usual. The road goes up through chestnuts and under vines, till you get to some farms and a church on the top of the buttress-hills, with a splendid view of Lucca and the valley, behind rich slopes of autumn colours, and a monastery with its cypresses in the middle distance. Then we dived into a valley and crossed a marble quarry, for all the stones here are marble; the road is mended with marble, and the pigstyes are built of marble; and then we scrambled up the main hill. There is a sort of track through chestnut and myrtle and arbutus with scarlet fruit against the sky. Girls were gathering chestnuts and arbutus berries—such a picture!

So with an hour's scrambling we came out through a wood of stone pines to the top, a sort of marble platform. The scirocco had blown us up fine weather: the Carrara hills were clear, and the Apennines for miles; fantastic peaks, all sorts of

gables, pyramids, cones, and domes. The sea was ridged and beating hard on the shore of the Maremma; the bay of Spezia in the distance, and little Lucca, tidy and square below, tucked into its four walls like a baby in a cot with a patchwork quilt. I stayed ten minutes to get a sketch, while the Professor and Baxter howked out a particularly contorted bit of marble, and then we plunged through the pines on the back of the ridge to get a view southward. This, you know, is the wood where Ugolino in Dante dreamed he was hunting when they had shut him up to starve in the Famine Tower at Pisa, and it deserves its fame. It is quite another world from the hot rich valleys below; among the trees there are fresh, English-looking meadows with daisies very big and very pink, and beyond—the wonderful Mediterranean coast, rose-colour in the sunset. Pisa far down there showed every detail distinct, cathedral and leaning tower like toys; even at Leghorn we could see the ships in port. It was like looking on the world from the angels' point of view; a glimpse through the centuries.

But the sun was half-way below the sea, and we turned and raced the darkness down to the valley, along a path some six inches wide, with a marble precipice below and a clay bank above. Then the moon rose; a regular conventional Italian moon, chequering the path like sunshine, lamping the cypresses and campaniles. Our driver was asleep, we stirred him out and drove through misty by-roads to the town gates. Out came the customs officer. "Have you anything to declare, gentlemen?" "Nothing, sir!" "Felice sera, signori!" ("A happy evening, sir!")

The streets were very quiet though it was not late. By the Dominican convent, in the moonlight, there was a woman kissing the great crucifix; few other folk about; and we made the square ring again when we chased the moon into the plane-trees and rattled up to the hotel door.

One morning toward the end of October, soon before we left Lucca, I went to work on a drawing of Ilaria (since honored by Ruskin with a place in his Sheffield museum) and found the marble wet and fouled. Somebody had been taking a cast. After long

days in the quiet cathedral, among so many haunting thoughts, studying the face, it had grown almost as alive to me as it always was to him. Even I felt a little shock. It was a liberty,—somebody taking a cast! At breakfast entered a not very prepossessing fellow carrying a plaster mask. Signor Ruskin had asked at the shop; one was now made.

I never saw him more moved. In a storm of anger he left the room, crying out, "Send him away!" Fortunately we had with us Henry R. Newman, the American artist, then working for Ruskin at Florence. He could do the talking to the disappointed, enraged Italian, and got rid of him—and a napoleon of mine—after a while. I was thankful to Newman for getting rid of the cast as well; and when the coast was clear Ruskin looked in, rather apologetic after his outburst. "I hope you did n't give the fellow anything," he said, and of course I was much too weak-minded to fight the case.

But I still think the object-lesson was well worth a napoleon. That ghastly thing was not our Ilaria; any cast is a hard, dead caricature if once you have really known the living, ancient marble. And the wrath of Ruskin laid his secret bare. Do you think he could have stirred the world with mere flourishes from the pen? Falling in love was not too strong a word for the feeling that dictated, over Ilaria's marble portrait, his plea for sincerity in art:

If any of us after staying for a time beside this tomb, could see, through his tears, one of the vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which, in these hollow and heartless days, feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride, he would, I believe, receive such a lesson of love as no coldness could refuse, no fatuity forget, and no insolence disobey.



The Great Reviews of the World

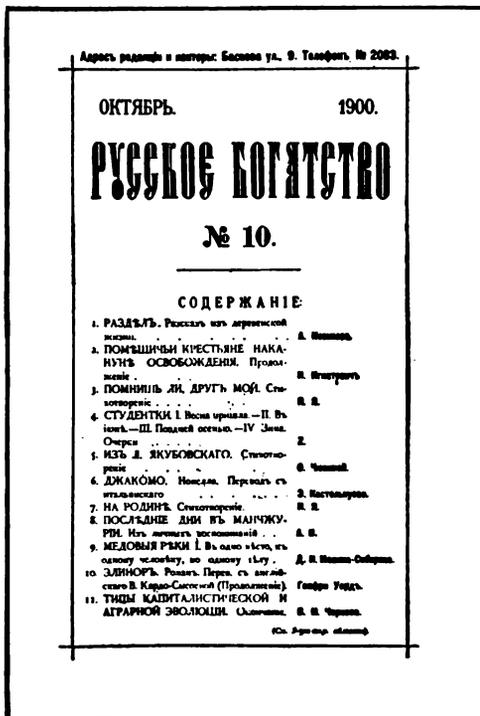
No. IV. The Russian Reviews

By VICTOR S. YARROS

PERIODICAL literature in Russia boasts a noble, useful, heroic, and interesting past, and is hopeful of a bright future, but its present condition is extremely dismal. It is, indeed, a thankless task to attempt a characterization of the leading Russian reviews, for they neither invite praise, nor can they justly be criticized for the low estate to which circumstances beyond their control have reduced them. Literature in general has been philosophically defined as "criticism of life," the term criticism being used in the sense of interpretation, illumination, and guidance. The particular business of serious periodical literature is the discussion of living problems and the application of first principles to current topics. The discussion may be didactic or indirect. It may take the form of essays and controversial articles, or it

may be imparted by means of fiction, poetry, and other art forms. But it cannot be vigorous, significant, and vital if the national life with which it deals is narrow, unprogressive, colorless.

The Russian reviews live on the past and in the past. They have undergone no change in twenty years, and stagnation means deterioration. Their "palmy days" were the sixties and seventies of the last century. In the first years of the decade 1880-1889 they made a brave but vain struggle against fate, but since then they have been petrified. They go on saying the same things in the same way, but no one listens or is impressed. They were leaders and inspirers; they have become faithful upholders of traditions. They perform what they conceive to be their duty patiently, bravely, and not without ability, but the reader cannot help feeling that the spirit which giveth life and compels attention has departed. The educated Russian sighs when he compares the reviews of the present day with the "Contemporary" (*Sovremennik*) and "The Annals of the Fatherland" (*Otechestvennyia Zapiski*), and the other old and long-extinct magazines which fought for the great reforms of the era of self-emancipation. The names of Bielinsky, Chernishevsky, Dobroliubov, Pisarev, Nekrassov, Herzen, Lavrov, Turgenev, Saltikov, and Eliseiev are identified with that period of "storm and stress," faith and hope, struggle and enthusiasm. Politico-economic and literary schools were then called into being, and each had convictions which it cherished and defended with ardor and earnestness against all opponents. Each had its monthly organ—its intellectual citadel, to which no enemy, no traitor, no time-server, could gain admission. Then radicalism, liberalism, conservatism, and Slavophilism meant something, and the aggressive, heated

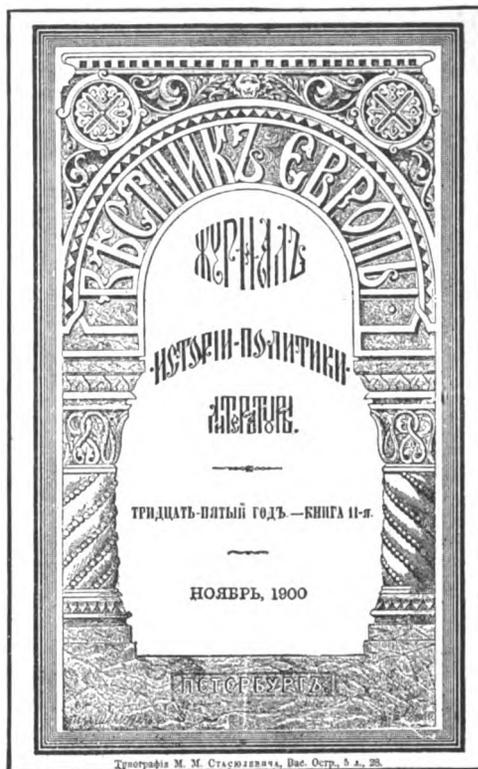


polemics carried on by the respective exponents of these parties or schools were eagerly followed by the active as well as the rising generation. The schools survive, but they stand in no definite, practical relation to the actualities of national existence.

It is important to state at the outset that the "free platform" idea is wholly alien to the Russian periodical press. We have lately been reminded of the fact that when *The Fortnightly* was launched in England, in 1865, it constituted a new, a revolutionary departure. That a review should seek its public amid all parties and be open to all sides of a question was thought chimerical, if not immoral, by many publishers and writers. To-day, in England and America, the old view of the proper function of a magazine seems almost fanatical. But Russia is proud of the fact that she has not followed "the effete West" in this particular. She reviews *are* organs. Their editors and contributors would regard a "free platform" as little short of literary prostitution, as a sign of indifferentism and moral decadence. The Russian publicist looks upon his social function as scarcely less sacred than that of the priest. He must teach the truth as he sees it, combat error, and regard every opponent as a foe, who is, indeed, entitled to fair treatment in accordance with the rules of literary warfare, but with whom association is impossible.

After these remarks we may proceed to describe briefly the intellectual and literary features of the most influential reviews published under the by no means watchful eye of the Czar's censors.

The *Vestnik Evropy* ("European Messenger") must be named first. Its policy is indicated by its name. It is old, respected, ably edited, and (for Russia) widely read. It is Liberal in the European sense of the term. It regards Russia as a part of Europe and has little sympathy with the pretensions of the Slavophil element, which represents Russia as divinely appointed to give the world a higher civilization, an order combining autocracy and true popular liberty. It desires to see the



institutions of Western Europe, of England especially, adapted to Russian requirements. It believes in representative institutions, industrial liberty, freedom of speech and the press, local autonomy, and everything else distinctive of the West. For these principles it has stood ever since its first appearance, opposing the Conservatives on the one hand and the Radicals on the other. In tone it has always been moderate and conciliatory, though at times (when circumstances permitted) quite outspoken. But, like the more extreme parties, it has had to cultivate the fine art of conveying more instruction between than in the lines, for direct advocacy of any system different from that existing has never been tolerated. The sword of Damocles, in the shape of "a warning" with temporary suspension, if not permanent suppression, is perpetually hanging over it. It has reached its thirty-sixth year (remarkable longevity for Russia) under the proprietorship and editorship of M. M. Stasulevitch, a distinguished

РУССКІЙ ВѢСТНИКЪ

ТОМЪ ДВАДЦАТИ ШЕСТЬДЕСЯТЬ ВОСМОЙ.
ГОДЪ ПЯТАДЕСЯТИ ПЯТЫЙ,
1900.
І Ю Л Ъ.

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the above-mentioned "Contemporary" and "Annals of the Fatherland," called *Russkoye Bogatstvo* ("Russian Treasure"), published and edited by V. G. Korolenko, the novelist - publicist, known to Americans by the translation of his "Blind Musician," and the critic-sociologist-philosopher, N. K. Mikhailovsky. This review is but nine years old. It is under special restrictions, being subject to preliminary censorship. The government is familiar with its tendencies and has already visited its displeasure upon the magazine, but, owing to a highly abstract and academic manner of presenting its opinions, "Russian Treasure" has escaped suppression. The term "Radical" applied to this review requires explanation. It does not mean what the British and Scotch understand by Radicalism. A Russian Radical is one who attaches slight significance to purely political reforms—parliamentary government, free speech, etc.,—and lays great stress on economic changes of a socialistic kind, treating political liberty as a means to an end. The Russian Radical is not a Marx Socialist, but a follower of the French school of Socialism. He would preserve the village commune, the artel (or workmen's co-operative association), and other ancient popular institutions, resisting capitalism, and welcoming government measures in the interest of the peasants and city laborers.

publisher. It has had able, enlightened contributors,—economists, jurists, novelists, and critics, whose view-point is European, and who have endeavored to apply the criteria of Western civilization to the phenomena of their country.

The only Conservative review is the *Russky Vestnik* ("Russian Messenger"), which is in its forty-sixth year, and which has declined greatly since the death of Michael Katkov, its gifted but ultra-reactionary first editor. This magazine makes war upon everything Western and defends the *status quo* as the best possible order, appropriate to the genius of Russia, and infinitely superior to the "anarchy" of Europe at large. Its present editor is M. M. Katkov, the brother of the late leader of the reactionaries. It occasionally displays excessive zeal and commits the amusing mistake of being "more royal than the King." But, as a rule, it is stale, flat, and unprofitable, and even those who share its doctrines complain of its dryness and monotony.

There is but one other review to be named, *Russkaya Mysl* ("Russian Thought"), edited by professors of the Moscow University, and Liberal in direction, with Radical leanings. This review, twenty years old, was never "young." It has been dull, heavy, mediocre, from the beginning, and has done or said nothing original.

Radicalism is represented and expounded by the heir and successor of

The Russian newspapers would be intolerably dreary were it not for the foreign news (always fully presented and quite freely discussed), theatrical and musical events, and personal controversies. The newspapers of the lower sort enliven their pages with assaults on the English and the Jews. All these resources are naturally denied to the reviews, and as internal questions of politics, religion, law, and in-

dustry may not be treated in a readable and lucid manner, it is not surprising to find the reviews hopelessly prosy and uninteresting. It is true that they publish a great deal of fiction and poetry, in this respect copying the French and German rather than the English models. In a number of any

characterized by the same forbidding quality. Present-day fiction in Russia is absolutely lacking in vitality, charm, or beauty. Poetry has sunk to still lower depths. Recently a reviewer in *Russkoye Bogatstvo*, after a lengthy examination of the contents of several substantial periodicals, exclaimed:



G. A. F. MARCKS
Editor of the *Niva*

one of the magazines named above there will be found one or two original novels (serials), two or three translated serial novels, two or three short stories, two or three poems, and one or two literary essays, besides several pages of book reviews. These features would, of course, redeem any review from heaviness, were they not themselves

“Yes, a gray literature, gray people, and gray times!” Talent there is; but of inspiration, originality, spontaneity, life, no sign.

Omitting fiction and book reviews, let us glance at the contents of a few recent magazine numbers. Here are the titles of the “serious” articles of the December (1900) *Russkoye Bogatstvo*:

"Private Serfs on the Eve of Emancipation," "Wage Schedules in English Cotton Mills," "Ten Months in a Provincial Psychopathic Colony," "Roman Agriculture," "The Struggle with the Prose of Life," "Russia's Manchester" (a study of a manufacturing town), and "The Year in Politics" (British, Austrian, French, and German, but *not* Russian).

Vestnik, and its principal papers are these: "Religion as a Social Phenomenon," "The Woman's College at Cambridge," "Leopardi as a Poet and Thinker," "Autocracy and Parliamentarism," and "Certain Siberian Industries."

Now, how many readers eagerly await a review freighted with this sort of stuff? Who will cut the pages of



G. N. K. MIKHAILOVSKY

Co-editor of the *Russkoye Bogatstvo*

Take a recent number of the *Vestnik Evropy*. Again leaving fiction, verse, and book reviews on one side, what did it discuss? These topics: "Byron in Switzerland," "The Struggle with Competition," "Financial Crises under Paper and Metallic Currencies," "The Agricultural Laborer," and "Servian Affairs." There is a long account of foreign politics for the preceding month, and some notes on domestic affairs of no significance.

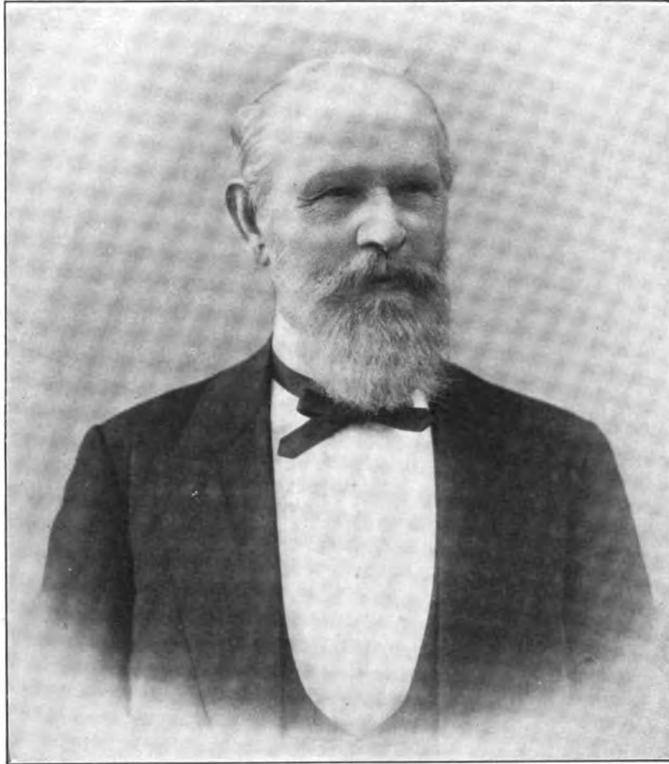
Now turn to a number of the *Russky*

such a review with "bated breath," or care whether it comes early or late—or not at all? Fresh, important, and significant articles occasionally appear, of course, but they are the exceptions that accentuate the rule. This is not the place to inquire into the cause of this intellectual and artistic decadence, and, besides, the explanation would be largely determined by one's political tendencies. The Conservative is convinced that Russia is suffering from an overdose of Western civilization, from

too much knowledge of Nietzscheism, Ibsenism, D'Annunzioism, etc., while the Liberal is certain that it is the atmosphere of autocracy, enforced orthodoxy, and the absence of political freedom which stifle independent thought and expression. The Radical declares the true reason to be the fatal and hopeless separation of the educated element from the masses of the

hardly give an intelligible exposition of it themselves. Bourenin, one of the ablest newspaper critics (no review would print his matter, since he belongs to no school, though in his younger days he was an advanced Liberal), lately wrote as follows about these iconoclastic and "modern" periodicals:

Their general characteristic is impotence joined



GN. M. M. STASULEVITCH
Editor of the *Vestnik Evropy*

people—the isolation and uselessness of the former, the ignorance and poverty of the latter. But upon the facts of the situation there is no difference of opinion.

It should be added that there are several "new" magazines in Russia, published by and for the younger generation of Symbolists, Decadents, Veritists, and what not. They profess to treat the "fathers" with contempt and to revalue all literary and moral and art values. No one is able to grasp their philosophy, and they could

to impudent superficiality of thought. They long to proclaim something new and profound to the world, but they do not know what this "something" is. Under the pretext of revaluation of values they riotously boom quack-born crudities; exalt half-formed talent and confusedly set forth ill-digested ideas. They are terribly mediocre and unscrupulous, and how can they revalue that produced by talent and brains?

Yet Bourenin has little affection for the older writers and schools, and they do not escape his scathing, often malicious animadversions.

The most prominent contributors to

The Critic

the leading magazines are Mikhailovsky, one of the veterans who speaks of the better days he has seen; Korolenko; Chekhov, the novelist and playwright, who stands at the head of the middle-aged authors; Gorky, the young

generally. Count Tolstoy stands alone. His works excite wide comment, but no school sympathizes with him. He is too heterodox for the reactionaries, and too orthodox for the Liberals and Radicals. In literature he has no fol-



G. N. VICTOR OSTROGORSKY

Editor of *Mir Bozhíy*

writer of tales from low life; Boborikin, the novelist, who has missed greatness, but who has written much and well, and has been as responsive to the currents of Russian life as Turgenev himself; Mamin-Sibiriak, story-teller, especially of Siberian exile life; Spasovitch, the eminent lawyer; Prottopov, the critic, and a number of others—disciples, beginners, and men of promise

lowers, and his intellectual influence is almost nil.

There are no "great" editors in Russia. Nekrassov, the poet, and Saltikov (Stchedrine), the satirist and publicist who was called the Russian Rabelais, were magazine editors. What could such men as these do in the sphere of periodical literature under present conditions?

What Actors Talk about when they are Not Speaking

By R. NORMAN GASK

WHAT do actors and actresses talk about during the progress of a play when — although no intelligible sound is allowed to reach the audience—their lips are evidently moving in articulation, their hands and features helping out their words? Such, variously expressed, is one of the few, the very few, questions an actor is seldom plied with by his acquaintances among the play-going outer world. Remembering the city and the century; the intense curiosity, a curiosity coming little short of morbidness, that modern Gotham evinces in the underlife of things theatrical, the rarity of this question is to say the least remarkable. Nor is the answer altogether lacking in interest or in novelty. Expectedly enough, these inaudible dialogues are mainly limited to those with "small" and "thinking" parts. Now when once the principals have made their entrance or commenced their lines it is in order for the remainder of those who hold the stage to sink their conversation to a whisper or confine it entirely to pantomime. It being found well-nigh impossible to carry on a semblance of conversation for any period in silence, whispered converse becomes then the rule. But be this unwritten dialogue spoken or murmured; to sustain it, to keep it animated withal is a tolerably severe test for the vigilance even of the tried and seasoned actor. Time and again the callow Thespian discovers with a start that he has lapsed into a statuesque, an inartistic silence. Hence the nightly threats, cajoleries of stage managers before the rising of the curtain; hence the appearance of the stage manager himself upon the scene — to stimulate by his presence those who are openly, obstinately languid and lethargic. But of what shall the "small-parts" men and women speak? The correctness of the mutual "make-up" having been

disposed of, one of the first topics is invariably the size and quality of the house. Here the average actor, be he earning a weekly emolument of \$5 or \$200, affects a great concern. Are the boxes but sparsely filled; is a "gag" hitherto successful lost upon the audience; does a master-scene to-night fall flat,—it is forthwith noticed and commented on by those before the foot-lights. Again, should a New York notable chance to occupy a box, to tenant any of the front orchestra seats, he is practically certain to be recognized by some or other player and the fact of his presence — a fine morsel for speculation and gossip — circulated among the cast. A favorite theme obtaining upon many stages takes the form of — and this will come in the nature of a revelation to no few playgoers — Nursery Rhymes! Oft as not these are uttered with a surfeit of gesticulation, the interlocutor, as he in turn listens, let us say, to the joint downfall of Jack and Jill, now raising hands of wonder, now clutching in mock terror at the speaker's arm. In many companies the enumeration of the letters of the alphabet is a yet further subject-staple. Stage-nonsense of this character being looked for as a matter of course, the novice who is ever striving to infuse genuine chatter into his murmured speech is often mortified by comment such as "Y-es indeed—How pretty" from a *vis-à-vis* quite unwitting of offence. On the other hand the picturesque flirtations and coquetries sometimes witnessed upon the boards are like as not only too real and genuine. As a moment's reflection will serve to show, in this "suggestion" dialogue—which more often adds the final touch of realism to an otherwise inconclusive scene — co-operation thorough and whole-hearted is no less than imperative.



MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Charles F. Lummis, Author and Man

By CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS

It is seldom that contemporary comment does justice to the character of a writer; for if it be enthusiastic in praise it is hardly in good taste, and if we omit that note, then criticism may seem chary of appreciation.

The keynote of Mr. Lummis's character is individuality, the individuality of absolute independence. He reminds me of his favorite California sycamore tree, which grows in the *patio* of the house which he is building with his own hands in Spanish style on four sides about it, giving it all the room it needs for its gigantic limbs which spread in the wantonness of freedom as

if all space were its inheritance. The amplitude of Western life is friendly to individual development. In the crowded centres of civilization no man can remain unaffected by the external in thought, fashion, and social creeds. By the pressure of society, tact is developed, the very name implying the touch and counterpoise which act from without upon the individual, the resultant character being made our standard rule of judgment. So it becomes difficult to classify the man who places himself outside of this commonplace estimate, who claims the right to wear the clothes that please him, to say the

things that he chooses to believe, and to shape his life according to an inner light.

Mr. Lummis may be called eccentric, but the term does not apply exactly, since eccentricity is usually a more or less conscious pose. He is eccentric in dress, I grant. A broad Mexican sombrero, a colored shirt, an outing suit of corduroy, are not the mode even in California; yet I fancy that he would wear the same at the most conventional social gathering. Even a momentary adoption of the fashionable dress-clothes would be to him like the surrender of a vital principle, an incredible thing.

So much it is necessary to say in order to explain his attitude toward men and things. He is a good friend and a good hater. He makes no compromises. No pen can more ruthlessly excoriate the surface of pretence to expose the lie beneath. His critical work is often of this sort, for he happens to hold the position of recognized expert on all matters connected with the Southwest,—his chosen field. He has the history of the Spanish pioneers at his finger-ends, knows mediæval Spanish well, and cannot be caught tripping on any date or event in the story, so

vague to many of us, of exploration and discovery in those old-world corners of our modern country, Arizona and New Mexico, including adjacent Mexico and California.

His editorials in his magazine, *The Land of Sunshine*, now *Out West*, are widely known and variously appreciated, most people finding sufficient enjoyment in their breezy independence to overlook the rubs they sometimes give to personal prejudices or political convictions. An absolute sincerity in the writer, a strong sense of human brotherhood, the instinct of chivalry to rescue the oppressed, all these are qualities displayed by the Lion in his Den, and if he sometimes roars in a way to affright the ladies, one can readily forgive it on this score, forgiveness, to be sure, being the last thing that Mr. Lummis would tolerate, since he would vastly prefer that an opponent should state his objections, neither giving nor asking quarter.

His magazine displays throughout the same quality of independence. At a time when journalism has invaded every field of literature *Out West* pays little heed to the popular or the timely. It has an ideal and it lives up to it,



SOUTH FRONT OF MR. LUMMIS'S HOUSE, UNFINISHED



SIDE OF HOUSE WHICH WILL ENCLOSE TREE

accepting what harmonizes, rejecting what disagrees, considering its public incidentally not primarily. That popularity may be won without seeking is shown by the increasing circulation of the magazine. Besides features of more general interest, it has a special value to the student in the publication of the original sources of early Western history, not easily attainable elsewhere.

President Roosevelt is an admirer of Mr. Lummis and his work, and a constant reader of his magazine. There are, indeed, strong points of resemblance in the characters of the two men, to be accounted for by the fact that, in both, Eastern culture has been supplemented by a post-graduate course in the world's best university, the out-of-doors West. Mr. Lummis was lately summoned to Washington on an order from headquarters for consultation on various Western problems,—irrigation, the treatment of our Indians, etc. The rare combination of the practical with the literary in the man could have no more striking exemplification.

Mr. Lummis has a goodly row of volumes to show for the years of his literary productiveness. Some of these are compilations of short stories written

for the young, books that every intelligent boy should own and know by heart; they teach so convincingly the lessons of manliness and human brotherhood, as well as the history of many strange and curious corners of our country of which the tourist and the guide-book are ignorant.

"The Land of Poco Tiempo," an interesting description of New Mexico, was followed by "The Awakening of a Nation," a sympathetic study of our little-known neighbor, Mexico; and a work upon which he is now engaged, "The Right Hand of the Continent," the most important that he has yet undertaken, is a series of philosophic essays upon California considered from the Western point of view. This is the first time that the West has found its spokesman in a son of the soil. Naturally his conclusions should have greater weight than those of a critical visitor.

Mr. Lummis's habits in writing are characterized by untiring industry made effective by system and order. His den is a charming room in the upper story of the house of stone and cement which he is building with his own hands, professedly "to last a thousand years." The windows of the den have a wide

outlook, but its seclusion is admirably planned, only a steep, narrow staircase, suggestive of the ladders of the cliff-dwellers, giving access to it. The three-inch-thick door closed and bolted, the world is shut out. All that is dear to a writer or necessary to his work lies close at hand. Books in row upon row stand in cases made by the owner's hands. There is a New Mexican corner fireplace with a little monk's cupboard in the chimney-piece, secured against intrusion by a grim fetich-head set in relief, an idol from the mummy-graves of Peru. Another curiously carved figure of the same sort looks out from a tall cabinet which is like a shrine, the door richly ornamented in pyrography, with characters copied from an ancient monolith. This cabinet contains a single object, one dear to its possessor, the famous camera which has photographed a Penitente crucifixion, a cannibal dance, and many other strange and interesting scenes. An orderly disorder characterizes the room. Everything among its heterogeneous contents is arranged and indexed. The charred edges of some of the carefully disposed bundles

of papers in the pigeonholes showed the close escape the precious manuscripts had made from that fate most cruel to a writer, the premature destruction of his work. A chance caller and a carelessly flung match had nearly wrought an irreparable loss; for though the house is practically fire-proof its contents are not, and they are immensely valuable in a unique way.

Collections made in New Mexico, and with Bandelier in Bolivia and Peru, have left their tokens here in curios which are "the pick of ten museums." Navajo blankets which would make the modern collector weep with envy; rare opals; mummy-cloths that are still beautiful enough in color and design to compare with the best Turkish weaves; a collection of modern paintings by Keith, the California painter, loved by Mr. Lummis as Turner was by Ruskin, —paintings full of soul and a brooding sense of restrained power; some unique objects capable of thrilling the beholder, an enchanter's hoop, such as figures in Pueblo folk-tales ("I have a friend who is an enchanter," Mr. Lummis explained by way of comment); the photograph of the Penitente



A CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS TREE
Mr. Lummis's family and Indian servants

The Critic

crucifixion, taken at great personal risk, while the victim hung in agony and the rude spectators kept the hush of awe-struck observation—these and many more would be impossible to replace and are therefore priceless in value. The whole house is artistic in a sense that Ruskin would cordially have approved. I wish that he might have lived to see the practical exposition which Mr. Lummis is making of some of his dearest theories as to the value of the simplest forms of handicraft when guided by individual thought.

To roll great boulders in place, scorning the aid of rope and derrick, suits Mr. Lummis's ideas as to the inutility of mechanical appliances when the muscles of men are sufficient for the task. To leave a surface rough, showing the labor of the adze, pleases him as it would have pleased Ruskin with his horror of veneer and painted veinings. The whole house is to be a monument of simplicity and the sort of beauty which is consonant with truth. It will also be a monument to the industry of the man who rears it, and who, after working ten

hours at carpentry, works ten hours more at night on his literary tasks.

"No labor union would ever admit me," he remarks. "They would have nothing to do with a man who is willing and glad to work twenty hours a day."

The work is congenial and varied, so an iron constitution is able to stand the strain imposed upon it.

He lives in simple style, dining on an outer piazza nearly every day in the year in the balmy California climate, with his wife and children and his Indian retainers (who are treated more like children than servants) seated about the board, to which a guest with proper credentials is made welcome with genuine hospitality. Few writers are so willing as he to give away their good things in conversation. He is lavishly generous of his ideas, and his conversation is stimulating and forceful.

On the whole, he is a notable man. I dare not say a great man, till Time writes *Finis* on his volumes; but neither will I venture to declare that such a verdict by posterity in his case would be improbable.

Fame

By SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE

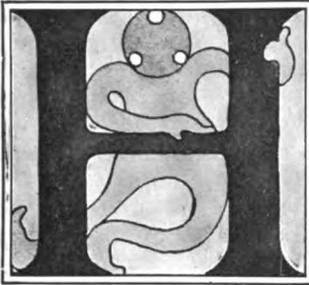
IN Pisa's baptistry the uttered word,
 Sent upward winged with music from the ground,
 Works in the dome a miracle of sound
 Most delicate, and all the air is stirred
 With its vibrations; till, like some sweet bird,
 Invisible, that circles round and round,
 Singing o'erhead, then seeks the heaven's profound,
 It flees away and is no longer heard.
 Thus, too, it is with word or song
 Caught up and echoed through time's ampler hall:
 It charms awhile the listeners in the throng,
 But, with the days men never can recall,
 It faints and fades and vanishes erelong
 In the vast Silence that receiveth all.



The New Humor

By **BURGES JOHNSON**

First Paper



FROM "AN ALPHABET OF FAMOUS GOOPS"

There is a bold chemist who would attempt to analyze the quality of Humor, to say wherein lies the fun and wherein the wisdom, and what other compounds go into its makeup. Wit is a wholly different matter, being the striking of sparks on a keen intellect and a power that may be attained by practice. But Humor I take to be an inherent possession, deep-seated, all-permeating, needing no contact with any outward thing to give it fire; ever burning, with perhaps no external symptom other than an evident love for all mankind and his follies. For though to define is dangerous, Humor is but a form of human sympathy. It deals neither with science nor with art, but with life, yet gently withal, having malice toward none, and a merry, tender knowledge of human frailties.

But, above all, the quality of Humor is not strained. Its every expression is essentially spontaneous; as soon as the humorist strains to meet the clamorous demand of a rapacious public, so soon does he drop from the heights of real literature to the lowest depths of space writing.

It is in a certain contemporary school of humor that the danger of such lapses is most imminent and their avoidance, therefore, the more worthy of praise and honor. The founder of this school was Edward Lear, now canonized, sharing his sainthood with Lewis Carroll. Under such hallowed patronage there has of late been a somewhat lush development of "nonsense-writing," and the rise of a certain group of writers whose oversupply of the joy of life bubbles forth occasionally into

streams of sheer nonsense. Foremost among these, now at work penning unadulterated absurdities for the added joy of mankind, we may safely refer to two as pre-eminently successful,—Mr. Oliver Herford and Mr. Gelett Burgess.

It is comforting to many of us to reason that only people of sense can afford to be thoroughly foolish; and by that reckoning Mr. Burgess has established claim to a level-headedness par excellence. He has not, it is true, quite attained to the level set by Edward Lear, and yet a glance through the pages of the "Burgess Nonsense Book" leads us to feel that the



Courtesy of

Noyes, Platt & Co.

MISS CAROLYN WELLS



MISS JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

prophet's mantle found a servant upon whom to fall. If you are a Practical Person, pass it by. Think of such arrant nonsense as

My legs are so weary they break off in bed,
And my caramel pillow it sticks to my head.

No analysis can explain to the Practical Person why this is funny. But one laughs because he seems to see the author solemnly writing the stuff, with a far-off twinkle in his eye,—also because one is glad to be alive with some nonsense to laugh at,—also because it *would* be exceedingly funny to wake in the morning and find one's caramel pillow sticking to one's head. After all, the Practical Person is a desirable institution from the nonsensist's point of view. A large fraction of the value would depart from that immortal

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was stung on the arm by a wasp ;
When asked " Does it hurt ?"
He replied " Not at all,
I thought all the time 't was a hornet !"

if some practical old gentleman did not indignantly exclaim—"But it does n't

rhyme!" And none but practical, matter-of-fact little Alice could have made the journey through Wonderland.

There is no crackling wit about the Burgess Book—it is simply an overflow of exuberant humor. It claims a place in literature by reason of its Goops—marvellous creations that they are. Within its pages are to be found all individuals of the Goopian tribe, and there are no Goops other than of the house of Burgess. Here, too, may be found the basis of Mr. Burgess's first claim to immortality :

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one ;
But I can tell you anyhow,
I 'd rather see than be one.

The volume is too thick to be good for one's digestion, and where the quality is strained it ceases to be funny ; but much error of that sort may be forgiven a man who, in the phrasing of Kim's Holy Man, "acquired merit" by stopping the *Lark* at the end of its first flight.

With one foot in the world of nonsense and one foot out, stands Mr. Herford,—mingling a delightful wit with the overflow of his humor, and flavoring many attempts at unadulterated absurdity by a dosage of solemn truth. As is the case with Mr. Burgess, we have here artist and author in one, and it is characteristic of the man that Mr. Herford, the author, recently planned a violent dispute with Herford, his illustrator, though none will deny that the two are as providentially adapted to each other as Dickens and Cruikshank.

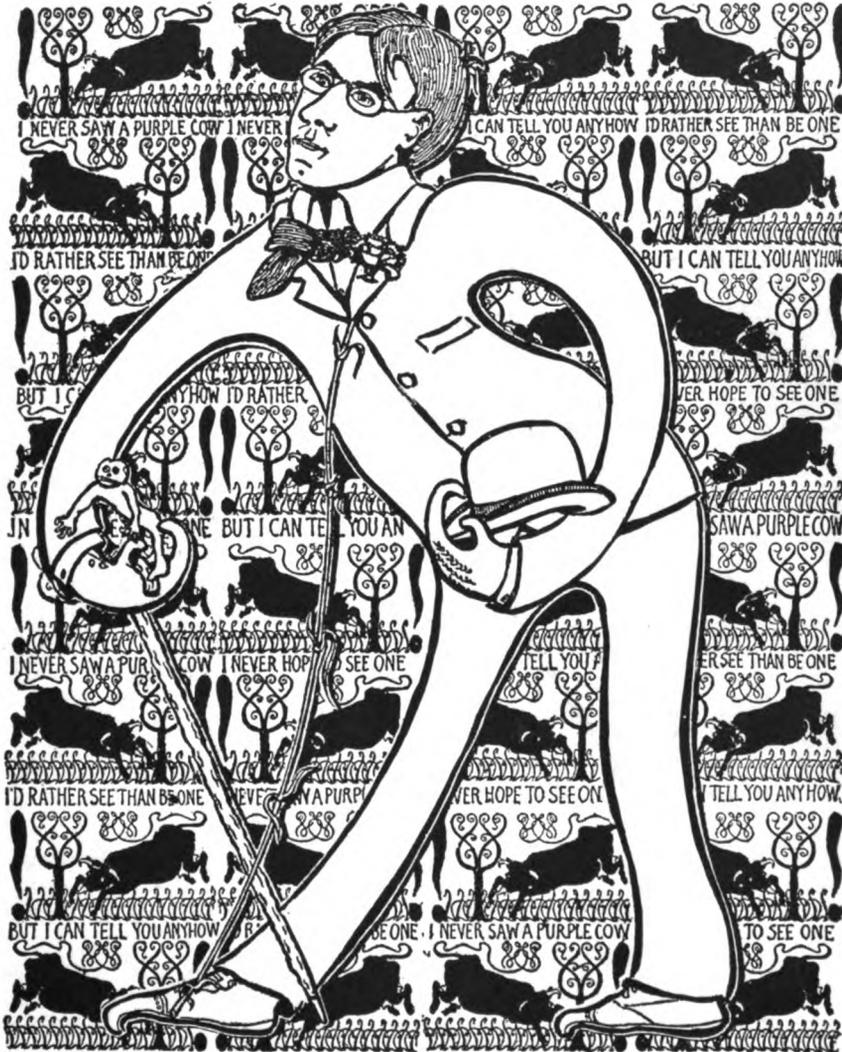
Mr. Herford's books are no more delightful than his conversation—and most of the latter is better than some of the former, which is



FROM "AN ALPHABET OF FAMOUS GOOPS"

saying much. So many, in fact, of Mr. Herford's *bon-mots* are current about town that the common refuge of the average paragrapher who lights upon an unfathered epigram lies in the introductory phrase: "Oliver Herford is reported to have said. . . ." His

No tomes in the museum of contemporary nonsense, however, enclose between their covers more and heartier and healthier laughs, than Mr. Herford's "A Child's Primer of Natural History," his "Celebrities," and his "More Animals." Artist and illus-



Ah, Yes! I wrote the "Purple Cow"—I'm Sorry, now, I wrote it!
But I can tell you Anyhow, I'll kill you if you quote it!

definition of the Waldorf as a place for "the cultivation of exclusiveness among the masses" is a recent instance of his happy phrasing. A perhaps not infallible test, but a very fair one, is "if it's good it's Herford's."

trator in these cases worked together in the most harmonious accord, with no whisper of the impending quarrel. Quotations are hardly necessary. Those who have not read the various animals in their corralled form, have

probably met one or another of them in a fugitive way. "The Dachshund," "who must in serial parts appear," bids

The "vacillating Platypus," and the "Useful Ant," who "works as hard as adamant"; the "Unkempt Yak," and



Dachshund 1.

The Dachshund is the longest Dog
In the whole Canine Catalog ;
He is so Long—to show him Here
He must in Serial Parts appear.

fair to gain as assured a position in classic literature as the Trojan horse :

This is Part One, observe his air of lackadaisical despair ;

Perhaps he feels it does not pay to wag a tail so far away.

the common or garden Hen all prove equally tractable under the Herford hand.

The published work of Miss Carolyn Wells in the realm of nonsense is addressed more directly to child readers.

Not that Nonsense recognizes age,—but Miss Wells has found more play for her charming fancy in light and dainty verses for the very youthful than in profound absurdities for the prematurely young.

It is in one of her essays,* however, that one finds the ablest disquisition on this form of humor yet written. With a courage I know nothing of, she calmly analyzes nonsense until we gaze unsmiling upon its component parts. There are nine leading varieties, if I read her article aright, each capable of much subdivision!

In any mention of the nonsense division of recent humor Peter Newell should find place. His work for "Alice in Wonderland" one is not prepared at once to praise. But his delicate sense of humor and—to borrow from Miss Wells—his perfect sense of nonsense, as displayed in the many products of his pen throughout the magazines, are worthy of honor. Most attractive work in an otherwise attractive book are his illustrations for Miss Carolyn Wells's "Merry-Go-Round."

But all recent Humor is not nonsense, any more than is all recent nonsense Humor. Nonsense has of late been a fad of the many rather than a fancy of the few, and much has appeared that is spurious. With the before-mentioned magazine article well in mind, however, the conscientious searcher may doubtless detect the counterfeit; and if he cannot he will be just as much amused. In loving regard for the saw, "One stitch in nine saves time," let us skip further discussion and proceed.

If Humor be a form of Human Sympathy, there is no sweeter, worthier form of Humor than that which interprets the heart of a child. Not the humor which writes *to* children, but *of* them, big with the memory of its own imaginative childhood; so that other humorists, reading, exclaim: "I was that boy—or a part of that boy; I should have written too—but for the moment I had forgotten!"

* "The Sense of Nonsense," *Scribner's Magazine* Feb., 1901.

A prophet of this realm is still among us—Kenneth Grahame.

One can have no more certainty in saying of a comparatively new book, "This is a classic," than he can have in saying of a poor child, "This boy will be a rich man." And yet there is a richness of charm,—an all-alone-ness—about the "Golden Age" that declares it classic, and finds its writer regal place in one of the principalities of Humor.

Two recent writers own allegiance here; both women, and each aglow with the gentle humor that reads the child heart sympathetically. Josephine Dodge Daskam is a name that has become known to the public within a very short space of time, and in a way to indicate a great versatility on the part of its possessor. Beyond question, however, Miss Daskam's best work lies in her stories of children.



MRS. ATWOOD R. MARTIN



Courtesy of

R. H. Russell & Co.

MR. F. PETER DUNNE

Real children they are, with big individualities. They are so real, in fact, that one is prone to suspect a definite source other than the author's imagination—perhaps a small cousin or niece or brother—perhaps herself living again in amusing memories a childhood not so very far away! I am sure no healthier little human has appeared in a story-book since Tom Bailey fired the old cannon of Rivermouth than Miss Daskam's Imp in "The Imp and the Angel," while in "The Madness of Philip," youngsters of flesh and blood fire our enthusiasm, by reason of the recollection of our own infantile rascalities.

Side by side with Miss Daskam's creations ranks Emmy Lou. One must confess that the extravagance of style of the Emmy Lou Stories irritates somewhat, but the small maiden herself is a distinct creation, rising above such petty annoyances, and appealing to the heart, not to the organ of literary style—wherever that is. George Madden Martin,—or Mrs. A. R. Martin, as her name more properly reads,—

will not, it is to be hoped, rest on her laurels when she has completed Emmy Lou's common-school education. The kindergartens are full of the unknown and the unsung.

"The New Humor" is a phrase that has been heard often of late and conveys indefinite meaning. Humor is as old as humanity,—and twice as much so, as our nonsensist friends would say. The title to this article is a concession to the Editor, and is based on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle,—a phrase, by the way, borrowed from some humorous old Roman who died about two thousand years ago. For you and I who have read this know that there is no such matter as "the New Humor." Humor is not the thing said, but the spirit back of the saying of it. And that spirit was as lively and vigorous in the stylus of Decimus Junius Juvenalis as it is in the pen of Peter Dunne.

There are certain humorists of late, the subject-matter of whose discourse deals with distinctly recent conditions. Theirs may be the New Humor. Foremost among them stands Mr. Dooley, surveying present-day problems through a pair of spectacles which may be rimmed with the tortoise-shell of Irish dialect, but which certainly contain the crystals of common sense. After him George Ade, an Æsop of distinctly modern characteristics, whose sermon-barrel must have peculiarities in common with the widow's cruse of oil.

Miss Daskam belongs again in this category, for her "Fables for the Fair" ranks with the work of George Ade in brevity, completeness, and wit.

The following is a worthy sample:

THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT HELP HERSELF

There was once a woman who had never learned how to swim, although she went in bathing every day in the summer. She had a friend who had acquired the art with some trouble, and was very proud of her proficiency in it.

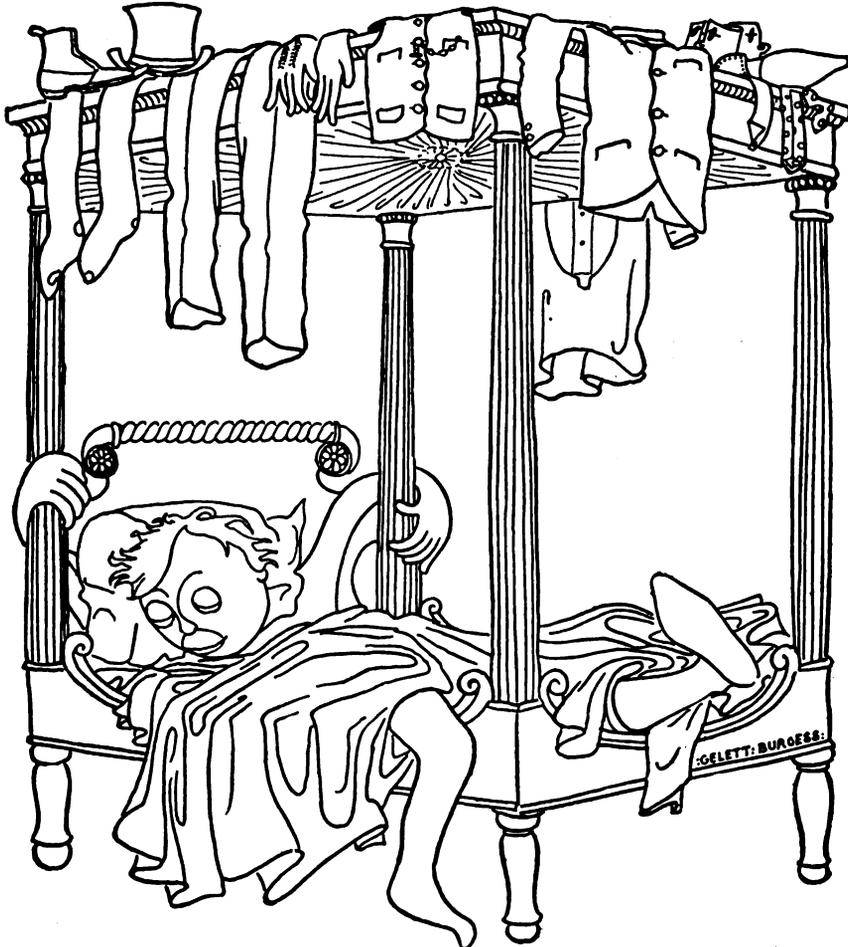
"It is absurd," said this friend, "to live near the water and not swim. It makes you very attractive

to good swimmers if you can go out with them and they do not feel that you are a drag on their pleasures. What would you do in case you fell off the pier? Now watch me!"

With these words she dived off into the water and swam about by herself.

"It is a good thing to have a woman swim so

too brief expression of a fund of humor of this general character. The death of Mr. Kountz undoubtedly deprived us of no little that would lighten the gloomy mediocrity of our library centre-table. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," as well as "Mrs. Green," who



My Legs are so Weary They break Off in Bed ;
And my Caramel Pillow It Sticks to my Head !

well," said one of the men near by. "Now if any of the children fall into the water she can rescue them."

Just then the woman who could not help herself uttered a scream and fell into the sea. Instantly five men leaped in to rescue her, and spent the rest of the day resuscitating her and inquiring how she was, leaving the swimmer to dive by herself.

This teaches that nothing succeeds like Distress.

The "Billy Baxter Letters" are the

proves to be a sort of British Mrs. "Dooley," both should find place in a catalogue of this sort.

It is a joyous array, marshalled in merry rank across the perspective of last year's literature,—a chain of green oases in a desert of historical novels. New Humor I do not believe it to be. As the work of new humorists, fired by the world-old spirit, we welcome it. No one could ever weary of Mr.

Stockton or Mr. Clemens; but we had been missing "The Bee Man of Orne" and his ilk, and perchance we had grieved in secret over Humor buried beneath a weight of civic affairs.

So my title resolves itself into "recent humor" with vast responsibilities if one would make a complete chronicle. In an effort to avoid such responsibilities there have been recorded here only the authors of certain recent books. The average American is a humorist—the trait is a Heaven-sent

lubricant that oils the whirring wheels of American energy—and a conscientious list of our new humorists would bear some direct proportion to the birth-rate; humanitarians all of them,—readers of human nature, whose skill lies in writing down what they have read. It is the warping of human motives and foibles whereat men weep; he who holds up to us an honest mirror makes us smile—and is dubbed a humorist. It might be said, one touch of nature makes the whole world grin.

The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

THE experienced theatre-goer does not look for any new and important dramatic achievement in the Lenten season, but, as we all know, it is the unexpected that happens, and the latest exemplification of the old adage is the *Rosalind* of Miss Henrietta Crosman. Everybody remembers how, coming to New York about a year ago, practically unheralded and unknown, she captured the town with her charming and vivacious *Nell Gwynn*, but few persons, probably, believed, after her disastrous experiment with "*Joan o' the Shoals*," that she would be able to duplicate her first success and erase the memory of subsequent failure, by a triumphant impersonation of so exacting a character as that of the heroine of "*As You Like It*," in which she had to stand the test of comparison with all the best actresses of a generation. Yet this is the feat which she accomplished, and her performance, taking into consideration the quality of the play, must be accounted the most notable of the winter. To demonstrate afresh the enduring potency of Shakespeare, even as a mere entertainer for the multitude, at a period like this—when managers, with infatuated persistency, are jostling each other in the search for new varieties of spectacular or sensual sensationalism, the morbid, the extravagant, the stupid, or the unclean,—is to be a public benefactor. It is

not to be supposed that Miss Crosman's success, striking as it is, will effect any change in the policy of our theatrical dictators, but the fact remains that her representations of this immortal masterpiece of pastoral comedy, with all its beauty, humor, and fragrance, have been received by crowded audiences with all those signs of general and joyful appreciation which are most precious to the managerial heart.

If her *Rosalind* has been accepted in certain critical quarters with rather scant and grudging praise, the explanation is to be sought in the absence of preliminary trumpeting, in preconceived prejudices, and in a remarkable evenness of execution, which had no points of special brilliancy to impress the mind of the spectator. This admirable consistency, bespeaking intelligent and comprehensive design, is among its most conspicuous merits. It would be absurd to try to maintain that it is, in all respects, a perfect realization of the Shakespearian ideal, or the best interpretation of modern times. Modjeska's was superior in personal distinction, in poetic grace and intellectual finesse; Adelaide Neilson's in indefinable but irresistible fascination; Julia Marlowe's in delicate and piquant grace; and Mary Anderson's—a far inferior effort as a whole—in stateliness and declamatory power.

But Miss Crosman's Rosalind, while by no means totally deficient in any of these attributes, possesses in an eminent degree the element of spontaneous vitality. It is from beginning to end a complete impersonation, the expression of the varying terms of a complex individuality in one harmonious form. If rarely inspired, it is always logical, human, highly intelligent, and thoroughly delightful. If certain time-honored points are not emphasized, there is no sacrifice of meaning. As might have been foreseen, the actress is peculiarly happy in her assumption of the masculine habit. It is scarcely too much to say that the mock love scenes between Ganymede and Orlando have never been played with so much illusion. The mimicry of masculine attitude, walk, and gesture was so good that for once it was possible to credit Orlando's deception without any great stretch of fancy. But there was no actual mannishness to lessen the impression of delicate femininity, none of the swaggering audacity of the reckless Nell Gwynn. The woman's heart beat plainly beneath the jerkin, and woman's love beamed tenderly in the merry eyes. When confronted with the bloody handkerchief, this Rosalind sickened and swooned as naturally and helplessly as any other, but, with fine intuition, she rallied more quickly than most of them, mindful of the spirit that had prompted her adventure.

But it is not necessary to analyze this performance minutely. It is not in its details, but in its general effect, that it is so satisfying. It exhibits no elaborate artifice, no disposition to delve in the text for significances which do not appear clearly upon the surface. The aim of it obviously is the portrayal of a woman, wholly human and intelligible, but touched with the refining fire of poetic imagination and animated by a joyous, frolicsome, and withal noble spirit. If not a work of absolute genius, it is, at least, the result of zealous, sound, and loving comprehension, and the very naturalness of it seems to lend new substance to the woodland dream of which it is the centre. Such a Rosalind would have

ensured the success of almost any representation of "As You Like It," but good fortune enabled Miss Crosman to surround herself with a cast which for general competency has been rarely excelled. The Jacques, of John Malone, is a notably sound, thoughtful, and reasonable performance, thoroughly simple in execution but pregnant with feeling and gravity. Excellent, too, are the Banished Duke, of Barton Hill; the Touchstone, of Fred Thorne; the Adam, of William Herbert; the Orlando, of Henry Woodruff; and the Celia, of Adele Black, while the minor characters leave little to be desired. The only cause for regret is that with so competent a company of performers there could not have been a more liberal restoration of the text.

There is not much to be said about the English version of Ludwig Fulda's "The Twin Sister," which Louis N. Parker has made for the Empire Theatre Company. The blank verse of Mr. Parker might, possibly, in print present many beauties to the reader, but as it fell from the lips of the speakers on the stage it certainly was not impressive. Some of the passages were smooth and pretty, but for the most part it had the effect of measured and by no means extraordinary prose. Allowance ought, in common justice, of course, to be made for the untrained delivery of the performers. That the representation will prove popular is very likely, for the single scene is very beautiful, the dresses extremely rich and picturesque and the action fairly brisk and amusing, but it has little substantial merit. The plot is too well known to need description. In itself it is preposterous, but, beyond question, it provides in the part of the supposed twin sisters a number of brilliant opportunities for the principal actress. Of these Miss Anglin only partly availed herself. Always pleasing, she did not succeed in distracting attention from the glaring improbabilities of the chief situations. Her pathetic moments, as always, were exquisitely true and tender and she played the coquette with abundant spirit and provoking

archness, but the effort to treat a trifling theme seriously baffled her. It is only fair to add that she was terribly hampered by the irresponsive and unintelligent acting of the butterfly husband by Mr. Richman, who was as much at home in the part as an elephant upon the tight rope. At its best, the piece is only light comedy, but the subject, the hoisting of a husband by his own petard, appeals irresistibly to the fairer sex, whose favor in the theatre is most potential. Its literary value, in English garb, is inconsiderable.

"Notre Dame," a crude adaptation by Paul Potter of previous plays upon the same subject, is of no account except as a spectacular melodrama. It is confused in construction, but has an abundance of picturesque and sensational incident and is superbly mounted. The views of the cathedral are exceedingly spacious, solid, and imposing, and the panoramas of the old city uncommonly beautiful. Moreover the despatch of Claude Frolo by Quasimodo is a bit of startling realism. In a word, the play is a succession of shocks of the kind which are tiresome to the intelligent, but exhilarating to the mass of playgoers. The best abilities of Hilda Spong are wasted on the character of Esmeralda, but she enters into it with dash and enthusiasm and presents a dazzling picture. Mr. Gilmore enacts Claude Frolo with some force, but quite conventionally, and Mr. Finney's Gringoire is artistic in conception and very neatly finished. The most vital figure is the Clopin of W. F. Owen, who fills it with rich vinous humor.

Another play which is of no permanent value, on account of its manifest burlesque of actual life, and its employment of stage-worn types, is Miss Martha Morton's "Her Lord and Master." The scheme is a good one, and it is a pity that it was not treated with more skill and discretion. A wilful American heiress, reared in complete independence, marries an English aristocrat of the strictest sect, upon the express understanding that he shall not yield to what he may deem her unreasonable caprices. Of course she defies his authority and in consequence is locked out of her own house. She enters it by the window, and there is a battle royal, after which she surrenders unconditionally and, like her prototype in "The Taming of the Shrew," winds up with a pretty homily upon the duty of wives to husbands. Things do not happen so in real life, nor is it desirable that they should, but the story might pass, for want of a better, if the individual characters were truthful. But the American personages are plainly caricatures, as are most of the English, although the English husband belongs to a variety of prig that is not yet extinct. The piece is likely to win a certain amount of popularity through the effective acting of Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon, and some of their associates, but it is not a subject for serious criticism.

In "The Way of the World" Mrs. LeMoyné has succeeded Mrs. Bloodgood in the part of Mrs. Lake, which she plays with admirable breeziness and an elocutionary skill which imparts new vivacity and point to the dialogue.



On Wondering Why One Was Born

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

THE real trouble with most of the attempts that teachers and parents make to teach children a vital relation to books, is that they do not believe in the books and that they do not believe in the children.

It is almost impossible to find a child who, in one direction or another, the first few years of his life, is not creative. It is almost impossible to find a parent or a teacher who does not discourage this creativeness. The discouragement begins in a small way, at first, in the average family, but as the more creative a child becomes the more inconvenient he is, as a general rule, every time a boy is caught being creative something has to be done to him about it.

It is a part of the nature of creativeness that it involves being creative a large part of the time in the wrong direction. Half-proud and half-stupefied parents, failing to see that the mischief in a boy is the entire basis of his education, the mainspring of his life, not being able to break the mainspring themselves, frequently hire teachers to help them. The teacher who can break a mainspring first and keep it from getting mended, is the most esteemed in the community. Those who have broken the most, "secure results." The spectacle of the mechanical, barren, conventional society so common in the present day, to all who love their kind is a sign there is no withstanding. It is a spectacle we can only stand and watch—some of us—the huge, dreary kinoscope of it, grinding its cogs and wheels, and swinging its weary faces past our eyes. The most common sight in it and the one that hurts the hardest, is the boy who could be made into a man out of the parts of him that his parents and teachers are trying to throw away. The faults of the average child, as things are going just now, would be the making of him, if he could be placed in seeing hands. It may not be possible to educate a boy by using what has been

left out of him, but it is more than possible to begin his education by using what ought to have been left out of him.

So long as parents and teachers are either too dull or too busy to experiment with mischief, to be willing to pay for a child's originality what originality costs, only the most hopeless children can be expected to amount to anything. If we fail to see that originality is worth paying for, that the risk involved in a child's not being creative is infinitely more serious than the risk involved in his being creative in the wrong direction, there is little either for us or for our children to hope for, as the years go on, except to grow duller together. We do not like this growing duller together very well, perhaps, but we have the feeling at least that we have been educated, and when our children become at last as little interested in the workings of their minds as parents and teachers are in theirs, we have the feeling that they also have been educated. We are not unwilling to admit, in a somewhat useless, kindly, generalizing fashion, that vital and beautiful children delight in things, in proportion as they discover them, or are allowed to make them up, but we do not propose in the meantime to have our own children any more vital and beautiful than we can help. In four or five years they discover that a home is a place where the more one thinks of things the more unhappy he is. In four or five years more they learn that a school is a place where children are expected not to use their brains while they are being cultivated. As long as he is at his mother's breast the typical American child finds that he is admired for thinking of things. When he runs around the house he finds gradually that he is admired very much less for thinking of things. At school he is disciplined for it. In a library, if he has an uncommonly active mind, and takes the liberty of being as alive there as he is outdoors, if he roams through the

books, vaults over their fences, climbs up their mountains, and eats of their fruit, and dreams by their streams, or is caught camping out in their woods, he is made an example of. He is treated as a tramp and an idler, and if he cannot be held down with a dictionary he is looked upon as not worth educating. If his parents decide he shall be educated anyway, dead or alive, or in spite of his being alive, the more he is educated the more he wonders why he was born and the more his teachers from behind their dictionaries, and the other boys from underneath their dictionaries, wonder why he was born. While it may be a general principle that the longer a boy wonders why he was born in conditions like these, and the longer his teachers and parents wonder, the more there is of him, it may be observed that a general principle is not of very much comfort to the boy while the process of wondering is going on. There seems to be no escape from the process, and if while he is being educated he is not allowed to use himself, he can hardly be blamed for spending a good deal of his time in wondering why he is not someone else. In a half-seeing, half-blinded fashion he struggles on. If he is obstinate enough, he manages to struggle through with his eyes shut. Sometimes he belongs to a higher kind, and opens his eyes and struggles.

With the average boy the struggle with the School and the Church is less vigorous than the struggle at home. It is more hopeless. A mother is a comparatively simple affair. One can either manage a mother or be managed. It is merely a matter of time. It is soon settled. There is something there. She is not boundless, intangible. The School and the Church are different. With the first fresh breaths of the world tingling in him the youth stands before them. They are entirely new to him. They are huge, immeasurable, unaccountable. They loom over him—a part of the structure of the universe itself. A mother can meet one in a door. The problem is concentrated. The Church stretches beyond the sunrise. The school is part of the horizon of the

earth, and what after all is his own life and who is he, that he should take account of it? Out of Space—out of Time—out of History they come to him—the Church and the School. They are the assembling of all mankind around his soul. Each with its Cone of Ether, its desire to control the breath of his life, its determination to do his breathing for him, to push the Cone down over him, looms above him and above all in sight, before he speaks—before he is able to speak.

It is soon over. He lies passive and insensible at last,—as convenient as though he were dead, and the Church and the School operate upon him. They remove as many of his natural organs as they can, put in Presbyterian ones perhaps, or Schoolboard ones instead. Those that cannot be removed are numbed. When the time is fulfilled and the youth is cured of enough life at last to like living with the dead, and when it is thought he is enough like everyone else to do, he is given his degree and sewed up.

After the sewing up his history is better imagined than described. Not being interesting to himself, he is not apt to be very interesting to anyone else, and because of his lack of interest in himself he is called the average man.

The main distinction of every greater or more extraordinary book is that it has been written by an extraordinary man—a natural or wild man, a man of genius, who has never been operated on. The main distinction of the man of talent is that he has somehow managed to escape a complete operation. It is a matter of common observation in reading biography that in proportion as men have had lasting power in the world there has been something irregular in their education. These irregularities, whether they happen to be due to overwhelming circumstance or to overwhelming temperament, seem to sum themselves up in one fundamental and comprehensive irregularity that penetrates them all—namely, every powerful mind, in proportion to its power, either in school or out of it or in spite of it, has educated itself. The ability that many men have used

to avoid being educated is exactly the same ability they have used afterward to move the world with. In proportion as they have moved the world, they are found to have kept the lead in their education from their earliest years, to

have had a habit of initiative as well as hospitality, to have maintained a creative, selective, active attitude toward all persons and toward all books that have been brought within range of their lives.

Mr. Phillips, Homer, and "Ulysses"

By EDITH M. THOMAS

SAYS Keats, in the well-known sonnet:

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold,

In what near-future time and to what young-inspired reader may not this Homer of Mr. Phillips prove as evocative, as revealing! For we hesitate not to say that the old, true Homeric vintage once again is offered, preciously chalice'd, in "Ulysses," even as when, according to Chapman, the right-willing herald of King Alcinous:

Pontonus, gave act to all he willed,
And honey-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill'd,
Disposing it in cups for all to drink.

In our opinion it should be an "event" in the world of letters (sometimes imperceptible of such "event"),—an "event" of almost reconstructive character, that a poet, nowise lacking in modernity of thought and feeling, should be able to infuse dramatic life into the passive tissues of ancient folk-lore; and that he should be able to do this, and make it *reality*, without letting in the one little chemical ray of modernity that would have destroyed the verisimilitude of the historic or legendary scene which he is striving to place before us. This we wish to say, that whether Mr. Phillips's "Ulysses" is considered to be a great presentable play, or otherwise, it has all the requisites of a great dramatic poem. And that it is so is due to several essential

qualities inherent in Mr. Phillips's genius. When Leigh Hunt, proposing to recast the tragic tale of Rimini, declares,

for me
The story's heart still beats against its side,

he might have spoken with prophetic import of one who, coming later, should yet more keenly feel, and yet more potently than himself transmit, the beautiful, sad story's heart-beats. We refer to Mr. Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca." The same genius that fanned to such exquisitely impassioned life this smouldering yet never-extinguished romance of mediæval Italy has now sent a vivific current all along the lightly slumbering elements of Odyssean legend. Stephen Phillips, whatever he essays, always feels the beating of the "story's heart": wherefore its pulsations cannot fail to reach his readers.

Another factor greatly contributing to his masterly results is the exercise of the eclectic faculty, combined with artistic restraint (this latter in marvellous degree). "The stretched metre of an antique song," rich with incrustation of Hellenic and Phrygian fable, has not, for one moment, confused the poet's clear purpose, selecting for dramatic issues, and rejecting, almost austerely, all episodes, however in themselves enchanting, that might prove obstacular to that purpose. The mechanism, so to speak, of his method is most instructive, and is admirably set forth in the appended "Note By The Author." Therein he frankly tells us how he has made a "composite photograph" of

Circe and Calypso—how he has resorted to Virgil rather than to Homer for his setting to Ulysses' descent into the kingdom of the dead; with such other changes as were expedient to the plan of his drama. He does not tell us, however (what we should like to know!), just the *raison d'être* of his Prologue, where the gods of Olympus, in the midst of a gorgeous *mise-en-scène*, are presented, as it were, in "undress"; all their foibles laid bare in jocose pentameter couplets,—illustrating the declaration of Hermes himself,

And, sire, remember, we are gods, yet we
From human frailties were not ever free.

But we recall that the author of *Faust* indulges in a similar sardonic send-off in the "Prologue in Heaven." And Aristophanes may also be cited as confederate to this piece of sublimated "fooling."

Not here attempting any estimate of the dramatic possibilities of "Ulysses," it is within our province to note (and *con amore*) that the previous high mark of Mr. Phillips's Muse—in the matter of pure poesy—is still well maintained. The character and mood of his verse, as ever, change according to the "fitness of things"—a simplicity and directness that is Greek itself, where the vital facts of human life are touched upon—an opulence of imagery that is Elizabethan when the affluence of the subject so suggests. In the former vein, for instance, there is a touch Homeric (which yet is not in the actual Homer): it is upon the disguised return of Ulysses to Ithaca, when, meeting his son Telemachus, the father at length desires to make himself known:

Ulysses. From here thy palace roofs can we descry:

See'st thou that upper chamber looking south?
There wast thou born upon a summer night.

Telemachus. But thou then?

Ulysses. I stood by the door in fear.

All the mystery of birth, and all of paternal awe and tenderness aroused by that event, reach here their acme of expression. Another touch, almost bold in directness of impatience, we meet in Ulysses' resentful rejoinder to Calypso's accusation that it is his wife whom he at last remembers,—a memory which will take him away forever from the "Witching Isle."

Ulysses. Why harp upon my wife? You, being
woman,

Too much exalt the woman: a thousand calls
Are ringing in my ears.

Of the quality that can picture in a single "magic line," sumptuous or mystical in its suggestion, take such description as this, wherein Ulysses renounces Calypso and her realm.

Ulysses. Then have the truth; I speak as a man
speaks;

Pour out my heart like treasure at your feet.
This odorous, amorous isle of violets,
That leans all leaves into the grassy deep,
With brooding music over noontide moss,
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee,—
Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers,—
Falls on my heart. Ah God! that I might see
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
Yon lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,
The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud!

Much could be said in praise of Mr. Phillips's skilful delineation of the various woovers,—of old Eumæus,—of the sublime, humane mendacity of Ulysses, outranking mere truth-telling and under direct inspiration of Athena herself,—much of the lovely faithfulness of Penelope, and many another telling stroke of character-study. But it is enough to say that if Mr. Phillips had given us no other work than his "Ulysses," this alone should place him among the poet-*optimates* of the closing nineteenth and the dawning twentieth century.



Novels Worth Reading

MR. FULLER'S new volume* is a joy. It contains three stories dealing with literary and artistic life in Chicago, and the first and best of these is so good of its kind that it could not possibly be better. It is called "The Downfall of Abner Joyce," and it deals with the career of a young man from the country who takes a place in literature with the publication of his first book, "This Weary World." This is a grim and rugged volume containing a dozen short stories,

twelve clods of earth gathered as it were from the very fields across which he himself, a farmer's boy, had once guided the plough. The soil itself spoke, the intimate, humble ground; warmed by his own passionate sense of right, it steamed incense-like aloft and cried to the blue skies for justice.

Abner proposed to help set matters right for the down-trodden farmer. It seemed to him a very simple matter to do this. "A few brief years, if lived strenuously and intensely, would suffice." He goes to Chicago, however, and is sought out by the *illuminati*; he falls into the habit of dropping into studios for tea on Saturday afternoons; he learns to "chat." It was hard at first "to countenance such facetiousness in a world so full of pain," but the studio-folk were dear people, and Abner grew fond of them. He was dragged into a wider social life, and met, among other people, a bud who did n't know whether she most wanted to have a Social Triumph or to lend a Helping Hand; a writer who was as willing to become a Veritist as to remain a Dilettante; a leader of society who had hoped that Better Things were within her reach, and a bloated bondholder who was looking for a prop to his wavering principles. At the psychological moment Abner unconsciously discourages each of these seekers by his contempt for their feebleness. And then he falls in love and begins to grow like other people. The process of his taming might be considered a development by some, but it certainly spoils

*"Under the Skylights." By Henry B. Fuller. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

him as a ruthless, uncompromising apostle, and in the end his downfall is complete; he makes terms with the world he has despised, and becomes a shining light in society.

This tale Mr. Fuller tells with a very delightful amount of humor and tenderness. Even Abner's feelings, supposing Abner to be in part a study from life, could not be hurt by the presentation, which is as full of wit as of goodwill. The writer's affection for the character of Abner is almost caressing, at the same time that he is humorous at Abner's stern young expense. The book is even more human and charming than "With the Procession"—up to this time Mr. Fuller's most engaging work.

Have Scotch writers been accused of late of an optimism too lavish, a kindness too good to be true?—in short, of "spilling over?" Here comes a new writer sufficiently grim and realistic to remove that stigma from an entire school. Three drops of the essence of Mr. George Douglas's perception of life would curdle the blood in sentimental Tommy's veins forever, and cause the Bonnie Briar Bush to shrivel and die.

"The House with the Green Shutters"* is a hideous tragedy, and the author spares us no pang that he can give in the telling of it. John Gourlay was the biggest, that is the richest, man in the village of Barbie—stupid, strong-willed, a tyrant, and a brute; his cowed and nervous wife was a helpless slattern; his daughter was frail in health, and his son had inherited his mother's nerves and his father's lack of wit. The story records the downfall of the Gourlays from their proud position. Times change in Barbie. The railway comes, and with it new business methods, to which Gourlay is too slow and dull to adapt himself. Out of sheer delight in insulting another and apparently less fortunate man, he makes an enemy who schemes for his financial downfall. With each access of misfortune, Gourlay becomes more head-

*"The House with the Green Shutters." By George Douglas. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

strong, more enraged, and unreasonable. In the end, through a perfectly natural series of events, after Gourlay's ruin has come about, his son kills him, and then the son, mother, and daughter take their own lives.

Nothing could make this a cheerful tale, and the author does not spare you a single pang. You share the squalid, horrible life of the Gourlays in all its detail; and their death is, on the whole, a happy event, because it rids you of the vision of them.

Mr. Douglas is a more artistic realist than Zola, and his mind is a far readier instrument to his purpose than is that, say, of Mr. Frank Norris, who represents determined realism among us just now. He is as convincing as he is merciless, and without doubt he has the equipment to go far. But in estimating the future of such a writer, it is well to remember that it is easier to be a great realist when one is handling such subjects as degeneration and death than when one deals with normal and cheerful human life. "Strong" books usually manage to be repellent. Without doubt, "The House with the Green Shutters" is as remarkable as it is unpleasant, and its author has unusual and commanding gifts, but there is not a kindly character nor a ray of human comfort in it. And upon Mr. Douglas's ability to see good as well as evil, will depend his final place as a novelist.

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

In a year which has seen the publication of a half-dozen capital novels and romances dealing with New England life, ancient or modern, Miss Anna Fuller's story,* in certain qualities, stands first. It does not, either in theme or treatment, suggest Miss Woolson's "Anne," and yet the minds of many readers must run back to that noble tale, famous in its day, and built to last, for a mate (a more highly colored mate) to this sincere and winning idyl of nearly the same period. Everything in it is good. It is beautifully proportioned; the style is happy, the characters are living, the action

* "Katherine Day." By Anna Fuller. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

thoroughly natural, and the events unforced. Any New Englander who observes at all has met, or will meet, the seven chief personages, junior and senior, who dignify the wholesome cheery pages of "Katherine Day." Without rash laying-on of verisimilitudes, the book is Bostonian to the core. With all its insight and seriousness and depth, its free philosophic spirit, yet it sets out to be, and is, a love-story of the first water. The heroine is a woman's woman, and the hero is a man's man. A fine aroma of honorable living, of "governance of blood," gives it a poignant charm, where, indeed, the least touch of merely Puritan tactics would have ruined the human situation. It would never do to reveal the satisfying, life-like plot to a prospective reader; yet this much may be said, as an instance of the control which Miss Fuller's hand has over her material, that in a book where no fewer than four deaths occur, in each of which sympathy is greatly engaged, there is not one approach to bathos, not one under-handed bid for sentiment. The spirit of "Katherine Day" is very gallant, very humorously tender, and the worth of the work will strike home soonest to people who think, while they feel. This strong spirit, because it is all-pervading, stamps the whole, and knits it together. Hardly any story of the day is so homogeneous. And through the entire descent, the keynote is audibly singing. The lightest passages, like the gravest, are sane and true. The exquisite loving irony of many phrases; the masterly, even if casual, handling of a child's mood or an animal's; the power of straightforwardness and simplicity which go both to the making of the typical personages and to the making of our heartfelt interest in them,—all these are memorable enough in a time of over-analysis, theatricalism, and "words, words, words." Miss Fuller is on the side of reserves, but she is here more than ever a cunning and generous artist. In America, at least, "Katherine Day" cannot fail to find its own public, and the best approval of our best. LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Real Conversations

RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER

Conversation IX.—With Mr. William Heinemann

SCENE: *A garden on the seaboard of the Roman Campagna, sloping to the Mediterranean.*

SEASON: *Winter, 1902.* TIME: *10 a. m.*

W. A. discovered reading. To him enter Mr. HEINEMANN.

Mr. Heinemann. Good morning. Don't you find the sun rather hot there?

W. A. I was just thinking I should have to move.

Mr. Heinemann. Come and sit here in the shade. . . . What a glorious morning!

W. A. There 's no trace of those islands—what do you call them?

Mr. Heinemann. The Pontine Islands.

W. A. There is no sign of them on the horizon.

Mr. Heinemann. That means steady fine weather. When the islands are visible, rain is not far off.

W. A. And meanwhile in England

Mr. Heinemann. I have letters this morning—frost, fog, sleet, slush, every possible abomination.

W. A. I don't wonder that people don't read books in such a climate as this.

Mr. Heinemann. But you were reading when I came!

W. A. Only a bad habit contracted by my ancestors in centuries of Scotch mists. I can't shake it off, even here. Confess, now, that you would n't like to be a publisher in the land of the *dolce far niente*.

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, there 's no confessing about it. Reading is naturally an indoor employment, and the climate that tends to keep people indoors tends, other things being equal, to beget a nation of readers. But even the English climate has its drawbacks. From the point of view of the book-trade, the *far troppo* is as bad as the *far niente*. Not to mention the rush of business that leaves men no time for reading, just think how much of the

average Englishman's leisure time and spare cash goes to outdoor sports!

W. A. Then what is your general feeling as to the state of the book-market in England? Are things, on the whole, getting better or worse?

Mr. Heinemann. Undoubtedly better—very distinctly better. Of course, we have great difficulties to contend with, but we are gradually overcoming them.

W. A. Difficulties? Such as—?

Mr. Heinemann. Well, there are many; but the fundamental difficulty is, of course, in a crowded market, to get books shown and seen. This some of us are meeting by the gradual introduction and adaptation of the Continental system of supplying books to the booksellers "on sale." It is my own practice, for instance, in the case of almost all books, except novels, to allow any bookseller whom we know to be trustworthy to have copies of whatever books he wants "on sale or return."

W. A. And you find the plan answers?

Mr. Heinemann. Most certainly. It is the only way of enabling the majority of books of the better class to get at their public.

W. A. What about wear and tear and depreciation of the stock you issue in this way?

Mr. Heinemann. Of course that is an item that has to be allowed for. The English custom of binding all books before publication stands a little in the way of this system. A German or French paper-covered book, if it gets soiled or faded in the bookseller's shop, can be re-covered for a fraction of a farthing; whereas in England it may cost ninepence, or a shilling, or

more, to re-bind a shop-soiled book. That is only one of several drawbacks to the system that conservative members of the Publishers' Association enlarge upon. I admit all these drawbacks, fully, freely. But I say that the greatest drawback of all is to fail to sell your books.

W. A. You had a good deal to do with the founding of the Publishers' Association, had you not?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, I believe I may call myself one of the prime movers in that matter.

W. A. And of course, having to deal with Englishmen of business, you found plenty of opposition—plenty of sheer stick-in-the-mud inertia—to be overcome?

Mr. Heinemann. Something of that, yes. But I also found ready and intelligent support. And, as a matter of fact, the Publishers' Association, though only six years' old, is a great success, and has already done wonderful work.

W. A. To the outsider, it certainly seems to stand to reason that publishers ought to organize themselves for concerted action—just as doctors, barristers, solicitors, even authors and actors, do.

Mr. Heinemann. As you say, it stands to reason. But the thing that stands to reason is precisely the thing that the mind of the majority is slowest to accept.

W. A. Yes, I suppose we English have an hereditary bias towards methods of unreason. What, then, should you say was the special function of the Publishers' Association?

Mr. Heinemann. Broadly speaking, its function is to educate the booksellers. You may think it a paradox, but it's not far from the literal truth, that many booksellers in England never see a book of any value or importance, but live entirely by peddling novels, old and new. The book-trade will never be in a thoroughly healthy condition until we have a body of selected and trained booksellers all over the country, to whom we give depots of books on sale, and say to them: "Now, sell these—don't merely wait till people come to

buy them, but *sell* them—that is your business!" English booksellers, with rare exceptions, have never realized, or have forgotten, that bookselling is no mere mechanical function, like handing out tickets for the Twopenny Tube, but is a calling that demands a great deal of intelligence, enterprise, and skill. A bookseller who really knew his business—I am speaking especially of the country and suburban trade—would never bother about the chance customers who came to his shop.

W. A. Hallo! is n't that going rather too far?

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, don't misunderstand me. He would see that the people who came to his shop had all possible attention, and a great deal more intelligent attention than they receive at present. What I mean is, that he would regard them as the accidents and accessories of his business, the main part of which would be the fostering and supplying of a steady demand among regular customers, many of whom might not come to his shop twice in the year.

W. A. Then how would he get at them?

Mr. Heinemann. In various ways. Largely through prospectuses and circulars—of the skilled use of which the English bookseller has as yet no idea. But in many cases he would put the actual books before the people who he knew would be likely to want them. Look at our scores of large towns inhabited mainly by people of means and leisure—who ought to be the backbone of the reading public—and you will find that there the bookselling trade is conducted with incredible negligence and stupidity. Ask a bookseller in Brighton, or Bath, or Hastings, whether he has even a list of possible customers for special professional books, and he will tell you that he has never thought of keeping one. But every German bookseller, for instance, has not only a list, but a carefully classified list, of his *clientèle*, and can tell at a glance how many he can rely upon to buy this book, how many to buy that. To take an obvious example, he knows that such and such a doctor is a throat

specialist: he sends to his house, without waiting for an order, a new book on diseases of the larynx; and if the doctor does n't want it, he fetches it away again in a day or two. Another doctor is a chest specialist: to him he sends a book on the Nordrach open-air cure—and so forth.

W. A. But don't you think that people in England would be apt to be rather irritated by this system of "pushfulness?"

Mr. Heinemann. Certainly, if it were not applied with intelligence and tact. But bookselling ought to be a skilled, and a highly skilled, employment—that is precisely the point I am insisting on. You, I daresay, collect books on the drama?

W. A. Yes, in a very modest way.

Mr. Heinemann. Well, if I deluge you with prospectuses of books on horse-racing, or bimetallism, you think me a fool, and throw my circulars into the waste-paper basket, with comments to that effect. But I don't suppose you would be irritated if I sent you a prospectus of a book, say, on the French stage—or even, for inspection, the book itself?

W. A. I should probably call down on you the curse appointed for those who lead us into temptation—but I should very likely succumb.

Mr. Heinemann. The long and the short of it is, the bookseller should not be a mere penny-in-the-slot machine, but an intelligent intermediary between the publisher and the reading public. That is why I am utterly opposed to the mixing up of bookselling with other trades, and will always move heaven and earth to check the tendency. For instance, the Newsvendors' Association, a very powerful body, with five or six thousand members, is putting pressure upon us to publish novels at three shillings, which they would stock, and thus take trade out of the hands of the legitimate booksellers. I will fight to the last against such a proposal, for I believe it would be disastrous to booksellers, to publishers, and to authors—in the long run even to the very novelist, who might hope at first to benefit.

W. A. In short, to literature. Yes,

I can see the importance of what you say. It would certainly be an immense advantage to literature, and indeed to the intellectual machinery of the nation as a whole, if booksellers as a class were educated men who took an intelligent interest in their calling. But what is the chance of attracting such men to the business?

Mr. Heinemann. To an intelligent man, is there any branch of commerce that ought to be more attractive? Why, in Germany even the assistants in a bookseller's shop are men of education, often university men. Bookselling is there regarded as one of the liberal professions. And why should it not be? Last year I attended the Congress of Booksellers and Publishers at Leipzig. There were four hundred representatives present from every part of Germany; and a lady of exceptional insight who was present at some of the sittings remarked that it was very seldom you saw in any public body so many notably intelligent physiognomies.

W. A. Speaking of Germany, I wish you would explain a matter that has always puzzled me. Who finances the enormous scientific and philological literature of Germany? The press teems with long and learned treatises, the mere setting of which must cost considerable sums, and which cannot possibly have a large sale. Can you explain to me how this vast literature is kept going?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, I can—by the scientific organization of the book-trade. Of course, there are other things to be taken into account. In the first place, Germany abounds in small "endowments of research." It swarms with professors and "docents," each with his small salaried post, living with a frugality incredible to an Englishman of similar status, and devoting his life to his *Fach*, his special study, out of sheer love of it. It is these men that write the books you speak of.

W. A. Oh, yes, I quite understand how they come to be written; it is the fact of their ever getting printed and published that puzzles me.

Mr. Heinemann. Well, of course the

cost of manufacture is somewhat less in Germany than in England. But that is n't the real secret. It is, as I say, the scientific organization of the book-trade. You see, the men that write these books also read and must possess these books. Each of them, that is to say, must have the books of his own special study—they are the tools of his trade. Well, the booksellers know this; and, all over the country, they know how to get at these men with the greatest certainty and the least expense. You know how many specialist magazines there are in Germany—*archiv* for this, that, and the other thing. Why, there are two or three in connection with English literature alone—*Angelsächsische Studien*, *Englische Studien*, and so forth. Each of these will have its constant body of subscribers, and the subscribers to the magazines may be confidently reckoned upon to buy the books appertaining to the same study, which are often merely the overflow from the magazines—treatises too long for insertion. Then there are a great number of university libraries and similar institutions, which must have all scientific publications. Thus the sale of one of these learned works can be foretold almost to a copy. And remember that there are no advertising expenses to be reckoned with. Literary advertisements are almost unknown in Germany, except in the case of big productions, such as a popular encyclopædia. For most books only one advertisement is needed—in the *Buchhändler Börsenblatt*. This paper is read conscientiously every morning by every bookseller throughout the length and breadth of Germany; and, knowing his *clientèle* to a nicety, he knows almost to a nicety how many copies of any given book he must write for.

W. A. Then it seems to me that newspaper proprietors ought to pray night and morning that the English book-trade may never be "scientifically organized" on the German model. What would the poor newspapers do without the publishers' advertisements? But, not being a newspaper proprietor, I am bound to admit that our system of advertising, in literature as in other

things—but more especially in literature—strikes me as gigantically and foolishly wasteful. It is like firing volleys in the dark and without definite aim. For every bullet that finds its billet—for every advertisement that catches the eye predestined for it, and awakens a desire to buy and read—a thousand must go hopelessly astray and spend themselves in vain.

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, not quite so bad as that, I hope. In fact, advertisement—though the bad organization of our book-trade forces us to rely too much upon it—is extraordinarily effective in selling a book. Of course, no one who knows his business advertises at random. There is art in that as in everything else. We may not aim at the individual reader, but we can aim pretty accurately at a class. Like our friends of yesterday, the gunners of the *Scuola d' Artiglieria*, we can calculate our range and drop our shells with tolerable precision, even over an "unseen target." Of course, there is a great deal, too, in the choice of the weapon—the particular paper we select in order to get at a particular section of the public.

W. A. Which has the greater influence on the fortunes of a book—the reviews or the advertisements?

Mr. Heinemann. The advertisements, most emphatically. The glory of reviewing is departed; it is not at all what it used to be. I don't mean to say that it is less able. I think, on the contrary, that the average ability of reviewers is steadily rising. But for some reason or other the review has ceased to bite on the public mind as it used to. The days are past when a single article in the *Times* or the *Spectator* could make the fortune of a book. These romantic incidents don't occur nowadays. Our reviewers are excellent critics, but for some reason or other they don't excite such interest in the books they deal with as the reviewers of the past seem to have excited.

W. A. Is not that because no single paper is nowadays regarded with the devout and childlike faith which the last generation used to accord to its two or three great oracles? But surely,

though no individual paper may have the influence it once had, you must underrate the general influence of reviews on the sale of a book. For myself, though I am a little behind the scenes in reviewing, and know very well that reviewers are human and fallible, yet I am often influenced by a review either to buy a book or to order it at the library.

Mr. Heinemann. Perhaps; but how much oftener do you feel that you have got out of a review all that you want to know about a book, and need not trouble about it any further? The function of the literary weekly, or the literary page of the daily paper, is largely to give people a superficial acquaintance with current literature, while saving them the expense of book-buying and the time involved in book-reading. I really do not know why we publishers support—as we do, almost entirely—the literary weeklies. They are of no proportionate service to us, either as organs of criticism or as mediums of advertising—except, perhaps, those that are practically trade organs, in which capacity they fulfil some of the functions of the *Buchhändler Börsenblatt*.

W. A. Then they are not the weapons you rely upon in bombarding the reading public?

Mr. Heinemann. Most decidedly not. If they are effective organs of publicity at all, it is only in the case of a very special class of books. For getting at the great reading public, the popular newspaper is alone effective. But it is so effective that well-directed advertising will often counteract the harm done by the most damaging review, even in the most influential paper—I mean, of course, if the book has any real element of attraction in it.

W. A. But reviews, I presume, are useful for quoting in advertisements?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, that is effective if skilfully done.

W. A. Rather a large “if.” I am often struck with what seems to me the extraordinary stupidity with which “Opinions of the Press” are selected.

Mr. Heinemann. No doubt they are often carelessly compiled by unintelli-

gent subordinates. But you must remember, too, that in the case of many books they are intended to appeal to readers of a very different class from yourself. You are, as you say, behind the scenes, and consequently in a position to discount a good deal that the man in the street will take for gospel.

W. A. Tell me, then, about the man in the street. As you take, on the whole, a hopeful view of the book-trade, I suppose I may assume that you think the average intelligence of the man in the street is looking up?

Mr. Heinemann. I don't know that that assumption is quite logical. Improvement in the book-trade would not necessarily imply improvement in public intelligence. There is an unintelligent as well as an intelligent reading public, and it might quite well happen that the book-trade was flourishing mainly through its appeal to the lower, and not the higher, class. But as a matter of fact, I don't think this is the case. The intelligence of the middle and lower-middle classes in the matter of book-buying is, on the whole, improving. I don't know that I can say as much for the wealthier classes. Many a man, where his father would have spent a pound in books, will now spend a guinea on an opera stall, and sixpence—or fourpence halfpenny—on a magazine.

W. A. I fancy the fashion of collecting books—forming libraries of handsome, well-bound editions—has gone out a good deal.

Mr. Heinemann. Yes; but, on the other hand, people of moderate means have now much more encouragement than they had a generation ago to form their own little libraries. Look how execrable was the manufacture of books during all the middle years of the last century, from the days of the Pickerings down to our own times! A reasonably attractive edition of a classical author was scarcely to be had for love or money. Now—within the last fifteen years or so—the improvement has been enormous. Dent and other publishers have done excellent service to literature and to the book-trade by their delightful editions of the classics.

I can speak without egoism on this subject, for I have done nothing myself in the way of classical reprints: the literature of the day has always interested me more. But I greatly value the work done by others in this direction. It is not only good in itself—it helps current literature, as well, by enabling people, at a reasonable expenditure, to form the nucleus of a handsome and attractive private library. I am afraid I must admit that a good many people buy the Shakespeares and Scotts and Macaulays, with which the press teems, rather as furniture than as literature.

W. A. Like the lady who always bought books that were bound in red—it was such a nice warm color for a room!

Mr. Heinemann. No doubt some such motive prevails in some cases. But books, after all, are a heavy and expensive form of wall-paper. I think we may take it that most book-buyers buy to read; and I believe that the number who buy intelligently to read intelligently is increasing year by year.

W. A. It is pleasant to hear any one, in these days, talking optimistically. What do you say, then, to the sixpenny edition—the book that is bought to be skimmed and thrown away? You are not one of those who think that it is ruining literature?

Mr. Heinemann. The sixpenny edition—this is nothing new I am telling you—is simply the publishers' measure of self-defence against the cheap magazine. It ranks with periodicals rather than with books. The work published in sixpenny editions is probably, on the average, better than the matter supplied in the cheap magazines; and anything that tends to beget and foster the habit of reading—be it sixpenny editions, circulating libraries, public libraries, or what not—is in the long run good. The reading habit is like the opium habit: once acquired, it cannot be shaken off.

W. A. I'm afraid that as regards scrap papers and the literature of snippets, your simile is only too just. It is a narcotic to thought, an opiate to intelligence. For my part, I welcome the sixpenny edition, because it seems to

me that it must in some measure compete, not only with the cheap magazine, but with the penny patchwork and halfpenny rag-bag. Any reading that requires a continuous effort of attention is better than the idle nibbling at odds and ends that passes for reading with so many people. But you don't think, then, that the sixpenny reprint is cutting into the sale of the new six-shilling novel—that people who would formerly have given four and sixpence for a book are now content to wait a year or two, till they can get it for fourpence halfpenny?

Mr. Heinemann. I don't think the fourpence halfpenny buyer and the four-and-sixpenny buyer belong to the same class at all. I don't know any one who buys sixpenny editions. For myself, I should as soon think of buying a *Tit-Bits* or *Answers* as a sixpenny novel.

W. A. Well, now, I am not at all above the sixpenny reprint. In starting on a railway journey, I have often bought a sixpenny Stevenson or Hardy.

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, but would you have bought a six-shilling novel if there had been no sixpenny one to buy? Probably you would n't—you would have bought a two-shilling "railway novel," as it used to be called. That is what the sixpenny reprint has done—it has killed the old yellow-back. At the same time, I admit there has of late been a falling off in the average sale of the six-shilling book. It's impossible to say that it is not partly due to the sixpenny reprint; but I think it is much more probably to be traced to overproduction and to the war.

W. A. Do you find that the average life of a book—even of a successful book—is falling off?

Mr. Heinemann. Most certainly it is. If you come to think of it, how could it be otherwise? We live so much faster, year by year; and the claims on our attention are so increasingly numerous and urgent. Even within my own experience of eighteen years or so, I find one book elbow another out much more rapidly than it used to.

W. A. Then does a successful book live an intenser life in the short span allotted to it?

Mr. Heinemann. Intenser? Well, I don't know how you would measure intensity. But of course there is always a steadily growing public to appeal to—not only owing to actual increase of population, but owing to the spread of education. Remember, it is only a little over thirty years since the first Education Act was passed.

W. A. Then, apart from temporary disturbances of the market, such as that caused by the war, should you say that the average sale of a successful novel was greater to-day than it used to be twenty years ago?

Mr. Heinemann. The comparison is very difficult to make, for in those days, of course, the three-volume novel, costing nominally a guinea and a half, held the field. But I think one may say with tolerable confidence that a successful novel has nowadays far more readers in the first three or four months of its life than it had then.

W. A. If, then, there is small hope of longevity for a modern book, does that affect your policy in the choice of matter for publication? Since the percentage of books that can be expected to make a permanent success is small, and becoming smaller, do you relinquish the search for such books, and look out rather for those that are likely to make a temporary sensation before they sink into oblivion—pamphlet-books, or, as Ruskin used to say, mere supplements to the daily newspaper?

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, no; that would be the most short-sighted policy. Every publisher will tell you that the books he really wants are what the French call *livres de foud*—books that are in steady, continuous demand.

W. A. And even among novels such books are still to be found, eh? Now, without going into individual instances, or in any way trespassing on delicate ground, what sort of novel commands the largest and steadiest sale?

Mr. Heinemann. Without doubt the story—the well-told story. From the point of view of enduring popularity,

give me the writer who can “spin a good yarn.” Look, for instance, at the steady vogue of *Miss Braddon!* The smart society novel, and the moral or religious tract, may set people talking for a month or so, and have a large sale; but they very soon drop out and are forgotten.

W. A. And can you tell me if this shortness of life is characteristic of the American novel? One hears every day of gigantic “booms” in American fiction: does one novel drive out its predecessor there, as here? Or is there any novelist who is establishing a permanent popularity, like that of Dickens or Thackeray, or even of our second-rate nineteenth-century men, Reade, Kingsley, or Trollope?

Mr. Heinemann. I don't hear of any—I wish I did. Many of their huge successes, especially in so-called historical romance, are even worse trash than the things the public devours on this side.

W. A. Do you take the same encouraging view of the American book-trade that you do of the English? I presume the conditions are very similar.

Mr. Heinemann. Well, the American publishers have one great disadvantage to contend against, and one great advantage on their side. The disadvantage lies in the fact that so much of the retail trade has fallen into the hands of the enormously powerful department stores, where you can buy everything from a shoelace to an edition of Horace.

W. A. I see. You mean that the intervention of these stores—Wanamaker's, Marshall Field's, and so forth—prevents the development of a class of skilled specialists in bookselling, such as you think we shall one day have in England?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes. It is certainly not to the advantage of literature that it should reach the public through the medium of the dry-goods store. Spare me the obvious pun!

W. A. Well, then, what is the great advantage that the American publisher enjoys?

Mr. Heinemann. The power of getting direct at a very large public with-

out the intervention of the bookseller at all, through the medium of a properly organized Post-Office. Do you realize that books and magazines can go through the post in America for one cent a pound, in place of our fourpence, or eight cents, a pound? American publishers do an immense business in this way.

W. A. But a man must hear of a book before he can order it to be posted to him. How do the publishers get at their postal customers? Through circulars? Newspaper advertisements?

Mr. Heinemann. Partly; but especially through the magazines, which are splendid advertising mediums. Do you know why the Americans have half a dozen first-rate illustrated magazines, while we have only one—*The Pall Mall*? It is simply because of the facilities for distribution offered by the Post-Office. I can tell you, we stand greatly in need of another Rowland Hill here in England; but I suppose that sort of man comes only once in a century. Our magazines, such as they are, get at the public through six thousand retailers, and Smith & Son's seven hundred and eighty bookstalls. Now why should not the profits of this mechanism of distribution go into the nation's exchequer?

W. A. If Wells's *Anticipations* are correct, we are bound to have great postal reforms before long. But do you mean to say that this one-cent rate actually pays the American Postal Department?

Mr. Heinemann. I can't give you figures on the point; but clearly it would n't be continued if it involved a loss. And if it simply covers expenses in America, it could not fail to bring in a large profit in England, where the distances are so much shorter. But, speaking of the American book-market, there is another point that must not be overlooked—the enormous success of the subscription edition.

W. A. The subscription edition! What does that mean precisely?

Mr. Heinemann. Why, the special edition of standard books and sets of books got up to be sold by travelling canvassers.

W. A. I know the book-agent is a stock figure in the repertory of the American humorist. So he is really a success, is he?

Mr. Heinemann. Undoubtedly. In thousands and thousands of American houses, especially in country districts, you will find quite a handsome little library, bought from the travelling agents.

W. A. And do the leading publishers sell books in this way?

Mr. Heinemann. Indeed they do—all of them. But not the same editions as they put on the general market. There is always something special about the subscription edition—superior illustrations, or binding, or both.

W. A. Is not the method we have heard so much of recently—the method of selling enormously advertised sets of books on the instalment principle—simply a development of the American "subscription" method?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, it is; and it might have been a very valuable development, only that, unfortunately, it was discounted by being applied in the first instance to a set of books that nobody really wanted.

W. A. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*! Do you mean to say that all that gigantic advertising was not successful?

Mr. Heinemann. Successful in selling the books? Oh, yes. I have no special information, but I have every reason to believe it was enormously successful. What I mean is that, when people had got the books, they found they did n't want them. They were wholly out of date. The prestige of the *Times* had been indiscreetly used to persuade people to buy an article that was to a great extent useless; and I believe this has made people suspicious of the whole system. Compare the twenty-years-old *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for instance, with Brockhaus's great *Conversations-Lexikon*, which is reprinted and brought up to date every year!

W. A. What! Every year?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes; it runs to sixteen volumes in all, and four volumes are reprinted every three months.

W. A. But you think that if the

method of mammoth advertisement had been applied in the first place to a better-chosen publication it would have established itself in popular favor and done good service?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, I think the method was sound, if only the property had been equally so. And now, if we are to catch the afternoon train for Frascati, I think we had better go in and see about lunch.

W. A. One moment more. I see you have lately been engaged in a controversy on the subject of the literary agent. What, in your view, is the head and front of his offending?

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, I have no special objection to an author's employing an agent, if he thinks it worth while to do so; only I don't see where the advantage comes in. It seems to me that he pays a very large price for a very small service, and often for no service at all.

W. A. But if the author happens to be wholly incompetent in matters of business, it is surely worth his while to pay for expert assistance. There are people—not mere Harold Skimpoles in other respects, I hope—to whom figures convey no meaning whatever. They can no more understand a publisher's contract than they can a Tuscan inscription. If such people have to make their livelihood by selling the books they write, is it not reasonable and natural that they should call in expert assistance?

Mr. Heinemann. By all means! let them employ a solicitor to look after their business interests.

W. A. But, then, a solicitor who has acquired experience of this class of business will become to all intents and purposes a literary agent.

Mr. Heinemann. With this fundamental difference: that the solicitor will transact your business for a stated fee, whereas the literary agent claims a percentage on your profits. It passes my comprehension how any author of the smallest standing can think it to his interest to pay an income-tax of ten per cent., or even of five per cent., to his literary agent. A solicitor would do for five pounds all that an agent does for fifty.

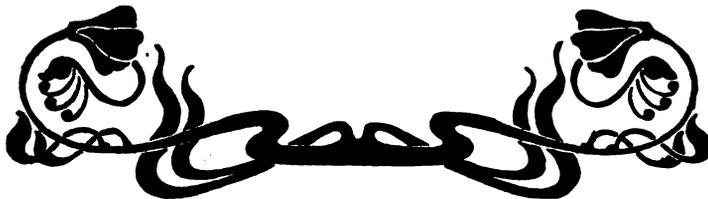
W. A. But what about an agent's special knowledge of the market—where to "place" a book to best advantage, and so forth?

Mr. Heinemann. I assure you that is all nonsense. It must be a very unintelligent author indeed who does not know all that need be known about the market. Remember, I am speaking of the market for books: as regards the "serializing" or "syndicating" of literary matter the case is different. There, I admit, the agent has his uses, and perhaps in the case of an author living at a great distance from his market—in America or Australia. But come along now, or we shall really be late. We can resume the discussion this afternoon, if you like, at "Tusculum, beautiful Tusculum."

W. A. I wonder if Cicero employed a literary agent?

Mr. Heinemann. Not he! He was far too good a man of business.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]



The Phenomenon of Sam Jones

By CALVIN DILL WILSON

IT is the beginning of the twentieth century, and America is a civilized country. Though these are statements that we are not prepared to question, there are certain signs of the times that may well cause one to rub his eyes and wonder whether he is awake or no. And among the portents that puzzle us is the present condition of oratory and the public taste as to that art, and the striking phenomenon that the platform speaker who draws larger crowds than any other man in America, at least in many portions of it, is one who continually hurls at his hearers epithets that no one would dare utter in a drawing-room. This certainly is a singular fact. He has been engaged in serving up promiscuous insults of this nature to his audiences for more than twenty years, and his popularity is unabated. A preacher was mobbed in the streets of Zanesville, Ohio, in August, 1901, for language much less objectionable than that of Jones, yet Jones could speak in the same town without a riot. Another preacher who tried to follow Jones's style of attack upon the manners and customs of "dudes" came to a sudden end of his tarrying in the town where he delivered his fusillades; yet Jones escapes. This is a still more singular fact. Jones grows in his language worse and worse, coarser and coarser, from year to year, yet his vogue increases. He speaks not only to "lewd fellows of the baser sort," but in nearly all the communities which he visits he has in his audiences a large number of those commonly considered to be of the better classes. This is an inexplicable fact.

When we consider that orators generally have aimed at elevation and refinement of language, when we remember that the platform has held Beecher, Philips, King, Emerson, and that American audiences have been trained to hear such men, it seems paradoxical that multitudes delight to listen to language antipodal to that of

these masters. Many of the best lecturers of the day, best from the accepted point of view of matter, style, and delivery, find it very difficult to draw audiences of respectable size; yet the announcement that Jones will speak in any place however remote and inaccessible guarantees him a crowd. At the beginning of his notoriety the press quoted and commented upon his language, his application of "hog," "dog," and similar terms to his hearers, and curiosity concerning him was aroused; but now he goes his way with little press comment, and the public, apart from his hearers, is scarcely aware that his epithets have grown more and more vulgar, until "hog" has become one of his milder terms.

Those who have not heard him may not be aware of the brutal coarseness of address of the man who to-day draws larger crowds to hear him than any man on the platform. We may well inquire, What has happened to the American people? Have all other orators misunderstood them? Is Jones right when he says: "I am getting down to where you live; I am shooting in the hole where you are"? On the face of it, would it not be thought incredible that thousands of men and women all over America would sit still and allow a speaker to call them "lousy devils," "skunks," "dogs," "hogs," and to compare himself to an opossum and the audience to a skunk with which he must not quarrel, or he "will not be fit to go home to his family"? Yet Jones speaks at nearly all the "Chautauquas," which are supposed to be planned for the elevation of the communities in which they exist. The allusions, sprinkled through his addresses, to sexual matters, to coarse and vulgar subjects, are beyond all belief. Is it "to this complexion" our orators "must come at last" to find audiences?

Individuals in various communities protest; a few persons rise and depart

from his audiences; some listen, express disgust, and declare they will never hear him again; yet the crowds go and return again and again, though he is the most repetitious of speakers and never condescends to remember what he has said to an audience last year, but brings substantially the same material year after year.

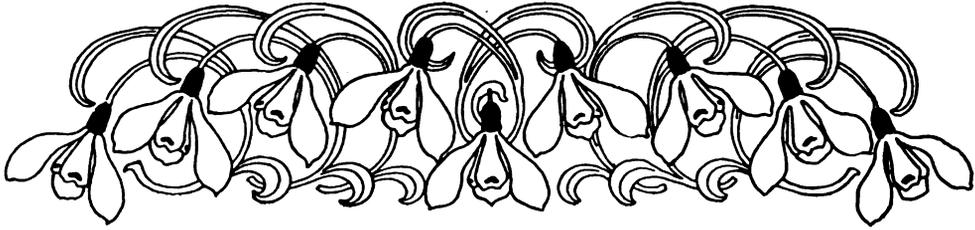
The managers of "Chautauquas" and similar organizations that employ him say frankly they do so because of the gate receipts; they do not venture to endorse him, in conversation, but say the people want him, and will pay, so they have him. Some of his hearers justify him and themselves by the fact that "he says many good things," and does "good," and they tell of his charities and generosity. All his hearers, who are really insulted by what he says, pass on his epithets to others, but you can never find where they fit. No one seems to realize that he is the man whom Jones means to hit.

When Jones has been asked why he says such rough things, he has replied, "They are my stock in trade." It is related that he once said: "The preachers go out with a silk line and artificial flies after the mountain trout. I am after the suckers and mullets; and they like worms." He has also said in reply to the same question, "Some kinds of people like it." This seems to be the point of view of a cynic; his hearers are suckers and mullets, and they like worms, and he gives them these; that is his stock in trade. He says to his audiences on his regular annual rounds: "Some of you old women swore last year you 'd never listen to Sam Jones again, but here you are, ready for more." He insults right and left; he expresses most open contempt; yet he is listened to; and, at least in country places and the smaller towns, he has a hearing from large numbers of people of the

better class. It is doubtless true that refined individuals here and there, the few, cannot stand him. But the people generally, of all classes, go.

Why is this? He is a speaker of great power; his voice is interesting, sympathetic; his articulation is of the best, and his words are uttered with great force and ease; his language is vivid, apt, homely, plain; his addresses bristle with points. He says many good, practical things; he abounds with wit and humor, so that his hearers laugh from first to last; he looks less severe than his words. He is as magnetic as any man. And his hearers scarcely realize until he is gone that he has dealt brutal insults to every man and woman before him; and many of them never realize it. The fact that he has a "Rev." before his name, though he is now only a "local" preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, makes many tolerant of him, because they believe that he is doing or trying to do "good." Certain folk of the baser sort enjoy levelling attacks on the cultivated, respected, and honored portion of the community. The coarse are pleased to hear a lecturer talk in their own style; it justifies them. Among these suggestions may be found hints as to the causes of Jones's popularity. In these times, when the "legitimate" drama is supposed to have such a hard time competing with sensual plays, and when literature is being outsold by unliterary books, it seems as if oratory also is in straits, and that the masses prefer the unconventional, even to the extent of coarseness, vulgarity, and brutality. If Jones "shoots in the hole where they live," other speakers are shooting over their heads. And yet can it be seriously considered that our people are generally coarse and vulgar? Is it true that men and women are to be judged by what they laugh at?





The Romantic Essay

By JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY ·

THE Romantic essay is respectable. That it is not also reputable is probably due to preconceived notions of the word Romantic. We connect it with the strangeness of mediæval castles and moats and knights and tournaments and dragons, or with the sentimentality of swains and ringlets and loves and doves and billings and cooings. No word in the English language has been so persistent for good. Emerging from each phase of its long and varied career with some ragtag of disrepute, it has yet contrived to escape them all, and, conscious of its Classic origin, to attach itself with new meaning to each vital movement in literature. Now, in connection with the modern essay, it stands for the Hegelian emphasis of the personal over the impersonal or classic.

Personality is the keynote of the Romantic essay. Under whatever form the essay may appear, whatever qualities may attach themselves to it, the personality of the author interpenetrates the whole; sometimes in the assertive "I," sometimes in a tone of free colloquialism, but, far more often, as a medium to reveal the subject. The Romantic essayist can give no fact, no truth, no inspiration but himself. The world must be seen through his soul or not at all. It takes on beauty, or pathos, or grotesqueness, or humor through the heart of a man.

A natural accompaniment of this comfortable egotism is the attitude of spontaneity. Allowed always to express himself, the writer must be dull of soul who does not do so spontaneously and naturally. In place of the formalism of the essay proper, he has the freedom of nature; in place of analy-

sis, organic development; in place of crystallized phrases, a living vocabulary. He writes less perfectly, but more spontaneously. His delight is not in the law of literature, but in its soul.

All other characteristics of the Romantic essay are, in a sense, minor to that of personality. They grow out of it or depend upon it. The element of surprise, for instance, which is so associated with the Romantic essay that they can hardly be separated, even in thought, is a phase of personality: the emphasis of the individual against the universal; a demand of the unexpected and vital for recognition.

One must not do the Romantic essayist the injustice of thinking that in his persistent use of the note of surprise he depends upon the unusual. Except in the cheapest forms of Romanticism this is not true. The Romanticist delights, not in the strange or incredible, but in new uses of the commonplace. A homely proverb made to live again, by the happy turn of a phrase, is dearer to his soul than the most magniloquent writing. Any revellings he may enjoy in tricky turns of the imagination, depend on the comprehensible, not on the marvellous. To accomplish his end no expedient is too low or too high. Punctuation is laid under tribute. While he was collecting his wits, the brief dash had its day. The exclamation point had its day also. He is distinguished now by simpler devices. The short sentence is his joy; and excessive use of the period. Next in honor is the comma. It has almost superseded the parenthesis. With the semi-

colon he has not even a speaking acquaintance. The colon he knows, as Greek scholars the cedilla, by hearsay. The result of Romantic punctuation is an understratum of surprise, not perceived so much as felt, constant in its effect. In the larger structure of the essay, the element of surprise depends chiefly on our familiarity with the essay proper. We have learned to expect an orderly arrangement of theme and material. If an author treats of "Uses" under one large division of the subject, we look for "Abuses" as a companion piece. The true Romanticist knows nothing of such pleasant balancing of parts. He is prone to give you "Abuses" without reference to "Uses." Your expectation is trifled with, your hobbies derided, your weakness exposed. Yet under it all something vital speaks. You insist that nothing has been said, yet somehow you have come to see the unseen, to understand the spirit. In humbler English, the gist of the matter has been laid before you; though how or when, it would not be easy to say.

Two characteristics of the Romantic essay, humor and pathos, which seem at first glance to have little in common, depend fundamentally on the element of surprise—that is, on the presence of the unexpected. The humor may be mere clever juxtaposition of incongruous facts and ideas, or it may be the deeper humor of power, which, as in Victor Hugo, often passes over into pathos, when, with the smile still on his lips, one discovers that the incongruity at which he has been laughing is one of the saddest things in life, because one of the commonest. In either case, whether humor or pathos, it is as grateful to the Romantic temperament as it is unseemly to the Classic.

Out of the quality of personality grows, also, a sense of exuberance. One feels that the author of the Romantic essay has inexhaustible stores on which to draw; probably because he says little. Only a writer with plenty of material at hand would care to condense so much into so little. By the accepted canons of the world of letters, when ideas are scarce, one idea may do

duty for two, or even three; but there is slight precedent for compressing four ideas into the space of one, or for condensing a dozen truisms into a period. The mind moves by leaps. Transitions are omitted. Ideas are suggested rather than presented. Figures are given in fusion. The reader, from a mere suggestion, a phrase perhaps, is expected to grasp, amplify, and elaborate an idea to which the essay proper would devote a page or more.

When one has added to surprise and exuberance the element of feeling, he has enumerated the most important minor characteristics that distinguish the Romantic essay. Both as cause and effect, the element of feeling, strongly marked in all Romantic writing, pertains especially to the essay. In the essay proper, thought seeks an appropriate expression and is therewith content. In the Romantic essay, thought is so permeated with feeling that it becomes a vital thing. The author no longer has deliberate choice of a dozen forms of expression. He is dealing with life, which has for each organism one form and one only. He may not pick and choose. He can only be faithful to himself.

It is through the introduction of feeling that the essay may claim a right to belong to art. Lacking this, remaining utilitarian, limited in scope to the transmission of ideas, it is not easy for the essay to go wrong. In the Romantic essay, on the contrary, one may offend at every step. Having invaded the field of art, the writer must accept its conditions. It is not enough that he satisfy the requirements of truth and morality. He must meet the yet subtler demands of good taste.

Since the Romantic essay must be regarded as a possible form of art, the rhetorical canons, "clearness, force, and elegance," can be applied to it only in reverse order. The essay proper aspires to be, first clear, then forceful, then, it may be, elegant—that is, harmonious in every part, capable of giving, through proportion and fitness, æsthetic pleasure. The Romantic essay, since it is the concrete expression of a personality, must find,

first of all, the exact word or phrase or paragraph that will give it expression. It seeks, first, harmony—harmony between thought and expression, between feeling and thought, between each part and the whole. Its author seeks to have not only *a* style, but Style. Having achieved this, he troubles himself little about force or clearness—as little as the poet and painter.

The Romantic essay demands much and gives little. A reader must hold himself ready to supply missing links,

interpret obscure passages, follow alluring hints—and make himself generally useful. When once he has accepted this responsibility, his delight becomes that of a partisan. No half-way measures will do. If the idol has feet of clay, they shall be skilfully covered by votive offerings. If his head is small and flat, a laurel crown shall give it grace. But if he is really great, he shall suffer that deepest of all ignominies—sincere imitation. By this token you shall know him.

Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA:

The topics of the moment are the Rosebery Party and the merits of Burton ale. "In which tabernacle, Bezonian? Speak or die!" is the political password, and "Mild or bitter?" the social. Beer engines are being fitted up in the best drawing-rooms in readiness for the King's Ale, when it is ripe to drink. Meanwhile, everyone, of whatever party, is glad that Lord Rosebery has a remount. His old steed, Isolation, was getting past it.

Other news of the month includes De Wet's escape from Lord Kitchener among a drove of cattle, the Japanese Alliance, and Santos-Dumont's fall into the Mediterranean, a mishap in which he had been anticipated by one Icarus some years before. "Icarus," I understand, will be the subject of Mr. Phillips's next play at Her Majesty's, to succeed "Ulysses," the leading part being taken by the Brazilian aeronaut (or "Air or naught," as his motto runs). Since De Wet's escape the *Times* has published a beautiful map of the blockhouse system, each blockhouse being marked by a cross: as if we had not had our share of crosses in South Africa! The system is, on paper, superb, and cannot fail.

"When is a horse not a horse? When it's a remount." This ribald conundrum seems to put the situation only too clearly. "The horse is a noble animal, with a leg at each

corner," wrote the schoolboy, and his learning may be described as exhaustively official. The horse is the friend of man, but the remount is the friend of the enemy, would seem to be the experience of the army in South Africa. We are, however, going to change all these things; but at what date I cannot say. Mr. Brodrick, perhaps, does, but Hungarian horses will not drag the secret from him.

A new work of political satire has just been published under the title "Clara in Blunderland," a very close imitation of parts of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." Clara is, of course, Mr. Balfour, although why he bears that nickname I have never been able to discover. The book is amusing, as a passage or two will show, and in many ways it is curiously impartial. Here is a glimpse of the Caterpillar in a new light:—

Just as she got to the chestnut-tree she noticed a tall mushroom, on the top of which was seated a very green Caterpillar, who was writing at a great pace, and imbibing gas through the tube of a strangely constructed hookah. Picking up a signed article which had fallen off the mushroom, Clara saw that the insect belonged to the species *Winstoniensis Vulgaris*. For some hours the Caterpillar took no notice of her, and she was beginning to think that she had better go away without disturbing it, when it slowly raised its head, and, without removing the pipe from its lips, remarked acidly, "YOU 'RE WRONG!" "But," said

Clara, "I have n't said anything." "I know you have n't, and that is wrong, and when you do say something, that is wrong too." "But why am I wronger than other people?" "I did n't say you were. Everybody is wrong, and I am here to tell them so." "And how do you think you will put them right?" "I don't think; I talk."

And here is another passage, in which t's are crossed and i's dotted rather ferociously. It should be pre-mised that the illustrator has made the Red Queen remotely resemble Mr. Chamberlain, and the Duchess, Lord Salisbury:—

After this they were both silent for some time, during which each seemed to be thinking of something very unpleasant, but at last the Queen said, in a milder tone, "What's your way of keeping a House clean?" "To stay away from it as much as ever I can," answered Clara, promptly, for she felt sure she was right this time. "Quite right, my dear," said the Duchess, eagerly, "that's just what I always say. Nobody sees the dust if you don't stir it up. And, if you must go indoors, keep in bed as much as possible." "It's not a bit right," complained the Queen; "the proper way is to call the servants all the names you can think of. I'm afraid you're totally unfitted for domestic legislation." "I'll do my best," said Clara, humbly, "if you'll only teach me." "That's a good child," said the Queen, kindly; "come to me whenever you're in a difficulty and I'll either get you out or—" "Or what, your Majesty?" asked Clara. "Or get you deeper in, of course," answered the Red Queen; "really you are very dull."

Mr. Wells has been lecturing the members of the Royal Institution on the "Discovery of the Future," but it is a subject in which most of us take but a languid interest. The remote future is a bore; *we* shall not see it. The ordinary person is content to look ahead no farther than to the Coronation. Dean Hole, by the way, has suggested the adoption of the rose as the national flower on that day, but he does not say whether white or red. Meanwhile other flowers are meditated, for I read that one horticulturist, at any rate, has put millions of lily-of-the-valley crowns into refrigerators to retard them against June 26th. The incursion of Americans to this country for the great event will probably be

tremendous; such is Republicanism to-day across the Atlantic. I wait to read Mr. Dooley on this exodus; I wait also to read what he has to say about the reception in New York of Prince Henry of Prussia. The *Times* report, by the way, states that the Prince made himself very charmingly "democratic" on the voyage; which shows how little he can have anticipated the feeling that awaited him. Apparently the last thing that New America wishes is to be encouraged in democracy.

For further information on democracy you may read Mr. Benjamin Kidd's work on "Western Civilization," just published, a most interesting and valuable book. Western in this case does not apply merely to the civilization on the other side of the Atlantic, but to all civilization, our own included, that is not Eastern. Mr. Kidd is no impressionist in a hurry, but a philosopher of deliberation. His remarks on the Japanese alliance should be worth reading, for that bond seems to have nullified for the time being the old saying that "West is West and East is East, and never the twain shall meet." Another new book, revealing painful and patient labor, is "The Mystic Rose," a fascinating study of primitive marriage. It serves as a bridge between earliest times and an announcement in the *Morning Post*. A kindred subject is "The Kiss," on which a learned memoir lies before me, written by the Professor of Romance Philology at the University of Copenhagen, and translated by an "M.A. of Hertford College, Oxford, Barrister-of-Law of the Inner Temple, Lecturer in English at the University of Lund in Sweden, and sometime Professor of English Literature at the University of Malta." It is all on the title-page. Fancy going to a couple of professors to learn anything on kissing! There are shorter and better methods. I cannot find that the professors really understand their subject. One can see, of course, in such a matter, that collaboration was necessary: two heads are better than one, but not two professors'.

I quit the professors' tabernacle and find myself confronted by a small volume pleasingly intitled "How to Be Happy though Living." It is what we all want to know. But the author's counsel is not piquant. Be good, he says, in effect; which is dull and trite. If we took such advice we should need a book called, "How to Be Happy though Good." I move on to the next tabernacle, which is Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower's. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff no longer stands alone as the Diarist. Lord Ronald Gower in his "Old Diaries" runs him very hard; but his lordship has much to learn. The first duty of the Diarist—to tell good stories—he wilfully neglects. Indeed, there is only one good story in this great book, and that is an indiscreet one. What, for example, is one to say of a writer who, recording his visit to Hawarden, says, "Mr. Gladstone in great talk," and offers no hint as to what he talked of? That Lord Ronald Gower went to Hawarden is nothing to the general reader unless he heard something or saw something there that is worth chronicling. "The Adventures of a Soul among Bric-a-Brac," or "The Man with Many Relatives," would make excellent alternative titles to Lord Ronald Gower's impressions. Such a procession of Kin as files through these pages! It is like footnotes to Debreth. I envy the Diarist his house at Penshurst, of which he gives a beautiful photograph. How he can leave it so much is the puzzle. Does he not know that there is no real need to accept invitations? The formulæ for declension are very simple. Influenza is one useful excuse; a previous engagement is another.

Has he never tried these? And with a little practice one soon is able to resist the temptation to go to Rome, which Lord Ronald Gower, like Mr. Hall Caine, calls the Eternal City. That Penshurst house, opposite page 364, is more than the Vatican, more even than Hotel Choiseul in Paris which his lordship finds so attractive.

To write a whole book on one letter of the alphabet is no small feat. Mr. Maeterlinck recently wrote "The Life of the B"; the Rev. Geoffrey Hill now offers "The Life of the H," under the title, "The Aspirate." People who don't care for it can drop it. Mr. Hill's stories are more amusing than they should be; I mean that in life so varied as ours there should not be so much laughter upon so trifling and unimportant a matter as mispronunciation. But the sentence without H's is, none the less, always funny in England. In France everyone drops H's, and it was urged by Mr. Edward Carpenter, I think, that it is a sign of higher civilization to do so. Considering how lazy most people are getting, it is odd that there is this prejudice in favor of the fatigue of aspiration.

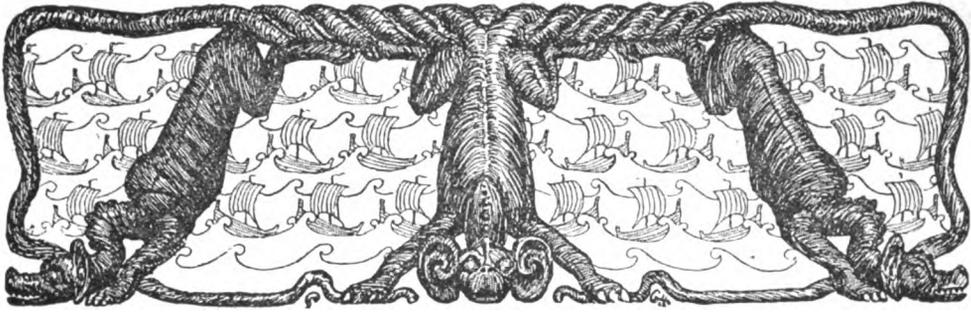
His Majesty's discovery of the theatres is only a shade less interesting than his discovery of Burton. The managers, indeed, must think it more so. It is becoming impossible to go to any play without the chance of a Royal party in the Royal box, and this is good for everyone. It stimulates the actors, who stimulate the audience, who stimulate the country.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, March, 1902.





Typhoon

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Author of "Children of the Sea," "Lord Jim," Etc.

XIII

ALL that the boatswain, out of a superabundance of yells, could make clear to Captain MacWhirr was the bizarre intelligence that, "All them Chinamen in the fore 'tween-deck had fetched away, sir." Jukes, to leeward, could hear these two shouting within six inches of his face, as you may hear on a still night half a mile away two men conversing across a field. He heard Captain MacWhirr's exasperated "What?—What?" and the strained pitch of the other's hoarseness. "In a lump . . . seen . . . myself. Awful sight, sir . . . thought . . . tell you."

Jukes remained indifferent in the overpowering force of the hurricane which made the very thought of action utterly vain. Besides, being very young, he had found the occupation of keeping his heart completely steeled against the worst so full of excitement that he had come to feel an impatient dislike towards any other form of activity whatever. The immediate peril had an atrocious side—the violence, the darkness, the uproar—which made the business of enduring it all surprisingly engrossing. He was n't in the least scared; he knew that very well; and the proof of it was that, firmly believing he would never see another sunrise, he could be now sitting down, in a manner of speaking, as calm as possible under that belief.

These are the moments of do-nothing heroics to which even good men surrender at times. Many officers of ships can no doubt recall a case in their experience when just such a trance of confounded stoicism would come all at once over a whole ship's company. The

mere recollection of such a passage is enough to bring back all the original dismay. It is difficult to allude to it without flinging swear-words backwards into the past; not precisely at the men themselves, which would be like throwing stones, but upon the unhonored memory at large.

Jukes, however, had no wide experience of men or storms. He conceived himself to be calm—inexorably calm. Calm as the very statue of calmness in the night and terror of a storm. It suited him to be left alone thus, and it seemed also as though really nothing more could be required of him. But as a matter of fact he was cowed; not abjectly, but only so far as a decent man may, without becoming loathsome to himself.

It was rather like a forced-on numbness of spirit. The long, long stress of a gale does it; the suspense of the interminably culminating catastrophe; the trial of sustained violence going on endlessly, as though time itself were hurled upon one; the formidable hint of annihilation in the sweep and roar of the wind. And there is a bodily fatigue in the mere holding on to existence within the excessive tumult; a searching and insidious fatigue that penetrates deep into a man's breast to cast down and sadden his heart, which is incorrigible, and of all the gifts of the earth—even before life itself—aspires to peace.

Jukes was benumbed much more than he supposed. He stood very wet, very cold, stiff in every limb, and in a momentary hallucination of swift visions (it is said a drowning man thus reviews all his life) he was run up against by memories altogether unconnected with his present situation. He remem-

bered his father, for instance; a worthy but fanciful business man, who, at an unfortunate crisis in his affairs, went quietly to bed and died forthwith in a state of resignation. Jukes did not recall these circumstances, of course; but, remaining otherwise unconcerned, he remembered distinctly the poor man's face, a certain game of nap played when quite a boy in Table Bay, on board a ship since lost with all hands, the thick eyebrows of his first skipper; and, without any emotion, as he might years ago have walked listlessly into her room and seen her sitting there with a book, he remembered his mother,—dead, too, now,—the resolute woman left badly off, who had been very firm in his bringing up.

It could not have lasted more than a second, perhaps not so much. A heavy arm had fallen about his shoulders; Captain MacWhirr's voice was speaking his name into his ear. "Jukes! Jukes!"

He detected the tone of deep concern. The wind had thrown its weight on the ship, trying to pin her down amongst the seas. They made a clean breach over her as over a deep-swimming log; and the gathered weight of crashes menaced monstrosly from afar. They flung out of the night with a ghostly light on their crests, the light of sea-foam that in an expanding, boiling up, pale flash showed upon the slender body of the ship the toppling rush, the downfall, and the seething, mad scurry of each wave. Never for a moment could she shake herself clear of the water. Jukes, rigid, perceived in her motion the ominous sign of haphazard floundering. She was no longer struggling intelligently. It was like the beginning of the end; and the note of busy concern in Captain MacWhirr's voice sickened him like an exhibition of blind and pernicious folly.

The spell of the storm had fallen upon Jukes. He was penetrated by it, absorbed by it; he was rooted in it with a rigor of dumb attention. Captain MacWhirr persisted in his cries, but the wind got between them like a solid wedge. He hung round Jukes's neck as heavy as a stone, and suddenly the sides of their heads knocked together. "Jukes. Mr. Jukes—I say."

He had to answer that voice that would not be silenced. He answered in the customary manner: "Yes, sir."

And directly his heart, corrupted by the storm that breeds a craving for peace, rebelled desperately against the tyranny of training and command.

XIV

CAPTAIN MACWHIRR continued his efforts. He had his mate's head fixed firm in the crook of his elbow and pressed it to his yelling lips mysteriously. Sometimes Jukes would break in, admonishing hastily, "Look out, sir"; or Captain MacWhirr would bawl an earnest exhortation to "Hold hard, there," and the whole black universe seemed to reel together with the ship. They paused. She floated yet. And Captain MacWhirr would resume his shouts. ". . . Says—whole lot—fetched away . . . ought to see . . . what's the matter?"

At the beginning of the gale all hands had taken refuge in the port alleyway. It had a door aft, which they shut; it was very dark, cold, and dismal there. At a heavy fling of the ship they would groan all together in the dark, and there were uneasy mutters when an exceptionally heavy sea boarded the ship and tons of water could be heard scuttling about as if trying to get at them. The boatswain was keeping up a gruff talk, but a more unreasonable lot of men, he said afterwards, he had never been with. They were snug enough there out of harm's way, and not wanted to do anything either, and yet they did nothing but grumble and complain peevishly like so many sick kids. Finally one of them said that if there had been at least some light to see each other's noses by it would n't be so bad. It was making him crazy, he declared, to lie there in the dark waiting for the blamed hooker to sink. "Why don't you go outside, then, and be done with it?" the boatswain turned on him.

This called up general execration. The boatswain found himself overwhelmed with reproaches of all sorts. They seemed to take it ill that a lamp was not instantly created for them out of nothing. They would whine after a light to get drowned by—anyhow! And though the unreason of their revilings was patient, since no one could hope to reach the lamp-room, which was forward, he became greatly distressed. He did not think it was decent of them to nag at him like this. He said so and was met by a general contumely. He sought refuge, therefore in an embittered silence. Their grumbling and sighing and muttering worried him greatly, but by and by it occurred to him that there were six globe lamps hung in the 'tween-deck and that there could be no harm in depriving the coolies of one of them.

The *Nan-Shan* had an athwartship bunker

which, being frequently used as cargo space, communicated by an iron door with the fore 'tween-deck. Its manhole was the foremost one in the alleyway. The boatswain could get in, therefore, without coming out on deck at all; but, to his great surprise, he found he could induce no one to help him in taking off the manhole cover. He groped for it all the same, but one of the crew lying in his way refused to budge. "Why! I only want to get you that blamed light you are crying for," he expostulated, almost pitifully. Somebody told him to go and put his head in a bag. He regretted he could not recognize the voice and that it was too dark to see, otherwise, as he said, he would have put a head on *that* son of a sea-cook, anyway, sink or swim. Nevertheless, he had made up his mind to show them he could get light, if he were to die for it. Through the violence of the ship's rolling, every movement was dangerous. To be lying down seemed labor enough. He nearly broke his neck dropping into the bunker. He said he fell down, and was kept shooting from side to side in the dangerous company of a heavy iron bar—a coal-trimmer's slice probably—left down there by somebody. This thing made him as nervous as though it had been a wild beast. He could not see it, the inside of the bunker coated with coal dust being perfectly and impenetrably black, but he heard it sliding and clattering and striking, here and there, always in the neighborhood of his head. It seemed to make an extraordinary noise, too, to give heavy thumps as though it had been as big as a bridge girder. This was remarkable enough for him to notice while he was flung from port to starboard and back again, and clawing desperately the smooth sides of the bunker in the endeavor to stop himself. The door into the 'tween-deck not fitting quite true, he saw a thread of dim light at the bottom.

Being a sailor and a still active man, he did not want much of a chance to regain his feet; and, as luck would have it, in scrambling up he put his hand on the iron slice, picking it up as he rose. Otherwise he would have been afraid of the thing breaking his legs or at least knocking him down again. At first he stood still. He felt unsafe in this darkness that seemed to make the ship's motion unfamiliar, unforeseen, and difficult to counteract. He felt so much shaken for a moment that he dared not move for fear of "taking charge again." He had no mind to get battered to pieces in that bunker.

He had hit his head twice; he was dazed a little. He seemed to hear yet so plainly the clatter and bangs of the iron slice flying about his ears that he tightened his grip to prove to himself he had it there safe in his hand. He was vaguely amazed at the plainness with which down there he could hear the gale raging. Its howls and shrieks seemed to take on in the emptiness of the bunker something of the human character, of human rage and pain—being not vast, but infinitely poignant. And there were, with every roll, thumps, too,—profound, ponderous thumps, as if a bulky object of five-ton weight or so had got play in the hold. But there was no such thing in the cargo. Something on deck? Impossible. Or alongside? Could n't be.

XV

HE thought all this quickly, clearly, competently, like a seaman, and in the end was puzzled. It occurred to him, too, that the hands in the alleyway had started scrambling and howling since he had left them, in a sort of confused, uproarious way. But as the manhole had remained open he ought to have heard them more distinctly, much nearer, as it were. This noise, though, came deadened, from outside, together with the washing and pouring of water on deck above his head. Wind? Must be. It made down there a row like the shouting of a big lot of crazed men. And he discovered in himself a desire for a light, too, if only to get drowned by, and a nervous anxiety to get out of that bunker as quick as possible.

He pulled back the bolt; the heavy iron plate turned on its hinges; and it was as though he had opened the door to sounds of the tempest. A gust of hoarse yelling met him; the air was still; and the rushing of water overhead was covered by a tumult of strangled, throaty shrieks that produced the effect of desperate confusion. He straddled his legs the whole width of the doorway and stretched his neck. And at first he perceived only what he had come to seek—four small, yellow flames swinging violently on the great body of the dusk.

It was like the gallery of a mine, with a row of stanchions in the middle and cross beams overhead, penetrating into the gloom ahead—infinity. And to port there loomed like the caving in of one of the sides a bulky mass with a slanting outline. The whole place, with the shadows and the shapes, moved all

the time—irresistibly. The boatswain glared; the ship lurched to starboard and a great howl came from that mass that had the slant of fallen earth.

Pieces of wood whizzed past. Planks, he thought, inexpressibly startled and flinging back his head. At his feet a man went sliding over, open eyed, on his back, straining with uplifted arms for nothing; and another came bounding like a detached stone with his head between his legs and his hands clenched. His pigtail whipped in the air, he made a grab at the boatswain's legs, and from his opened hand a bright white disc rolled against the boatswain's foot. He recognized a silver dollar, as one would recognize a familiar object in the improbabilities of a nightmare.

He yelled at it with astonishment. With a precipitated sound of trampling and shuffling of bare feet and with guttural cries, the vague mound piled up to port, detached itself from the ship's side, and shifted to starboard, sliding, inert and struggling, to a dull, brutal thump. The cries ceased. The boatswain heard a long moan, the roar and whistling of the wind; he saw an inextricable confusion of heads and shoulders, naked soles kicking upwards, fists raised, tumbling backs, legs, pigtails, faces. "Good Lord!" he cried, horrified, and banged to the iron door upon this vision.

This was what he had come on the bridge to tell. He could not keep it to himself, and on board ship there is only one man to whom it is worth while to unburden yourself. On his passage back the hands in the alleyway swore at him for a fool. Why did n't he bring that lamp? What the devil did coolies matter to anybody? And when he came out the extremity of the ship made what went on inside of her appear indeed of little moment.

At first he thought he had left the alleyway in the very moment of her sinking. The bridge ladders had been washed away, but an enormous sea filling the after-deck floated him up. After that he had to lie on his stomach for some time, holding to a ring-bolt, getting his breath now and then, and swallowing salt water. He struggled farther on his hands and knees, too frightened and distracted to turn back. In this way he reached the after part of the wheel-house. In that comparatively sheltered spot he found the second mate. He was pleasantly surprised, his impression being that everybody on deck must have been washed away a long time ago. He asked eagerly where the Captain was.

The second mate was lying low, like a malignant little animal under a hedge. "Captain? Gone overboard after getting us into this mess." The mate, too, for all he knew or cared. Another fool. They would n't have a chance to kill any more good men. Did n't matter. Everybody was going by and by.

The boatswain crawled out again into the strength of the wind; not because he much expected to find anybody, he said, but just to get away from "that man." He crawled out as outcasts go to face an inclement world. Hence his great joy at finding Jukes and the Captain. But what was going on in the 'tween-deck was to him a minor matter by that time, like a distant and still memory made more faint by the exigencies of a turbulent existence. Besides, it was difficult to make yourself heard. But he managed to convey the idea that the Chinamen had broken adrift and that he had come up on purpose to report this. As to the hands, they were all right. Then, almost appeased, he subsided on the deck in a sitting posture, hugging with his arms and legs the stand of the engine-room telegraph—an iron casting as thick as a post. When that went—why, he expected he would go too. He gave no more thought to the coolies.

Captain MacWhirr made Jukes understand he wanted him to go down below—to see.

"What could I do, sir?" and the trembling of his whole wet body caused his voice to sound like bleating.

"See! Bo's'n—says—adrift."

"That bo's'n is a confounded fool," howled Jukes shakily.

What was the good of going to see? He did n't want to see. What could one do single-handed with two hundred Chinamen? It was impossible to make that man understand the most obvious things. The absurdity of the demand made upon him revolted Jukes. He was as unwilling to go as if the moment he had left the deck the ship were sure to sink.

"I must know—can't leave——"

"They'll settle, sir."

"Fight—bo's'n says fight—Why? Can't have—fighting—board ship. . . . Rather keep you here—case—I should—washed overboard myself. . . . Stop it—some way—You see and tell me—through engine-room tube. . . . Don't want you—come up here—too often. . . . Dangerous—moving about—deck."

Jukes, held with his head in chancery,

had to listen to what seemed horrible suggestions.

"Don't want—you get lost—so long—ship don't. . . . Rout—Good man—Ship—through this—all right yet."

All at once Jukes understood he would have to go.

"Do you think she will?" he screamed.

But the wind, as if made angry by Captain MacWhirr, seemed to throw itself at them with redoubled force and devoured the reply out of which Jukes heard only the one word pronounced with great energy.

". . . Always. . . ."

Captain MacWhirr released Jukes and, bending over the boatswain, yelled, "Get back with the mate." Jukes only knew that the arm was gone off his shoulders. He was dismissed with his orders—to do what? He was exasperated into letting go his hold carelessly and on the instant was blown away. It seemed to him he would be blown right over the stern. He flung himself down and the boatswain, who was following, fell on him.

"Don't you get up yet, sir," cried the boatswain. "No hurry!"

A sea swept over. Jukes understood the boatswain to say that the bridge ladders were gone. "I'll lower you down, sir, by your hands," he screamed. He shouted also something about the smokestack being as likely to go overboard as not. Jukes thought it very possible and imagined the fires out, the ship helpless—and he down there. The boatswain by his side kept on yelling. Was it a warning? "What? What is it?" Jukes cried distressfully, and the other repeated, "What would my old woman say if she saw me now?"

XVI

IN the alleyway, where a lot of water splashed in the dark, the men were still as death, till Jukes stumbled against one of them and cursed him savagely for being in the way. Two or three voices then asked, eager and weak, "Any chance for us, sir?"

"What's the matter with you fools?" he said, brutally. He felt as though he could throw himself down amongst them and never move any more. But they seemed cheered, and, in the midst of warnings: "Look out!"—"Mind the manhole lid, sir," they lowered him into the bunker. The boatswain tumbled down after him, and as soon as he had picked himself up he remarked:

"She would say, serve you right, you old fool, for going to sea."

The boatswain had some means, and made a point of alluding to them frequently. His wife—a fat woman—and two grown-up daughters kept a greengrocer's shop.

In the dark, Jukes, unsteady on his legs, listened to a faint thunderous patter. A deadened screaming went on steadily at his elbow as it were; and from above the louder tumult of the storm descended upon these near sounds. His head swam. To him, too, in that bunker, the motion of the ship seemed novel and menacing, sapping his resolution as though he had never been afloat before.

He had half a mind to scramble out, but the remembrance of Captain MacWhirr's voice made this impossible. And yet he felt he could do nothing. He had an inclination to sit down, and the feeling of helplessness in that beastly black hole made him sick of his life. His orders were to go and see. What was the good of it? he wanted to know. Enraged, he told himself he would see—of course. But the boatswain, staggering clumsily, warned him to be careful how he opened that door; there was a blamed fight going on. And Jukes, as if in great bodily pain, desired irritably to know what the devil they were fighting for.

"Dollars. Dollars, sir. All them rotten chests got burst open. Blamed money skipping all over the place and they are tumbling after it head over heels, tearing and biting like anything. A regular little hell in there."

Jukes convulsively opened the door. The short boatswain by his side peered too, like a curious baboon.

One of the lamps had gone out, broken perhaps. Rancorous, guttural cries burst out loudly on their ears, and a strange panting sound,—the working of all these straining breasts. A hard blow hit the side of the ship; water fell above with a stunning shock, and in the forefront of the gloom, where the air was reddish and thick, Jukes saw a head bang the deck violently, two thick calves waving, muscular arms twined round a naked body, a yellow face open-mouthed and with a set, wild stare look up and slide away. An empty chest clattered, turning over, a man fell head first with a jump as if lifted by a kick; and further off, indistinct, a mass of men streamed like rolling stones down a bank, beating the deck with their feet and flourishing their arms wildly. The hatchway ladder was loaded with coolies, swarming on it like bees on a branch. They hung in a crawling, stirring cluster, beating with their fists the underside

of the battened hatch, and the headlong rush of the water was heard in the intervals of their yelling. The ship heeled over more and they began to drop off; first one, then two, then all the rest together, falling straight with a great cry. Jukes was confounded. The boatswain, with gruff anxiety, begged him, "Don't you go in there, sir."

The whole place seemed to twist upon itself, jumping incessantly the while, and when the ship rose to a sea Jukes fancied that all these men would be shot upon him in a body. He swung the door to, and with trembling hands pushed at the bolt.

As soon as his mate had gone, Captain MacWhirr sidled and staggered as far as the wheel-house. Its door being hinged forward, he had to fight the gale for admittance, and when at last he managed to enter, it was as if he had been fired through the wood. He stood within holding the handle.

The steering gear leaked steam and in the confined space the glass of the binnacle made a shiny oval in a thin white fog. The wind howled, hummed, whistled, with sudden booming gusts that rattled the doors and the shutters in the vicious patter of sprays. Two coils of lead-line and a small canvas bag hung on a long lanyard swung wide off and came back, clinging to the bulkheads. The gratings under foot were nearly afloat, with every sweeping blow of a sea water squirted violently through the cracks all round the door, and the man at the helm had flung down his cap, his coat, and stood propped against the gear-casing in a striped cotton shirt open on his breast. The little brass wheel in his hands seemed a bright and fragile toy. The cords of his neck stood hard and lean, a dark patch lay in the hollow of his throat, and his face was still and sunken as in death.

Captain MacWhirr wiped his eyes. The sea that had nearly taken him overboard had to his great annoyance washed his sou'wester hat off his bald head. The fluffy, fair hair, soaked and darkened, resembled a mean skein of cotton threads festooned round his bare skull. He breathed heavily and his face, glistening with sea water, was of a hot crimson with the wind, with the sting of sprays. He looked as though he had come off sweating from before a furnace.

"You here?" he muttered, heavily.

The second mate had also found his way into the wheel-house. He had fixed himself in a corner with his knees up, a fist pressed against each temple, and this attitude sug-

gested rage, sorrow, resignation, surrender, with a sort of concentrated unforgiveness. He said mournfully and defiantly:

"My watch below now. Ain't it?"

The steam-gear clattered, stopped, clattered again; and the helmsman's eyeballs seemed to project out of a hungry face, as if the compass card behind the binnacle glass had been meat. God knows how long he had been there steering, as if forgotten by all his ship-mates. The bells had not been struck, there had been no reliefs, the ship's routine had gone down wind, but he was trying to keep her head north-northeast. The rudder might have been gone for all he knew, the fires out, the engines broken down, the ship ready to roll over like a corpse. He was anxious not to get muddled and lose control of her head, because the compass card swung far both ways, wriggling on the pivot, and sometimes seemed to whirl right around. It was hard to make out the course she was making. He suffered from mental stress. He was horribly afraid also of the wheel-house going. Mountains of water kept on falling on it. When the ship took one of her desperate dives the corners of his lips twitched.

Captain MacWhirr looked up at the wheel-house clock. Screwed to the bulkhead, it had a white face, on which the black hands appeared to stand quite still. It was half-past one in the morning.

"Another day," he muttered to himself. The second mate heard him and, lifting his head as one grieving amongst ruins:

"You won't see it break," he exclaimed. His wrists and his knees could be seen to shake violently. "No, by God, you won't!" He took his head again between his fists.

The body of the helmsman had moved slightly, but his head did n't budge on his neck,—like a stone head fixed to look one way from a column. During a roll that all but took his booted legs from under him and in the very stagger to save himself, Captain MacWhirr said austere:

"Don't you pay any attention to that man."

And then, with an indefinable change of tone, very grave, he added:

"He is n't on duty."

The sailor said nothing. The hurricane boomed, shaking the little place, which seemed air-tight; and the light of the binnacle flickered all the time.

"You have n't been relieved," Captain MacWhirr went on, looking down. "I want you to stick on, though, as long as you can.

You've got the hang of her. Another man coming here might make a mess of it. Would n't do. No child's play. And the hands are probably busy with a job down below. . . . Think you can?"

The steering-gear leaped into an abrupt short clatter, stopped smouldering like an ember, and the still man, with a motionless gaze, burst out as if all the passion in him had gone into his lips:

"By heavens, sir, I can steer forever if you don't talk to me."

"Oh! Aye! All right. . . ." The Captain lifted his eyes for the first time to the man. . . . "Hackett."

And he seemed to dismiss this matter from his mind. He stooped to the engine-room speaking-tube, blew in, and bent his head. Mr. Rout, below, answered, and at once Captain MacWhirr put his lips to the mouthpiece.

XVII

WITH the uproar of the gale around him he applied alternately his lips and his ear, and the engineer's voice mounted to him, harsh and as if out of the heat of an engagement. One of the stokers was disabled, the others had given up, the second engineer and the donkey-man were firing up. The third was standing by the steam-valve. The engines were being tended by hand. How was it above?

"Bad enough. It rests with you," said Captain MacWhirr. Was the mate down there yet? No? He would be presently. Would Mr. Rout let him talk through the speaking-tube. Through the deck speaking-tube. Because he—the Captain—was going out again on the bridge directly. There was some trouble with the Chinamen. They were fighting amongst themselves. Could n't allow fighting, anyhow.

Mr. Rout had gone away, and Captain MacWhirr could feel against his ear the pulsation of the engines like the beat of the ship's heart. Mr. Rout's voice down there cried something, distantly. The ship pitched headlong, the pulsation leaped with a hissing tumult and stopped dead. Captain MacWhirr's face was impassive and his eyes were fixed aimlessly at the crouching shape of the second mate. Again Mr. Rout's voice cried out in the depths, and the pulsating beat recommenced, with slow strokes—growing swift.

Mr. Rout came back to the tube.

"It don't matter much what they do," he

said hastily; and then, with irritation, "She takes these dives as if she never meant to come up again."

"Awful sea," said the Captain's voice from above.

"Don't let me drive her under," barked Solomon Rout up the pipe.

"Dark and rain. Can't see what's coming," uttered the voice. "Must—keep—her—moving—enough to steer—and chance it," it went on to state distinctly.

"I am doing as much as I dare."

"We are—getting—smashed up—a good deal up here," proceeded the voice mildly. "Doing—fairly well—though. Of course, if the wheel-house should go—"

Mr. Rout, bending an attentive ear, muttered peevishly something under his breath.

But the deliberate voice up there became animated to ask:

"Jukes turned up yet?" Then, after a short wait: "I wish he would bear a hand. I want him to be done and come up here in case of anything. Look after the ship. I am all alone. The second mate lost . . ."

"What?" shouted Mr. Rout into the engine-room, taking his head away. Then up the tube he cried, "Gone overboard?" and clapped his ear to.

"Lost his nerve," the voice from above was proceeding in a matter-of-fact tone. "Damn awkward, this."

Mr. Rout, listening with bowed neck, opened his eyes wide. However, he heard something like the sounds of a scuffle and broken exclamations coming down to him. He strained his hearing and all the time Beale, the third engineer, with his arms up-raised, held between the palms of his hands the rim of a little black wheel projecting at the side of a big copper pipe. He seemed to be poisoning it above his head, as though it were a correct attitude in some sort of game.

To steady himself he pressed his shoulder against the white bulkhead, with one knee bent and a sweat-rag tucked in the belt hung upon his hip. His smooth cheek was begrimed and flushed, and the coal-dust on his eyelids, like the black pencilling of a make-up, enhanced the liquid brilliance of the whites, giving to his youthful face something of a feminine, exotic, and fascinating aspect. When the ship pitched he would with hasty movements of his hands screw hard at the little wheel.

"Gone crazy," began the Captain's voice suddenly. "Rushed at me—just now. Had

to knock him down—this minute. You heard, Mr. Rout?"

"The devil!" muttered Mr. Rout. "Look out, Beale."

His voice rang out like the blast of a warning trumpet between the iron walls of the engine-room. Painted white, they rose high into the dusk of the skylight, sloping like a roof; and the whole lofty space resembled a chamber in a monument, divided by floors of iron grating, with lights flickering at different levels, and the still gloom within the columnar stir of machinery under the motionless swelling of the cylinders. A loud and wild resonance, made up of all the noises of the hurricane, dwelt in the still warmth of the air. There was in it the smell of hot metal, of oil, and a slight mist of steam. The blows of the sea seemed to traverse it, in an unringing, stunning shock, from side to side.

Gleams, like pale, long flames, trembled upon the polish of metal, from the flooring below the enormous crank-heads emerged in their turns with a flash of brass and steel—going over; while the connecting rods, big-jointed, like skeleton limbs, seemed to thrust them down and pull them up again with an irresistible precision. And deep in the half-light other rods dodged to and fro, crossheads nodded quickly, disks of metal rubbed against each other, swift and gentle in a commingling of shadows and gleams.

XVIII

SOMETIMES all those movements would slow down simultaneously, as if they had been the functions of a living organism—powerful, silent, patient, and unerring, but stricken suddenly by the blight of languor; and Mr. Rout's eyes would blaze darker in his long, pale face. He was fighting this fight in a pair of carpet slippers. A short, shiny jacket barely covered his loins, and his pale wrists protruded far out of the tight sleeves as though the emergency had added to his stature, lengthened his limbs, augmented his pallor, hollowed his eyes.

He moved, climbing high up, disappearing low down, with a restless, purposeful industry, and when he stood still, holding the guard-rail in front of the starting-gear, he would keep glancing to the right at the steam-gauge, at the water-gauge, upon the white wall in the light of a swaying lamp. The mouths of two speaking-tubes gaped stupidly at his elbow, and the dial of the engine-room telegraph re-

sembled a clock of large diameter, bearing on its face curt words instead of figures. They stood out heavily black, around the black pivot-head of the solitary hand, emphatically symbolic of loud exclamations. Ahead—Astern—Slow—Half—Stand by . . . and the fat black hand pointed down to the word Full—which, thus singled out, captured the eye as a sharp cry secures attention.

The wood-encased bulk of the low-pressure cylinder, frowning portly from above, emitted a faint wheeze at every thrust, and, except for that low hiss, the engines worked their steel limbs headlong or slow with a silent, determined smoothness. And all this—the white walls, the moving steel, the floor plates under Solomon Rout's feet, the floors of iron grating above his head, the dusk and the gleams—up-rose and sank continuously, with one accord, upon the harsh wash of the waves against the ship's side. The whole loftiness of the place, booming hollow to the great voice of the wind, swayed at the top like a tree, would lay over bodily, as if borne down this way and that by tremendous blasts.

"You've got to hurry up," shouted Mr. Rout, as soon as he saw Jukes.

Jukes's glance was wandering and tipsy, his red face was puffy, as though he had overslept himself. He burst into the engine-room like a man who had been racing over hills and dales for his life. He had had an arduous road and had travelled over it with immense vivacity, the agitation of his mind corresponding to the scrambling exertions of his body. He had rushed up out of the bunker—stumbling in the alleyway amongst a lot of bewildered men who, trod upon, asked "What's up, sir?" in awed mutters all round him, in the dark—down into the stoke-hold, missing many iron rungs in his hurry, into a place deep as a well, black as Tophet, narrow like a corridor, tipping over back and forth like a seesaw. Lumps of coal skipped to and fro from end to end, rattling like an avalanche of pebbles on a slope of iron.

Somebody in there moaned with pain, and somebody else crouched over what seemed the body of a man; a lusty voice blasphemed, and the glow under each fire-grate was like a pool of flaming blood radiating quietly in a velvety blackness.

A gust of wind struck upon the nape of Jukes's neck, and next moment he felt it streaming about his wet ankles. The stoke-hold ventilators hummed; and in front of the six fire-doors two men, stripped to the waist,

staggered and stopped, apparently wrestling with two shovels.

"Hallo! Plenty of draught now," yelled the second at once, as though he had been all the time looking out for Jukes. The donkey-man, a dapper little chap with a dazzling fair skin and a tiny, gingery mustache, worked in a sort of mute transport. They were keeping a full head of steam, and a profound rumbling sound, as of an empty furniture van trotting over a bridge, made a sustained bass to all the other noises of the place.

"Blowing off all the time," went on yelling the second. With a sound as of a hundred scoured saucepans the orifice of a ventilator spat upon his shoulder a sudden gush of salt water, and he volleyed a stream of curses upon all things on earth, including his own soul; ripping and raving, and all the time attending to his business. With a sharp clash of metal, the ardent pale glare of the fire opened upon his bullet head, showing his spluttering lips, his insolent eyes, and with a clash closed like the white-hot wink of an iron eye.

"Where's the blooming ship? Can you tell me—blast my eyes! Under water—or what? Are the condemned cowls gone to Hades, hey? Don't you know anything—you jolly sailor-man, you?"

Jukes, after a bewildered moment, had been helped by a roll to dart through, and as soon as his eyes took in the comparative vastness, peace, and brilliance of the engine-room, the ship, settling her stern heavily in the water, sent him charging head down upon Mr. Rout.

The chief's arm, long like a tentacle and straightening as if worked by a spring, went out to meet him and deflected his rush into a

spin towards the speaking-tubes. At the same time Mr. Rout repeated earnestly:

"You've got to hurry up—whatever it is."

Jukes yelled, "Are you there, sir?" and listened. Nothing. Suddenly the roar of the wind fell straight into his ear, but presently a small voice shoved aside the shouting hurricane quietly:

"You, Jukes?—Well?"

Jukes was ready to talk; it was only time that seemed to be wanting. And, somehow, he mistrusted the ability of the other man to understand. It was easy enough to account for everything. He could perfectly imagine the coolies batted down in the reeking 'tween-deck, lying sick and scared between the rows of chests. Then one of these chests, or perhaps several at once breaking loose in a roll, knocking out others, sides splitting, lids flying open, and all these clumsy Chinamen staggering up in a body to save their property. Afterwards, every fling of the ship would hurl that tramping, yelling mob here and there, from side to side, in a whirl of smashed wood, torn clothing, rolling dollars. And a struggle once started, they would be unable to stop themselves. Nothing could stop them now except main force. It was a disaster. He had seen it, and that was all he could say. Some of them must be dead, he believed. The rest would go on fighting. . . .

He sent up his words tripping over each other, crowding the narrow tube. They mounted as if into a silence of an enlightened comprehension dwelling alone up there with a storm. There was no circumventing this development. And he wanted to be dismissed from the face of that odious trouble intruding on the great need of the ship.

(To be concluded.)



The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Fr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editor.

ART

McClellan—Anatomy in its Relation to Art.

An Exposition of the Bones and Muscles of the Human Body, with Especial Reference to their Influence upon its Actions and External Form. By George McClellan, M.D., Professor of Anatomy at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, etc. Illustrated after Drawings and Photographs. Saunders. \$10.00.

There is every reason to commend Dr. McClellan's contribution to a subject which though of special, is nevertheless of decided interest. To the lover as to the student of art the book will be full of helpful suggestion. Dr. McClellan avoids in so far as possible technical language and anatomical details, his purpose being to offer students a thorough comprehension of what they ought to see. When he touches upon complex structural points it is only to explain their influence upon surface anatomy. He contends, wisely, that scientific anatomical study is not necessary for the art student and may easily mislead. The book is enriched by over three hundred plates, all admirably selected and supplementing the text in a manner both interesting and conclusive.

BELLES LETTRES

Hufford—Shakespeare in Tale and Verse. By Lois Grosvenor Hufford. Macmillan. \$1.00.

Another attempt to tell over again what the Lambs told so inimitably. There is no effort at imitation of those classic "Tales," the aim being rather to adopt a more modern style, and to introduce copious extracts from the plays in the course of the narration. This was a happy thought, being, indeed, what the Lambs, in their preface, express the hope that older brothers or sisters will do when the younger ones are reading their versions. There are fifteen of the stories, the historical plays being omitted, as well as "Measure for Measure," "All's Well," and others that are not easily or appropriately simplified for juvenile readers. The book is typographically juvenile tasteful and attractive.

Jameson—Shakespeare's Heroines. By Mrs. Jameson. Dutton. \$2.50.

A new edition of this well-known work, with illustrations, and decorations in black and white and red, by H. Anning Bell. It has wide margins, clear type, and is tastefully bound.

Palmer—The Field of Ethics. By George Herbert Palmer, Alford Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10, net.

This course of six lectures was delivered at Harvard in 1899, in accordance with the provisions of the deed of gift of the William Belden Noble Memorial. The lectures, which treat of the relation of Ethics to the Descriptive Sciences, the Law, Æsthetics and Religion, have been revised and recast for their publication in the present permanent form.

Rendall—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself. Translated by Gerald H. Rendall. Macmillan. \$1.00.

Most readers are already committed by affectionate use to one version or another of the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," but such as are free to choose will find this one wholly admirable in its simplicity and faithfulness, as well as in the sympathetic presentation of the Emperor's character and philosophy contained in the introduction.

BIOGRAPHY

Adderley—Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. By James Adderley. Longmans. \$1.25.

This is both a condensation and adaptation of M. Sabatier's monumental life of the saint. It is put into such pleasant form and restricted within such narrow compass as to appeal to the general reader, and at the same time it is recast with a view to English conditions and to Anglican standards. The latter attitude is not always a gain, as Mr. Adderley sometimes displays a lack of comprehension of that which lies outside his experience, whether in the religion of the early thirteenth century or in that of the modern Franciscans; but the very experience which limits him in one direction helps him in another. Himself the son of a peer, he has for years pursued his clerical vocation among East End slums in the very spirit of St. Francis, and is thus fully qualified to write of the application to modern life of the great Gospel of Poverty.

O'Brien—Life of Lord Russell of Killowen. By R. Barry O'Brien. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50.

This admirable "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen," penned in Mr. Barry O'Brien's clear, incisive style, takes a high place among

well-written biographies. Mr. O'Brien has treated a virile subject in a virile manner; and he has shown us the man "of commanding genius and irresistible will" with his "splendid conception of duty . . . splendidly carried out," in true perspective. There is not too much and yet sufficient detail to give a right conception of the great Irishman who became "the first Catholic Attorney-General since the Reformation," and would have become Lord Chancellor had it been possible. Russell was great as an advocate, and perhaps even greater as a judge, though it is probably by his brilliant achievements at the bar that he will be chiefly remembered; whenever Parnell's name is mentioned, that of Charles Russell will be recalled as his great defender. Russell is, perhaps, best known in America, as the persistent advocate of Mrs. Maybrick, as the counsel of England in the Behring Sea Arbitration, and as one of the arbitrators at Paris (after Lord Herschell's death) on the Venezuelan Inquiry; and, wherever known, his name is synonymous with love of truth and desire for justice. It is these great qualities, combined with his vivid personality and strong intellect, that make Lord Russell's life of general interest, and the account of the man and his work before us will be read by many besides lawyers. Mr. O'Brien, in a telling phrase, says, "To have one's brain drawn through Russell's was as bracing and healthful an operation as any person might desire," and it is to those who enjoy the "bracing" that we recommend this book.

Lorne—V. R. I. Queen Victoria, Her Life and Empire. By the Marquis of Lorne. Harper. \$2.50.

The life of the late Queen of England could not have been written by any one better fitted for the task than her son-in-law, who has given the most intimate picture of the Queen from infancy to death. The volume is profusely illustrated.

Wilkins.—Caroline the Illustrious. Queen-Consort of George II. and Sometime Queen-Regent. A Study of her Life and Time. By W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. Longmans, Green & Co., 2 vols., \$12.00.

Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II., has probably received less attention from historians and others than her unusual character and influence deserve. Mr. W. H. Wilkins, the biographer of Caroline's mother-in-law, the unfortunate Sophie Dorothea of Cetté, has set himself to remedy this neglect. His book before us, "Caroline the Illustrious," is a study of the life and time of the Princess who was born a century and a half later than Queen Elizabeth, and who died a century before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the only Queen-Consort who can in any way compare with them.

The opening gives us a short account of Anspach, and there follows an interesting chapter on the Court of Berlin, where Caroline spent her girlhood, and where her character was chiefly formed under the influence of her adopted mother, the first Queen of

Prussia, the friend of Leibniz, a princess of rare ability and of something the same intellectual acumen as the Duchess Amelia, of Weimar, who later also gathered an "aristocracy of mind" around her.

The courting of Caroline, her marriage to Prince George of Hanover, her difficult rôle as Princess of Wales, and, finally, her triumph as Queen-Consort, when, for ten years, she virtually, with Sir Robert Walpole, governed England, are clearly and systematically described. The book is really an account of the early Hanoverians in England, and there is no glossing over of the corrupt state of morals and government, private and public, in those times which are truly singularly unattractive from an ethic or picturesque point of view. Indeed, unedifying gossip and unsavory domestic details are unnecessarily dwelt upon. We are apt to lose sight of Caroline "the Illustrious," in the sort of patient Griselda, who, for her own ends, suffered a faithless, repulsive, and often neglectful husband; but we are perforce interested in the Queen, who not only diplomatically "managed" this same husband, but who, as Consort and Regent, with her chosen Minister, wielded the executive power in England with undoubted ability—if often unconstitutionally and against the people's will.

Mr. Wilkins has requisitioned many sources, well known and little known, to make his book complete, and there are extracts now printed—we think not always wisely—for the first time from State Despatches and other MSS. He has, on the whole, written a careful and lucid account in a straightforward and impartial manner, but there is a lack of judicial balancing of the relative worth of the matter dealt with that reduces the historical value of the book.

FICTION

Ashton—She Stands Alone. The Story of Pilate's Wife. By Mark Ashton. Page & Co., \$1.50.

What the marble-top and black-walnut epoch was to furniture, "She Stands Alone" is to fiction. The book approaches so nearly the highest point of pretentious bad taste as to be almost classic in its way. With rare consistency it sustains the note struck in the dedication: "To the Christian churches, who, whilst justly condemning Pilate in their creeds, have forgotten the honour due to Pilate's wife in their calendars, this record of her life is inscribed by the author." The book will find its audience among persons with black-walnut intellects.

Bennett—Thyra. By Robert Ames Bennett. Holt. \$1.50.

Thyra is a tale of imagination run wild in the Pit of the North Pole. It is a very exciting story with a great deal of happening. Sometimes it is a balloon that happens along, and sometimes a polar bear, and sometimes an aborigine. Almost everything happens, and happens suddenly in Thyra.

Brown—Margaret Warrener. By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

This is a thoughtful novel of artistic and unconventional Boston. The heroine is a woman of genius and character, married to a magnetic and unreliable man. He falls more or less in love with his cousin, a curious and repellant creature, all brain and business instinct, and after her first rebellion Margaret's character develops magnificently under the strain of a trying situation. She is a real woman, constructed from the inside, and rouses the admiration which she would command in real life. Most of the other characters seem to have been carefully observed from the outside. Laura, the cousin, is absolutely incomprehensible, and the author seems to have given up the riddle that she is. The story, as a whole, has hardly the spontaneity and freshness which the grasping reader feels he has a right to demand of the author of "King's End," and "The Day of his Youth"; nevertheless, it is an eminently readable and interesting experiment.

Duer—Unconscious Comedians. By Caroline Duer. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

There are three short stories and a novelette in this volume, the former admirable of their kind, the latter loose, inchoate, and deficient in ability to hold the reader's attention. Without any very profound knowledge of human nature, Miss Duer has cleverness, insight, and a kindly humor, combined with a cynical appreciation of the comic possibilities of trivial people who take themselves seriously. These are gifts especially adapted to the construction of such stories as "An Unaccountable Countess" and "My Niece, Mrs. Dove," which depict with a very pretty drollery different forms of folly in those who play the social game for all it is worth.

Hall—The Golden Arrow. By Ruth Hall. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Those writers who have been playing "Tom Tiddler's Ground" on all the old colonial territory in the country, trying to pick up silver and gold, are again desecrating the hills of poor old Boston. Apparently they forget that Hawthorne has established a claim to this region which is not to be disputed by writers ignorant both of history and the art of telling a story. One of these is Miss Ruth Hall, who has written a book called "The Golden Arrow." The writer hops heavily from Boston to Providence and so to New Amsterdam, fighting artificially with artificial Indians on the way, plumps across the sea into England, and thence, bump! back to the colony, to marry off her hero and heroine and get a casual crime forgiven.

Hegan—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. The Century Co. \$1.00.

This little tale of a cheerful heart and poverty bravely borne recalls the well-beloved early work of Mrs. Wiggin. It has the same mingling of humor and pathos which commended the elder writer's work to so wide a public,

and if it is at moments a trifle too much like a Sunday-school book, why, the Sunday-school books that reach the eye of the general public nowadays are so few that the flavor has the agreeable quality of novelty.

Lang—The Violet Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by H. J. Ford. Longmans. \$1.60.

Mr. Lang's fairy-book compilations are of as many colors as the "slips" to be "punched with care" in Mark Twain's horse-car jingle. He has already given us (or our children) a dozen fairy books, poetry books, story books, and "animal" books, two of them blue, and two of them true, and all of them admirably adapted to meet the mental needs of English-speaking children everywhere. "The Violet Fairy Book" is the thirteenth of the lot; needless to say that it is charming. No less charming, doubtless, will be "The Crushed-Strawberry Story Book" and "The Elephants'-Breath Animal Book" when all the primary—and secondary—colors have been exhausted by this diligent and delightful editor.

Lloyd—Warwick of the Knobs. By John Uri Lloyd. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

This is not a novel but a character study of a Kentucky type of forty years back. Warwick is a "Hardshell" Baptist preacher, a fatalist, an absolute fanatic as to religion, who carried his creed to its logical conclusion in his life. Yet he was a critical judge of old Bourbon and possessed the Kentucky apprehensions of honor and the rights of vengeance. The scene of the sketch is laid in war-times, and one of the Confederate preacher's bitterest trials is that in order not to break a vow previously made, he must take the iron-clad oath of allegiance. The man's character is strong and is clearly portrayed, but the book is a painful one.

Mackie—The Washingtonians. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. With a frontispiece by Philip R. Goodwin. Page & Co. \$1.50.

Mrs. Hopkins has written an interesting story of Washington life during the Civil War, in which the characters really live and move and have their being. Under the name of Mrs. Matthews, she has drawn a vivid picture of Kate Chase Sprague during the time her father was a candidate for the presidency. Lincoln is among the characters, and Mrs. Lincoln, in her theatre gown of low-necked shot-green silk, pearl-colored two-button gloves on bare arms, and wreath of bright artificial flowers. The love story between Mrs. Matthews's little cousin Virginia and her father's private secretary is well developed.

Maclaren—Young Barbarians. By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35.

The chief character in this record of Muir-town life is one Bulldog, a Scotch schoolmaster who deals with the young barbarians of the town according to his lights. These lights include a free use of the cane and much

severity, and the barbarians accord him, in return, a mixture of fear and admiration, very pretty to read about and none the less convincing because it is not true. Those who have read the stories as they have appeared in periodicals have recognized in them some of the best work that Dr. Watson has done. The Scotch gruffness that conceals pathos and the sternness that breaks unexpectedly into guffaws are both present, and give charm and flavor to the stories.

Maclaren—A Modern Antæus. By the author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

"A Modern Antæus" will not add to the popularity of the author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." In fact, it will confirm the suspicion entertained already in some quarters that the author is a bit of a duffer. The new book is an interminable and tiresome study of the character of one Tristram Gavney from his babyhood up. There is a great deal of good stuff in Tristram, but not enough to make a man of him in the face of the fact that his father misunderstands him. If he had been allowed to live in the country and had n't been nagged by his relatives, he would have been an A 1 fellow. As it is, he goes to pieces and dies misunderstood at a very early age. The pathos of the failure of all young promise is in the book, but it is spread very thin—over five hundred most dreary pages—and written in a style suggesting Meredith-and-water. The game is not worth the candle, and few who begin the book will have patience to reach the end. Surely the author is a woman. No mere man ever had leisure enough to write so much unless he had a great many very urgent things to say.

Munroe—The Shoes of Fortune. By Neil Munroe. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

"The Shoes of Fortune" are red—dark red, with handsome stitching and silver buckles. They are inherited by the hero, Paul Grieg, from his uncle, Andy Grieg, a man of parts, who has been a wanderer on the face of the earth. Whoever wears the red shoes is destined to wandering and to sorrow. The progress of the story is in keeping with the romantic footgear of its hero. There is plenty of fighting, two duels, an escape from prison over tiled roofs, and a series of flights from the officers of justice, both on land and sea. The style is that of Stevenson, at his worst, with a dash of the historical novel at its best.

Plympton—In the Shadow of the Black Pine. By A. G. Plympton. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

In accordance with the "wide-open" spirit of the age, the author of "In the Shadow of the Black Pine" has taken occasion to aim a blow at the conscience of the poor old Puritan. It is to be hoped that he has discharged his rancor against them in this book; and certainly fighting with the strictness of the past is a harmless kind of literary pugilism—for the author.

It is only fair to the writer to say that among the many trying books dealing with the early years of the Massachusetts Bay Colony his is not the worst. In fact, Mr. A. G. Plympton has some idea of the development of character. He may do good work in the future, but at present he is raw. After all, an author cannot, throughout a whole work, call his heroine "the court beauty" and expect to rank higher than an unskilled laborer in the manufacturing of books.

Scollard.—The Cloistering of Ursula. By Clinton Scollard. Page. \$1.50.

The historical novel has run through the entire gamut of extravagant praise on the one hand, and of unreasonable blame on the other. There seems very little left to say of it in either direction. Even the publishers, in their advance notices, find nothing new to say. Five publishers of historical romances which recently appeared have all announced in but slightly differing phraseology that the books were "of thrilling interest and the action unflagging." The same frugality of phrase is found among reviewers. Those well disposed toward the historical novel find very few variations to the publishers' advance notices. The few of these books are all thrilling—if one can be thrilled by a duelling hero and a perpetually harassed heroine. And the action of them all is unflagging—so much so that the reader feels himself in the presence of a noisy mechanical toy which has been well wound up and warranted not to run down to the end of the performance.

"The Cloistering of Ursula" is eminently an historical romance of the moment. Phrases one and two apply perfectly to it. The hero is as hard-worked as any hero one will find, and, as the "Book Booster" said of the "Stove-pipe of Navarre," "there is a duel in every chapter"—or else a few murders. For the rest, it is well enough written; artificial, of course, in its search for obsolete ways of speech. The plot is the usual one: the distressed maiden of high birth aided by the hero to escape from the toils which surround her. "The Cloistering of Ursula" is written along the lines of the books that have made great sales. There is no reason, if properly exploited, why it should not find its tens of thousands of readers.

Wakeman—A Gentlewoman of the Slums. By Annie Wakeman. Page. \$1.50.

This book is perhaps as good a record of a bit of the slums as is likely to be done by one who has not grown up in the slums. It is the plain narrative of the plain life of a woman who has been brought up in that stratum of society where wives do not mind a daily black eye or so, if only they can have their "lives" to be proud of. Whether or no the story will win success is doubtful. A good endorsement from a prominent clergyman might well make it one of the books of the year. Certainly it deserves a place on the library table of all persons who are interested

in the knots of human fate; a place beside "Tales of Mean Streets," perhaps even above that book, and beside "How the Other Half Lives." The difficulty in the way of its acceptance may very well be the simple, straightforward manner in which the story is told. There are not enough hysterics on the part of the writer. The tale is a tale of pathos and indeed of tragedy; but it is narrated too simply. There is no "death of little Joe" atmosphere, to make sympathetic young women weep over this sombre autobiography.

Watson—The House Divided. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Harper. \$1.50.

We have suffered grievously since the new romantic revival set in from an epidemic of tales whose pages fairly bristle with swords, and whose dialogue is largely a neat arrangement of "sdeath," "sblood," and similar pretty epithets, fondly imagined to give the much-vaunted local color. Few of these works merit serious consideration, but Mr. Marriott Watson's has some claims to be numbered among those few. He has let an appetite for the merely horrible grow upon him, and has distinctly not gained since the days of "Galloping Dick"; yet the present book is rich in incident well presented, and the adventures of Gerard Mallory and Aveline will doubtless be followed with interest by many sympathetic readers.

White—John Forsyth's Aunts. By Eliza Orne White. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

The village of Eppingham, in "John Forsyth's Aunts," is somewhat after the manner of Cranford. No mention is made of pulling down the shades, lest the sun should fade the carpet, nor of oranges eaten after the natural method in the seclusion of one's own apartment; but there can be little doubt in the mind of the discriminating reader that the sisters three—Letitia, Deborah, and the amiable Lucy—would have so treated oranges, had they been in season in Eppingham. The flavor of the eleven stories, loosely connected by overlapping personalities, is only mildly stimulating, but it is amusing once in a while to see life from the ingenuous point of view of women, who believe that among men, polygamous men, there exists even a rare man, "who, having loved once, can never love again!"

Winter—The Price of a Wife. By John Strange Winter. Lippincott. \$1.25.

How queer it is that so many authors should make themselves a mark for reviewers. It is a well-known fact that nothing delights reviewers so much as to get hold of a book that can be "slated"—sarcasm is so easy to write. Why then should an old hand like John Strange Winter write a book that is a mere target for the arrow of the critic who looks upon the chase of books as a sport?

Perhaps, however, the author realizes that "The Price of a Wife," like a tame rabbit, would be too commonplace for these sportsmen, and would be permitted to live out its short and harmless life in peace.

Wolfenstein—Idyls of the Gass. By Martha Wolfenstein. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. \$1.25.

"Idyls of the Gass" is a collection of fifteen short but connected sketches of the *Fuden-gasse*, or Jews' street, of Maritz. Miss Wolfenstein, although a comparatively new writer, shows much artistic ability and literary skill. Her description of the *Bochurle* (little scholar) Shimmele and his *Muhmè* Maryam (Aunt Miriam) are full of humor and sentiment. The foreign Hebrew customs are vividly described, the local color being suggested by Yiddish words, translated when necessary. The style has unusual distinction.

HISTORY

Conklin—American Political History. By Viola A. Conklin. Holt. \$1.50.

This compilation is just what it pretends to be, a popular history,—the outcome of a course of parlor lectures. In this modest sphere it answers the purpose satisfactorily; it is pleasantly written, accurate, and interesting. The author makes no other claims for it, and for this reason it is perhaps invidious to question its *raison d'être*,—the advisability of adding another to the long list of single-volume popular histories.

Funck-Brentano—The Diamond Necklace. By Frantz Funck-Brentano. Lippincott. \$1.50.

The author has had access to newly discovered documents, and tells this almost incredible story most plausibly and completely. The translation, by H. Sutherland Edwards, is no kindness to M. Brentano. There are twelve full-page illustrations.

Hart—American History Told by Contemporaries, 1492-1900. By Albert Bushnell Hart. 4 vols. Macmillan, \$2.00 each.

Hart and Hill—Liberty Documents. By Mabel Hill, edited, with an Introduction, by Albert Bushnell Hart. Longmans, \$2.00.

The introduction of the critical spirit in historical research is a marked characteristic of nineteenth-century intellectual activity. Thanks to severely critical methods in the study of the sources, the history of the world has been entirely rewritten. It is, however, wrong to argue that because an intimate acquaintance with the sources is indispensable to the historian, the best way to teach history in our schools and colleges is through a study of this material. Such, however, seems to be the general trend of thought in educational circles.

In discussing this subject there presents itself at the outset the omnipresent difficulty that side by side in the same class-room are students whose terms of study differ. For one, the course contains all he will learn of the subject, for the other the present is merely a training for more elaborate future study. Naturally, different methods fit each case. The student who intends to take up historical research as a vocation cannot begin too early to familiarize himself with the sources. He has ample time later to acquire the broad gen-

eral views which will enable him to perceive the relative importance of facts and their place in cosmic evolution. But how fares the student who has no professional aims, who merely studies history to broaden his intellectual horizon? Is he not sacrificed to the professional student? His attention is centred on dry documents, whose significance the immature mind must fail to grasp. He does not gain that tolerant spirit which is the finest fruit of historical study. His imagination is not stimulated, but rather stunted, by microscopic study. Instead of bringing him more closely in touch with the past, as is so often maintained, the new method makes the past appear unreal and incomprehensible. The source-book method of teaching, which is becoming year by year more prevalent, is making the study of history to a great extent, solely an intellectual discipline. It is time that its *raison d'être* should be thoroughly discussed.

A recent source-book is that arranged by Mabel Hill, containing a series of documents—some printed *in extenso*—from the coronation oath of Henry I. in 1100 down to some of President McKinley's last speeches. This book is designed to illustrate the development and growth of constitutional liberty. These documents are severally introduced by some comments of the author, and are then followed by extracts from contemporary authors. Finally, critical comments of various modern publicists follow. As these extracts are as a rule very short,—averaging probably less than half a page,—they are more apt to bewilder than to enlighten the student. Comments, shorn of their context, never satisfy the mind.

Professor Hart's work is conceived on a different basis. As the title states, it is a narrative history of the United States, formed out of extracts from contemporary writings, so arranged as to produce a somewhat continuous narrative. It is similar to the work that Zeller did some years ago for mediæval French history. It is not probable that any one, either for amusement or for instruction, will read the books through from cover to cover, despite the fact that they contain many interesting passages. The general reader will find them useful as collateral reading; the scholar will find in them many a useful hint which will help him in his researches. The teacher, for the reasons mentioned above, must, however, use the collection with caution, not as a text-book, but in a subordinate capacity. In general, the work is the most valuable one of its character on American history.

Hume—The Spanish People. By Martin A. S. Hume. Appleton. \$1.50.

Dr. York Powell, the editor of the "Great Peoples" series, of which this is the initial volume, proposes to give us not a political or a social history of the great nations, but rather a study of their tendencies and potencies, and their influence on civilization. The introductory volume augurs well for the enterprise. Hume, through his many years of study in the English archives, and through his numerous previous publications in the same field, was particularly well adapted for the

task. As is known, there is no satisfactory history of Spain in English; Burke's work, even as revised by Hume, is not up to the required standard. The present volume of Hume will supply a long-felt want, and leads to the hope that he will expand this small volume into a fairly exhaustive account of Spanish history. As it is, the book can be highly recommended to those interested in a fascinating bit of historical evolution.

MISCELLANEOUS

Green—Twelve Allegories. By Kathleen Haydn Green. Lane. \$1.25.

The publisher has given an appropriately simple but handsome dress to this little group of allegories, which is dedicated by the author, "Lady Mayoress," to her father, "Lord Mayor of the Free and the Ancient City of London."

Grinnell—American Duck Shooting. By George Bird Grinnell. Illustrated.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co. \$3.50.

Though better known as a student of the Indians than as a sportsman, Mr. Grinnell here comes forth as a full-fledged authority on every species of duck, goose, and swan found in North America. In addition to chapters on the fowl themselves and their habits, Mr. Grinnell discusses the art of duck shooting in all its phases. The book is an able and exhaustive contribution to one of the best branches of sport.

Martindale—Sport Indeed. By Thomas Martindale. With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. Jacobs. \$1.60, net.

There is a great deal that is stimulating and wholesome in Mr. Martindale's record of various hunting trips after moose and caribou in the Maine woods, and game of other varieties in the Northwest, the Adirondacks, North Carolina, and wherever good shooting is to be found. Mr. Martindale is a sportsman, not a litterateur, and hence his book gains rather than loses in spice and sincerity.

Reid—The Mohawk Valley, its Legends and its History. By W. Max Reid. Putnam. \$3.50.

So fair a dimple on the face of the earth as the Mohawk Valley deserves commemoration for its beauty alone. When, however, historic memories cluster, and colonial legend, Indian lore, and frontier incidents touch the imagination, so as to make rambling within its limits a delight, and even still life a daily pleasure, then the more worthy is "the valley" to be told of in a handsome work like this, which Mr. Reid has written. Far from being a scientific historian, he is lovingly appreciative of the deeds of those who helped here to make our nation. While seeking to be accurate, he has a clear vision of what both friend and foe have here sought and succeeded or failed in, and altogether his varied account is a charming one. The occasional slips of the pen, and statements which might not pass with the critic-searcher of archives,

are but natural to one who literally covers so much ground, and tells of it so charmingly. In company with his friend, J. Arthur Maney, who carried the camera, while he bore pen and note-book, the past has been recovered from oblivion, both in the pleasing text and in the clear photographic reproduction which make handling the book a delight. Arendt Van Curler—whose name is so embalmed in the Indian tongue that not only governors of States and Provinces, but even the British emperor is still named by them "Corlaer," or "Kora"—was the first white man to traverse the beautiful valley and to tell in elegant Dutch, with appropriate Latin, of what he had seen. The oldest houses are in and around Schenectady, but Woestyne, Beuken-daal, Scotia, Cranesville, Amsterdam, Little Falls, and Oriskany have yet their old stone houses, elegantly preserved dwellings, desolate mills, or ruined churches, to tempt the photographer and pique curiosity to know the story of the days when the struggle for a continent was going on, and was focussed here. Mr. Reid takes us as far as Oriskany and the Battle Monument, and the whole road is fascinating with "ghost flowers of the past." This is a capital book to read along with "Cardigan."

POETRY AND VERSE

Branch—The Heart of the Road. By Anna Hemstead Branch. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

It is old Sir Thomas Browne who counsels us: "Have a glimpse of the incomprehensible and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend into invisibles." This is what Miss Branch is able to do; sometimes with a transcending charm, as in "Heart of my Song," and in the sonnet, "Where No Thoughts Are," while at other times we are led, by no certain clue, into eerie regions, beset with confusion and ominous difficulty. Two little fairy tales in verse (treading along the wonder-way taken by Bonny Kilmeny) are most attractive. In "Lazarus," a deeper chord is struck in the vividly imagined scene which takes place between the risen dead and the bereaved questioners, who seek to know if Lazarus has encountered their own who have passed through the gates of death. Sensibility, a quiet fancy, and a musical utterance, characterize the verses grouped together in this volume by Miss Branch, and give earnest of yet better work from the same pen.

Lehmann—Anni Fugaces. By R. C. Lehmann. Lane. \$1.50.

A book of facile, pleasant verse, in which the author exhibits in many different forms the gentle surprise of age (or middle-age) that it is no longer youth, and indulges in many cheer-

ful memories of boyhood, of college days, and college chums.

Meynell—Later Poems. By Alice Meynell. Lane. \$1.25.

Tenuous, delicate, yet often singularly strong in their subtlety, are the lines of thought embodied in these "Later Poems," less than a score in number. There is a twofold utterance to be detected in Mrs. Meynell's work—a voice of the woman-heart, as in the sweetly singing little lyric, "The Fold," and another voice, as of the contemplative sage, in such pieces as "The Lady Poverty." One word of her own seems to define Mrs. Meynell's intellectual-spiritual attitude, and that word we quote:

"I cannot see,—
I, child of process,—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies."

In the evolution of her poetic genius, Mrs. Meynell seems to us, in some way, characterized by this phrase, "child of process."

TRAVEL

Francis—London, Historic and Social. By Claude de la Roche Francis. 2 vols. Coates & Co. \$5.00.

Lansdale—Scotland, Historic and Romantic. By Mary Hornor Lansdale. 2 vols. Phila: Coates & Co. \$5.00.

These two works are on similar plans, and are brought out in identical form and style. In each the history is taken up by periods, and is associated with the scenes of the events. In the "Scotland," the matter is arranged topographically, or county by county. A chronological table of the principal events in Scottish history, and a genealogical chart of the sovereigns of Scotland from the beginning of the 11th century, are added. In the "London," the subject is treated in successive chapters, on Roman, Saxon, and Norman London; and London under the Plantagnets, under Lancaster and York, under the Tudors (two chapters), and under the Stuarts. The civic and architectural growth of the great city, the local manners and customs of each period, the political, social, and intellectual life of each, the traditions and folk-lore connected with the authentic history—all are briefly, as of necessity, but well sketched. Both works are copiously and excellently illustrated with photogravures, mostly of scenery and architecture, interspersed with portraits, maps, etc.; and both will be extremely useful and interesting to tourists, actual or prospective. The books are rather bulky to be taken on the journey, but may be commended for preparatory study and reading, or for review of the tour after one gets home again.



Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

BLACKMAR, FRANK W. *The Life of Charles Robinson.* Crane & Company, Topeka.

EDUCATIONAL

ESENWEIN, J. BERG. *How to Attract and Hold an Audience.* Hinds & Noble, \$1.00.

HARPER, WILLIAM R. *Constructive Studies in the Priestly Element in the Old Testament.* The University of Chicago Press, \$1.00.

MCLAUGHLIN, JAMES M. *Elements and Notation of Music.* Ginn, 55 cts.

MEIER, W. H. D. *Herbarium and Plant Description.* Ginn, 70 cts.

OGILVIE, ROBERT. *Horæ Latinæ, Studies in Synonyms and Syntax.* Longmans.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. *Julius Cæsar.* Edited by A. H. Tolman. Globe School Book Company.

VAILE, E. O. Edited by. *Our Accursed Spelling; What to Do with it.* E. O. Vaile, Chicago.

FICTION

FRY, SUSANNA, M.D. *A Paradise Valley Girl.* Illustrated. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT. *En Son Nom.* Translated by Mary Prince Sauveur. Jenkins New York, \$1.00.

HOLT-LOMAX, R. H. *A Moment's Mistake.* Abbey Press, \$1.00.

PARSONS, CAROLINE. *Esther Hills, Housemaid.* Abbey Press, \$1.00.

SALZSCHEIDER, MRS. ALBERT. *Pandora.* Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco, \$1.00.

STEELE, CHARLES HOMER. *Helen Parker.* The Henneberry Company, \$1.25.

HISTORY

GRAHAM, GEORGE EDWARD. *Schley and Santiago.* Illustrated. W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago.

LAMB, Rev. M. T. *The Mormons and Their Bible.* Illustrated. American Baptist Publication Society, 25 cts., net.

MORRIS, MOWBRAY. *Tales of the Spanish Main.* Illustrated. Macmillan, \$2.00.

SMEATON, OLIPHANT. *The Medici and the Italian Renaissance.* Scribners, \$1.25.

WILLARD, CHARLES DWIGHT. *The Herald's History of Los Angeles City.* Illustrated. Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

JUVENILE

CASTLEMON, HARRY. *Floating Treasure.* Coates.

TOMLINSON, EVERETT T. *In the Wyoming Valley.* Illustrated. American Baptist Publication Society, \$1.00, net.

VEBLEN, ELLEN ROLFE. *The Goosenbury Pilgrims.* The University of Chicago Press.

MISCELLANEOUS

DEL MAR, EUGENE. *Spiritual and Material Attraction.* The Smith-Brooks Printing Company, Denver, 75 cts.

DRESSLER, FLORENCE. *Feminology, a Guide for Womankind.* Dressler & Company, Chicago, \$3.00.

KELLOR, FRANCES A. *Experimental Sociology, Descriptive and Analytical. Delinquents.* Macmillan, \$2.00.

MARTIN, DANIEL HOFFMAN. *How Men Are Made, or Corner Stones of Character.* Abbey Press, \$1.00.

MILES, EUSTACE H. *How to Remember, without Memory Systems or with them.* Warne & Company, \$1.00.

PATTEN, SIMON N. *The Theory of Prosperity.* Macmillan, \$1.25.

Pennsylvania Politics. *The Campaign of 1900 as set forth in the Speeches of Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay.* Campbell, Philadelphia.

SAINTE-FOI, CHARLES DE. *The Perfect Woman.* Translated from the French by Zéphirine N. Brown. Marlier & Company, Boston, \$1.00, net.

SMITH, BOSTON W. "Uncle Boston's" *Spicy Breezes.* American Baptist Publication Society, \$1.00, net.

THOMPSON, SIR HENRY, BART. *Diet in Relation to Age and Activity.* Revised Edition. Warne & Company, \$1.00.

TRAUT, ELISE. *Christmas in Heart and Home.* Abbey Press, \$1.25.

PAMPHLETS.

Adams, Maude, in "Quality Street." Russell.

AGLE, WILLIAM C. *Eastern Peru and Bolivia.* The Homer M. Hill Publishing Company, Seattle, Washington, 50 cts.

Bellew, Kyrle, in "A Gentleman of France." Russell.

Campbell, Mrs. Patrick. *A Souvenir.* Russell.

Congress, Library of. *Report of the Librarian with Manual, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901.* Government Printing Office, Washington.

Congress, Library of. *List of Books on Samoa and Guam.* Compiled by A. P. C. Griffin. Government Printing Office, Washington.

Congress, Library of. *Classification. Class Z. Bibliography and Library Science.* Government Printing Office, Washington.

Harned, Virginia, in "Alice of Old Vincennes." Russell.

HOHLFELD, A. R. *Goethe's "Faust." The Plan and Purpose of the Completed Work.*

HORTON-SMITH, LIONEL. *Hymn by Lord Macaulay, an Effort of His Early Childhood.* Metcalfe & Company, Cambridge, England, 1s., net.

SMALL, HERBERT. *Handbook of the New Library of Congress.* Curtis & Cameron, Boston.

Wisconsin State Historical Society Library Building, *Memorial Volume.* Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Democrat Printing Company, Madison, Wis.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of *THE CRITIC* by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mechanics' Institute Free Library. H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

- The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Grand Opera in America. Lahee. (Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 World Beautiful in Books. Whiting. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.00.)
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 With "Bobs" and Kruger. Unger. (Coates, \$2.00.)
 Mythology. Dwight. (American Book Co., \$1.75.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson Seton. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
Most Popular Novels.
 One of my Sons. Green. (Putnam, \$1.50.)
 At Large. Hornung. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Mercantile Library. W. T. PEOPLES, Librarian.

- India, Old and New. Hopkins. (Scribner, \$2.50.)
 China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 The Real Latin Quarter. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)
 The Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)
 Mexico as I Saw It. Tweedie. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howell. (Harper, \$3.75.)
 Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$6.50.)
 Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$15.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

History of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

Society Library. T. B. BIGELOW, Librarian.

- Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$9.00.)
 Links with the Past. Bagehot. (Longmans, \$5.50.)
 In Sicily. Sladen. (Dutton, 2 vols., \$20.00.)
 Schley and Santiago. Graham. (Conkey, \$1.50.)
 History of Lace. Palliser. (Scribner, \$10.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 American Traits. Munsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)
 The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, \$5.00.)
 The Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pratt Institute Free Library. M. W. PLUMMER, Librarian.

- Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)
 Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Portion of Labor. Wilkins. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone, \$1.50.)
 Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Brooklyn Public Library. FRANK P. HILL,
Librarian.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
(Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

French Art. Brownell. (Scribner, \$3.75.)

Lives of the Hunted. Thompson Seton.
(Scribner, \$1.75.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Washington, the Capital City. Wilson. (Lippincott, 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$3.00.)

Musical Memories. Mason. (Century Co., \$2.00.)

Queen Victoria. Lorne. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Fireside Sphinx. Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**Bridgeport Public Library.** AGNES HILLS,
Librarian.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
(Scribner, \$4.00.)

The Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder.
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Life of Queen Victoria. Lorne. (Harper, \$2.50.)

The Real Latin Quarter. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.**Buffalo Public Library.** H. L. ELMENDORF,
Librarian.

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Thompson Seton.
(Scribner, \$1.75.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

A Widow and her Friends. Gibson. (Russell, \$5.00.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
(Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

CHICAGO, ILL.**Chicago Public Library.** FREDERICK H. HILD,
Librarian.

Boys of '76. Coffin. (Harper, \$2.00.)

Innocents Abroad. Clemens. (Amer. Pub. Co., \$3.50.)

White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)

Three Men in a Boat. Jerome. (Holt, \$1.25.)

Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Lives of the Hunted. Thompson Seton.
(Scribner, \$1.75.)

Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.**Public Library.** WILLIAM H. BRETT, *Librarian.*

Jesus Christ and the Social Question. Peabody. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Parts of Speech. Matthews. (Scribner, \$1.25.)

American Law. Walker. (Little, Brown & Co., \$6.00.)

Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$2.50.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux. (Putnam, \$3.00.)

Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$3.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

- Asia. Carpenter. (Amer. Book Co., 60 cts.)
 Life of Washington. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 40 cts.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

DETROIT, MICH.

- Detroit Public Library.** HENRY M. UTLEY,
Librarian
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Thompson Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Benefactress. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 Fünf Jahre meines Lebens. Dreyfus. (Edelheim, \$1.35.)
 How to Control Circumstances. Gestefeld. (Gestefeld Pub. Co., 75 cts.)
 Strong Eyes. MacFadden. (Phys. Cult. Pub. Co., \$1.00.)
 The Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 A Sketch of Semitic Origins. Barton. (Macmillan Co., \$3.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

HELENA, MONT.

- Helena Public Library.** MARY C. GARDNER,
Librarian.
 Lives of the Hunted. Thompson Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson Seton. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Poems. Longfellow. (Various editions.)
 Hiawatha Primer. Holbrook. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75 cts.)
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)
 American Traits. Münsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)
 Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb. (Various editions.)
 Works of Dante and Studies of His Life and Writings.
Most Popular Novel.
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

- Free Public Library.** ESTHER E. BURDICK,
Librarian.
 The Lives of the Hunted. Thompson Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)
 The Life of Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 Paolo and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.25.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

- Public Library.** CARRIE WESTLAKE WHITNEY,
Librarian.
 China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 Humor of Russia. Voynich. (Scribner, \$1.25.)
 Russian Life in Town and Country. Palmer. (Putnam, \$1.25.)
 Overland Stage to California. Root and Connelley. (Root & Connelley, \$2.50.)
 Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature. Brandes. (Macmillan, \$2.25.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Historic Towns of Western States. Powell. (Putnam, \$3.00.)
 The True Thomas Jefferson. Curtis. (Lippincott, \$2.00.)
 First Across the Continent. Brooks. (Scribner, \$1.50.)
 Books on Colonial Life.
Most Popular Novel.
 My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Mathews. (Bowen-Merrill, \$1.25.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

- Los Angeles Public Library.** M. L. JONES,
Librarian.
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Indian Basketry. James. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 The Grand Cañon of the Colorado. James. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50.)
 Our National Parks. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.00.)
 Wild Flowers of California. Parsons. (Doxey, \$1.50.)
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
 The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 Works. Roosevelt. (Putnam, 8 vols., \$20.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

- Mercantile Library.** I. ASHHURST, *Librarian.*
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co., \$1.50.)
 Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)
 The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Sir Richard Calmady. Harrison. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Schley and Santiago. Graham Conkey, \$1.50.
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Fireside Sphinx. Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

- Free Public Library.** ANNIE E. CHAPMAN, *Librarian.*
 Lore of Cathay. Martin. (Revell, \$2.50.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 Letters of Alphonse. Kenealy. (Grosset & Dunlap, 75 cts.)
 On Board a Whaler. Hammond. (Putnam, \$1.35.)
 Text-Book of Commercial Geography. Adams. (Appleton, \$1.30.)
 On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)
 Natural Methods of Physical Training. Checkley. (Bryant & Co., \$1.50.)

- Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Poets of the Younger Generation. Archer. (Lane, \$6.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop, \$1.50.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

- Public Library.** GEORGE T. CLARK, *Librarian.*
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Footsteps of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson, \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, \$3.75.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

- City Library Association.** HILLER C. WELLMAN, *Librarian.*
 School, College, and Character. Briggs. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 How to Make Baskets. White. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 American Traits. Munsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson Seton. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Thompson Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

St. Paul Public Library. HELEN J. McCAINE,
Librarian.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
(Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan,
\$2.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2
vols., \$3.75.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson.
(Scribner, \$1.75.)

White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham,
6 vols., \$12.00.)

Works on China.

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper,
\$2.25.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin
& Co., \$1.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan. \$1.50.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Syracuse Public Library. EZEKIEL W. MUNDY,
Librarian.

Works. Parkman.

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper,
\$3.75.)

The Letters of John Richard Green. Stephen.
(Macmillan, \$4.00.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
(Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

The Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder.
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Life of Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner,
\$3.00.)

Little Rivers. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Spanish and Portuguese Literature.

Careers of Danger and Daring. Moffett.
(Century Co., \$1.80.)

The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner,
\$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

TORONTO, CAN.

Toronto Public Library. JAMES BAIN, JR.,
Librarian.

Caroline, Queen-Consort of George II. Wilkins.
(Longmans, 2 vols., 36s.)

The Birds of Siberia. Seebohm. (Murray,
12s.)

The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon.
Gallup. (Howard Pub. Co., \$3.00.)

Life of Lord Russell of Killowen. O'Brien.
(Smith, Elder & Co., 10s. 6d.)

The Growth of the Empire. Jose. (Murray,
6s.)

Lady Sarah Lennox. Stravordale. (Murray,
2 vols., 32s.)

Confessions of a Caricaturist. Furniss.
(Unwin, 2 vols., 32s.)

Robespierre: A Study. Belloc. (Nesbit &
Co., 16s.)

Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends.
Hill. (Unwin, 21s.)

Reminiscences of a Long Life. Killen. (Hodder
& Stoughton, 6s.)

Most Popular Novels.

The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead
& Co., \$1.50.)

A Modern Antæus. (Morang & Co., \$1.25.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

Free Public Library. SAMUEL S. GREEN,
Librarian.

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson.
(Scribner, \$1.75.)

Life of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton,
3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper,
\$2.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century
Co., \$1.50.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin
& Co., \$1.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan,
\$2.00.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson.
(Scribner, \$2.00.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
(Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin &
Co., \$1.50.)



THE LATE CECIL RHODES
(From the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes,
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature Art and Life

Vol. XL

MAY, 1902

No. 5

The Lounger

THE will of Cecil Rhodes has made almost more excitement in England and America than his death. It has been such a surprise to the public; and yet those who knew the man most intimately were probably not at all surprised by it. That he should found international scholarships at Oxford tends as much to the good-will between nations as anything short of a signed armistice could do. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has had some experience himself in giving, is one of the most enthusiastic in his appreciation of what Mr. Rhodes has done. I have read a good many articles on "the Colossus" since his death, but none that seem to me more comprehensive in its summing up of his character than the one by Mr. I. N. Ford, published in the *Tribune*:

No statesman was ever served by a more devoted staff than Mr. Rhodes. He chose his men deliberately, trusted them implicitly, and stood by them resolutely when they were attacked. Extremely talkative and outspoken on occasions, he was ordinarily taciturn and inscrutable. He expected every one in his service to exercise large discretion and to avoid talking about him. Silence was the first law of service among the mysteries of the Rhodesian sphere. The chief was dependent upon the assistance of his loyal followers, and they were fascinated by his unique personality and con-

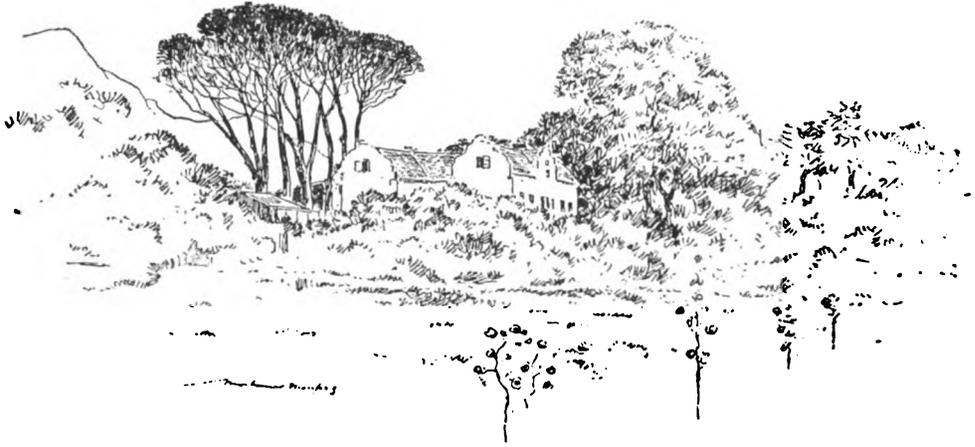
vinced that he was the greatest Englishman of the empire. With marked literary tastes, he disliked letter-writing, official drudgery, and clerical details, and, millionaire as he was, he found it difficult to add up a column of figures. He left all details to subordinates and worked on broad lines, creating everywhere he went an atmosphere for large projects with a far-reaching trend in the future. A dreamer and an idealist he remained to the end. The reconciliation of races after the war, the industrial development of the Dutch colonies on an unexampled scale, the extension of the railway northward, the federation of the colonies, and the creation of a Parliament for the empire were among the complex problems and grandiose projects over which he was brooding at the close of his career. Now that he is dead, his loss is generally regarded as a catastrophe for South Africa, where he would have been the natural peacemaker and the logical Prime Minister of a united confederation.



Mr. Rhodes was a great reader, and his favorites were the classics, of which he had a fine collection, with a separate library of typewritten translations executed specially for him. Among the moderns, Froude and Carlyle were his favorites, and Gibbon he knew almost by heart. "Vanity Fair" he admired almost more than any other work of fiction, and there Mr. Rhodes and I are one.

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ENTERED AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.



THE LATE CECIL RHODES'S HOUSE, GROOT SCHUUR, NEAR CAPE TOWN
(From a sketch by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, courtesy of *The International Studio*)

The wide interest aroused by Mr. Rhodes's death and the distribution of ten millions of his fortune has attracted especial attention to Mr. Howard Hensman's story of his wonderful career. Mr. Hensman writes from an intimate personal acquaintance with the subject of his history.



It is true in the publishing business, as in most others, that if you want a thing the way to get it is to put on your hat and go for it. In old times, when there was not as much competition in the publishing business as there is to-day, if a publisher wanted to secure an author he wrote him a polite letter, and ten to one secured him. Nowadays it is the publisher who goes to see an author and makes his proposition by word of mouth who gets him, or her, as the case may be. Mr. McClure has always realized this fact, and when he wanted to get a series of articles and a book out of Miss Ellen Stone he packed his bag and went to Constantinople. There he met her and arranged matters in a few moments. Not only that, but he sent for Mr. Jaccaci to look after the illustrations and for Mr. Baker to do something else. The three accompanied Miss Stone to London and from London to New York, crossing on the *Deutschland* with her. Mr. McClure is said to have agreed to pay her eight or ten thousand dollars for

serial rights in her own story of her captivity and more for book rights. Major Pond has secured her for a lecture tour, and altogether it looks as though Miss Stone were by way of making a small fortune out of what at one time looked like a serious misfortune. It is said, however, that she only wants to make money for the purpose of paying back her ransom—\$90,000, I believe.



Mr. Addison Bright, an English man of letters, playwright, and representative of players, has just made a flying trip to this country. He was here for nine days and during that nine days he visited all the important theatres between New York and Chicago. Before he left New York he saw all the plays to be seen here that were worth seeing—and some that were not; and he returned from Chicago just in time to go to Bridgeport to see Miss de Wolfe in "The Way of the World" and to get to Harlem to see Miss Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Mr. Bright was particularly anxious to see Miss Marlowe as she has commissioned his client, Mr. Stephen Phillips, to write her a play. As Mr. Bright sailed for England the day after he saw her, I did not have the pleasure of hearing what he had to say of this delightful actress and her art, but I am sure he must have been pleased, though

the play she has been appearing in for nearly two years is not worthy of her eminently poetical talents. It will be interesting to see her in one of Mr. Phillips's dramas, but as it is not writ-

with which the family of William Penn has been identified for generations. Not only was the old church in a dilapidated condition, but the new incumbent has had to spend several hundred



THE LATE CECIL RHODES
 (Sketched from life by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, courtesy of *The International Studio*)

ten yet I am afraid we shall have to wait a long time for that pleasure.



The Rev. B. J. S. Kerby, of Penn Vicarage, Amersham, Bucks, has returned to England from Philadelphia after a visit during which he raised \$2500 to put a new roof on the village church

pounds in making the vicarage habitable. On the American liner *Philadelphia*, which brought him home, he completed his roof fund, one of the contributors being Miss Ellen Terry. The largest single subscription he received was from an anonymous Quaker lady in Philadelphia, who promised to hand him a check for \$500 when the sum of \$2000 had been secured.



THE "RUSSELL" MEMORIAL WINDOW
(Designed by Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb)

As announced at the recent alumnae meeting of Wells College held in New York City, at which Mrs. Cleveland was present, a window will be placed in the college, at Aurora, in memory of Stella Goodrich Russell, of the class of '74. It is given by her husband, Charles Hazen Russell, of New York City. The window was designed by Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb and made at the studio of J. and R. Lamb of this city. The foreground shows three ideal figures: Literature in the centre, seated; Science to her right, Art to her left.

28

I am glad to hear that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have found it worth their while to bring out a new edition of the poetical works of Bayard Taylor. This new edition is edited by the poet's wife, who has given it her careful revision, also contributing a preface, in which she tells the story of her husband's literary growth. Bayard Taylor is not as well known to the present generation of his countrymen as he should be. He was not one of our greatest poets, but we have few who

wrote more virile verse than his, and his translations will always be standards.

28

One would think, on the face of it, that the literary life was a simple and an easy one, and that there was nothing very nerve-straining in writing a book if a year or so were devoted to its composition; and yet there have been an unusual number of breakdowns among writers of fiction within the last few weeks. Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) has gone abroad, and if not suffering from nervous prostration is so very near it that it is no joke. Mrs. Catherwood, whose latest novel, "Lazarre," has met with such widespread success, is in a hospital. And Mrs. Frances Hodgson Townsend (Burnett), who came to America for rest and change of scene, has broken down completely and is now in a sanitarium. That does not mean that her mind is in any way affected, but that she has

Telegrams:
HINDHEAD

Undershaw,
Hindhead,
Haslemere.

26.1
1902

My dear Robinson
It was your account of a
west country legend which first
suggested the idea of this little tale
to my mind.
For this, and for the help which
you gave me in its evolution,
all thanks

Yours most truly
A. Conan Doyle
G

FACSIMILE OF MS. LETTER FROM DR. CONAN DOYLE

broken down physically for the time being. So after all, the trade of writing may take more out of one than it is generally supposed to.

making as thrilling a story as the one that Mr. Gillette has embodied in his play. I understand that THE CRITIC'S esteemed contemporary, *The Bookman*,



Photo by

DR. CONAN DOYLE

Elliott & Fry

In reviving Sherlock Holmes and writing a new story around the exploits of that magician among detectives, Dr. Conan Doyle undertook a dangerous thing, but in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" he has succeeded in

will devote its May number almost exclusively to the laudation of Dr. Doyle and his detective stories. It is said that the reading of these stories is the absorbing passion of the senior editor of *The Bookman*, and that when a new



MISS OSTERTAG

(From a drypoint by Mr. Frank Holme)

number of the *Strand* arrived with an instalment of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in it he shut himself up in a room with his pipe and the magazine and denied himself to all visitors until he had read the story. I can easily understand one banishing himself with a copy of the complete story in his hand, but not with the scraps that are printed from month to month. It seems to me that "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is a book to take and finish in a reading. Certainly no one can take it up without reading to the end—and woe betide the person who interrupts him.

Mr. Frank Holme, who sketched this head of Miss Ostertag, is a newspaper

man of varied and restless cleverness. I believe he is illustrating Mr. George Ade's new Fables, while he recuperates from lung trouble in Aiken. He has tried his hand at everything in the graphic arts, from newspaper pictures of the Johnstown floods to colored etchings, and always with some success. Once, for a while, he ran a private press, a most expensive fad, for only the best paper and most beautiful type would do him for the essays of Stevenson and other favorites. Knowing his own habit of plunging vehemently into a new pursuit and then leaving it, he called his press The Bandarlog Press, and designed an amusing imprint of a little monkey dropping a book through the branches, as Kipling's tree folk dropped everything. One of his comrades on The Bandarlog Press was George Bentham, now in New York helping to edit that complete set of Fitz-Gerald that Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. are getting out. Mr. Bentham is a bibliophile, a collector of Kelmscott books, first editions, unpublished drawings, and the most costly odds and ends. He has drawings by Charles Keene, by Lewis Carroll, and I don't know how many other clever draughtsmen.



Recent exhibitions of Japanese pictures by Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith at the St. Botolph Club in Boston, and at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, have again aroused interest in that artist's faithful and characteristic transcriptions of bygone art. Mr. Smith was sent to Japan by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and has returned with numerous reproductions of native masterpieces. In commenting on his work the *Japan Mail* remarks that:

Of course Mr. Smith, for all his diligence, has not been able to do more than exploit a very small part of this mine of wealth, but we are much mistaken if his inimitable reproductions do not inspire the Boston connoisseurs to give him a second commission. At all events we sincerely hope that such will be the case. Photography and chromo-lithography are quite inadequate to accomplish the ends which Mr. Smith has attained.



**STATUE OF ONE OF THE DEVA KINGS
FROM THE TEMPLE OF KOFUKUJI, JAPAN
(After the copy by Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith)**



Photo by

Byron

SCENE FROM "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE"
(See The Drama)



Photo by

Elliott & Fry

MR. ARTHUR GRANVILLE BRADLEY

To Mr. Arthur Granville Bradley belongs the distinction of having written the first life of Owen Glyndwr in English. To most of us this spelling of the Welsh hero's name is new and not altogether satisfactory. We were brought up on the old way, Glendower, and liked it. At any rate, we could pronounce it from the spelling; but I defy anyone to pronounce the name as Mr. Bradley spells it on sight. However, whether as Glyndwr or Glendower, this Welsh hero is a picturesque personality and we are glad to read the true story of his career.



The photograph of Mr. Thomas Hardy from which this portrait was reproduced, I picked up in London in 1894. It is the only picture of Mr. Hardy with a beard that I have ever seen. Some years ago THE CRITIC published the only portrait of Thoreau with a beard. Now-a-days the author or the "man in the street" is as beardless as a priest or an actor. There are, however, notable exceptions, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Edwin Markham being among them.

Harper's Weekly speaks severely of the sort of college vandalism that seems to be rampant to-day. There are no words too severe to scourge young men who think it fun to defile the monuments erected in memory of their coun-

are not only a disgrace to their college, but to their country.

✂

No man is more popular among the writers of Chicago than Mr. H. C.

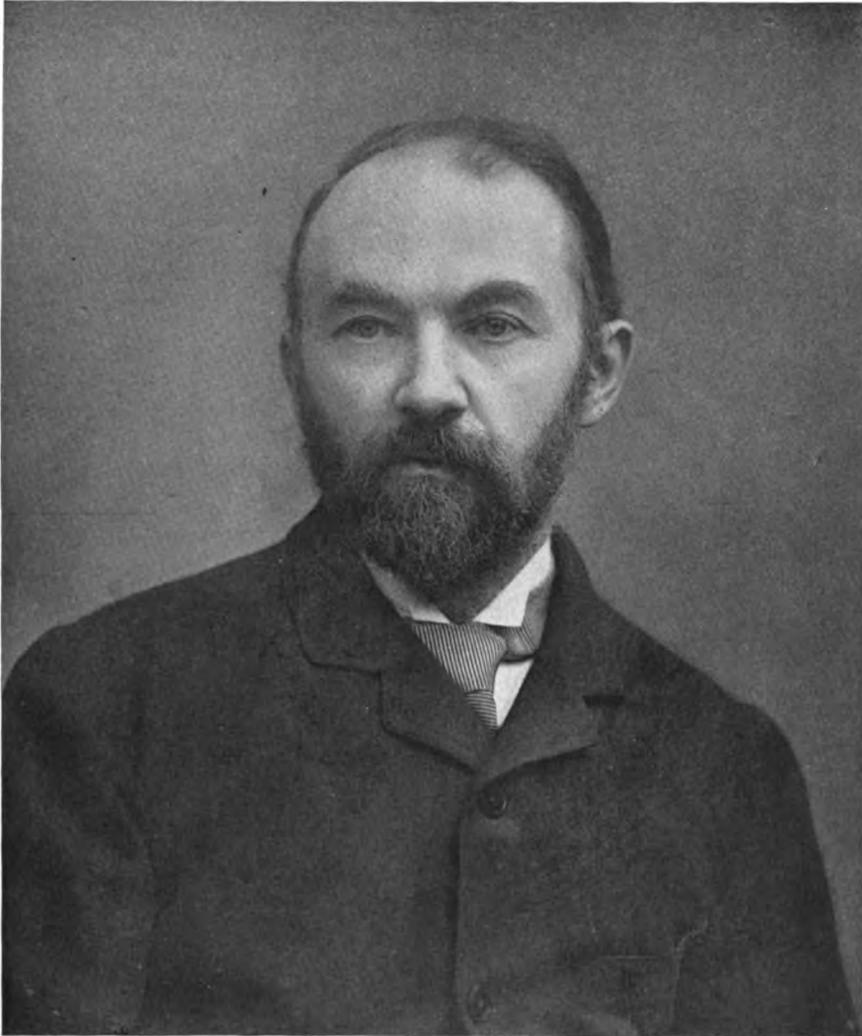


Photo by

Barraud

MR. THOMAS HARDY WITH A BEARD
(From a photograph taken in 1894)

try's heroes or to cut valuable portraits from their frames. It is to be hoped that the presidents of the universities whose students committed these outrages will point out to them the contempt that they have earned and punish them with all the severity that college law permits. Such young men

Chatfield-Taylor, whose latest novel, "The Crimson Wing," has been much talked about. There is a kind of good fellowship in the man which puts him at ease with anyone, and he is a particularly good comrade with the writers and artists who frequent The Little Room. For that organization he has



Burr McIntosh

Studio

MR. H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

assisted in many strange entertainments, one of which was the parody of Henry B. Fuller's "Last Refuge," for which Mr. Taylor not only wrote the play, but acted the star part. It is in this kind of atmosphere that he is most at home, and the two things which he regrets most are the unsought notoriety he has gained as a social leader and the infliction of a hyphenated name. For neither of these is he responsible, and nothing is further from his wishes than the desire to pose as a society man or a social dictator, or any of the kindred characters which the newspapers have forced upon him. The

cotillions he led in Chicago soon after he left college, and the fact that he was the Infanta Eulalia's escort when she was in Chicago, sent abroad the impression that he was the social leader of the city. Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him. Although Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has edited a paper, written seven books, three of which have been re-published in England, and contributed articles to some of the most prominent periodicals in the country, he is still to the average newspaper man only the leader of Chicago society. Yet his heart is in his work, and he would rather be known as a professional writer than as the head of all the four hundreds in Europe and America. There are many people seeking social notoriety, but Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has had it thrust upon him.

The other sin for which he is not responsible is his double name, which was the gift of his uncle, Wayne B. Chatfield, of Chicago, a bachelor whose family pride was tenacious. Mr. Taylor's inheritance from him was coupled with the stipulation that his surname should be changed, and as the judge in granting the decree held that the Christian name was unaffected, his legal title is long and a fit subject, according to many reporters, for jests. If he were asked which events in his life he regretted most, he would say his unsought social notoriety and his double name. He hopes by continual effort his work may live them down.



The dramatic rights in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's "The Crimson Wing" have just been arranged for by Mr. Charles Frohman. Mr. E. E. Rose is to make the dramatization.



Mr. Karl Edwin Harriman, whose portrait I take pleasure in presenting, is a young man with a future "before him." From the tone of a letter I received from him the other day, he wishes it were not so far before him. Mr. Harriman has the distinction of having sold his stories in bunches of eight and ten to the leading magazines,

but none of them have appeared in print as yet. The editors promised him early publication, but the happy day has not arrived. He feels encouraged from the fact that they have not only accepted his stories, but that they have accepted so many of them, but he does wish that they would print them. In the meantime Mr. Harriman has been doing some excellent work on the *Detroit Tribune*, from which paper he resigned a few weeks ago to accept the assistant editorship of the *Pilgrim*, a periodical not as well known in the East as it is in the West, where it has a large and flattering circulation.



It is proposed to endow a cot in a child's hospital and otherwise celebrate the memory of Kate Greenaway. Children all over the world, who have been charmed by this gentle artist's pictures of child life, are invited to contribute. The subscription will be closed in June, so that there is still time to send. No matter how small the sum, a dime or a dollar, it will be received in the spirit that prompts the gift. Address the Hon. Treasurer of the Kate Greenaway



MR. KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

Memorial Fund, Lee Manor, near Great Missenden, Bucks, England.



So many picturesque tales are in circulation about Mr. I. K. Friedman that, as was bound to happen, there is much going the rounds about him that is not true. For instance, it is not true writes a friend "that he lives in the slums; he lives in a very beautiful and elegantly appointed home overlooking the lake, in Chicago. That he would live in the slums were he left to his own devices, is true; but Mr. Friedman has a large family of brothers and sisters, all of whom are rather more than well-to-do and ordinarily cultured folk, and they keep watch and ward over their kinsman, who is gifted not with talent alone, but with a sympathy so immense, so



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E. B. Brownell

MR. I. K. FRIEDMAN

all-embracing, that one fears it must be confessed he is not quite practical. Certainly he was never designed for a man of business; he has the student temperament, in essence, and literally not the smallest capability of advancing himself by the methods of David Harum, "Do unto the other fellow what he 'd like to do unto you, and do it fust." It is true that while he was working on "By Bread Alone," he spent much more of his time in South Chicago than anywhere else, not only in the great steel works, to the freedom of which he is the only outsider ever permitted, but in the homes of the foreign-born workers, at their dances, in their saloons and lodge meetings and labor discussions, coming to know their lives as no other man not of themselves has, perhaps, ever known it. The weird and eerie little children of the slums hail Mr. Friedman familiarly as one of themselves, and he causes their elders to have no more awkwardness in his presence than in the presence of one of

their own kind who is quiet and contemplative, but known, by many a test, to be the friendliest of the friendly. In his circle of literary associates, Mr. Friedman is one of the most popular of men, held by one and all in an esteem little, if any, short of genuine affection."



There was a great time in Roxbury over the celebration of Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday. Rejoicings were enthusiastic and genuine, and the recipient bore his honors as one who appreciated them and the spirit in which they were conferred. To further celebrate this interesting occasion, the Outlook Company has published a handsome edition of "The Man without a Country." Dr. Hale has written a special preface to this birthday edition, in which he tells the interesting history of the famous parable. Dr. Hale was one of the earliest friends of THE CRITIC, and when this magazine celebrated its twentieth birthday it received no more hearty congratulations than those that came from the busy study in Roxbury. Long live this grand old man, whom age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety!



Miss Susan Hale came from Algiers to Boston, where she arrived in good season to celebrate her brother's eightieth birthday. The pleasure of her brief stay in London was marred by the recent death of her friend, Mr. B. F. Stevens, the well-known library purchasing agent, whose office in Trafalgar Square has long been a sort of clearing-house for American travellers. Mr. Stevens had a host of friends on both sides of the water, and will be much missed in the American colony there, though little had been seen of him during the eighteen-months illness that preceded his death.



Columbia University was most fortunate in having a man of the stripe of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler to step into the President's chair when Mr.

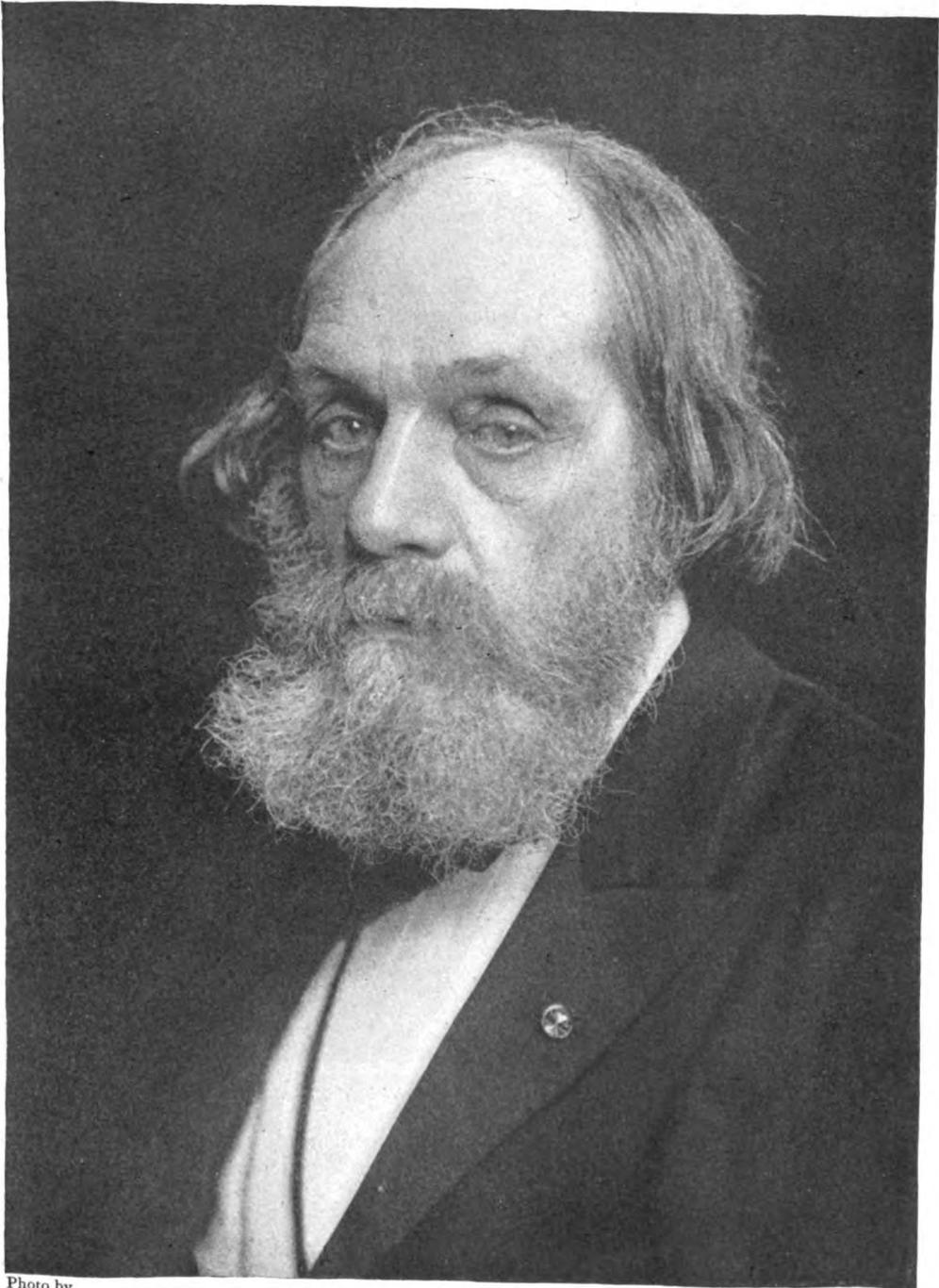


Photo by

Hollinger

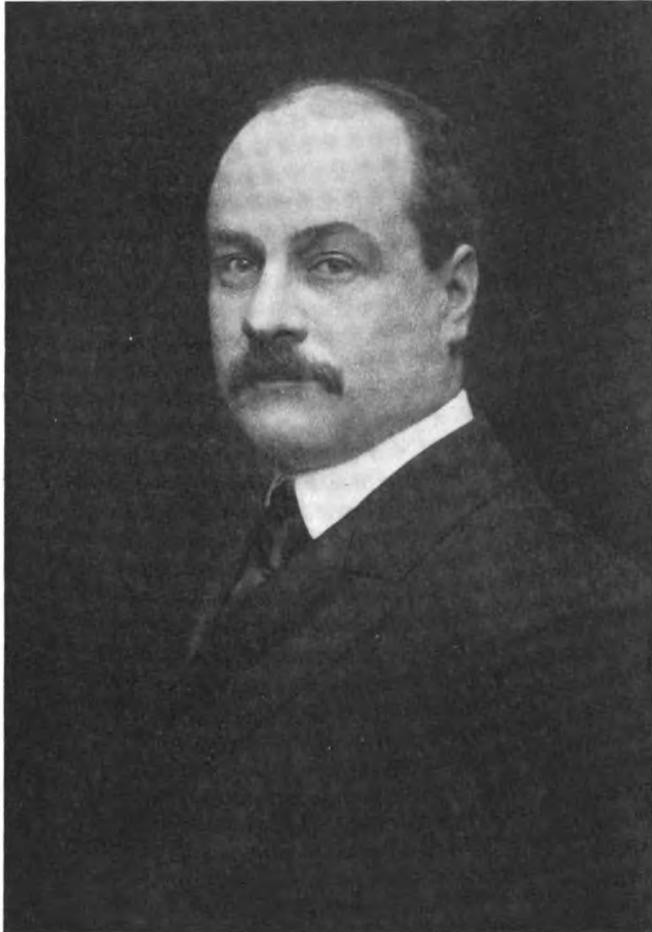
DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Low resigned to enter the arena of local politics. Dr. Butler is a trained educator. Although not yet forty years of age he has spent twenty years of his life in the study and practice of the science of education. He is a born organizer, and thoroughly understands

make the change, which is more a pity as the first title had become pretty thoroughly advertised.



Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, whose first book, "Graustark," has had one of



PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

the art of administration. His views are positive and so is his expression of them.



The name of Miss Marie Van Vorst's novel has been changed from "The Sacrifice of Fools" to "Philip Longstreth." The former was the better title, but someone had pre-empted it and Miss Van Vorst was obliged to

the record-breaking sales, has written a new novel which Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. will publish late in the summer. The new story is called "Castle Craney-crow," and is a modern romance with Brussels and northern France for the scene of action.



The success of "Graustark" reminds me that some of the greatest successes,

in point of sales, have been made by first novels. No wonder that an enterprising publisher is starting a first-novel series. "David Harum" was a first novel, so were "Eben Holden," "Prisoners of Hope," "The Helmet of Navarre," "A Gentleman from Indiana," "No. 5 John Street," and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." I dare say that I have omitted the best known, but this list proves my point.



In his interesting "Autobiography" Sir Walter Besant is rather apologetic for having written eighteen novels in eighteen years; that, as one need not be a mathematician to see, is just one novel per annum. He says that it only took him about eight months to write one, and at this rate his output was not more than a thousand words a day, which to a journalist would be nothing. I read in a London paper that Mr. Max Pemberton as a rule writes two novels of eighty thousand words in length every year, and that Mrs. Craigie keeps three or four books going at once. She does not, however, publish as many as three or four at a time. Indeed, she works slowly, and it is often four years from the time one of her books is begun till it is published.



Mrs. Craigie has just finished a comedy. She finds writing for the stage agreeable, but she feels that it has more limitations than novel writing. This is no doubt true if one is guided by the voice of the manager. A manager will tell you that thus and so cannot be done on the stage; whether it has been proved that it cannot is another question. A publisher seldom restricts an author with questions of convention. Though people would hesitate to believe it, the stage is very conventional. In writing for it one comes "up against," as the phrase goes, no end of obstacles. "This cannot be done," and "the other cannot be done,"—such is the constant cry. It is, however, quite true that things that can be done in books cannot be done on the stage. If a reader does not like what is in a

book he can throw it aside; but he has already bought it—unless he has borrowed it—and the publisher does not suffer a loss. But what the playgoer does not like on the stage he resents so emphatically that he keeps others away. And then again, things that one would glance over in a novel are brought so vividly to mind by acting that they cannot be glanced over.



In criticising with no little severity the way books are renewed in England, Sir Walter says:

Another point in which the ordinary editor is blameworthy is that he takes no care to keep out of his paper the personal element. He allows the log-roller to praise his own friends and the spiteful and envious failure to abuse his enemies. This carelessness is so common in English journalism that one knows beforehand, when certain books appear, the organs in which they will be praised or assailed. Surely, for the credit of his paper, an editor might at least ascertain, beforehand, that a critic is neither the friend nor the enemy of the author. In the *New York Critic*, I have been told, every reviewer is on his honor not to undertake a criticism of the work of a personal friend or a personal enemy. We have many things to learn from America.

Sir Walter was correctly informed. This rule has been strictly adhered to since the day that *THE CRITIC* was born and will be continued so long as the present management is at the helm.



Clara Morris's novel, "A Pasteboard Crown," announced some time ago in *THE CRITIC* as being under way, is finished and will be published by Messrs. Scribner. Miss Morris laid down the pen for a short time during the past winter to go out on a lecture tour. She was very successful as a platform talker, but she decided to return to her home at Riverdale on the Hudson and finish her story. Miss Morris has the gift of writing just as she has the gift of acting. There were always certain crudities in her work as an actress, and there are crudities in her work as a writer; but the vital spark is there. She could thrill us before the footlights and she can thrill us

with her pen. I understand that a New York manager had the temerity—let us call it that instead of by a harsher name—to ask Miss Morris to play a subordinate part in a play always associated with her name, a popular young actress to play the leading part. I am told that the letter in which Miss Morris declined the offer was among the most picturesque that she has ever written, and that it burned a hole through the manager's desk where it lay.



Ping Pong is responsible for many sins, among them this "Bugle Song," committed by Mr. Burges Johnson:

Grim portent falls o'er dining-halls,
Excited hearts full high are beating;
O quick! Snatch off the table-cloth
Before the folks have done their eating.
Ping, Father, Ping! Set the wild echoes ringing!
And Pong, Mother! Answer echoes, Ponging,
Panging, Pinging!

O hark, O hear! How sharp and clear!
As Grand-dad pings across the table!
O faint and far the echoes are,—
With Jenkins ponging in the stable.
Ping! 'Tis the cook and eke the housemaid flinging
Care to the winds and Ponging, Panging, Pinging!

O Love, it palls,—this chasing balls
That hide themselves in dusty places,—
While one, alas, flew in the gas,
And three knocked over valued vases.
Ping! Is it true that angels, no more singing,
With harps for bats, go Ponging, Panging, Pinging?



A correspondent of THE CRITIC sends me these bits of veritable conversations overheard in the theatre:

I

"Yes, I went to see 'Becky Sharp,' but I did n't see much in it. Now was she in love with her husband or not?"

"She is not supposed to have been."

"Well, that 's what I thought, and it seemed so foolish, because if she was n't in love with him what did she marry him for?"

2

"I did n't like 'Becky Sharp' either; I thought it was just horrid. Who was that old man she talked to so much? [Lord Steyne.] Was that her father?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I did n't know. He said he paid for all her jewelry, and I knew he was n't her husband, and I thought perhaps he was her father."

3

"I'm having a lovely time this week. I went to see 'David Harum' Wednesday, and to-night I'm going to see 'Mistress Nell.' I imagine they'll be quite different, don't you?"

"It would seem probable."

"Now what do you suppose 'Mistress Nell' will be about?"

"It seems likely to be about Nell Gwynne."

"Oh, was she a real character? How lovely! Who was she?"

"She was an actress, and a favorite of Charles II."

"How interesting! I suppose she was his mistress. Why, of course; I ought to have known—that 's why it 's called 'Mistress Nell.'"

4

"I have n't seen a decent play for a long time. They don't seem to have any more real good plays. Now the other night we went to see Henry Miller, and he's supposed to be first-class, but I did n't see anything to make a fuss over. What I like is me-lo-dra-ma. Did you ever see 'The Banker's Daughter'? That 's an elegant play. Everybody wears full evening dress from beginning to end. That 's what I like. You don't see plays like that nowadays."

And this is the discriminating audience that the actor of to-day must please! May joy go with him!





Browning's Treatment of Nature *

By STOPFORD A. BROOKE

Author of "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life"

SECOND PAPER

THE next thing to touch on is his drawing of landscape, not now of separate pieces of Nature, but of the whole view of a land seen under a certain aspect of the Heavens. All the poets ought to be able to do this well, and I have elsewhere drawn attention to the brief, condensed, yet far-opening fashion in which Tennyson has done it. Sometimes the poets describe what they see before them, or have seen, drawing directly from Nature. Sometimes they invent a wide or varied landscape as a background for a human subject, and arrange and tone it for that purpose. Shelley did this with great nobleness and subtlety. Browning does not do it, except, perhaps, in "Christmas Eve," when he prepares the night for the appearance of Christ. Nevertheless, even in "Christmas Eve," the description of the lunar rainbow is of a thing he has seen, a not-invented thing, and it is as clear, vivid, and natural as it can be; only it is heightened and thrilled through by the expectancy and the thrill in Browning's soul, which the reader feels and which the poet, through his passion, makes the reader comprehend. But there is no suggestion that any of this feeling exists in Nature. The rainbow has no consciousness of the vision to come or of the emotion in Browning (as it would have had in Wordsworth), and therefore it is painted with an accuracy un-

dimmed by any transference to Nature of the soul of the poet.

I quote the piece; it is a noble specimen of his landscape work.

For lo, what think you? Suddenly
The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
Received at once the full fruition
Of the moon's consummate apparition.
The black cloud-barricade was riven,
Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
Deep in the West; while, bare a breathless,
North and South and East lay ready
For a glorious thing that, dauntless, deathless,
Sprang across them and stood steady—
'T was a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
It rose, distinctly at the base
With its seven proper colors chorded,
Which still, in the rising, were compressed,
Until at last, they coalesced,
And supreme the spectral creature lorded
In a triumph of whitest white,—
Above which intervened the night,—
But above night too, like only the next,
The second of a wondrous sequence,
Reaching in rare and rarer frequency,
Till the heaven of heavens were circumflexed,
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
Fainter, flushier and flightier,—
Rapture dying along its verge—
Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,
Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
On to the keystone of that arc?

This is only a piece of sky, though I have called it landscape work. But then the sky is frequently treated alone

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by Browning; and it is always present in power over his landscape, it, and the winds that travel in it. This is natural enough for one who lived so much in Italy, where the scenery of the sky is more superb than that of the earth—so various, noble, and surprising that when Nature plays there, as a poet, her tragedy and comedy, we scarcely take the trouble of considering the earth. However, we find an abundance of true landscape in Browning, only it is strange, I repeat, that there is only one English landscape among them. The rest are, with a few exceptions, Italian; and they have that grandeur and largeness, that intensity given by blazing color, that peculiar tint either of labyrinthine or of tragic sentiment, which belong to Italy. I select a few of them:

The morn when first it thunders in March
 The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say;
 As I leaned and looked o'er the aloed arch
 Of the villa-gate this warm March day,
 No flash snapped, no dumb thunder rolled
 In the valley beneath where, white and wide,
 Washed by the morning water-gold,
 Florence lay out on the mountain side.

River and bridge and street and square
 Lay mine, as much at my beck and call,
 Through the live translucent bath of air,
 As the sights in a magic crystal ball.

Here is the Roman Campagna and
 its very sentiment:

The Champaign with its endless fleece
 Of feathery grasses everywhere!
 Silence and passion, joy and peace,
 An everlasting wash of air—
 Rome's ghost since her decease.

And this might be in the same place:

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight—

This is a crimson sunset over dark
 and distant woods in autumn:

That autumn eve was stilled;—
 A last remains of sunset dimly burned
 O'er the far forests; like a torch-flame turned

By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
 In one long flare of crimson! As a brand
 The woods beneath lay black. A single eye
 From all Verona cared for the soft sky.

And if we desire a sunrise, there is the triumphant beginning of "Pippa Passes"—a glorious outburst of light, color, and splendor, the very upsoaring of Apollo's head behind his furious steeds. It begins with one word, like a single stroke on the gong of Nature: it continues this till the whole of the overarching vault, and the world below, in vast disclosure, is flooded with an ocean of gold.

Day!
 Faster and more fast,
 O'er night's brim, day boils at last,
 Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
 Where spurting and suppress it lay,
 For not a froth-flake touched the brim
 Of yonder gap in the solid grey
 Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
 But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
 Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppress,
 Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
 Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed
 the world.

That is chiefly of the sky, but the description in that gipsy-hearted poem of the "Flight of the Duchess," brings before us, at great length, league after league of wide-spreading landscape. It is first of the great wild country, cornfield, vineyards, sheep-ranges, open chase, till we arrive at last at the mountains; and, climbing up among their pines, dip down into a yet vaster and wilder country, a vast, red, drear, burnt-up plain, over which we are carried for miles:

Till at the last, for a bounding belt,
 Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea-shore.

Or we may read the "Grammarian's Funeral," where we leave the city walls and climb the peak on whose topmost ledge he is to be buried. As we ascend, the landscape widens; we see it expanding in the verse. Moreover, with a wonderful power, Browning makes us feel the air grow keener, fresher, brighter, more soundless, and lonelier. That, too, is given by the verse: it is a triumph in Nature-poetry.

Nor is he one whit less effective in narrow landscape, in the description of small, shut-in spaces of Nature. There is the garden at the beginning of "Paracelsus"; the ravine, step by step, in "Pauline"; the sea-beach and its little cabinet of landscapes, in "James Lee's Wife"; the exquisite pictures of the path over the Col di Colma in "By the Fireside"—for though the whole of the landscape is given, yet each verse, almost, might stand as a small picture by itself. It is one of Browning's favorite ways of description, to walk slowly through the landscape, describing step by step those parts of it which strike him, and leaving to us to combine the parts into the whole. But *his* way of combination is to touch the last thing he describes with human love, and to throw back this atmosphere of feeling over all the pictures he has made. The verses I quote do this:

O moment, one and infinite !
 The water slips o'er stock and stone ;
 The west is tender, hardly bright.
 How grey at once is the evening grown—
 One star, the chrysolite !

We two stood there with never a third,
 Put each by each, as each knew well :
 The sights we saw and the sounds we heard,
 The lights and the shades made up a spell
 Till the trouble grew and stirred.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is !
 And the little less, and what worlds away !
 How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
 Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
 And life be a proof of this.

There are hosts of such miniatures of Nature as I speak of here. Sometimes, however, the pictures are larger and nobler, when the natural thing described is in itself charged with power, terror, or dignity. I give one instance of this, where the fierce Italian thunder-storm is enhanced by being the messenger of God's vengeance on guilt. It is from "Pippa Passes." The heaven's pillars are overbowed with heat. The black-blue canopy descends close on Ottima and Sebald :

Buried in the woods we lay, you recollect ;
 Swift ran the searching tempest overhead ;
 And ever and anon some bright white shaft

Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof, here burnt and there,
 As if God's messenger thro' the close wood-screen
 Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
 Feeling for guilty thee and me ; then broke
 The thunder like a whole sea overhead—

That is as splendid as the thing itself.

Again, no one can help observing in all these quotations the extraordinary love of color, a love Tennyson has in far fainter measure, but which Browning seems to possess more than any other English poet. Only Sir Walter Scott approaches him in this. This arises probably from his having lived so long in Italy, where the light is so pure and brilliant that color is more intense, and at dawn and sunset more deep, delicate, and various than it is in our land. Sometimes, as Ruskin says, "it is not color, it is conflagration"; but, wherever it is, in the bell of a flower, on the edge of a cloud, on the back of a lizard, on the veins of a lichen, it strikes in Browning's verse at our eyes, and he only, in English poetry, has joy enough in it to be its full interpreter.

He sees the wild tulip blow out its great red bell; he sees the thin, clear bubble of blood at its tip; he sees the spike of gold which burns deep in the bluebell's womb, the corals that, like lamps, disperse thick red flame through the dusk green universe of the ocean; the lakes, which, when the morn breaks,

Blaze like a wyvern flying round the sun;

the woodland brake whose withered fern dawn feeds with gold; the moon carried off at sunrise in purple fire; the larch-blooms crisp and pink; the sanguine heart of the pomegranate; the filberts russet-sheathed and velvet-capped; the poppies red to blackness; the red fans of the butterfly falling on the rock like a drop of fire from a brandished torch; the star-fish, rose-jacinth to the finger-tips; and a hundred other passionate seizures of color. And, for the last of these color remembrances, in quieter tints—almost in black and white—I give this lovely verse from "James Lee's Wife":

The swallow has set her six young on a rail,
 And looks seaward :

The water's in stripes like a snake, olive pale

To the leeward,—

On the weather-side, black, spotted white with the
wind.

"Good fortune departs, and disaster's behind"—
Hark! the wind with its wants, and its infinite
wail!

So, not only do we possess all these landscapes, but we possess them in color. They are painted as well as drawn. It is his love of color which made at least half the impulse that drove him at times into impressionism. Good drawing is little to the impressionist painters. It is the sudden glow, splash, or flicker of color that moves them, which makes on them the swift, the momentary impression they wish to record.

And color acted on Browning in the same way. I have said he was impressionist, when he liked, for forty years before impressionism was born in modern art. He was so, because from the beginning he saw things in color, not only in light and shade. It is well worth a reader's while to search him for color-impressions. I quote one, for example, with the black horse flung in at the end exactly in the way an artist would do it who loved a flash of black life midst a dead expanse of gold and green:

Fancy the Pampas' sheen!
Miles and miles of gold and green
Where the sunflowers blow
In a solid glow,
And—to break now and then the screen—
Black neck and eyeballs keen,
Up a wild horse leaps between!

Having, then, this extraordinary power of sight, needing no carefulness of observation or study, but capable of catching and holding without trouble all that his eye rested or glanced upon, it is no wonder that sometimes it amused him to put into verse the doings of a whole day: the work done in it by men of all classes and the natural objects that encompassed them; not cataloguing them dryly, but shooting through them, like rays of light, either his own fancies and thoughts, or the fancies and thoughts of some typical character whom he invented. This

he has done specially in two poems: "The Englishman in Italy," where the noble shell of the Sorrento plain, its sea and mountains, and all the doings of the peasantry, are detailed with the most intimate delight and truth out of his own soul. The second of these poems is "Up in a Villa—Down in the City," where a farm of the Casentino with its surroundings is contrasted with the street-life of Florence; and both are described through the vivid character whom he invents to see them. These poems are astonishing pieces of intimate, joyful observation of scenery.

Again, there is no poet whose love of animals is so great as Browning's, and none who has so frequently, so carefully, so vividly described them. It is amazing, as we go through his work, to realize the largeness of his range in this matter, from the river-horse to the lizard, from the eagle to the wren, from the loud-singing bee to the filmy insects in the sunshine. I give a few examples. No man could see a lynx more vividly than Karshish—

A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear,
Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls.

And the very soul of the eagle is in
this question—

Ask the Geier-Eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss?
What full-grown power informs her from the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless regions of the sky!

He has watched the heavy-winged
osprey in its haunts, fain to fly;

. . . but forced the earth his couch to make
Far inland, till his friend the tempest wake,

on whose fiercer wings he can flap his
own into activity.

In "Caliban on Setebos," as would naturally be the case, animal life is intense everywhere; and how close to truth, how keenly observed are his descriptions of beast and bird; how full of color they are, how flashed into words which seem like colors, any animal-lover may hear in the few lines I quote:

Yon otter, sleek, wet, black, lithe as a leech ;—
 Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
 That floats and feeds ; a certain badger brown,
 He hath watched hunt with that slant white-wedge
 eye
 By moonlight.

That is enough to prove his power.
 And the animals are seen not as a cultured person sees them, but as a savage, with his eyes untroubled by thoughts, sees them; for Browning, with his curious self-transmuting power, has put himself into the skin of Caliban. Then again, in that lovely lyric in "Paracelsus,"

Thus the Mayne glideth,

the banks and waves are full of all the bird- and beast-life of a river. Elsewhere, he sees the falcon spread his wings like a banner, the stork clapping his bill in the marsh, the coot dipping his blue breast in the water, the swallow flying to Venice—"that stout seafarer"—the lark shivering for joy, and a hundred other birds; and, lastly, even the great bird of the Imagination, the Phoenix, flying home, and in a splendid verse records the sight:

As the King-bird with ages on his plumes
 Travels to die in his ancestral glooms.

Not less wonderful, and more unique in English poetry, is the love of insects. He paints the hermit-bee, the soft, small, unfrighted thing, lighting on the dead vine-leaf, and twirling and filing all day. He strikes out the grasshopper at a touch—

Chirrup the contumacious grasshopper.

He has a swift vision of the azure damsel-fly fluttering in the wood:

Child of the simmering quiet, there to die.

He sees all the insect population of an old green wall, and fancies the fancies of the crickets and the flies, and the carousing of the cicada in the trees, and the bee swinging in the chalice of the campanula, and the wasps pricking the papers round the peaches, and the gnats and early moths craving their food from God when dawn awakes them, and the fireflies crawling like

lamps through the moss, and the spider, sprinkled with mottles on an ash-grey back, and building his web on the edge of tombs. These are but a few things out of this treasure-house of animal observation and love. It is a love which animates and populates with life his landscapes. Many of the points I have attempted here to make are illustrated in "Saul." In verse v. the sheep are described, with all a shepherd's delightful affection, coming back at evening to the folding; and, with David's poetic imagination, compared to the stars following one another into the meadows of night—

And now one after one seeks his lodging, as star
 follows star
 Into the eve and the blue far above us—so blue and
 so far—

In verse vi. the quails, and the crickets, and the jerboa at the door of his sandhouse, are thrilled into quicker life by David's music. In verse ix. the full joy of living in beasts and men is painted in the midst of landscape after landscape struck out in single lines, till all Nature seems crowded and simmering with the overflowing life whose rapture Browning loved so well. These fully reveal his poetic communion with animals. Then there is a fine passage in verse x. when he describes the loosening of a thick bed of snow from the mountain-side—an occurrence which also drew the interest of Shelley in the "Prometheus"—which illustrates what I have said of Browning's conception of the separate life, as of giant Titans, of the vaster things in Nature. The mountain is alive and lives his own life with his own grim joy. He wears his snow like a breastplate, and discharges it when it pleases him. It is only David who thinks that the great creature lives to guard us from the tempests. And Hebron carries himself in the same giant fashion.

For I wake in the grey dewy covert, while Hebron
 upheaves
 The dawn struggling with night on his shoulder,
 and Kidron retrieves
 Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

Then, at the end of the poem, Browning represents all Nature as full of emotion, gathered into intenser life, by David's prophecy of the coming of immortal love in Christ to man. This sympathy of Nature with humanity is so rare a thought in Browning, and so apart from his view of her, that I think he felt its strangeness himself; and he has taken some pains to make us understand that it is not Nature herself who does this, but David, in his uplifted inspiration, who imputes it to her. If that be not the case, it is at least interesting to find the poet, impassioned by his imagination of the situation, driven beyond his usual thought into another land.

There is one more thing to say in closing this paper. Browning, unlike Tennyson, did not invent his landscapes. He drew direct from Nature. The landscapes in "Pauline" and "Sordello," and in the lyrical poems are plainly recollections of what he has seen and noted in his memory, from the sweep of the mountainous or oceanic horizon to the lichen on the rock and the painted shell on the sea-shore. Even the imaginative landscape of "Childe Roland" is a memory, not an invention. I do not say he would have been incapable of such invented landscape as we find in "Cenone" or the "Lotus Eaters," but it was not his way to do this. However, he does it once; but he takes pains to show that it is not real landscape he is drawing, but landscape in a picture. In "Gerard de Lairese," one of the poems in "Parleyings with Certain People," he sets himself to rival the "Walk" in Lairese's "Art of Painting," and he describes as a background to mythological or historic scenes, five landscapes, here invented, of dawn, morning, and noon, evening, and falling night. They may be compared with the walk in "Pauline," and indeed one of them, with its deep pool watched over by the trees, recalls the same pool in "Pauline." The sight of it must have been a lasting impression of his youth, for it is again touched on in "Sordello." These landscapes are some of his noblest work in natural

description. They begin with the great thunder-storm of dawn in which Prometheus is seen riveted to his rock and the eagle-hound of Zeus beside him. Then the morning is described and the awakening of the earth and Artemis going forth, the huntress-queen and the queen of death. Then the noon is drawn, with Lyda and the Satyr—that sad story—then evening charged with the fates of empires; and then the night, and in it a vast ghost, the ghost of departing glory and beauty. The descriptions are too long to quote, but far too short to read. I would that Browning had done more of this excellent work; but that these were created when he was an old man proves that the fire of imagination burnt in him to the end. They are full of those keen words in which he smites into expression the central point of a landscape. They realize the glory of light, the force, fierceness, even the quiet of Nature, but they have lost a great deal of the color of which once he was so lavish. Nevertheless the whole scheme of color in these pictures, with their figures, recalls to me the pictures of Tintoret. They have his *furia*, his black and gold and sombre purple, his white mist and barred clouds, and the thunder-road in his skies. Nor are Prometheus and Artemis, and Lyda on her heap of skins in the deep woods, unworthy of the daring hand of the great Venetian. They seem to stand forth from *his* canvas.

The poem closes with a charming lyric, half-sad, half-joyful, in which he hails the spring, and which in itself is full of his heart when it was close to the hopefulness he drew forth from natural beauty. I quote it to close this paper:

Dance, yellows and whites and reds,—
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!

There 's sunshine; scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small
On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows:
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows.

Has America Outgrown Matthew Arnold?

By J. P. MOWBRAY

MR. W. C. BROWNELL'S book, "Victorian Prose Masters,"* is a valuable contribution to our distinctively academic criticism. There is no gainsaying its patient search amid the utterances of the later masters for differentiations of temperament and contrasts of expression. It would be difficult to find among our younger critics another analyst with Mr. Brownell's quick eye for the spiculæ of diction, or one who lingers with such honest particularity over the melting shades of unlikeness in the intellectual idiosyncrasies of Carlyle, Thackeray, Meredith, and Arnold. The only reservation that can be made in giving oneself to the pleasure of this book, is that one or two of the illustrious men in the group have already, in the unerring arbitrament of time, invited other judgments than those which are strictly academic. There is less indisposition now to apply to those of them who have gone on before, the vigor and rigor which Mr. Matthew Arnold as a contemporary contemned, and all the more so because one or two of them stepped aside from what was purely academic to lay up for themselves the inevitable judgment of Western vigor and rigor.

Of none of them can this be said with such absolute certainty as of Matthew Arnold himself, of whom there is indubitable evidence in this book—not only in the tenuity of the thought, but in the expression of it—that Mr. Brownell is an ardent admirer.

We shall be pardoned, it is hoped, if this discovery acts as an invitation, and we confine this article to a consideration mainly of Matthew Arnold, going past Mr. Brownell's gracious examination of tissues, not indeed with the same affectionate indulgence, but with at least the same sincerity of conviction, to the larger articulations.

It is doubtful if Mr. Brownell's measurement of Matthew Arnold is at

all commensurate with the perspective that time has furnished, and which has obliterated much of the embellishment which once arrested attention. It is the privilege of the Great Departed to be encompassed with a juster sense of entirety, when the details are lost, and we may well ask ourselves if the best intelligence of our day, groping still, as the best intelligence must, after essentials which make up the man behind all his poses, looking for those larger meanings and their relations to the time and the movements of thought in their time, can possibly be so deeply interested in what is merely technical and academic, as in the purpose and achievement of the worker himself in the greater task of apprehending the truth.

It never was and it never can be of transcendent importance to the world, what it was Matthew Arnold thought about translating Homer. Whatever the delicacy or beauty of that thought, it could not force itself beyond the literary workshop into the needs, the hopes, or the desires of men. Nor is it of precious moment—as Mr. Brownell seems to think it is—that Matthew Arnold remarked of Ruskin that what he was trying to say in prose could be better said in poetry. Neither is it of such charming import to even the scholarly mind of large capacity—as Mr. Brownell thinks it is—that Matthew Arnold in a speech at Eton "wound a wonderful web of suggestiveness about a word."

And yet it may be of some importance, in trying to estimate this illustrious writer, if we can clearly perceive—which Mr. Brownell does not—that he missed, for the most part, the majors in the great syllogisms of life in giving himself, with inimitable perspicuity, to the weaving of wonderful webs about words, and, as it were, decorating the largest peaks of our outlook with a tender smilax of his own.

Matthew Arnold belonged to a group of geniuses who, early in the nineteenth

*"Victorian Prose Masters." By W. C. Brownell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

century, carried Doubt on elegant shoulders to entirely new ground, and made it at once respectable and brilliant.

Of all that group of doubters—a group which included Mill and Maurice and Robertson and Sterling, and covered a fecund era from 1820 to 1853, when Arnold gave to the world what was called his "Divine Despair" in his first book of poems,—of all those men of letters, Carlyle remains to us the most leonine, still shaking his tawny mane in literature and thundering along the trackless reaches of his Eternities. Some of his sentences have the poise and the power of the ruthless uplifted paw. His vocabulary moves at times with crashing tread among the peat bogs of this Drumclog moss of a world, and those of us who still remember how we cried "Boo" in our early darks, shrink a little yet when he is "a-lashing of his tail."

What the later student observes with interest is, that when the sky of Faith was murkiest and the God-given oracles were resolving themselves in abysses that darkened the world below to a "Stygian pool," there arose two lambent stars over the scene. There was only one year intervening between the birth of Matthew Arnold and the birth of Joseph Ernest Renan. Perhaps the stars were not of the same magnitude, but the later spectrums have shown them to be composed of the same material, and, although one rose above St. Sulpice and the other above Oxford, they both reached the same zenith and both scintillated with the same "divine despair."

Mr. Brownell has not observed the twinship of ascension, or the consanguinity of Sweetness and Light. But that of which he was not conscious, his pen unwittingly declares. He says of Matthew Arnold: "His defects of quality are due to an excess of the dilettante spirit of playfulness to which we owe very much that is acutely charming in his writings," and this characterization fits either author with equal appropriateness. It is true enough that it can only be matched by the candor of another order of gour-

mand, who acknowledges that the defect of *paté de foie gras* is a certain disease to which we owe the delightful piquancy of that product, but the admission nevertheless enables us to trace the enlarged acumen up to what will inevitably prove to be an enlarged liver.

Did Arnold and Renan carry the spirit of playfulness into the most august themes? Let their inimitable defects answer. They both captured and brought back to their respective studios the historic Jesus, and there posed him in the esthetic radiance that they had both patented. "Le Docteur Charmante," exclaimed the polite Frenchman, as he arranged his subject in a warm sensuous light. The indomitable gayety of heart of this artist was proof even against the tears of Jesus' agony. "He is thinking," said M. Renan, "of the charming girls of Galilee."

"Sweet reasonableness with a secret," cries the English artist, as he throws the Oxford peplum over his model. "At last we have an intuition without an imperative. How debonair!"

It ought to be sufficiently obvious here that whatever may have been, and still is, the spiritual significance of Jesus, he cannot be judged adequately and historically by his textures and tints, but must be measured by the sweep of his mission and the indubitable answer of the race to its cogency. Here it is that we must weigh Matthew Arnold's abilities against the measureless dimensions of his subject, and ask ourselves if the abnegation of the philosophic and scientific spirit in favor of a charming playfulness does not rule him out of the category of exegetical and dialectic experts.

The conclusion is not perhaps in exact accordance with Mr. Brownell's dictum that Matthew Arnold "had the defects of a quality." There is a possibility that his defects were those of a quantity. Nor does it help matters to follow Matthew Arnold from the human Jesus to what he calls "The Eternal." The impression deepens as we read, that this inimitable artist is bent, not so much upon bringing the

Infinite down to finite comprehension, as upon bringing dilettantism up to an equality with God. His playfulness in this Sisyphean task nowhere reaches Renan's gayety of heart, for Renan in his happiest moment formulated a prayer to "My Father, the Abyss"; but it is sufficiently plain that the joyousness of Mr. Arnold's defects is wholly unable to measure the historic factors or to apprehend the significance of events themselves, which in the course of time press upon and break down all the filaments of mere ratiocination. One sees that playfulness, in annotating the Christ, utterly lost the heart-beat which reshaped the world, and in paraphrasing the Deity, robbed Him of the only authority that had turned man's helplessness upward.

So we say of Matthew Arnold that his defects were of a quantity. He postulated a negation, the "Not me" that made for something, and he spun out of himself a web of suggestiveness about the words. The quantitative deficiency is not in industry, but in vision. His eye had many facets but no accommodation to facts, and, like the vision of the hymenoptera, saw large things in small duplications. Let us not disparage this gift, of which we can see many delightful intimations in Mr. Brownell himself. In the divine ordinances it is benignly provided that the *Apis mellifica* shall "gather honey all the day from every opening flower," and it is allowable to believe that the playfulness with which these amiable insects are provided, is accompanied by a perspicacity that enables them to determine in what respect the limpidity of this nectar exceeds the lucidity of that syrup. These infinitesimal talents, let us honestly acknowledge, are, to our duller senses, simply transcendental.

That Matthew Arnold possessed this optical advantage and never hesitated to use it, is a safe induction from any careful observation of the many instances he has himself furnished. He was contemporaneous with several momentous events, so large and so inwrought with the progress of civiliza-

tion that they could not be excluded from the recognition of a literary man. Two of them may be mentioned: the Evangelical movement in England and the War of Secession in America. His treatment of them, like his treatment of miracles, is what Mr. Brownell calls "Olympian." That is to say, he was superior to them. Of that vast religious movement in England which began with Wesley and ultimately affected the whole Anglican Church and to a large extent determined the religious character of the United States, he has no other clear concept than is produced on his mind by "Stiggins." He does not see that the democratic spirit was in it, that it was inevitable, and that to its energizing influence one must ascribe the missionary societies, the Bible and tract societies, and the liberalizing movement of the Broad Church. What he *does* see is Mr. Chadband, and what he hears is nasal and vulgar. Invariably the vibration of anything that is epochal shrinks his apprehensive faculties to the smallest point of contact, and in this respect he is the very mimosa of that flowering era. This susceptibility is not—as he says of Heine's—"intemperate." It is only tiny. We can see that instead of being aggressive, it is retiring and shuddering, by re-reading his essay on "The Function of Criticism," much of which passes unchallenged in its web of words, until we come to an encounter with the practical and political Mr. Roebuck, who had declared that "our old Saxon breed is the best in the world." Ordinarily, such a declaration will not raise the quills upon the back of any person who is east of St. George's Channel, and for our part we see no reason why it should. But Mr. Arnold reads to Mr. Roebuck a paragraph from the morning newspaper, narrating how a girl named Wragg has killed her illegitimate child in the workhouse. One immediately feels that the heart of the man has been touched, and that no race can be the best in which it is possible for a mother to kill her child in distress. Nothing of the sort. Mr. Arnold's sensibilities have been bruised by the name of Wragg. "How," he asks,

"can any stock be the best which permits the growth among us of such hideous names. In Ionia and Attica they were luckier than the best race. By the Ilissus there was no Wragg." Had the victim in this incident been named Artemis or Cybele, Mr. Arnold, we may believe, would have felt more kindly disposed toward the Saxons. Such an example throws a distinct light upon Mr. Brownell's remark about "weaving suggestiveness about a word."

A citation like this may appear to be unjust and petty, and so it would be if it were a solitary example of Arnold's dilettantism. But instead of being a solitary example it reverberates itself again and again through all his work, showing us continually the singular tendency of his mind, when confronted with a definite concept or event, to seek for and rest upon the most unessential segment of it. The incident is thus a root incident, so firmly imbedded in the mentality of Mr. Arnold, that when we have once clutched it, we can feel our way safely to the very flower of his playfulness. We are enabled by it to see why, when the subject of the Pilgrim Fathers is presented to his mind, he ignores the chain of events which depended upon their voyage, and asks himself what kind of company would these psalm-singing yokels in their cabin have been for Shakespeare. But more helpful still is it, in making clear to us the remarkable hymenopterous vision when it was brought face to face with that other great event of which we have spoken. Mr. Arnold came to this country when "we were carrying out our dead," and his observations were published in a little book entitled "Civilization in the United States." No one who reads that book and has no other information on the subject will suspect that the United States was passing through a crisis, the magnitude and importance of which, it is no stretch of rhetoric to say, were making the Seignories of the world hold their breath. As to the forces of civilization which had brought about that crisis and had compacted thirty millions of freemen into sudden determined patriots, there is not a word.

Of the heroism, the sacrifice, and the indomitable strength, Mr. Arnold appears to be wholly ignorant. Of the man of the people, who, it now seems to us, was directed by an unseen hand behind events, and who laid his heavy burden down in his own blood at the end of it all, Matthew Arnold speaks with guarded disdain. He saw only a furrowed face and ill-fitting clothes, and he said of him, "He is not distinguished." (It is true, he had already said this of Washington, who fell short in this respect, for he was "not as distinguished as Pericles or Cæsar.") Of the country itself he came to the conclusion, after noting that it called its towns Briggsvilles and Higginsvilles, that whatever else it might be it was not interesting, "and here," he says, "is the extraordinary charm of the old Greek civilization—it is so interesting." A great pity, we might say, that Matthew Arnold did not have a personal interview with Abraham Lincoln. One feels almost sure that the man of the people, who had a large fund of playfulness himself, would have worn a toga on that occasion.

Doubtless much that Matthew Arnold said about the United States is true enough, but he did not say it of that which is most worthy of observation in the United States, and in uttering his infinitesimal criticisms left unemployed the judgment which should encompass great truths. We may not blame him for measuring the vital forces of a continent with the Oxford meter, seeing that he had no other, nor yet with holding with brave insularity to the conviction that Democracy is a "malady" that furnishes "an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized," for it requires more than one lifetime to inoculate an Oxford man with the truth that to furnish classes is the one duty which America has foregone. We may safely leave the sanity of such criticism to the arbitrament of common-sense which is furnished with the light of events that have occurred since Matthew Arnold wrote, and ask with some reluctance if a mind thus enfeebled by narrowness of vision will be

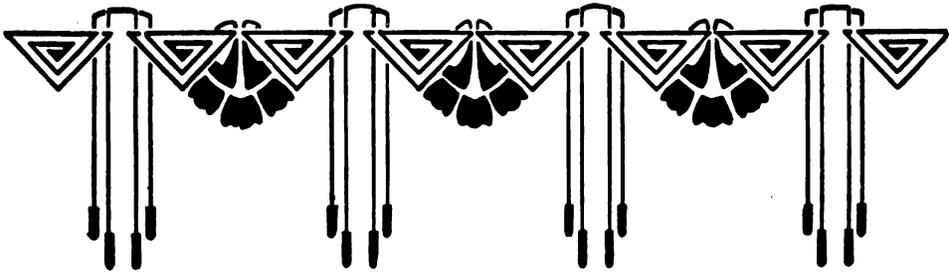
able to look away from the measurable things of external life to the farther reaches of a spiritual life with adequate perception. In reply to this question we are met in "God and the Bible" and "Literature and Dogma" with the same minimizing faculties at work, which gave such a charm of playfulness to "Civilization in America."

It does not fall within the scope of this article to traverse the verbal felicities with which Matthew Arnold transferred Theism from a Person to a Power. It is sufficient to say that modern scholarship has detected in this a return, not to the Johannine Logos, but to the Neo-Platonism which sought refuge from its doubts in a contradictory abstraction with a dynamic impulse. Common-sense is very apt, in seeking to disentangle Matthew Arnold's web of suggestiveness about the "Not me," to arrive at the conclusion that Arnold found God as uninteresting as he found America, and set his etymology to work to reconstruct the Deity more in accordance with literary taste. He set out to prove that the Bible was literature, and he left God and religion little else. God was evidently not distinguished, and we are tempted to say that, while Carlyle in his criticism appeared to hate everything that was distinguished, Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, in a much more placid way, hated everything that was not. It never occurred to him that in declaring his negation to be verifiable he was breasting the very stream of tendency that he had provided, for by the historic evidence the Christian impulse has unswervingly moved along the conception of a

personal Deity capable of manifesting Himself in the flesh.

But here we are warned to return to the playfulness which we are assured furnishes the sufficient charm to Matthew Arnold's excursus, and, in spite of what may appear to be our animadversions, we are compelled to acknowledge that no one, with the single exception of M. Renan, has carried etymological frolicsomeness so far into the shoreless leagues of our finite helplessness as Matthew Arnold. We shall always feel that he is more Pontifical than Olympian, and that he pieced out godlike apprehension with finite infallibility and British humor. Witness his travesty of the Trinity, which he calls "the three Lord Shaftesburys." Recall his prestidigitation with the word "Aberglaube." How nimbly it pops up as antithesis, solution, warning, and finality! Abracadabra might have been just as picturesque, but that is in the English dictionary and lacks somewhat of German distinction. Mr. Arnold's use of the German word is vivacious. Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?—Aberglaube. Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is He sure to bless?—Aberglaube.

We may say, therefore, in conclusion that Matthew Arnold has won his place on our library shelves by sheer nimbleness of faculty. Nor shall we hesitate to concede to him, and to the illustrious French humorist who was his contemporary, a constructive gayety of heart, for they have left us a new Lord's Prayer, instinct with a vivacious negation, and it begins thus: "Our Father which art unknowable, paraphrased be Thy name."





MR. MORTIMER MENPES

(Sketched by himself. Courtesy of *The Magazine of Art*)



A JAPANESE WATERWAY

(Sketched by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, for *The International Studio*)

Mr. Menpes, Mr. Whistler, and Certain Etchings

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

NO contemporary artist is more inquisitive or more versatile than Mr. Mortimer Menpes, R.I., R.E., F.R.G.S. For over a dozen years this inventive antipode has attacked, annually, some fresh phase of graphic expression. The globe is his sketching ground, and his manner is as varied as his choice of subject. A list of Mr. Menpes's habitual mediums includes painting in oils, in water-colors, and on ivory, etching in black and in colors, drypoint, lithography, pastel, and drawing with pen, pencil, or stump. His field of operations covers France, Italy, Spain, Morocco, Japan, India, Burmah, Cashmere, Mexico, and South Africa, not, of course, forgetting May-fair. He has held more one-man exhibitions than any artist of his day, and each has revealed a supple, eclectic talent and a sheer genius for combining that which is novel with that which is aesthetically valid.

This irrepressible being, who is by turns painter, author, raconteur, and crack rifle-shot, was born, somewhat unpropitiously for art, in Australia. Yet according to his explicit confession, he became an artist during the first year of his life. From the grammar school at Port Adelaide he gravitated to the South Kensington Art School, where he studied in a desultory fashion and without definite

promise. His true student days were spent in observing and experimenting on his own account at Pont-Aven in Brittany. His art is unacademic and he, as an artist, is practically self-taught. During his restless, questing career he can be said to have had but one preceptor—Mr. Whistler. This association gave him independence of vision and surety of handling; it helped him toward confidence and conviction, and, quite incidentally, it resulted in certain etchings.

Before this period Mr. Whistler had already perfected that clairvoyance which is responsible for so many insinuating nocturnes and symphonies, so many negligent yet masterly copper-plates. He was—WHISTLER. The influence of Whistler, The Magnificent Innovator, Whistler, The Master, as he consolingly calls himself, gave just the needed fillip to Mr. Menpes's maturing talent. In certain regards the men were not unlike. Each possessed ample individuality, and each abominated convention. They had both come to London from the uttermost parts of the earth, and both relished setting London by the ears.

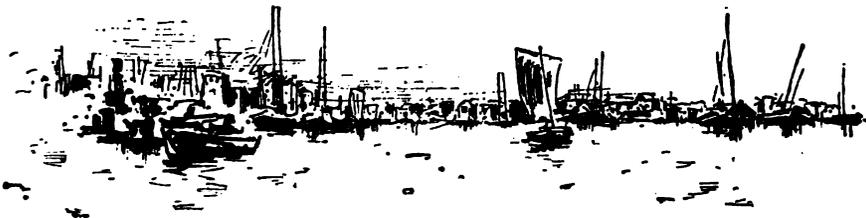
These etchings, which are by no means the least legacy of this friendship, are something in the way of an informal tribute. In all humility they were not intended for publication, a detail which makes them doubly

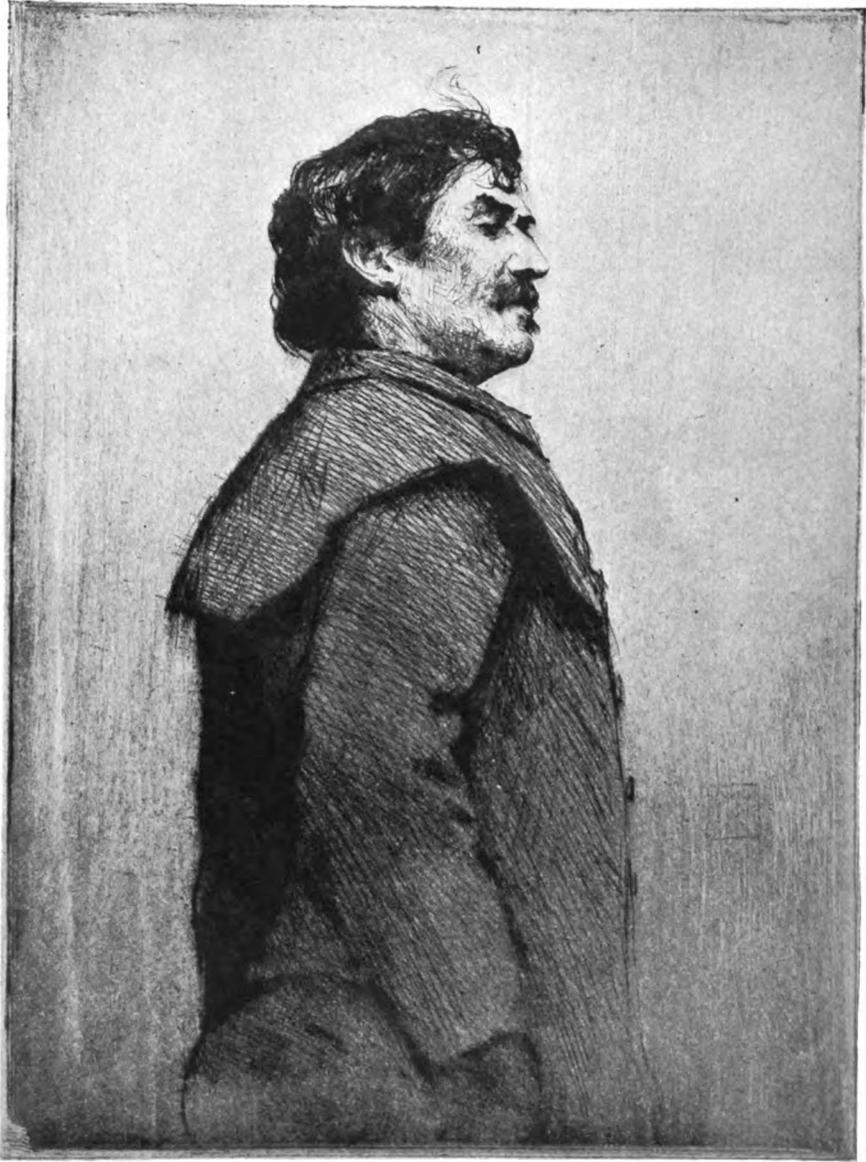
enticing. Only a limited number of proofs have been struck off and this is the first time they confront the general gaze. Mr. Whistler has here been jotted down with touching frequency and disturbing variety. Considering the medium, the precision and freedom of these sketches are little short of astonishing. The Master has been made to seem quite as he is, now affable, now arrogant,—mountebank and matchless craftsman, practical joker and apostle of a new, direct, and subtle way of transcribing that which is here beside you in the dim music-room or there along the rambling water-front. Mr. Menpes has recorded with insight and with technical felicity this baffling creature, this master of many gentle arts. The plates are not equally infectious, and the needle fails here and there to convey definite suggestion, but the set as a whole shows The Master much as he might have perpetrated himself, monocle, white lock, and all.

The etched portrait by Mr. Menpes does not differ as to inception from the Menpes portrait in any other medium, or even from the Menpes landscape, street scene, or water-way in Venice, or in Japan. Mr. Menpes aims to secure variety, yet in this unceasing search for variety are manifest certain constant, uniform qualities. Few artists have busied themselves more with craftsmanship; his methods are complicated and unusual, and each disclosure of his work marks a fresh departure, and records a new discovery. From his initial exhibition, Mr. Menpes has sustained an almost disconcerting reputation for novelty of theme and independence of treatment. By a systematic study of pigments and handling he has managed to produce effects which are both audacious and legitimate. The decorative

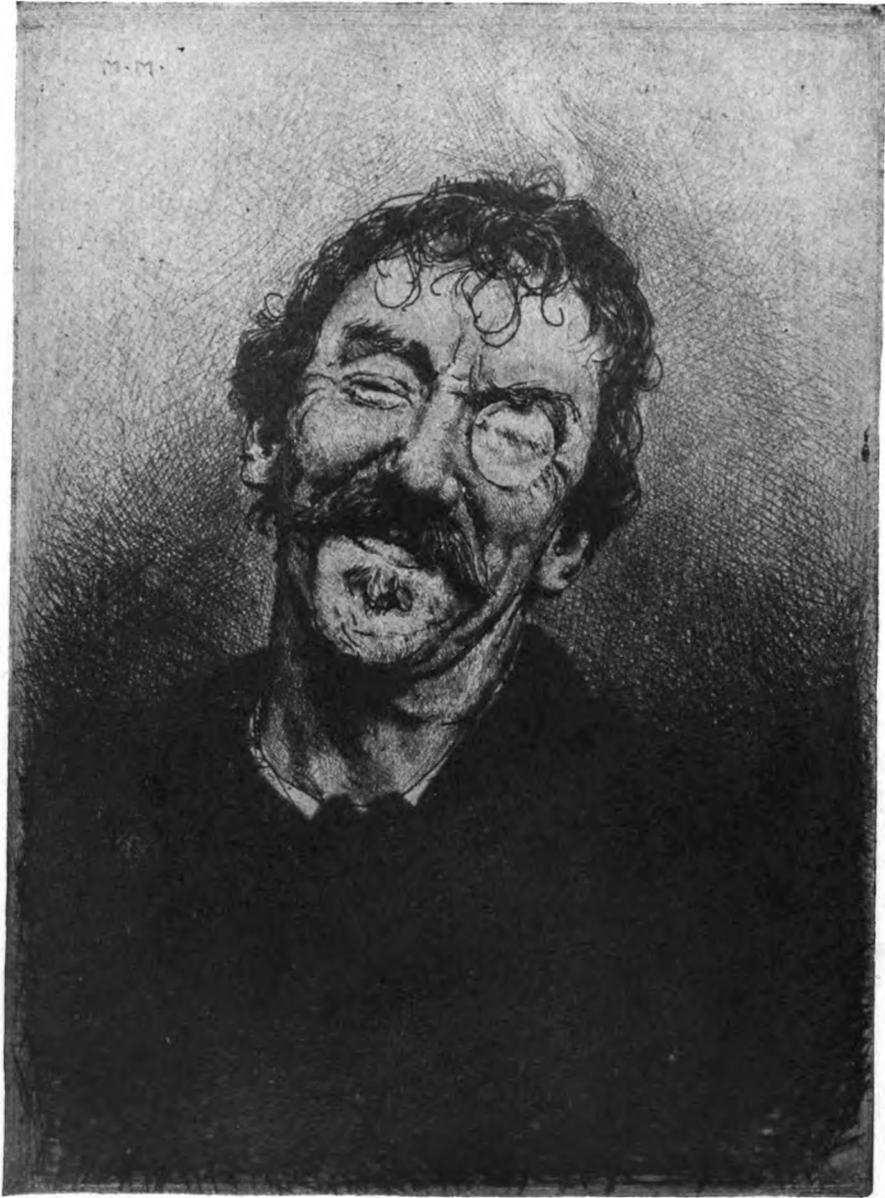
patterns which are the essence of Japanese life and art, the shimmer of Indian heat or the sumptuous blaze of Mexican color he reflects with characteristic ingenuity. He is equally facile as "War Artist" in South Africa or as painter of delicate and refined portraits in his London studio. Quite recently he devoted himself to etching in color, and of course has invented a new and successful method of printing etched plates in color without any sacrifice of the essential line quality. It is just possible that Mr. Menpes may essay sculpture; if so, he will surpass the sturdy majesty of the Colleoni.

Naturally, this versatile man lives in a versatile house and has a versatile daughter. No. 25 Cadogan Gardens is an echo of far Nippon, "a gold house," he calls it, "with a lace-work of delicate wood-carving on the gold." It is in Mayfair, but might be nestling under the shadow of Fusi-Yama. The daughter, Miss Dorothy Menpes, is known as the youngest authoress in England, and is also an artist. Mr. Menpes receives his guests in a blue and white kimono and conducts them with zest over the house, each room of which is dedicated to a different flower, the camellia motif being used in the studio, the peony in the drawing-room, the cherry blossom in the dining-room, and in the hallways the chrysanthemum. It is all very exquisite and very volatile, and yet it seems doubtful whether such flexible sympathies can foster enduring results. Perhaps it is better, after all, to see fewer things and to see them more intensely, to express less and to express it with deeper conviction. But such questions are a trifle cumbersome. And besides, Mr. Whistler smiles persuasively from the opposite page.





MR. WHISTLER — ARROGANS
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)



MR. WHISTLER — LÆTISSIMUS
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)



VIEW OF RAVENNA

Paolo and Francesca in History and Literature

By GERTRUDE URBAN



SEAL OF GUIDO DA POLENTA

FOR six hundred years the hearts of succeeding generations have been stirred to deepest emotion by the tragic tale of the Rimini lovers. Since Dante first spoke of them in 1300 to the present day, their memories have been kept green by the poet, the painter, the dramatist, and the historian; and the present general manifestation of interest in them is no doubt due to the increasing renown of Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," to Otis Skinner's excellent production of Boker's version of their story, and to the new versions by Marion Crawford and d'Annunzio. A glance at the various tributes these

lovers have inspired will reveal their dramatic richness. To go directly to the fountainhead, we turn to Canto V. of the "Inferno." Dante, dazed with pity for this "jointly moving twain," invites them to discourse with him. Francesca speaks her gratitude for his pity and then relates her story.

My native land is seated by the sea
 Upon that shore to which the Po descends
 To be at peace, his followers and he.
 Love, that from loving will no loved one spare,
 Seized me with pleasure from this man so strong
 That, as thou seest, my heart still feels it there.
 Love brought us to endure one same death's wrong
 Caina waits him who our lifeblood shed.

When Dante asks, "By what and how did love concede you this?" she says:

We for delight were reading on a day
 Of Lancelot, how love of him made prize.
 Alone we were, suspicion far away.
 For many times that reading tranced our eyes
 And made the color from our faces flee.

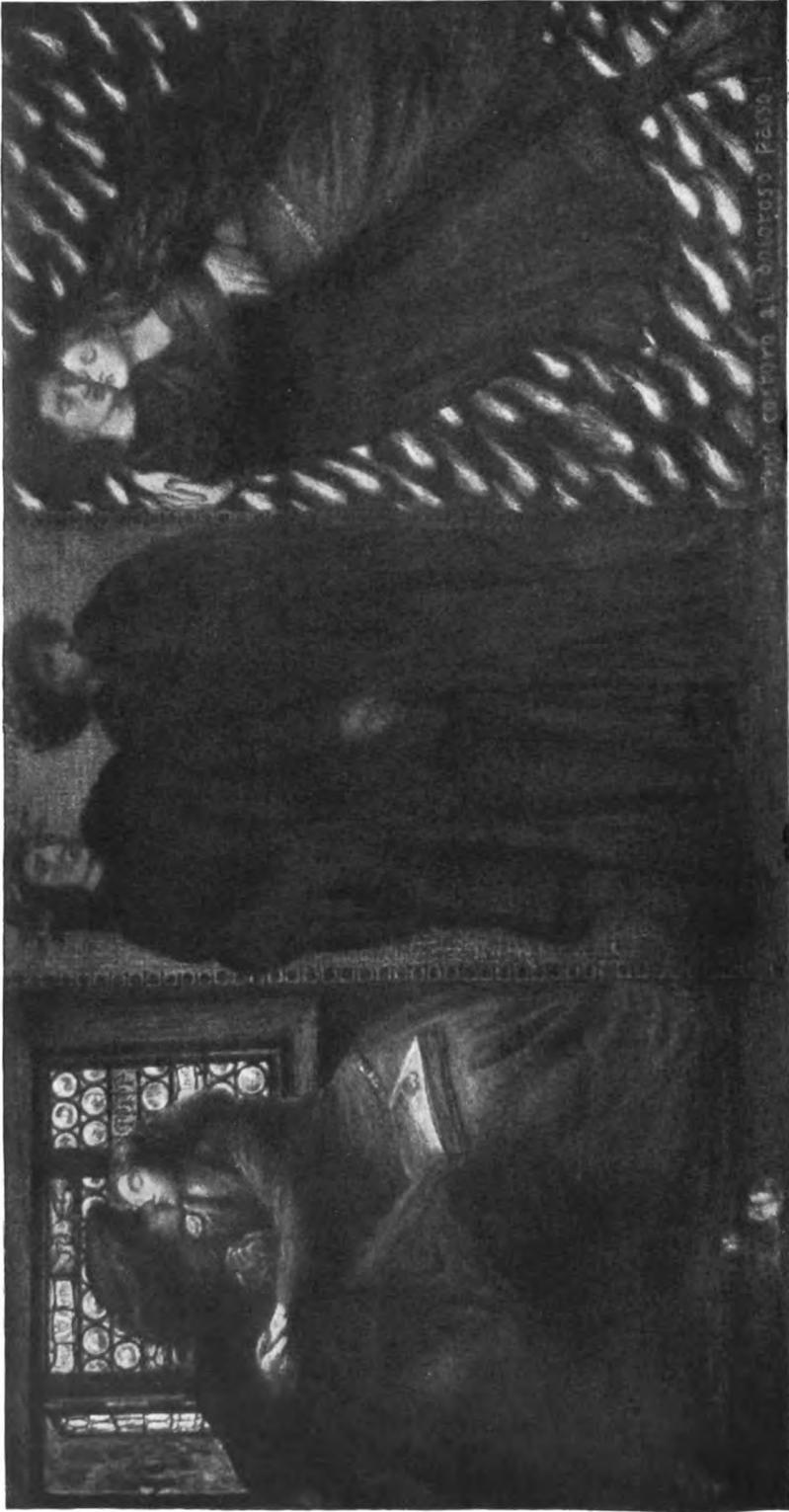


Photo by Hollyer

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DIPTYCH : PAOLO AND FRANCESCA DA RIMINI
(After the painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti)

Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.

But one sole instant took us by surprise
When we read how the smile he yearned to see
Was by the lips of such a lover sought,
This one, who never shall be torn from me,
His own kiss to my lips all trembling brought.

After Dante, the first mention made of this incident is found in a Latin chronicle dated 1354, which briefly states that the lovers were murdered by the deceived husband. Another chronicle of a few years later makes the same brief statement concerning them.

Petrarch, in his "Triumph of Love," speaks of them as

The pair

Who, as they walk together, seem to 'plain
Their just but cruel fate, by one hand slain.

It is to Boccaccio, however, that we are indebted for the first detailed account of the affair. It was given in a series of lectures delivered nearly a century after the occurrence of the tragedy.

Francesca, daughter of Guido di Lamberti di Polenta, lord of Ravenna, and partisan of the pope, was given in



SUPPOSED BIRTHPLACE OF FRANCESCA DA RIMINI



DANTE

(After the portrait by Stefano Tofanelli)

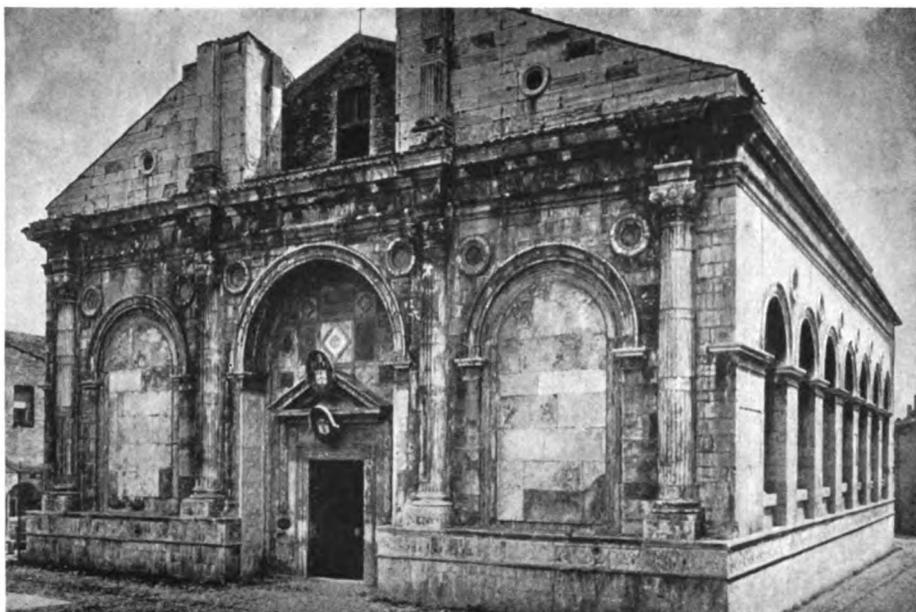
marriage to Giovanni, son of Malatesta da Verrucchio, lord of Rimini. The marriage was made to establish peace between the two families, which had suffered through many bitter quarrels.

Giovanni, or Gianciotto (Lame John), as he was commonly called, was very unprepossessing in appearance, and for this reason his handsome, dashing young brother Paolo was sent to Ravenna to sign the marriage contract and to conduct the bride to Rimini.

Francesca believed Paolo to be her husband, not knowing that he had been sent as his brother's deputy. When she learned the truth, it was too late; her love for Paolo had by then kindled into a blaze.

Paolo was already married, having, for political reasons, been obliged to contract a marriage when a mere youth of sixteen.

When the tragedy occurred, in 1285, Francesca had been the wife of Giovanni for ten years, and the mother of his daughter.



TEMPLE OF THE MALATESTI, RIMINI



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(From the painting by Deully)

Giovanni, arriving home unexpectedly one day, was informed by a servant that Paolo was in Francesca's chamber. He found that Paolo, leaving the room by another door, had caught his cloak on a hook and was unable to escape. In a jealous rage he aimed a vigorous blow at him with his sword. Francesca intervened, and the blow which was meant for Paolo killed her instantly. The maddened Giovanni quickly slew his brother too, and then returned to the camp and resumed his place at the head of his soldiers. Paolo and Francesca were buried in one grave.

Boccaccio believed that Dante had no positive knowledge of Francesca's guilt, and that his assumption of this was without foundation. He himself believed her to have been innocent.

Jerome Rossi, in the sixteenth century, also chronicles the event in his "History of Ravenna."

In 1611, Tassoni, in his "Rape of the Bucket," devotes some two-score lines to the lovers. He says of Paolo:

The more he sought to fly the luscious bane
The firmer he was bound, the deeper stung :

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His furious passion mastered reason quite,
And counsel then was useless in his sight.

The early half of the nineteenth century brought forth two important liter-

of Rimini'' containing about eighteen hundred lines. The details, though of small consequence, are at variance with tradition, and therefore interesting.



Photo by Hollyer

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(From the painting by Rossetti)

Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.

ary productions with this incident for theme.

Leigh Hunt was the first to make it the subject of a long poem, his "Story

His Giovanni enlists little sympathy, being a man of ill-tempered pride and selfish sullenness. He was not a cripple, but "a handsome man, able if he



"THE DEATH OF PAOLO AND FRANCESCA"
(From the painting by Alexandre Cabanel)

chose, to please." This deprives him of the tenderness one feels for the afflictions of the traditional Gianciotto.

According to Hunt, Giovanni sought his brother on the tilting-ground, a few months after the marriage.

"Say then, sir, if you can," continued he,—
"One word will do,—you have not injured me."

Paolo made no answer. Then they fought, the one to wound, the other to prevent, till Paolo fell on his sword, dying instantly. They carried him to Francesca's chamber. She looked down upon him for a few moments, and then fell dead beside him. They were buried in one grave by the grief-stricken Giovanni, who vowed they should never again be parted.

The theme received its first dramatic setting by Silvio Pellico, the Italian poet and patriot. What impresses one most in his production is the wealth of tenderness and pity that pervades its pages.

Lanciotto gently chides Francesca for her increasing coldness to him, which he thinks is due to the fact that Paolo has killed her only brother in battle. He tells her that Paolo is on his way to them and begs her to receive him. Francesca, however, declares her intention of returning to Ravenna with her father. Her chief reason for wishing to avoid Paolo is the secret love which has smouldered within her since a time, years before, when she caught a passing glimpse of him at her father's court.

Paolo knew nothing of his brother's marriage, and he sees with anguish that the wife is the woman he himself has loved in secret for many years. They meet and confess their love. It is a lofty, reverential love. But Lanciotto, who loves his wife madly, overhears the confession, and in a frenzy of rage kills them both.

In Martin Grief's German drama Lanciotto is depicted as a cruel tyrant. Ravenna, in dire distress through the

long wars with Rimini, is about to sue for peace, when a message comes from Lanciotto promising amity if Francesca's hand be given him in marriage. To save the state from ruin, she consents and accompanies Paolo, who is the messenger.

It is on the way to Rimini that their love bursts into bloom, and when they arrive there they confess it to Lanciotto. He scornfully refuses to pardon the liberty they have taken, and offers Francesca release only on condition that she promise to refrain from marrying his brother. The plans for peace are to be annulled at her release.

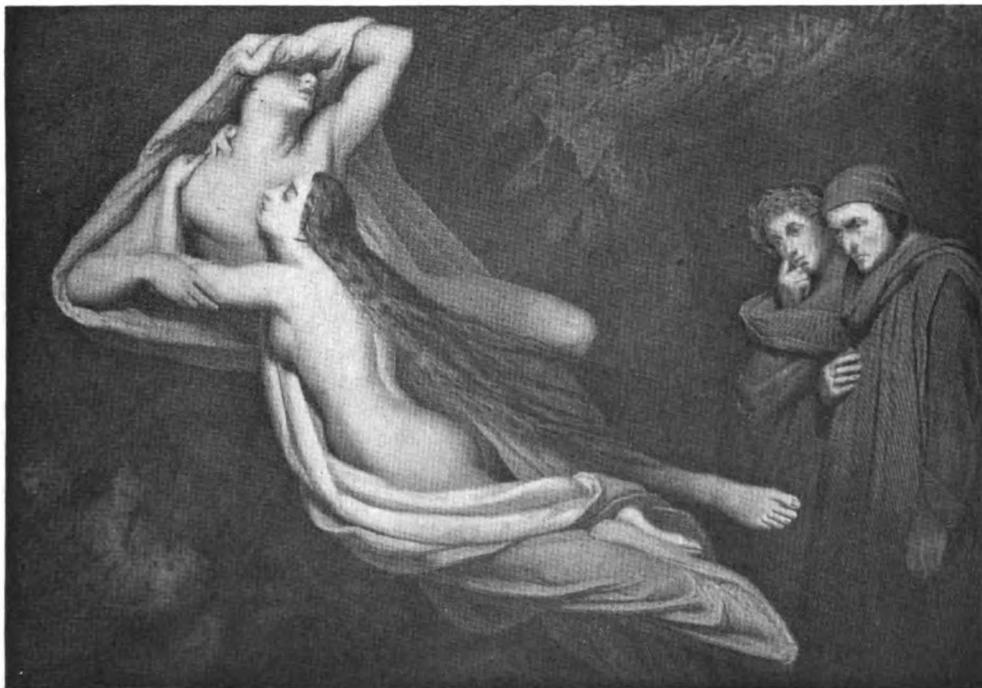
For the sake of Ravenna she consents to marry him. The ceremony is scarcely over when the two brothers draw their swords in an angry quarrel. The aged father dies from the excitement of their combat. This immediately sobers Paolo and, to a lesser degree, Lanciotto. As his father's successor, Lanciotto banishes his brother from Rimini. Paolo returns, however, to look once more upon the woman he

loves. He finds her alone, deploring her haplessness. At the sight of his misery she casts aside her discretion and allows him to embrace her for the first and last time. At this moment Lanciotto is led into the room by a revengeful noble of the court, who hates him for a wrong received at his hands.

Lanciotto kills the lovers just as the aged parents arrive from Ravenna to visit their beloved daughter. Amid the grief and terror that ensues, comes the joyful news that the tyrannical Lanciotto has been deposed.

George Boker was the first American to retell the tale. He has done it well, bringing to light all its dramatic consequence. The critical find fault with the choice of words and the lack of atmosphere, but as an acting drama it has called forth high praise. A lofty tone pervades the book, exciting esteem and sympathy for each individual character, from Paolo and Francesca to Pepe, the court fool.

Contrary to authentic records, however, the author declares Polenta to be



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(From the painting by Ary Scheffer)



BOCCACCIO

(From the portrait by Andrea del Castagno)

an ally, not of the Guelfs, but of the Ghibellines. To secure peace Francesca is promised in marriage to Lanciotto, leader of the Guelfs. Because Lanciotto, a man of exalted honor, is unwilling to force a reluctant bride into a marriage with one so deformed as he, and because the Guelfs fear the Ghibellines might seize their leader, the young Paolo is sent to Ravenna to explain the situation.

The patriotic girl, willing to sacrifice herself for her home, accompanies him to Rimini. Paolo and Francesca realize the depth of their love for each other before the marriage takes place. They

struggle fiercely to subdue it and to obey the lofty promptings within them, but in vain.

The noble Lanciotto, wounded by the coldness Francesca cannot conceal, offers to release her and at the same time to keep the peace with Ravenna. Her father, however, suspects him of treachery and implants his mistrust in his daughter. Paolo, too, urges the marriage, for he realizes Lanciotto's deep love for Francesca, and knows what bitter anguish her loss will cost him; and so this ill-mated pair are joined in wedlock.

The marriage rites are scarcely over when Lanciotto leaves to subdue an uprising of the Ghibellines, and it is in his absence that their love develops into the passion which finally overpowers them. They are betrayed by the court jester, an embittered man with yearnings for a life of dignity and

honor. Once, in a resentful mood, he had taunted Lanciotto so cruelly that the latter tore the cap from his head—that deadliest insult to a jester. Not long after, he comes upon Paolo making love to Francesca. He remembers his insult and straightway hurries to Lanciotto's camp and tells him of the tender relations between his wife and his brother. Lanciotto kills him for a base betrayer and then gallops to Rimini to dispel his doubts, for he does not fully believe the jester's tale.

He finds them in each other's arms. He implores them to deny their guilt, but they cannot; he begs Paolo to kill



DRAWING BY BONAVENTURA GARELLI FOR DANTE, CANTO V.



him, but Paolo will not; to goad him to it he stabs Francesca, but to no avail. Paolo raises his dagger to strike, but conscience and love for Lanciotto stay the blow. Lanciotto feels there is nothing left him but to kill Paolo and then himself.

A valuable addition to this noble list is Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca." Though written in 1898, its presentation upon the boards was deferred until February, 1902; thus with the new versions by Crawford and d'Annunzio, it revives the interest in this immortal story.

The young girl, fresh from the convent, marries Giovanni to please her father. Her soldier husband is soon obliged to leave her, and he consigns her to the care of Paolo, friend as well as brother.

Paolo, already enamored of the fair Francesca, seeks to avoid her and pleads duties of his own. But Giovanni commands him to stay. Francesca is very young, and Paolo's passion is very great—the result is inevitable. Paolo finally leaves Rimini to save his honor; he even buys a deadly potion to end his misery, but before the walls of Rimini fade from view and before the potion has been imbibed, some invincible power lures him back to Francesca's side.

The dominating idea in this interpretation seems to be evolved from the Dantescan line:

Love . . . from loving will no loved one spare.

The fatality of their love and the unavoidable catastrophe are apparent from the first. Giovanni himself tells the whole story in one brief line:

Unwillingly
They loved, unwillingly I slew them.

The d'Annunzio version is based entirely on Boccaccio's. As a drama, it was pronounced a failure at first, but later was received with favor. While it gives a remarkably vivid and accurate picture of the times, it has been constructed with little regard for the technicalities of the stage. From the first scene to the last, blows fall thick and fast, and blood runs freely in a manner characteristically mediæval.

The play opens with a rude combat between Francesca's brother, Ostasio, and the bastard brother, Bannini. This is followed by a scene of comparative suavity.

Francesca in confidence tells her sister of a presentiment that she will leave her father's house never to return. She has scarcely spoken the words when Paolo appears, and the two meet for

the first time. Then follows the betrothal. Francesca does not realize that the handsome Paolo is merely his brother's ambassador, and looks upon him as her future husband. She accompanies him to Rimini and the cruel disillusion is deferred until her arrival.

During the civil wars, while the fighting is going on from the tower of the Malatesta castle, Francesca appears to watch the combat. Paolo asks her forgiveness and offers to do her bidding at any cost. To heal her pride, perhaps, or to display indifference, she makes a request for his helmet, that is to say, she requests him to expose himself in the conflict without protection. When he complies, however, and receives a wound, she realizes the full depth of her feeling for him and prays over him with fervor. Later, when a merchant is brought in to her to display his wares, he speaks occasionally of Paolo, whom he has met in Florence. This causes her so much embarrassment that at every mention of Paolo's name she buys profusely of the merchant's wares. She is no longer in doubt as to her love for her husband's brother, and when he returns she receives him with open arms.

Malatestino, the One-Eyed, a youth

of evil repute, betrays the infatuated pair. Giovanni knocks at his wife's door. Francesca very slowly proceeds to unlock it, to allow Paolo to escape by a secret trap-door. She finally admits her husband, unaware that Paolo's clothing has caught on a hook and is holding him a prisoner. When the infuriated husband raises his poignard, Francesca throws herself between them and receives the blow.

The last and most accurate retelling of this tale is that by Marion Crawford, which was written for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

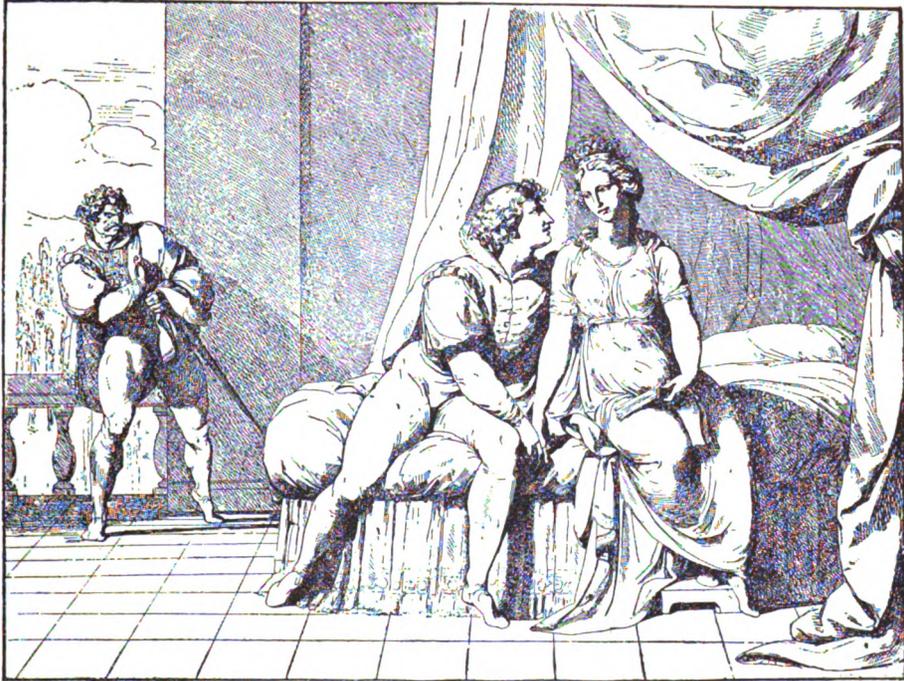
There is the usual wedding by proxy in the first scene. Francesca is shamefully tricked into the marriage and later in the play lets loose the fury of her resentment. Giovanni begs her to forget the deceit. She answers bitterly:

"Never, while my eyes can see you and my ears can hear your voice. Forget! Rivers of tears could not wash the memory clean; the flood of all eternal time could not drown it. It will live beyond ages and worlds, till I can lay my wrong at the foot of God's throne in heaven or take it with me to a hell less hopeless than this earthly life. Forget! Forget that I was sold like a slave, cheated like a child, outraged like the last of women! Forget that when the bargain was struck between your father and mine, they sent your brother in your



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

(After the original drawing by Luigi Sabatelli)



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(After an engraving by G. Sabatelli)

stead—as like a god as you are like a devil—to stand for you at the altar !”

The time of action covers fifteen years (though the date of the tragedy is usually accepted as 1285; a few declare it to be 1289). Francesca's daughter Concordia unwittingly discloses the state of affairs and brings about the catastrophe.

The deception by which Francesca was lured into the marriage is so heartless that her passion for Paolo seems unfortunate rather than wrong; and Giovanni, too, receives sympathy because of his long years of unreciprocated love. He lives on with the hope that time may soften her heart toward him, but with her last breath she scorns him.

She drags herself to Paolo's side after they have both been stabbed, and cries exultingly:

“Look! Look! This is what you have asked in vain and I have refused—what you have longed for day and night—what you shall never have of me—look well! The kiss of love—supreme—eternal—true.”

Many of these versions deviate somewhat from tradition, but in every case the vital love story is the same that Dante told more than six centuries ago. All but the last three appeared before 1883. Up to that time the details of the incident had never been accepted with full confidence, many students holding Boccaccio unreliable. Absolute authority on some points is now assured, for in 1883 M. Charles Yriarte went to Rimini to examine the records. The following year he gave the world the result of his research.

He found Boccaccio's version nearly correct. Francesca was born between 1255 and 1260; Giovanni about 1248; Paolo about 1253; the marriage took place in 1275 and the murder in 1285. The reason given for the marriage was that Francesca had been promised to Giovanni as a reward for the assistance he had given Polenta in subduing the Ghibellines. She was betrothed by proxy in Ravenna and married in Rimini. She lived with Giovanni for ten years and bore him a daughter.



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(After a drawing by Flaxman)

The child was named Concordia, after the paternal grandmother. Much of Francesca's married life was spent in Pesaro, where Giovanni was chief, his father ruling in Rimini. Giovanni found the lovers alone together one day and killed them instantly.

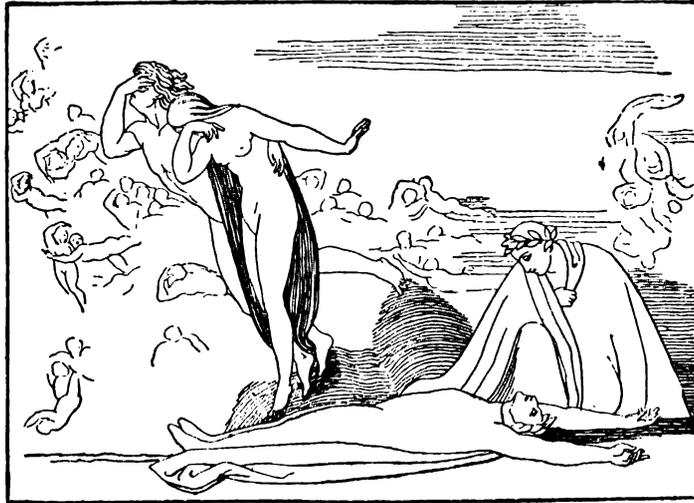
Paolo had been married in 1269 to Orabile Beatrice, daughter of Uberto, Count of Chiaggioli. His marriage was made to strengthen the family claim on a certain disputed territory. Alberto, the elder of his two sons, was murdered years after by his [Paolo's] youngest brother, Pandolfo, who feared he might usurp the throne.

M. Yriarte agrees with Tonini, the historian, that the murder must have taken place in Rimini, very likely in the fortress known to-day as the Rocca Malatestiana. It is said, however, that Marion Crawford has discovered beyond a doubt that the Castle of Verrucchio was the scene of the tragedy. It certainly was not the Temple Malatestiana, which is visited by thousands each year, for that was first begun in the fifteenth century by the great Sigismondo.

Most of the early chroniclers agree that the lovers were buried in one grave. M. Yriarte quotes from an old document, printed in 1581, and signed by Giovanni da Sasorbaro:

A few days ago in the church of Saint Augustin in Rimini, they found in a marble sepulchre Paolo Malatesta and Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, who were put to death by Lancilotto, son of Malatesta, lord of Rimini, brother of said Paolo, found under the accomplishment of a dishonest deed, and both miserably killed with the blows of a poignard, as Petrarch describes in his "Triumph of Love." Their clothes were of silk, and although they had been shut up in this sepulchre for so many years, they were found in a perfect state of preservation.

There is in Rimini to-day a piece of silk, tissue with gold, that, though it cannot be proved to be genuine, is looked upon as a relic of the unfortunate pair. In 1216, the powerful Malatesti, called the Wrongheads, assumed the rule of Rimini. Giovanni's grandfather was the first to rule, but his father, who lived a full century, has always been considered the real founder of the dynasty. He received his name, Malatesta da Verrucchio, from Verrucchio, a fortress of the race and the seat of many military crimes. He had four sons, Giovanni, called, not Lanciotto, but Lianciotto or Sciancato (the cripple), Paolo the beautiful, Malatestino the One-Eyed, and Pandolfo. Giovanni died in 1304 and was succeeded by Malatestino, who in turn was succeeded by Pandolfo.



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(From a drawing by Flaxman)

The history of these Malatesti [says the late J. A. Symonds], from their establishment under Otho III. as lieutenants for the empire in the Marches of Ancona, down to their final subjugation by the papacy in the age of the Renaissance, is made up of all the vicissitudes which could befall a mediæval Italian despotism. Acquiring an unlawful right over the towns of Rimini, Cesena, Sogliano, Ghiaciuolo, they ruled their petty principalities like tyrants by the help of the Guelf and Ghibelline factions, inclining to the one or to the other as it suited their humor or their interest, wrangling among themselves, transmitting the succession of their dynasty through bastards and by deeds of force, quarrelling with their neighbors, the Counts

of Urbino, alternately defying and submitting to the papal legates in Romagna, serving as *condottieri* in the wars of the Visconti and the state of Venice, and by their restlessness and genius for military intrigues contributed in no slight measure to the general disturbance of Italy. The Malatesti were a race of strongly marked character; more, perhaps, than any other house of Italian tyrants; they combined for generations those qualities of the fox and the lion which Machiavelli thought indispensable to a successful despot.

Rimini is a very ancient town. It is situated on the river Marecchia, in ancient times called the Ariminum, from which it derived its present name. The famous Rubicon flows a little to the northeast. A bridge built by Augustus and completed by Tiberius, a square where Cæsar addressed his troops, and a square where St. Anthony of Padua preached are among its antiquities.

The Polenta family, though an old one, did not reign in Ravenna till 1275, the year of Francesca's marriage. Her father, Guido di Lamberti, a staunch ally of the Guelfs, was made lord of Ravenna by Pope Gregory X. as a reward for services rendered. He established his court in the Polenta palace, from which the family derived its name. He was a patron of letters, and the young Dante received much encouragement from him.



VIGNETTE FOR CANTO V., DANTE (1491)

Dante was twenty years old when the tragedy occurred, and in 1300, fifteen years after, he wrote the fifth canto of the "Inferno." When, toward the close of his life, he was banished from his beloved Florence, it was Guido di Novello da Polenta, grandson of Guido di Lambertini, and nephew of Francesca, who received the poet and his daughter Beatrice into his house, the house where Francesca had lived. Here his last days were comforted, and when he died it was this Polenta who gave him the impressive funeral and laid the laurel wreath upon his dead brow.

Of the many houses in Ravenna which once belonged to the Polentani, almost nothing remains. There is but one which could possibly have been inhabited by Francesca, and there is reason to believe that even this is not the original dwelling, but one remodelled in the last years of the thirteenth century. Of Guido da Novello's palace, hardly the brown walls remain.

The Porta Serrata, originally the Porta Anastasia, has also been entirely reconstructed. Tradition has it that Guido da Polenta, riding one day in the vicinity, encountered an old crone reading the palms of the passers-by. Guido showed her his hand and this is her prophecy: "There shall be great renown in love and bloodshed for you

and your family, and henceforth all who suffer in death shall pass through the Porta Anastasia."

Guido, bold and superstitious, wished to exorcise the evil spirits and ordered the opening to be built in, to form a solid wall. Since then it has been known as the Porta Serrata (closed gate). Later, when the Venetians banished the Polentani from Ravenna, they reopened the gate and compelled the exiles to pass through. With each reconstruction the gate has been given another name by those in authority, but the people have always insisted on calling it the Porta Serrata, and it is known by this name to-day.

Ravenna is much older than Rome. It was at the height of its power when Rome was still a struggling little province. Though Shelley called it "a miserable place, the people wild and barbarous," its historical interest surely compensates for any modern advantages it may lack. It contains the palace of Theodosius, the tombs of Honorius and Theodoric, and, most glorious of all, the tomb of Dante.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid,
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,

said Byron. Though plain and inconspicuous, it is the most hallowed shrine in Italy.



VIGNETTE FOR CANTO V., DANTE (1544)

A Century of Irish Humor

By STEPHEN GWYNN

IN a preface to the French translation of Sienkiewicz's works, M. de Wyzewa, the well-known critic, himself a Pole, makes a suggestive comparison between the Polish and Russian natures. The Pole, he says, is quicker, wittier, more imaginative, more studious of beauty, less absorbed in the material world than the Russian—in a word, infinitely more gifted with the artistic temperament; and yet in every art the Russian has immeasurably outstripped the Pole. His explanation, if not wholly convincing, is at least suggestive. The Poles are a race of dreamers, and the dreamer finds his reward in himself. He does not seek to conquer the world with arms or with commerce, with tears or with laughter; neither money tempts him nor fame, and the strenuous, unremitting application which success demands, whether in war, business, or the arts, is alien to his being.

The same observation and the same reasoning apply with equal force to the English and the Irish. No one who has lived in the two countries will deny that the Irish are apparently the more gifted race; no one can deny, if he has knowledge and candor, that the English have accomplished a great deal more, the Irish a great deal less. Nowhere is this more evident than in the productions of that faculty which Irishmen have always been reputed, and justly reputed, to possess in peculiar measure—the faculty of humor. Compare Lever, who for a long time passed as the typical Irish humorist, with his contemporaries Thackeray and Dickens. The comparison is not fair, but it suggests the central fact that the humor of Irish literature is deficient in depth, in intellectual quality, or, to put it after an Irish fashion, in gravity.

"Humorous" is a word as question-begging as "artistic," and he would be a rash man who should try to define either. But so much as this will readily

be admitted, that humor is a habit of mind essentially complex, involving always a double vision—a reference from the public or normal standard of proportion to one that is private and personal. The humorist refuses to part with any atom of his own personality; he stamps it on whatever comes from him. "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries," says Falstaff, achieving individuality by the same kind of odd picturesque comparison as every witty Irish peasant uses in talk to the delight of himself and his hearers. But the individuality lies deeper than phrases; Falstaff takes his private standard into battle with him. There is nothing more obviously funny than the short paunchy man, let us not say cowardly, but disinclined to action, who finds himself engaged in a fight. Lever has used him a score of times (beginning with Mr. O'Leary in the row at a gambling-hell in Paris), and whether he runs or whether he fights, his efforts to do either are grotesquely laughable. Shakespeare puts that view of Falstaff too! Prince Hal words it. But Falstaff, the humorist in person, rises on the field of battle over the slain Percy and enunciates his philosophy of the better part of valor. Falstaff's estimate of honor—"that word honor"—("Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday? Doth he feel it?"), the "grinning honor" that Sir Walter Blunt wears where the Douglas left him—is necessary to complete the humorist's vision of a battle-piece. Lever will scarcely visit you with such reflections, for the humorist of Lever's type never stands apart and smiles; he laughs loud and in company. Still less will he give you one of those speeches which are the supreme achievement of this faculty, where the speaker's philosophy is not reasoned out like Falstaff's, but revealed in a flash of the onlooker's insight. Is it pardonable to quote the account of Falstaff's death as the hostess narrates it?

"How now, Sir John," quoth I, "what, man! be of good cheer. So a' cried out 'God, God,' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet."

Humor can go no farther than that terrible, illuminating phrase, which is laughable enough, heaven knows, but scarce likely to make you laugh. Contrast the humor of that with the humor of such a story as Lever delighted in. There were two priests dining with a regiment, we all have read in "Harry Lorrequer," who chaffed a sour Ulster Protestant till he was the open derision of the mess. Next time they returned the Protestant major was radiant with a geniality that they could not explain till they had to make their way out of barracks in a hurry, and found that the countersign (arranged by the major) was "Bloody end to the Pope." Told as Lever tells it, with all manner of jovial amplifications, that story would make anyone laugh. But it does not go deep. The thing is funny in too obvious a way; the mirth finds too large an outlet in laughter; it does not hang about the brain inextricable from the processes of thought; it carries nothing with it beyond the jest. And just as tears help to an assuaging of grief, so in a sense laughter makes an end of mirth. Give a feeling its instinctive vent, and you will soon be done with it, like the child who laughs and cries within five minutes; check it, and it spreads inward, gaining in intellectual quality as it loses in physical expression. The moral is, that if you wish to be really humorous you must not be too funny; and the capital defect of most Irish humor is that its aim is too simple—it does not look beyond raising a laugh.

There are brilliant exceptions in the century that lies between Sheridan and Mr. Bernard Shaw, between Maria Edgeworth and Miss Barlow. But serious art and serious thought in Ireland has always revealed itself to the English sooner or later as a species of sedition, and the Irish have with culpable folly allowed themselves to accept for characteristic excellences what were

really the damning defects of their work—an easy fluency of wit, a careless spontaneity of laughter. They have taken Moore for a great poet, and Handy Andy for a humorist to be proud of. Yet an Irishman who wishes to speak dispassionately must find humor of a very different kind from that of "Handy Andy," or "Harry Lorrequer" either, to commend without reserve, as a thing that may be put forward to rank with what is best in other literatures.

Taking Sheridan and Miss Edgeworth as marking the point of departure, it becomes obvious that one is at an end, the other at a beginning. Sheridan belongs body and soul to the eighteenth century; Miss Edgeworth, though her name sounds oddly in that context, is part and parcel of the romantic movement. The "postscript which ought to have been a preface" to "Waverley" declared, though after Scott's magnificent fashion, a real indebtedness. Sheridan's humor, essentially metropolitan, had found no use for local color; Miss Edgeworth before Scott proved the artistic value that could be extracted from the characteristics of a special breed of people under special circumstances in a special place. An Irish poet who, like all poets, is a most suggestive and a most misleading critic has declared that modern Irish literature begins with Carleton. That is only true if we are determined to look in Irish literature for qualities that can be called Celtic—if we insist that the outlook on the world shall be the Catholic's or the peasant's. Miss Edgeworth had not a trace of the Celt—as I conceive that rather indefinite entity—about her; but she was as good an Irishwoman as ever walked, and there are hundreds of Irish people of her class and creed looking at Irish life with kindly humorous Irish eyes, seeing pretty much what she saw, enjoying it as she enjoyed it, but with neither her power nor her will to set it down. "Castle Rackrent" is a masterpiece; and had Miss Edgeworth been constant to the dramatic method which she then struck out for herself, with all the fine reticences that it involved, her name

might have stood high in literature. Unhappily, her too exemplary father repressed the artist in her, fostered the pedagogue, and in her later books she commits herself to an attitude in which she can moralize explicitly upon the ethical and social bearings of every word and action. The fine humor in "Ormond" is obscured by its setting; in "Castle Rackrent" the humor shines. Sir Condy and his lady we see none the less distinctly for seeing them through the eyes of old Thady, the retainer who narrates the Rackrent history; and in the process we have a vision of old Thady himself. Now and then the novelist reminds us of her presence by some extravagantly ironic touch, as when Thady describes Sir Condy's anger with the Government "about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honorably and being greatly abused for, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before." Thady would hardly have been so ingenuous as that. But for the most part the humor is truly inherent in the situation, and you might look far for a better passage than the description of Sir Condy's parting with his lady. But it is better to illustrate from a scene perhaps less genuinely humorous, but more professedly so—Sir Condy's wake. Miss Edgeworth does not dwell on the broad farce of the entertainment; she does not make Thady eloquent over the whisky that was drunk and the fighting that began and so forth, as Lever or Carleton would certainly have been inclined to do. She fixes on the central comedy of the situation, Sir Condy's innocent vanity and its pitiable disappointment—is it necessary to recall that he had arranged for the wake himself, because he always wanted to see his own funeral? Poor Sir Condy!—even Thady, who was in the secret, had forgotten all about him, when he was startled by the sound of his master's voice from under the great-coats thrown all atop.

"Thady," says he, "I've had enough of this; I'm smothering; and can't hear a word of all they're

saying of the deceased." "God bless you, and lie still and quiet a bit longer," says I, "for my sister's afraid of ghosts, and would die on the spot with fright if she was to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation." So he lays him still, though well-nigh stifled, and I made haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t' other, and there was a great surprise, but not so great as he had laid out there would. "And are n't we to have the pipes and tobacco after coming so far to-night?" said some one; but they were all well enough pleased when his honour got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebeen house where they very civilly let him have it upon credit. So the night passed off very merrily; but to my mind Sir Condy was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such great talk about himself after his death as that he had always expected to hear."

In the end Sir Condy died, not by special arrangement. "He had but a poor funeral after all," is Thady's remark; and you see with the kindly double vision of the humorist Thady's sincere regret for the circumstance that would most have afflicted the deceased, as well as the more obviously comic side of Thady's comment and Sir Condy's lifelong aspiration. Indeed, the whole narrative is shot with many meanings, and one never turns to it without a renewed faculty of laughter.

If it were necessary to compare true humor with the make-believe, a comparison might be drawn between Thady and the servant in Lady Morgan's novel "O'Donnell." Rory is the stage Irishman in all his commonest attitudes. But it is better to go straight on, and concern ourselves solely with the work of real literary quality, and Carleton falls next to be considered.

Of genius with inadequate equipment it is always difficult to speak. Carleton is the nearest thing to Burns that we have to show; and his faults, almost insuperable to the ordinary reader, are the faults which Burns seldom failed to display when writing in English. But to Burns there was given an instrument perfected by long centuries of use—the Scotch vernacular song and ballad; Carleton had to make his own, and the genius for form was lacking in him. Some day there may come a man of pure Irish race who will be to Carleton

what Burns was to Ferguson, and then Ireland will have what it lacks; moreover, in the light of his achievement we shall see better what the pioneer accomplished. Every gift that Carleton had—and pathos and humor, things complementary to each other, he possessed in profusion—every gift is obscured by faulty technique. Nearly every trait is overcharged; for instance, in his story of the “Midnight Mass” he rings the changes interminably upon the old business of the wonderful medicine in the vagrants’ blessed horn that had a strong odor of whisky; but what an admirably humorous figure is this same Darby O’More! Out of the “Poor Scholar” alone, that inchoate masterpiece, you could illustrate a dozen phases of Carleton’s mirth, beginning with the famous sermon where the priest so artfully wheedles and coaxes his congregation into generosity towards the boy who is going out on the world, and all the while unconsciously displays his own laughable and lovable weaknesses. There you have the double vision, that helps to laugh with the priest, and to laugh at him in the same breath, as unmistakably as in the strange scene of the famine days where the party of mowers find Jimmy sick of the fever by the wayside and “schame a day” from their employer to build him a rough shelter. That whole chapter, describing the indefatigable industry with which they labor on the voluntary task, their glee in the truantry from the labor for which they are paid, their casuistry over the theft of milk for the pious purpose of keeping the poor lad alive, the odd blending of cowardice and magnanimity in their terror of the sickness and in their constant care that someone should at least be always in earshot of the boy, ready to pass in to him on a long-handed shovel what food they could scrape up, their supple ingenuity in deceiving the pompous landlord who comes to oversee their work,—all that is the completest study in existence of Irish character as it came to be under the system of absolute dependence. There is nothing so just as true humor, for by the law of its being it sees in-

evitably two sides; and this strange compound of vices and virtues, so rich in all the softer qualities, so lacking in all the harder ones, stands there in Carleton’s pages, neither condemned nor justified, but seen and understood with a kindly insight. Carleton is the document of documents for Ireland in the years before the famine, preserving a record of conditions material and spiritual, which happily have largely ceased to exist, yet operate indefinitely as causes among us, producing eternal though eternally modifiable effects.

But, for the things in human nature that are neither of yesterday, to-day, nor to-morrow, but unchangeable, he has the humorist’s true touch. When the poor scholar is departing, and has actually torn himself away from home, his mother runs after him with a last token—a small bottle of holy water.

“Jimmy alanna,” said she, “here ’s this an’ carry it about—it will keep evil from you; an’ be sure to take good care of the written character you got from the priest an’ Squire Benson; an’ darlin’, don’t be lookin’ too often at the cuff o’ your coat, for feard the people might get a notion that you have the banknotes sewed in it. An’, Jimmy agra, don’t be too lavish upon their Munsther crame; they say ’t is apt to give people the ague. Kiss me agin, agra, an’ the heavens above keep you safe and well till we see you once more.”

Through all that catalogue of precautions, divine and human, one feels the mood between tears and laughter of the man who set it down. But I think you only come to the truth about Carleton in the last scene of all, when Jimmy returns to his home, a priest. Nothing could be more stilted, more labored, than the pages which attempt to render his emotions and his words, till there comes the revealing touch. His mother, at sight of him returned unlooked-for after a long absence, loses for a moment the possession of her faculties, and cannot be restored. At last, “I will speak to her,” said Jimmy, “in Irish; it will go directly to her heart.” And it does.

Carleton never could speak to us in Irish; the English was still a strange tongue on his lips and in the ears of those he lived among; and his work

comes down distracted between the two languages, imperfect and halting, only with flashes of true and living speech.

When you come to Lever, it is a very different story. Lever was at no lack for utterance; nobody was ever more voluble, no one ever less inclined to sit and bite his pen, waiting for the one and only word. Good or bad, he could be trusted to rattle on; and, as Trollope said, if you pulled him out of bed and demanded something witty, he would flash it at you before he was half awake. Some people are born with the perilous gift of improvisation; and the best that can be said for Lever is that he is the nearest equivalent in Irish literature, or in English either, to the marvellous faculty of D'Artagnan's creator. He has the same exuberance, the same inexhaustible supply of animal spirits, of invention that is always spirited, of wit that goes off like fireworks. He delighted a whole generation of readers, and one reader at least in this generation he still delights; but I own that to enjoy him you must have mastered the art of skipping. Whether you take him in his earlier manner, in the "Charles O'Malley" vein of adventure, fox-hunting, steeple-chasing, Peninsular fighting, or in his latter more intellectual studies of shady financiers, needy political adventurers, and the whole generation of usurers and blacklegs, he is always good; but alas and alas! he is never good enough. His work is rotten with the disease of anecdote; instead of that laborious concentration on a single character which is necessary for any kind of creative work, but above all for humorous creation, he presents you with a sketch, a passing glimpse, and when you look to see the suggestion followed out he is off at score with a story. In the first chapter of "Davenport Dunn," for instance, there is an Irish gentleman on the Continent, a pork-butcher making his first experience of Italy, hit off to the life. But a silhouette—and a very funny silhouette—is all that we get of Mr. O'Reilly, and the figures over whom Lever had taken trouble—for in that work Lever did take trouble—are

not seen with humor. Directly he began to think, his humor left him; it is as if he had been funny in watertight compartments. And perhaps that is why, here as elsewhere, he shrank from the necessary concentration of thought.

There is always a temptation to hold a brief for Lever, because he has been most unjustly censured by Irishmen, even in so august and impartial a court as the "Dictionary of National Biography," as if he had traduced his countrymen. Did Thackeray, then, malign the English? The only charge that may fairly be brought against him is the one that cannot be rebutted—the charge of superficiality and of scamped work, of a humor that only plays over the surface of things—a humor which sees only the comic side that anybody might see. And because I cannot defend him, I say no more. Lever is certainly not a great humorist, but he is delightful company.

One may mention in passing the excursions into broad comedy of another brilliant Irishman—Le Fanu's short stories in the "Purcell Papers," such as the "Quare Gander," or "Billy Molowney's Taste of Love and Glory." These are good examples of a particular literary type—the humorous anecdote—in which Irish humor has always been fertile, and of which the *ne plus ultra* is Sir Samuel Ferguson's magnificent squib in Blackwood, "Father Tom and the Pope." Everybody knows the merits of that story, its inexhaustible fertility of comparison, its dialectic ingenuity, its joviality, its drollery, its Rabelaisian laughter. But, after all, the highest type of humor is humor applying itself to the facts of life, and this is burlesque humor squandering itself in riot upon a delectable fiction. Humor is a great deal more than a plaything; it is a force, a weapon—at once sword and shield. If there is to be an art of literature in Ireland that can be called national, it cannot afford to devote humor solely to the production of trifles. "Father Tom" is a trifle, a splendid toy; and what is more, a trifle wrought in a moment of ease by perhaps the most serious and conscientious artist that ever made a

contribution to the small body of real Irish literature in the tongue that is now native to the majority of Irishmen.

Of contemporaries, with one exception, I do not propose to speak at any length, nor can I hope that my review will be complete. Then is first and foremost Miss Barlow, a lady whose work is so gentle, so unassuming, that one hears little of it in the rush and flare of these strident times, but who will be heard and listened to with fresh emotion as the stream is heard when the scream and rattle of a railway train has passed away into silence. Is she a humorist? Not in the sense of provoking laughter—and yet the things that she sees and loves and dwells on would be unbearable if they were not seen through a delicate mist of mirth. The daily life of people at continual hand-grips with starvation, their little points of honor, their little questions of precedence, the infinite generosity that concerns itself with the expenditure of sixpence, the odd shifts they resort to that a gift may not have the appearance of charity,—all these are set down with a tenderness of laughter that is peculiarly and distinctively Irish.

Yet though we may find a finer quality of humor in those writers who do not seek to raise a laugh—for instance, the subtle, pervasive humor in Mr. Yeats's "Celtic Twilight"—still there are few greater attractions than that of open, healthy laughter of the contagious sort; and it would be black ingratitude not to pay tribute to the authoresses of "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."—a book that no decorous person can read with comfort in a railway carriage. These ladies have the keenest eye for the obvious humors of Irish life, they have abundance of animal spirits, and they have that knack at fluent description embroidered with a wealth of picturesque details that is shared by hundreds of peasants in Ireland, but is very rare indeed on the printed page. And mingling with the broad farce there is a deal of excellent comedy—for instance, in the person of old Mrs. Knox of Aussolas. But there is the same point to insist on—and since these witty and delightful ladies have

already the applause of all the world one insists less unwillingly,—this kind of thing, admirable as it is, will not redeem Irish humor from the reproach of trifling. It is absolutely distinct in kind from Miss Barlow's—absolutely distinct because so much lower in aim. The humor that more than any other quality makes the greatness of English literature stir more faculties than the simple one of laughter.

There is indeed a literature which, if not always exactly humorous, is closely allied to it—the literature of satire and invective; and in this Ireland has always been prolific. In the days of the old kings the order of bards had grown so prolific that they comprised a third of the whole population, and they devoted themselves with such talent and zeal to the task of invective that no man could live in peace, and the country cried out against them, and there was talk of suppressing the whole order. The king spared them on condition that they would mend their manners. We have those bards still, but nowadays we call them politicians and journalists; and frankly I think we are ripe for another intervention, if only in the interests of literature. So much good talent goes to waste in bad words; and, moreover, an observance of the decencies is always salutary for style. And it seems that as the years have gone on, humor has diminished in Irish politics, while bad humor has increased; and therefore I leave alone any attempt to survey the humor of the orators, though Curran tempts one at the beginning and Mr. Healy at the close. Of purely literary satire there has been little enough, apart from its emergence in the novel; but there is one example which deserves to be recalled. I cannot profess enthusiasm for Thomas Moore, but neither can I go back on the popular estimate so completely as a recent critic who would claim literary rank for him rather in virtue of the "Fudge Family" than of the Irish Melodies. That satire does not seem to get beyond a thin brilliancy; it is clever, but no more. Still, there are passages in it which cannot be read without enjoyment.

The list of writers of humorous verse

in Ireland is a long one, but a catalogue of ephemera. Even Father Prout at this time of day is little more than a dried specimen labelled for reference, or at most preserved in vitality by the immortal "Groves of Blarney." But neither that work, nor even "The Night before Larry was Stretched," nor Le Fanu's ballad of "Shemus O'Brien," can rank altogether as literature. About the humorous song I need only say that, so far as my experience goes, there is one, and one only, which a person with no taste for music and some taste for literature can hear frequently with pleasure, and that song of course is "Father O'Flynn." To recall the delightful ingenuity and the nimble wit shown by another Irishman of the same family in the "Hawarden Horace," and in a lesser degree by Mr. Godley in his "Musa Frivola," leads naturally to the inquiry why humor from Aristophanes to Carlyle has always preferred the side of reaction—a question that would need an essay, or a volume, all to itself.

But the central question is, after all, why, in a race where humor is so preponderant in the racial temperament, does so little of the element crystallize itself in literature. There is humor, no doubt, of a very individual kind in Mr. Frank Mathews's "Wood of the Brambles"; there is humor as well as a profusion of wit in Mr. Ashe King's "Wearing of the Green"; there is humor along with the true lyrical gift in Moira O'Neill's "Songs of the Glens of Antrim." How should it be otherwise, when in Ireland a collector like Mr. Michael Macdonagh can go about and gather stray fragments that testify sometimes to a delightful wit, sometimes merely to a natural oddity of mind, or a quaint turning of the phrase, in the person who is the subject of his story, but testify always to Mr. Macdonagh's own swift appreciation of the humorous side? But all this is very different from what I look for and do not find—the faculty of humorous creation. Humor ranks with the water power as one of the great undeveloped resources of the country. Something indeed has been done in the past with the river of laughter that almost every

Irish person has flowing in his heart; but infinitely more might be done if these rivers were put in harness.

And in one branch of literature it is being done already, in the drama. I shall not dwell here on Dr. Douglas Hyde's little one-act comedy in Gaelic—"Casadh an Tsugáin" (The Twisting of the Rope)—played last autumn in Dublin, further than to say that it was an admirable piece of truly poetic humor. But, considering English work alone, take away two Irish names from the field of modern comedy, and you have uncommonly little for which literary merit can be claimed. It is difficult to discuss Mr. Wilde's work, but its quality is scarcely disputed. There is the more reason to dwell on Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays, because they have not as yet been fully accepted by that queer folk, the theatre-going public. But I never yet heard of anyone who saw "You Never can Tell," and was not amused by it. That was a farce, no doubt, but a farce which appealed to emotions less elementary than those which are touched by the spectacle of a man sitting down by accident on his hat; it was a farce of intellectual absurdities, of grotesque situations arising out of perversities of character and opinion; a farce that you could laugh at without a loss of self-respect. But it is rather by "Candida" that Mr. Shaw should be judged, and "Candida" is by far the most interesting modern comedy that I have read or seen. It is not popular, apparently, but for a very good reason—Mr. Shaw's humor is too serious. His humor is a strong solvent, and one of the many things about which this humorist is in deadly earnest is the fetish worship of tradition. To that he persists in applying—in "Candida" as in half a dozen other plays—the ordeal by laughter—an ordeal which every human institution is bound to face. "Candida" will not only make people laugh, it will make them think; and it is not easy to induce the public to think after dinner on unaccustomed lines. They will laugh when they have been used to laugh, weep when they have been used to weep; but if you ask them to

laugh when they expect to weep, or *vice versa*, the public will resent the proceeding. The original humorist, like every other original artist, has got slowly and laboriously to convert his public before he can convince them of his right to find tears and laughter where he can.

Whatever Mr. Shaw touches, whether it be the half-hysterical impulse that sometimes passes current for heroism, as in "Arms and the Man," or, as in the "Devil's Disciple," the conventional picturesqueness of a Don Juan—that maker of laws, breaker of hearts, so familiar with the limelight, so unused to the illumination by laughter, who finds himself in the long run deplorably stigmatized as a saint—there is a flood of light let in upon all manner of traditional poses, literary insincerities that have crept into life. There are few things of more value in a commonwealth than such a searching faculty of laughter. Like Sheridan, Mr. Shaw lives in England, and uses his comic gift for the most part on subjects suggested to him by English conditions of life, but with a strength of intellectual purpose that Sheridan never possessed. Irishmen may wish that he found his material in Ireland; we should then have plays much more amusing than Mr. Moore's "Bending of the Bough," though that also may be welcomed as an attempt, successful or not, toward the serious employment of humor.

But an artist must take what his hand finds, and there is no work in the world more full of the Scottish spirit or the Scottish humor than Carlyle's "French Revolution." If it be asked whether Mr. Shaw's humor is typically Irish, I must reply by another question: "Could his plays have conceivably been written by any but an Irishman?"

Is there, in fact, a distinctively Irish humor? In a sense, yes, no doubt, just as the English humor is of a different quality from the Greek or the French. But nobody wants to pin down English humor to the formula of a definition; no one wants to say, Thus far shalt thou go, and beyond that shalt cease to be English. Moreover,

a leading characteristic of the Irish type is just its variety—its continual deviation from the normal. How, then, to find a description that will apply to a certain quality of mind throughout a variable race; that quality being in its essence the most complete expression of an individuality, in its difference from other individualities, since a man's humor is the most individual thing about him? Description is perhaps more possible than definition. One may say that the Irish humor is kindly and lavish; that it tends to express itself in an exuberance of phrase, a wild riot of comparisons; that it amplifies rather than retrenches, finding its effects by an accumulation of traits, and not by a concentration. The vernacular Irish literature is there to prove that Irish fancy gives too much rather than too little. One may observe, again, that a nation laughs habitually over its besetting weakness; and if the French find their mirth by preference in dubious adventures, it cannot be denied that much Irish humor has a pronounced alcoholic flavor. But it is better neither to define nor to describe; there is more harmful misunderstanding caused by setting down this or that quality, this or that person, as typically French, typically English, typically Irish, than by any other fallacy; and we Irish have suffered peculiarly by the notion that the typical Irishman is the funny man of the empire. What I would permit myself to assert is, first, that the truest humor is not just the light mirth that comes easily from the lips—that, in the hackneyed phrase, bubbles over spontaneously—but is the expression of deep feeling and deep thought, made possible by deep study of the means to express it; and secondly, that literature, which through the earlier part of this century never received in Ireland the laborious brooding care without which no considerable work of art is possible, now receives increasingly the artist's labor; and consequently that among our later humorists we find a faculty of mirth that lies deeper, reaches farther, judges more subtly, calls into light a wider complex of relations.



Salt and Sincerity

By FRANK NORRIS

IF the signs of the times may be read aright, and the future forecasted, the volume of short stories is in a fair way of becoming a "rare book." Fewer and fewer of this kind of literature are published every year, and only within the last week one of the foremost of the New York publishers has said that, so far as the material success was concerned, he would prefer to undertake a book of poems rather than a book of stories. Also he explained why. And this is the interesting thing. One has always been puzzled to account for this lapse from a former popularity of a style of fiction certainly legitimate and incontestably entertaining. The publisher in question cites the cheap magazines—the monthlies and weeklies—as the inimical factors. The people go to them for their short stories, not to the cloth-bound volumes for sale at a dollar or a dollar and a half. Why not, if the cheap magazines give "just as good?" Often, too, they give the very same stories which, later, are re-published in book form. As the case stands now, any fairly diligent reader of two or three of the more important monthlies and weeklies may anticipate the contents of the entire volume, and very naturally he cannot be expected to pay a dollar for something he already has.

Why publishers turn the cold shoulder upon short stories.

Or even suppose—as is now generally demanded by the publisher—the author adds to the forthcoming collection certain hitherto unpublished stories. Even this does not tempt the buyer. Turning over the leaves at the bookseller's, he sees two, three, five, half-a-dozen familiar titles. "Come," says he, "I

have read three fourths of this book already. I have no use for it."

It is quite possible that this state of affairs will produce important results. It is yet, perhaps, too soon to say, but it is not outside the range of the probable that, in America at least, it will, in time to come, engender a decay in the quality of the short story. It may be urged that the high prices paid by periodicals to the important short-story writers,—the best men,—will still act as a stimulus to production. But this does not follow by any means. Authors are queer cattle. They do not always work for money, but sometimes for a permanent place in the eyes of the world. Books give them this—not fugitive short stories, published here and there, and at irregular intervals. Reputations that have been made by short stories published in periodicals may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. The "life of a novel"—to use a trade term—is to a certain extent indeterminate. The life of a short story, be it never so excellent, is prolonged only till the next issue of the periodical in which it has appeared. If the periodical is a weekly it will last a week, if a monthly, a month,—and *not a day more*. If very good, it will create a demand for another short story by the same author, but that one particular contribution, the original one, is irretrievably and hopelessly dead.

If the author is in literature "for his own pocket every time" he is generally willing to accept the place of a short-story writer. If he is one of the "best men," working for a "permanent place," he will turn his attention and time, his best efforts, to the writing of novels,

reverting to the short story only when necessary, for the sake of boiling the Pot, and chasing the Wolf. He will abandon the field to the inferior men, or enter it only to dispose of "copy" which does not represent him at his best. And, as a result, the quality of the short story will decline more and more.

So, "taking one consideration with another," it may be appropriate to inquire if it is not possible that the American short story is liable to decline in quality and standard of excellence.

And now comes again this question addressed to certain authors: "Which book do you consider your best?" and a very industrious and painstaking person is giving the answers to the world.

To what end, it is difficult to see. Who cares which of the "Waverleys" Sir Walter thought his best? or which of the Rougon-Maquart M. Zola favors the most? The author's point of view is very different from yours—the reader's. Which one do *you* think the best? That's the point. Do you not see that in the author's opinion the novel he is working on at the moment, or which is in press and about to appear—in fine, the last one written—is for a very long time the best he has done? He would be a very poor kind of novelist if he did not think that.

And even in retrospect his opinion as to "his best book" is not necessarily final. For he will see good opinion of his points in "unsuccessful" own work. novels that the public and critics have never and will never discover; and also defects in what the world considers his masterpiece that for him spoil the entire story. His best novel is, as was said, the last he has written, or, and this more especially, the one he is *going* to write. For to a certain extent this is true of every author, whether fiction writer or not. *Though he very often does better than he thinks he can, he never does so well as he knows he might.*

His best book is the one that he never quite succeeds in getting hold of firmly enough to commit to paper. It is always just beyond him. Next year

he is going to think it out, or the next after that, and instead he compromises on something else, and his *chef d'œuvre* is always a little ahead of him. If this, too, were not so, he would be a poor kind of writer. So that it seems to me, the most truthful answer to the question, "What is your best book?" would be:

"The one I shall never write."

Another ideal that such of the "people who imagine a vain thing" have long been pursuing is an English Academy of letters, and now that "the British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological studies" has been proposed, the old discussion is revived, and especially in England there is talk of a British Academy, something on the same lines as the *Académie Française*, which shall tend to promote and reward particularly, the production of good fiction. In a word, it would be a distinction reserved only for the worthy, a charmed circle that would open only to the *élite* upon the vote of those already admitted. The proposition strikes one as pre-eminently ridiculous. Literature is of all arts the most democratic; it is of, by, and for the people in a fuller measure than even government itself. And one makes the assertion without forgetting that fine mouth-filling phrase, the "aristocracy of letters." The survival of the fittest is as good in the evolution of our literature as of our bodies; and the best "academy" for the writers of the United States is, after all, and in the last analysis, to be found in the judgment of the people, exercised throughout the lapse of a considerable time. For, give the people time enough, and they will always decide justly.

It was in connection with this talk about an "Academy" that Mr. Hall Caine has made the remark that "no academic study of a thing so variable, emotional, and independent as the imaginative writer's art could be anything but mischievous." One is inclined to take

The idea of an English Academy absurd.

An author's opinion of his own work.

As to a school of fiction.

exception to the statement. Why should the academic study of the principles of writing fiction be mischievous? Is it not possible to codify in some way the art of *construction* of novels so that they be studied to advantage? This has, of course, never been done. But one believes that if managed carefully, and with a proper disregard of "set forms" and hampering conventions, it would be possible to start and maintain a school of fiction-writing in the most literal sense of the word "school." Why should it be any more absurd than the painting schools, and music schools? Is the art of music, say, any less variable, less emotional, less independent, less imaginative than the fiction-writer's. Heretical as the assertion may appear, one is thoroughly convinced that the art of novel writing (up to a certain point, *bien entendu*) can be acquired by instruction just as readily and with results just as satisfactory and practical as the arts of painting, sculpture, music, and the like. The art of fiction is, in general, based upon four qualities of mind: observation, imagination, invention, and sympathy. Certainly the first two are "acquired characters." Kindergarten children the world over are acquiring them every day. Invention is immensely stimulated by observation and imagination, while sympathy is so universally a fundamental quality with all sorts and conditions of men and women—especially the latter—that it needs but little cultivation. Why, then, would it be impossible for a few of our older, more seriously-minded novelists to launch a School of Instruction in the Art of Composition,—just as Bougereau, Lefevre, Boulanger, and Tony Robert Fleury founded Julien's in Paris?

At present the stimulus to, and even the manner of, production of very much of American fiction is in the hands of the publishers. No one not intimately associated with any one of the larger, more important "houses" can have any idea of the influence of the publisher upon latter-day fiction. More

The publisher guides the author's pen.

novels are written—practically—to order than the public has any notion of. The publisher again and again picks out the man (one speaks, of course, of the younger generation), suggests the theme, and exercises, in a sense, all the functions of instructor, during the period of composition. In the matter of this "picking out of the man" it is rather curious to note a very radical change that has come about in the last five years. Time was when the publisher waited for the unknown writer to come to him, with his manuscript. But of late the Unknown has so frequently developed, under exploitation, and by direct solicitation of the publisher, into a "money-making proposition" of such formidable proportions that there is hardly a publishing house that does not now hunt him out with all the resources at its command. Certain fields are worked with the thoroughness, almost, of a political canvass, and if a given State—as, for instance, Indiana—has suddenly evolved into a region of great literary activity, it is open to suspicion that it is not because there is any inherent literary quality in the people of the place greater than in other States, but that certain firms of publishers are "working the ground."

It might not have been altogether out of place if upon the Victor Hugo monument which has just been unveiled in Paris there had been inscribed this, one of the most important of the great Frenchman's maxims:

"Les livres n'ont jamais faites du mal";

and I think that in the last analysis, this is the most fitting answer to Mr. Carnegie, who, in his address before the Authors' Club, put himself on record as willing to exclude from the libraries he is founding all books not three years old. No doubt bad books have a bad influence, but bad books are certainly worse than no books at all. For one must remember that the worst books are not printed—the really tawdry, really pernicious, really evil books. These are throttled in manuscript by

the publishers, who must be in a sense public censors. No book, be assured, goes to press but what there is—oh, hidden away like a grain of mustard seed—some bit, some modicum, some tiny kernel of good in it. Perhaps it is not that seed of goodness that the cultured, the fastidious, care much about. Perhaps the discriminating would call it a platitude. But one is willing to believe that somewhere, somehow, this atom of real worth makes itself felt—and that's a beginning. It will create after a while a taste for reading. And a taste for reading is a more important factor in a nation's literary life than the birth of a second Shakespeare.

It is the people, after all, who "make a literature." If they read, the few, the "illuminati," will write. But first must come the demand,—come from the people, the Plain People, the condemned *bourgeoisie*. The select circles of the *élite*, the "studio" hangers-on, the refined, will never, never, clamor they never so loudly, toil they never so painfully, produce the Great Writer. The demand which he is to supply comes from the Plain People—from the masses, and not from the classes. There is more significance as to the ultimate excellence of American letters in the sight of the messenger-boy devouring his "Old Sleuths," and "Deadwood Dicks," and "Boy Detectives," with an *earnest, serious* absorption, than in the spectacle of a "reading circle" of dilettanti coquetting with Verlaine, and *pretending* that they understand.

By the same token, then, is it not better to welcome and rejoice over this recent "literary deluge" than to decry it? One is not sure but what it is

a matter for self-gratulation—not a thing to deplore and vilify. The "people" are reading, that is the point; it is *not* the point that immature, untrained writers are flooding the counters with their productions. The more the Plain People read, the more they will discriminate. It is inevitable, and by and by they will demand "something better." It is impossible to read a book without formulating an opinion upon it. Even the messenger-boy can tell you that in *his* judgment, No. 3666, "The James Boys Brought to Bay," is more—or less, as the case may be—exciting than No. 3667, "The Last of the Fly-by-nights." Well, that is something. Is it not better than that the same boy should be shooting craps around the corner? Take his dime novel from him, put him in the "No Book" condition,—and believe me, he will revert to the craps. And so it is higher up the scale. In the name of American literature, let the Plain People read, anything,—anything, whether it is three days or three years old. Mr. Carnegie will not educate the public taste by shutting his libraries upon recent fiction. The public taste will educate itself by *much* reading, not by *restricted* reading. "Books have never done harm," Victor Hugo said it, and a bad book—that is to say, a poor, cheap, ill-written, "trashy" book—is not after all so harmful as "no book" at all.

Later on, when the people have learned discrimination by much reading, it will not be necessary to bar fiction not three years old from the libraries, for by then the people will demand the "something better," and the writers will have to supply it—or disappear, giving place to those who can, and *then* the literary standards will be raised.

Mr. Carnegie
the Noah of
this literary
deluge.

The masses,
not the
classes,
produce the
great writer.



The Top of the Bureau Principle

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

THE experience of being robbed of a story we are about to read, by the good friend who cannot help telling how it comes out, is an occasional experience in the lives of older people, but it sums up the main sensation of life in the career of a child. The whole existence of a boy may be said to be a daily—almost hourly—struggle to escape from being told things.

The best way to emphasize a fact in the mind of a bright boy is to discover some way of not saying anything about it. This is not because human nature is obstinate, but because facts have been intended from the beginning of the world to speak for themselves, and to speak better than any one can speak for them. When a fact speaks, God speaks. Considering the way that most persons who are talking about the truth see fit to rush in and interrupt Him, the wonder is not that children grow less and less interested in truth as they grow older: the wonder is that they are interested in truth at all—even lies about the truth.

The real trouble with most men and women as parents is, that they have had to begin life with parents of their own. When the child's first memory of God is a father or mother interrupting Him, he is apt to be under the impression, when he grows up, that God can only be introduced to his own children by never being allowed to get a word in. If we as much as see a Fact coming toward a child—most of us—we either run out where the child is, and bring him into the house and cry over him, or we rush to his side and look anxious and stand in front of the Fact, and talk to him about it.

And yet it is doubtful if there has ever been a boy as yet worth mentioning, who did not wish we would stand a little more at one side—let him have it out with things. He is very weary—if he really amounts to anything—of having everything about him prepared for him. There has never been a live

boy who would not throw a store-plaything away in two or three hours for a comparatively imperfect plaything he had made himself. He is equally indifferent to a store Fact, and a boy who does not see through a store-God, or a store-book, or a store-education sooner than ninety-nine parents out of a hundred and sooner than most synods, is not worth bringing up.

No just or comprehensive principle can be found to govern the reading of books that cannot be made to apply, by one who really believes it (though in varying degrees), to the genius and to the dolt. It is a matter of history that a boy of fine creative powers can only be taught a true relation to books through an appeal to his own discoveries; but what is being especially contended for, and what most needs to be emphasized in current education, is the fact that the boy of ordinary creative powers can only be taught to read in the same way—by a slower, broader, and more patient appeal to his own discoveries. The boy of no creative powers whatever, if he is ever born, should not be taught to read at all. Creation is the essence of knowing, and teaching him to read merely teaches him more ways of not knowing. It gives him a wider range of places to be a nobody in—takes away his last opportunity for thinking of anything—that is, getting the meaning of anything for himself. If a man's heart does not beat for him, why substitute a hot-water bottle? The less a mind is able to do, the less it can afford to have anything done for it. It will be a great day for education when we all have learned that the genius and the dolt can only be educated—at different rates of speed—in exactly the same way. The trouble with our education now is, that many of us do not see that a boy who has been presented with an imitation brain is a deal worse off than a boy, who in spite of his

teachers, has managed to save his real one, but has not used it yet.

It is dangerous to give a program for a principle to those who do not believe in the principle, and who do not believe in it instinctively, but if a program were to be given it would be something like this: It would assume that the best way to do with an uncreative mind is to put the owner of it where his mind will be obliged to create.

First. Decide what the owner of the mind most wants in the world.

Second. Put this thing, whatever it may be, where the owner of the mind cannot get it unless he uses his mind. Take pains to put it where he can get it, if he does use his mind.

Third. Lure him on. It is education.

If this principle is properly applied to books, there is not a human being living on the earth who will not find himself capable of reading books—as far as he goes—with his whole mind and his whole body. He will read a printed page as eagerly as he lives. The moment a boy discovers, or is allowed to discover, that reading a book and living a day are both parts of the same act, and that they are both properly done in the same way and by the same boy, he will drink up knowledge as Job did scorning, like water.

But it is objected that many children are entirely imitative, and that the principle of creativeness cannot be appealed to with them and that they cut themselves off from creativeness at every point.

While it is inevitable in the nature of things that many children should be almost entirely imitative, there is not a child that does not do some of his imitating in a creative way, give the hint to his teachers even in his imitations, of where his creativeness would come if it were allowed to. His very blunders in imitating point to desires that would make him creative of themselves, if followed up. Some children have many desires in behalf of which they become creative. Others are creative only in behalf of a few. But there is always a single desire in a

child's nature through which his creativeness can be called out.

A boy learns to live, to command his body, through the desires which make him creative with it—hunger, and movement, and sleep—desires the very vegetables are stirred with, and the boy who does not find himself responding to them, who can help responding to them, does not exist. There may be times when a boy has no desire to fill himself with food, and when he has no desire to think, but if he is kept hungry, he is soon found doing both—thinking things into his stomach. A stomach, in the average boy, is so made, indeed, that it will all but take the part of a brain itself, for the time being—to avoid being empty. If a human being is alive at all, there is always at least one desire he can be educated with, prodded into creativeness, until he learns the habit and the pleasure of it. The best qualification for a nurse for a child whose creativeness turns on his stomach is a natural gift for keeping food on the tops of bureaus and shelves just out of reach. The best qualification for a teacher is infinite contrivance in high bureaus. The applying of the Top of the High Bureau to all knowledge and to all books is what true education is for.

It is generally considered a dangerous thing to do, to let a child loose in a library. It might fairly be called a dangerous thing to do, if it were not much more dangerous not to. The same forces that wrought themselves into the books when they were being made can be trusted to gather and play across them on the shelves. These forces are the self-propelling and self-healing forces of the creative mood. The creative mood protects the books, and it protects all who come near the books. It protects from the inside. It toughens and makes supple. Parents who cannot trust a boy to face the weather in a library should never let him outdoors.

Trusting a boy to the weather in a library may have its momentary embarrassments, but it is immeasurably the shortest and most natural way to

bring him into a vital connection with books. The first condition of a vital connection with books is that he shall make the connection for himself. The relation will be vital in proportion as he makes it himself.

The fact that he will begin to use his five reading senses by trying to connect in the wrong way, or by connecting with the wrong books or parts of books, is a reason, not for action on the part of parents and teachers, but for inspired waiting. As a vital relation to books is the most immeasurable outfit for living and the most perfect protection against the dangers of life a boy can have, the one point to be borne in mind is not the book but the boy—the instinct of curiosity in the boy.

A boy who has all his good discoveries in books made for him—spoiled for him, if he has any good material in him—will proceed to make bad ones. The vices would be nearly as safe from interference as the virtues, if they were faithfully cultivated in Sunday-schools or by average teachers in day-schools. Sin itself is uninteresting when one knows all about it. The interest of the average young man in many a more important sin to-day is only kept up by the fact that no one stands by with a book teaching him how to do it. Whatever the expression "original sin" may have meant in the first place, it means now that we are full of original sin because we are not given a chance to be original in anything else. A virtue may be defined as an act so good that a religiously trained youth cannot possibly learn anything more about it. A classic is a pleasure hurried into a responsibility, a book read by every man before he has anything to read it with. A classical author is a man who, if he could look ahead—could see the gen-

erations standing in rows to read his book, toeing the line to love it—would not read it himself.

Any training in the use of books that does not base its whole method of rousing the instinct of curiosity, and keeping it aroused, is a wholesale slaughter not only of the minds that might live in the books, but of the books themselves.

The central curiosity of every human life, with regard to the things around it, shows itself in three questions:

1. What have these things to do with me?
2. What can I do with them?
3. How shall I do it?

These questions are personal in their nature. They are largely in the first person.

When the question, "What have these things to do with me?" is taken out of the first person—that is, out of the boy's own hands—he is permanently injured. When the first and second questions—"What have these things to do with me?" and "What can I do with them?"—are taken out of the boy's hands and he is left loose in society with the freedom of the third—"How shall I do it?"—he injures every one else and is known in society as the quack. When all three questions are taken out of his hands there is not any boy left. Neither his knowledge nor his ignorance can be made to count. He is a duplicate or dead weight. His doing right makes little difference, and there is not enough of him to do wrong.

To ignore the central curiosity of a child's life, his natural power of self-discovery in books, is to dispense with the force of gravity in books, instead of taking advantage of it.



The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

FEW of the new plays presented in the city during the early part of the spring season require, or could endure, serious consideration. The best of them, undoubtedly, was Mr. Augustus Thomas's adaptation of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune." This, at least, is put together in workmanlike fashion, has atmosphere and a reasonable amount of plausibility, and affords excellent entertainment. It is not necessary to enter upon the details of the story, which deals, as most readers of *THE CRITIC* are doubtless aware, with the successful effort of a resourceful and gallant young American to retain control of a valuable mining concession, coveted by the patriots for revenue only, of an imaginary little South American republic. The main outlines of the book are followed with sufficient closeness, but that in itself is not a matter of much moment. What is more important is that the piece is full of life and character, that the incidents, if not always veracious, have a certain verisimilitude as well as positive theatrical value, and that the action is swift and compact. Moreover, there is a fresh and pretty love-story to give the needed air of romance to a rather sordid and melodramatic intrigue, while the dialogue is of better quality than is generally found in plays of this order. Most of the principal personages, although drawn after conventional patterns, are nevertheless vital, and most of them, it may be added, were well acted. Thus Mr. Robert Edeson, the star of the occasion, was admirably fitted in the part of the quiet, resolute, sagacious, and energetic young American, who, at the critical moment, organizes his miners into a brigade and thus makes himself master of the situation, and Mr. Harry Harwood has seldom been seen to better advantage than in the character of the Celtic rough diamond, MacWilliams. Mr. Ira A. Hards, again, was a capital representative of a reckless, unscrupulous,

but not altogether bad-hearted adventurer, while Mr. Guy Bates Post, as the officer in love with the President's wife, distracted between temptation and a sense of duty, acted with force, dignity, and discretion. Excellent, too, in its way, was the magniloquent President—talking heroics while robbing the Exchequer—of E. W. Morrison, and scarcely inferior was the rascally political and military freebooter—General Mendoza—of Mr. Brandt. Nor must the very natural, earnest, and attractive impersonation of the heroine by Miss Gretchen Lyons be forgotten. The whole representation, indeed, was remarkable for its general competence, and to this fact the piece owed its success, quite as much as to its own merits. There was nothing extraordinary about either the play or its interpretation, no thrilling dramatic stroke or brilliancy of personal display, but the general effect was uniformly agreeable and interesting, which is much more than can be said truthfully of the majority of contemporary stage exhibitions.

"A Modern Magdalen" proved a great disappointment. There are features in it which may please the unreflecting crowd, but it will not enhance the reputation of either Miss Bingham or Mr. Haddon Chambers. Speculation, here, concerning the value of the original piece, of which this is an adaptation, would be superfluous, but judging from common report, it is a realistic study from the seamy side of life, with a logical and tragic catastrophe. Mr. Chambers, possibly with the fear of the censor in his mind, has converted it into cheap, preposterous, hyper-sentimentalized, meretricious melodrama, untrue to life and offensive to reason and refinement. It is possible that a great emotional actress might have succeeded in veiling some of the more obvious inconsistencies in the character of the heroine—whose conduct is utterly irreconcilable with any theory of inhe-

rent virtue or nobility—but such a task is quite beyond the present powers of Miss Bingham, who only succeeded in throwing them into bolder relief. She cannot, however, be held altogether responsible for the prentice work of Mr. Haddon Chambers. It is a pity that the abilities of so capable a company as she has collected should be wasted upon such pretentious rubbish. Wilton Lackaye, Henry E. Dixey, Arthur Byron, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Joseph Holland are all able actors in their own proper lines, and most of them, especially the three first named, played the characters entrusted to them exceedingly well, but no individual

effort could disguise the artistic feebleness of the play.

“The Diplomat” of Miss Martha Morton, and the “Sky Farm” of Mr. Edward E. Kidder, demand no more than a line of record. The first is an extravagant and not too delicate farce, which affords ample scope for the comicalities, often mirth provoking, of Mr. William Collier, and the second is a rearrangement of the stock incidents and personages which have done duty in many an antecedent moral drama. Some of the character bits are capitally done, and the scenery and stage management are highly meritorious.

Behind the Scenes

By CAROLYN SHIPMAN

THE charm of Miss Morris's “Life on the Stage”* is its naturalness. Even the trivial is made interesting by the conversational, graphic style of the narrative, and not one word is the reader willing to skip.

As soon as the small Clara was ushered into the world with a temper and a good pair of lungs on a St. Patrick's Day in Toronto,—a day of sunshine, snow, and rain, of riot and bloodshed, in trouble and poverty,—the life of the imagination at once began its struggle with the life of grim reality which the future actress was to experience, even into her days of success. Two illusions she had as a child—Santa Claus, and her “procession,” as she called the line of nice gentlemen with funny hats and green collars who walked out behind the band on the 17th of March to celebrate her birthday. When someone told her that nobody cared a copper about her, and that it was n't her procession at all, but an old dead and gone saint's, all the dance went out of her feet, and the joy of life was turned to dust and ashes.

*“Life on the Stage: My Personal Experiences and Recollections.” By Clara Morris. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

At the present time, here in my home, there is seated in an arm-chair, a venerable doll. She is a hideous specimen of the beautiful doll of the early “fifties.” She sits with her soles well turned up, facing you, her arms hanging from her shoulders in that idiotically helpless “I-give-it-up” fashion peculiar to dolls. With bulging scarlet cheeks, button-hole mouth and flat, blue staring eyes she faces Time and unwinkingly looks him down. To anyone else she is stupidity personified, but to me she speaks, for she came to me on my fourth Christmas, and she is as gifted as she is ugly. Only last birthday—as I straightened out her old, old dress skirt—she asked me if I remembered how I cried, with my face in her lap, over that first loss of an illusion—and I told her quite truly that I remembered well!

The history extends from the Cleveland ballet days when Miss Morris acted in the “family theatre” managed by Mr. Ellsler, was called “saucer eyes,” and chewed gum, through her experience as leading lady in Cincinnati under Mr. Barney Macaulay, to the life in New York under Daly and Palmer. The anecdotal character of the book makes quotation easy, but the difficulty is to decide what to omit. Each event described is a little picture in itself, distinct and logical to a degree most unusual where anecdotes form the basis

of the narrative. Miss Morris does not "ramble on," she returns to her point, however digressive a paragraph may appear to be.

Her admiration for the two Booths was profound. Both brothers were heroes to their valets, and to every one around them.

Now it is scarcely an exaggeration to say the sex was in love with John Booth, the name Wilkes being apparently unknown to his family and close friends. At depot restaurants, those fiercely unwilling maiden-slammers of plates and shooters of coffee-cups made to him swift and gentle offerings of hot steaks, hot biscuits, hot coffee, crowding around him like doves about a grain basket, leaving other travellers to wait upon themselves or go without refreshment. At the hotels, maids had been known to enter his room and tear asunder the already made-up bed, that the "turn-over" might be broader by a thread or two, and both pillows slant at the perfectly correct angle. At the theatre, good heavens! as the sun-flowers turn upon their stalks to follow the beloved sun, so old or young, our faces smiling, turned to him.

Another source of admiration was Lawrence Barrett, respected by all, admired by many, and if loved by a few only, yet with a love so profound and tender that it amply sufficed. He was charged with an air of superiority, he did not know how to "jolly the crowd," he was not a full, voluminous, and ready story-teller for the boys, who called him cold and hard. But, says Miss Morris:

God knows he had needed the coldness and the so-called hardness, or how could he have endured the privations of the long journey from his weary mother's side to this position of honor? Cold, hard, dictatorial, superior? Well, there is a weak lean-on-somebody sort of woman, who will love any man who will feed and shelter her—she does n't count. But when a clear-minded, business-like, clever woman, a wife for many years, loves her husband with the tenderest sentiment and devotion, I'm ready to wager something that it was *tenderness* and *devotion* in the husband that first aroused like sentiments in the wife.

One of the most pathetic incidents in the book concerns the Barretts. The elder Mrs. Barrett died and the recreant son Joseph, who worshipped her, was not to be found. He had been overcome by his terrible tempta-

tion to drink, had been discharged, and had disappeared. The funeral was over, and Lawrence was waiting by the newly mounded grave to say a last good-bye, when suddenly a drooping, lurching figure plunged out of the dusk and fell all his length along the grave that held the sweetest and the holiest thing God had ever given him,—an honest, loving mother.

"Oh, mother!" he gasped, "I have hungered, and I have tramped with the curse upon me, too; I have hungered and tramped so far, so far, hoping just to be in time to see your dear face once more, and now they've shut you away from me, from the bad boy you never turned your patient eyes away from! Oh, mother! whatever can I do without you, all alone! all alone!"

But the "little brother Larry" was there to comfort him as the mother would have done and to lead him home.

Hardly less pathetic is an incident in Miss Morris's own life,—the story of her first appearance in New York. She was to play Anne Sylvester in "Man and Wife." After buying a cheap white mousseline dress, a dark gray shawl, overskirt, and jacket, shoes, veil, and gloves, only \$2.38 were left on which her mother and she must live until her first week's salary should be paid; an attack of pleurisy was aggravated by a drunken doctor's blunder in blistering her; and she could hardly swallow the broth made from chops which they could ill afford to buy. But even under these trying circumstances and with a "make-up" that made her resemble a painted Indian about to take the war-path, success came, and she received the ovations of a brilliant audience.

So, while the new actress's name was floating over many a dainty restaurant supper, its owner sat beneath one gas-jet, between mother and pet dog, eating a large piece of bread and a small piece of cheese; and, thankful for both, she talked to her small circle of admirers, telling them all about it, and winding up supper and talk with the declaration: "Mother, I believe the hearts are just the same, whether they beat against Western ribs or Eastern ribs!"

Through the descriptions of her colleagues and their mutual relations, beats the heart of a generous, appreci-

ative woman. Her sense of humor, her adaptability and courage, her patient endurance and sustained effort carried her triumphantly through "threatening bogs and green and pleasant meadows"; but predominant

is the large-heartedness which makes criticism of her companions, frank as it sometimes is, only just, but never spiteful.

The book is more interesting than a novel, for it is the truth.

Notes on a Recent Sale at Sotheby's

THE chief book sale of the current year was the recent one at Sotheby's. American collectors were well represented, the catalogue having been in their hands for some time past; and some of the best things will soon be crossing the Atlantic.

To one accustomed to similar functions at the salesrooms of Messrs. Bangs & Co. in New York, such a sale at the chief auction-rooms in London is a surprise, if not a disappointment. In the first place, after climbing a pair of stairs from Wellington Street, just off the Strand, he rubs his eyes to find himself in a little room rather less than thirty by twenty feet in size, that compares most unfavorably with the far larger and better ventilated hall on one of the upper floors in a modern office building in Fifth Avenue. And the attendance seems surprisingly small; for so interesting a sale as this last, at its most interesting moment, draws together not more than fifty or sixty persons. Even so small a number crowds the room, however; and only one in three of the company can find a seat at the narrow horseshoe counter under the low skylight running lengthwise of the room. A few others may find chairs, but at least half of those who "assist" at the ceremony must content themselves with standing room; and most of them—like members of Parliament and the worshippers in a synagogue—keep their hats on.

Yet another disappointment is felt when the sale gets under way; for the voice and manner of the auctioneer are as colorless, not to say funereal, as an undertaker's. The ancient firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge is represented to-day by Mr. Hodge, a man of eighty or so, who is in poor health, and

since last year no longer active, and his son Thomas, who manages the business and personally conducts the sales. The American auctioneer is notoriously witty, and as full of "gags" as a comic actor. He does his utmost to "jolly" his audience, and people flock to an important sale partly for the pleasure of hearing the salesman's sallies. There is nothing of this sort at a sale at Sotheby's. If the collection belonged personally to the auctioneer, and were being sold under foreclosure, he could not be more impassive, not to say depressed.

"Number so and so, a first edition. What am I offered for it? One pound, one guinea, one ten, one fifteen, two pounds, two guineas, two five, two ten, two fifteen, two seventeen and a half. Is that all, gentlemen? Two seventeen and a half. Mr. Quaritch."

The formula would be the same if the sum were hundreds of pounds instead of less than three. It was almost the same with the Royal Book of Caxton, where the question was not of hundreds, but of thousands. Here, however, Mr. Hodge so far forgot—or remembered—himself as to preface his request for bids by saying, very placidly: "I do not think I exaggerate when I say that such a Caxton has never been sold before." He suggested that the opening bid be a thousand pounds, but someone led off with an offer of a thousand guineas. This was promptly brought up to £1600 by additional bids of £50 each. Thence the advances were on a £25 basis, until the lot (No. 987) was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch for £2225. An American dealer had bid up to £2220 and would probably have silenced his English competitor by offering £2250. As

it was, it is the record price for "The Royal Book, or Book for a King." And if the auctioneer had spent half an hour in "jollyng" his hearers, instead of three minutes in echoing their bids, he would not have got another farthing for the volume. With very few exceptions, it was an audience of buyers, and experienced buyers, whom Mark Twain could not have stampeded into paying more for the book than they believed it to be worth before the sale began. The general expectation was that the price would exceed, rather than fall below, £2000, and no one was much surprised that it exceeded it by more than ten per cent.

Of the five known copies of the book, which was translated by Caxton in 1484, and printed by him about 1487, it is very probably the best. On the day of the sale I examined and measured the copy in the British Museum, which Mr. Fortescue kindly got out for my inspection. Unlike the copy just sold it is not in the original covers; and it is badly cut down, the page measuring only $9\frac{1}{4}$ by $6\frac{3}{8}$ inches, as compared with the newly sold copy's $11\frac{3}{8}$ by $8\frac{1}{8}$. The front cover is detached from the latter, but otherwise it is in a far better state of preservation than the Museum copy; though the Museum copy is carefully guarded, and the other has been freely accessible to members of the Bedford Institute, at Bedford, for over four hundred years!

At the Caxton exhibition of five-and-twenty years ago the Bedford copy was shown; but its value was never realized till a much inferior copy was sold at Sotheby's last year for £1500. The Council of the Institute then authorized its sale at auction. But two indulgences of Pope Sixtus IV., also of Caxton's printing, were bound up with it, and these the canny owners extracted, and, refusing the British Museum's offer of £50 for them, put on sale, separately, with the book. One

of the vellum sheets (6 by 8 inches) brought £265, and the other ($5\frac{1}{4}$ by 8) brought £145. (Apropos, I see that Quaritch catalogues the first edition of "The Canterbury Tales," printed by Caxton, at £2500.)

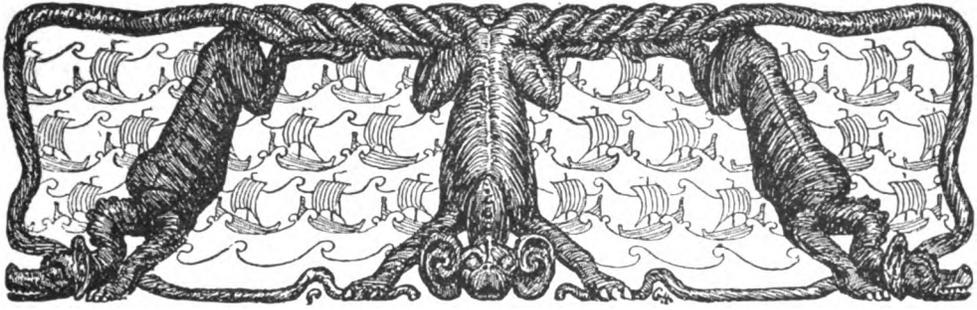
The Caxtons apart, this last sale would still have been a notable one. It began on Monday, when a number of Bunyan and Byron rarities were disposed of, notably a copy of the sixth edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which went to America for £92—a poor copy of the first edition going for only £22. (At the same rooms, last year, a fine copy of the first edition, now in America, was sold for £1600.) The first edition of "The Bride of Abydos" brought £36, of "The Corsair" £30, and of "The Waltz" £79 (for America). Sixteen letters of Coleridge, sold separately, brought in the aggregate about £80.

On the last day, some interesting Dickens relics were sold; a presentation copy of Wordsworth's "Ode to Charles Lamb" fetched £30; thirty Kelmscott Press volumes made a total of £300 (including Chaucer's works, at £90); and the Edinburgh Stevenson, with his letters, containing the suppressed papers, fetched £34.10s.

The 1314 lots disposed of on the five days yielded £14,530—on which the seller's commission is probably £1500.

Three manuscripts of William Morris were sold at high prices: "A Dream of John Ball" (98 pages) fetching £166, and "The Friendship of Amis and Amile" (19 pages), £130. A full-length crayon portrait of Thackeray, by Samuel Lawrence, was bought by Mr. Denham, presumably for America, for £51. For three volumes of engravings after Sir Joshua, by S. W. Reynolds, Mr. Quaritch gave £274. The Dickens relics—furniture from the office of *All the Year Round*—were sold for £85.





Typhoon

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Author of "Children of the Sea," "Lord Jim," Etc.

XIX

HE listened. Before his eyes the engines turned with slow labor that in the moment of going off into a mad fling would stop dead at Mr. Rout's shout, "Look out, Beale!" They seemed to wait in an intelligent immobility stilled in midstroke, a heavy crank arrested on the cant, as if conscious of time itself being on their side. Then, with a "Now, then!" from the chief and the sound of a breath expelled through clenched teeth, they would accomplish the interrupted revolution and begin another.

There was the prudent sagacity of enormous strength in their movements. This was their work—this coaxing of a ship over the fury of waves and into the fierce eye of the wind. Mr. Rout's chin had sunk on his breast, and at times he watched them from under his forehead like a man plunged deep in thought.

The voice that kept the hurricane out of Jukes's ear began:

"Take the hands . . ." and left off unexpectedly.

"What could I do with the hands, sir?"

A harsh, abrupt, imperious clang exploded suddenly. The three pairs of eyes flew up to the telegraph dial to see the hand dart upwards from "Full" to "Stop" as if snatched by a devil. And then these three men in the engine-room had the intimate sensation of a check upon the ship, of a strange shrinking, as if she had gathered herself for a leap.

"Stop her!" bellowed Mr. Rout.

Nobody,—not even Captain MacWhirr, who caught sight of a white line of foam coming on

at such a height that he could n't believe his eyes,—nobody knew the steepness of that sea and the awful depth of the hollow the hurricane had scooped behind that running wall of water.

It raced to meet the ship, and, with a pause, as of girding the loins, she lifted her bows and leaped. The flames in all the lamps sank, darkening the engine-room. One went out. She had not leaped quite high enough, for with a tearing crash and a swirling, raving tumult, tons of water fell upon her deck as though she had darted under the very foot of a cataract.

Down there they looked at each other, stunned.

"Swept from end to end, by God!" bawled Jukes.

She pitched into the hollow straight down as if tumbling from a cliff. The engine-room toppled forward menacingly, like the inside of a tower nodding in an earthquake. An awful racket of iron things falling came from the stoke-hole.

Instead of recovering herself she hung head down while the souls of men on board cried aloud to her to rise. She hung long enough for Beale to drop on his hands and knees as if he meant to fly on all fours out of the engine-room, and for Mr. Rout to turn his head slowly, rigid, cavernous, with the lower jaw dropping. Jukes had shut his eyes, and his face in a moment became hopelessly blank, like the face of a blind man.

But she rose slowly, staggering as if she had to lift a mountain with her bows.

Mr. Rout shut his mouth, Jukes blinked, and little Beale stood up hastily.

"Another one like this and that's the last of her!" cried the chief.

He and Jukes looked at each other, and the same thought came into their heads—the Captain! Everything must have been swept away. Steering-gear gone—men gone—ship like a log. All over directly.

"Rush!" ejaculated Mr. Rout thickly, glaring with enlarged, doubtful eyes at Jukes, who answered him by an irresolute glance.

The clang of the telegraph gong soothed them instantly. The black hand dropped in a flash from "Stop" to "Full."

"Now then, Beale!" cried Mr. Rout.

The steam hissed low. The piston-rods slid in and out. Jukes put his ear to the tube. The voice was ready for him. It said:

"Pick up all the money. Bear a hand now. I'll want you up here." And that was all.

"Sir?" called up Jukes. There was no answer. It struck him that if he had got an answer he wouldn't have known what to say. Nothing could be said.

He staggered away as a defeated man staggers away from the field of battle. He had got in some way or other a cut above his left eyebrow, a cut to the bone. He was not aware of it in the least: quantities of the China Sea, large enough to break his neck for him, had gone over his head, had cleaned, washed, and salted that wound. It did not bleed, but only gaped red; and this gash over the eye, his dishevelled hair, the disorder of his streaming clothes, gave him the aspect of a man worsted in a fight with fists.

"Got to pick up the dollars," he appealed to Mr. Rout, smiling pitifully, at random.

"What's that? Pick up . . . ? I don't care . . ." Then quivering in every muscle, but with an exaggeration of paternal tone, "Go away now, for God's sake. You deck people'll drive me silly. There's that second mate been going for the old man. Don't you know? You fellows are going wrong for want of something to do . . ."

At these words Jukes discovered in himself the beginnings of anger. He turned to go the way he had come, full of hot scorn for the chief. In the stoke-hole the plump donkey man manœuvred his shovel mutely, as if his tongue had been cut out; but the second was carrying on like a sort of noisy, undaunted maniac, who, nevertheless, had preserved his skill in the art of stoking under a marine boiler.

"Hallo, you wandering officer! Hey! Can't

you get some of your slush-slingers to wind up a few of them ashes? I am getting choked with them here. Curse it! Hallo! Hey! Remember the articles!—'sailors and firemen to assist each other.' Hey! D'ye hear?"

Jukes was climbing out frantically, and the other, lifting up his face after him, howled:

"Can't you speak? What are you poking about here for? What's your game, anyhow?"

A frenzy possessed Jukes. By the time he was back amongst the men in the darkness of the alleyway he felt ready to wring all their necks at the slightest sign of hanging back. The very thought of it exasperated him. *He* could n't hang back. They should n't!

XX

THE impetuosity with which he came amongst them carried them along. They had already been excited and startled at all his comings and goings. By the fierceness and rapidity of his movements, more felt than seen in his rushes, he appeared formidable—busied with matters of life and death that brooked no delay. At his first word he heard them drop into the bunker one after another obediently, with heavy thumps.

They were not clear as to what would have to be done. "What is it? What is it?" they were asking each other. The boatswain tried to explain: the sounds of a great scuffle surprised them; and the mighty shocks reverberating awfully in the black bunker made them think fearfully of the gale. When the boatswain threw open the door it seemed to them that an eddy of the hurricane stealing through the iron sides of the ship had set all the coolies whirling like dust: there came to them a confused uproar, a tempestuous tumult, a fierce mutter, gusts of screams dying away, and the tramping of feet mingling with the blows of the sea.

For a moment they glared, blocking the doorway. Jukes pushed through them brutally. He said nothing and simply darted in. The Chinamen on the ladder, struggling suicidally to break through the battened hatch to a swamped deck, fell off, and he disappeared under them like a man overtaken by an avalanche. The boatswain yelled excitedly:

"Come along! Get the mate! He'll be trampled to death. Come on!"

They rushed in, stamping on breasts, on fingers, on faces, catching their feet in heaps

of clothing, kicking broken wood: but before they could get hold of him Jukes emerged, waist-deep amongst clawing hands. In the instant he had been lost to view all the buttons of his jacket had gone, its back got split up to the collar, his waistcoat had been torn open. The central, struggling mass went over to the roll, dark, indistinct, helpless, with a wild gleam of eyes in the dim light that swayed after it and jerked when it thumped the ship's side.

"Leave me alone—damn you!" screeched Jukes. "Drive them forward! Watch your chance when she pitches. Forward with them! Drive them against the bulkhead! Jam 'em up!"

The rushing of these eleven men into the seething 'tween-deck was like a splash of cold water into a boiling cauldron. The commotion as it were sank for a moment.

The bulk of Chinamen were locked in such a compact scrimmage that, linking their arms and aided by an appalling dive of the ship, the seamen sent it forward in one great shove, like a solid block. Behind their backs small clusters and loose bodies tumbled from side to side. The boatswain performed prodigious feats of strength.

With his long arms open and each great paw clutching at a stanchion, he stopped the rush of seven entwined Chinamen rolling like a boulder. His joints cracked; he said, "Hal!" and they flew apart. But the carpenter showed the greater intelligence. He went back into the alleyway, where he found several coils of cargo gear, chain, and rope. With these, life-lines were rigged.

There was really no resistance. The struggle however it began, had turned into a scramble of blind panic. If they had started after their dollars, they were by that time fighting only for their footing. They would take each other by the throat merely to save themselves from being hurled about. Whoever got a hold anywhere would kick at the others who caught at his legs and hung on, till a roll sent them flying together across the deck.

The coming of the white devils was a terror. Had they come to kill? Those torn out of the ruck became very limp in the seamen's hands: some, dragged aside by the heels, were passive—like dead bodies, with open, fixed eyes; here and there one would fall on his knees as if begging for mercy: several whom the excess of fear made unruly were hit with hard fists between the eyes, and cowered, while those who were hurt submitted to rough handling,

blinking rapidly without a plaint. Faces streamed with blood: there were raw places on the shaven heads, scratches, bruises, gashes. The broken porcelain out of the chests was mostly responsible for the latter. Here and there a Chinaman with his tail unplaited nursed a bleeding sole.

They had been ranged closely after having been shaken into submission, cuffed a little to allay excitement, addressed in gruff words of encouragement that sounded like promises of evil. They sat on the deck in ghastly, drooping rows; and, at the end, the carpenter, with two hands to help him, moved from place to place, setting taut and hitching the lines. The boatswain, with one leg and one arm embracing a stanchion, was busy with a lamp pressed to his breast, trying to get a light, and growling all the time like an industrious gorilla. The figures of seamen stooped repeatedly, with the movements of gleaners, and everything was being flung into the bunker—clothing, smashed wood, broken china, and the dollars too, gathered up in men's jackets. Now and then one of them would stagger towards the doorway with his arms full of rubbish, and rows of dolorous, slanting eyes followed his movements.

With every roll of the ship the long rows of Celestials would sway forward brokenly, and her headlong dives knocked together the line of shaven polls from end to end. When the wash of tons of water rolling on the deck, within reach of his hand, died away for a moment, it seemed to Jukes, yet quivering from his exertions, that in his mad struggle down there he had overcome the wind somehow; that a silence had fallen upon the ship, a silence in which the sea knocked thunderously at her sides.

Everything had been cleared out of the 'tween-deck; all the wreckage, as the men said. They stood erect and tottering, out of a multitude of heads and drooping shoulders. Here and there a coolie sobbed for his breath; where the high light fell Jukes could see the salient ribs of one, the yellow, wistful face of another; bowed necks; or would meet a dull stare directed at his face. He was amazed that there had been no corpses, but the lot of them seemed at their last gasp, and they appeared to him more pitiful than if they had all been dead.

Suddenly one of the coolies began to speak. The light came and went on his lean, straining face; he threw his head up like a baying hound. From the bunker came the sounds of

knocking and the tinkle of some dollars rolling loose: he stretched out his arm, his mouth yawned black, and the incomprehensible guttural words that did not seem to belong to a human language—a hooting, babbling utterance of the man—startled Jukes as if a brute had tried to be eloquent.

Grunts began to be heard about the 'tween-deck. Two more started mouthing what seemed to Jukes fierce denunciations. He ordered the hands out hurriedly. He went last himself, backing through the door, while the grunts rose to a loud murmur and hands were extended after him as after a malefactor. The boatswain shot the bolt and remarked uneasily:

"Seems as if the wind had dropped, sir."

The men were glad to get back into the alleyway. Secretly each of them thought that at the last moment he could rush out on deck, and that was a comfort. There is something horribly repugnant in the idea of being drowned under a deck. Now they had done with the Chinamen, they again became conscious of the ship's position.

Jukes, on coming out, found himself up to the neck in the noisy water. He gained the bridge and discovered he could see shapes as if his sight had become preternaturally penetrating. He saw faint outlines. They recalled not the familiar aspect of the *Nan-Shan*, but something remembered—an old dismantled steamer he had seen years ago rotting on a mudbank. She recalled that wreck.

There was no wind, not a breath, except the faint currents created by the lurches of the ship. The smoke tossed out of the funnel was setting down upon her deck. He breathed it as he passed forward. He felt the deliberate throb of the engines and heard small sounds that seemed to have survived the great uproar; the knocking of broken fittings, the rapid tumbling of some piece of wreckage on the bridge. He traced the squat shape of his captain holding on to a twisted bridge-rail, motionless, and swaying as if rooted to the planks. The unexpected stillness of the air oppressed him like an overpowering wind.

"We have done it, sir," he gasped.

"Thought you would," said Captain MacWhirr.

"Did you?" murmured Jukes to himself, bitterly.

"Wind fell all at once," went on the Captain. Jukes burst out:

"If you think it was an easy job . . ."

But his captain, clinging to the rail, paid no attention.

"According to the books the worst is not over yet."

"If most of them had n't been half dead with seasickness and fright not one of us would have come out alive," said Jukes.

"Had to do what's fair by them," mumbled MacWhirr, stolidly. "You don't find everything in books."

"Why, I believe they would have risen on us if I had n't ordered the hands out of that, pretty quick," continued Jukes with warmth.

XXI

AFTER the whisper of their shouts their ordinary tones, so distinct, seemed to them very loud in the amazing stillness of the air. It seemed to them they were talking in a dark and echoing vault.

Through a jagged aperture in the dome of clouds the light of a few stars fell upon the black sea, rising and falling confusedly with heavy splashes, all about the ship. Sometimes the head of a watery cone would fall on board and mingle with the rolling flurry of foam on the swamped deck; and the *Nan-Shan* wallowed heavily within a cistern of circular form in the depth of the clouds resting on the sea. This ring of dense vapors gyrating madly around the calm of the centre encompassed the ship like a motionless and unbroken wall of a blackness inconceivably sinister. Within the sea, as if agitated by an internal commotion, leaped in peaked mounds that jostled each other, slapping heavily against the ship, and a low moaning sound—the infinite plaint of the storm's fury—came from beyond the limits of the menacing calm. Captain MacWhirr remained silent and Jukes's ready ear caught suddenly the faint, long-drawn roar of some immense wave rushing under that thick blackness which made the appalling boundary of his vision.

"Of course," he started, "they thought we had caught at the chance to plunder them. Of course! You said—pick up the money. Easier said than done. They could n't tell what was in our heads. We came in, smash!—right into the middle of them. Had to do it by a rush. . . ."

"As long as it's done," mumbled the Captain, without attempting to look at Jukes. "Had to do what's fair."

"We shall find yet there's the devil to pay when this is over," said Jukes, feeling very sore. "Let them only recover a bit and you'll see. They will fly at our throats, sir. Don't

forget, sir, she is n't a British ship now. These brutes know it well, too. The damn'd Siamese flag!"

"We are on board all the same," remarked Captain MacWhirr.

"The trouble's not over yet," insisted Jukes, prophetically, reeling and catching on. "She's a wreck," he added faintly.

"The trouble's not over yet," assented Captain MacWhirr, half aloud. "Look out for her a minute."

"Are you going off the deck, sir?" asked Jukes, hurriedly, as if the storm was sure to pounce upon him as soon as he had been left alone with the ship.

He saw her, battered and solitary, laboring heavily in a wild scene of mountainous black waters lit by the gleams of distant worlds. She moved slowly, breathing into the still core of the hurricane the excess of her strength in a white cloud of steam; and the deep-toned vibration of the escape was like the defiant trumpeting of a living creature of the sea impatient for the renewal of the contest. It ceased suddenly. A moan in the stillness of the air swooped upon Jukes's head.

It was so plain that he looked up. He saw the stars shining into the pit of black vapors marking the circle of rushing winds and head-long seas. The ship was cut off from the peace of the earth. The wall rose high, with smoky drifts issuing from the inky edge that frowned upon the ship under the patch of glittering sky. The stars, too, seemed to look at her intently, as if for the last time, and the cluster of their splendor sat like a diadem on a lowering brow.

Captain MacWhirr had gone into the chart-room. There was no light there, but he could feel the disorder of that place where he used to live tidily. His arm-chair was upset. The books had tumbled out on the floor; he scrunched a piece of glass under his boot. He felt for the matches and found a box on a shelf with a deep ledge. He struck one and, puckering the corners of his eyes, he held out the little flame towards the barometer, whose glittering top of glass and metal nodded at him continuously.

It stood very low,—incredibly low,—so low that Captain MacWhirr grunted. The match went out, and hurriedly he extracted another with thick, stiff fingers.

Again a little flame burst before the nodding glass and metal of the top. His eyes looked at it, out of the puckers, with attention, as if expecting a whisper. With his

grave face he was like a hooded and misshapen pagan burning incense before the oracle of a joss. There was no mistake. It was low.

Captain MacWhirr emitted a low whistle. He forgot himself till the flame diminished to a blue spark, burnt his fingers, and vanished. Perhaps something had gone wrong with the thing?

There was an aneroid glass screwed above the couch. He turned that way, struck another match, and discovered the white face of the instrument looking at him from the bulk-head meaningly, not to be gainsaid, as though the wisdom of men were made unerring by the indifference of matter. There was no room for doubt now. Captain MacWhirr pshawed at it and threw the match down.

The worst was to come, then, and if the books were right this worst would be very bad. The experience of the last six hours had enlarged his conception of what heavy weather could be like. "It'll be terrific," he pronounced mentally. He had not consciously looked at anything by the light of the matches but the barometer, and yet somehow he had seen that the water-bottle and glass had been flung out of their stand. It seemed to give him a more intimate knowledge of the tossing the ship had gone through. "I would n't have believed it," he thought. And his table had been cleared too; his rulers, his pencils, the inkstand,—all the things that had their safe, appointed places,—they were gone from them as if a mischievous hand had plucked them out and flung them on the wet floor. The hurricane had broken in upon the orderly arrangements of his privacy. This had never happened before and the dismay reached the very seat of his composure. And the worst was coming yet! He was glad the trouble in the 'tween-deck had been discovered in time. If she had to go after all, then at least she would n't be going with a lot of people in her, fighting tooth and claw. That would have been odious. And in that feeling there was a humane intention and a vague sense of the fitness of things.

These instantaneous thoughts were yet in their essence heavy and slow, partaking of the nature of the man. He extended his hand to put back the match-box in its corner of the shelf. There were always matches there—by order. The steward had his instructions impressed upon him. "A box—just there, see? Not so very full—where I can put my hand on it, steward. Might want a light in a hurry.

Can't tell on board ship *what* you might want in a hurry. Mind now."

And, of course, on his side he would be careful to put it back scrupulously. He did so now, but before he removed his hand it occurred to him that perhaps he would never have occasion to use that box again. The vividness of the motion checked him, and for an infinitesimal fraction of a second his fingers closed again on the small object. This man, disturbed by a storm, hung on to a match-box absurdly, as though it had been a symbol of all those habits that make manifest the reality of life. He released it at last, and, letting himself fall on the settee, listened for the first sounds of returning wind.

Not yet. He heard only the wash of water, the heavy splashes and the dull shocks of the confused seas boarding his ship from all sides. She would never have a chance to clear her decks.

XXII

THIS quietude of the air was startlingly tense and unsafe, like a slender hair holding a sword suspended over his head. By this awful pause the storm penetrated the defences of the man and unsealed his lips. He spoke out in the solitude and the pitch-darkness of the cabin, as if addressing another being awakened into a stir of life within his breast.

"I should n't like to lose her," he said, half aloud.

He sat unseen, apart from the sea, from his ship, isolated, as if withdrawn from the very current of his own existence, where such freaks as talking to himself surely had no place. His palms reposed on his knees, he bowed his bull-neck and breathed heavily, surrendering to a strange sensation of weariness, but was not enlightened enough to recognize in it the fatigue of mental stress.

From where he sat he could reach the door of a wash-stand locker. There should have been a towel there. There was. Good! He wiped his face, then went on rubbing his wet head. He towelled himself with energy in the dark, and then sat still with the towel on his knees. A moment passed in which one could not have known there was a man sitting in that cabin. Then a murmur arose.

"She may come out of it yet."

When Captain MacWhirr came out on deck, which he did brusquely, as though he had suddenly become conscious of having stayed away

too long, the calm had lasted already more than fifteen minutes—long enough to make itself intolerable even to his imagination. Jukes, motionless on the forepart of the bridge, began to speak at once. His voice, blank and forced, as though he were talking through hard-set teeth, seemed to spread out on all sides into the darkness, deepening again upon the confused unrest of the sea.

"I had the wheel relieved. Hackett began to call he was done. He's lying in there alongside the steering-gear with a face like death. At first I could n't get anybody to crawl out. That bo's'n's worse than no good, I always said. Thought I would have had to go myself and haul out one of them by the neck."

"Ah, well!" muttered the Captain. He stood watchful by Jukes's side.

"The second mate's in there, too, holding his head. Is he hurt, sir?"

"No, crazy," said Captain MacWhirr, with decision.

"Looks as if he had a tumble, though."

"I had to give him a push," explained the Captain.

Jukes gave an impatient sigh.

"It will come very sudden," said Captain MacWhirr, "and from over there, I fancy. God only knows, though. These books are only good to muddle your head and make you jumpy. It will be bad, and there's an end. If we only can steam her round in time to meet it! . . ."

A minute passed. Some of the stars winked rapidly and went out.

"You left them pretty safe?" began the Captain abruptly, as though the silence were unbearable.

"Are you thinking of the coolies, sir? I rigged life-lines all ways across that 'tween-deck."

"Did you? Good idea, Mr. Jukes."

"I did n't—think you cared to—know," said Jukes,—the lurching of the ship cut his speech as though somebody had been jerking him around while he talked—"how I got on with—that infernal job. We did it. And it may not matter in the end."

"Had to do what's fair, for all—they are only Chinamen. Give them the same chance with ourselves—hang it all! She is n't lost yet. Bad enough to be shut up—below in a gale—"

"That's what I thought when you gave me the job, sir," interjected Jukes, moodily.

"—without being battered to pieces," pursued Captain MacWhirr, with rising vehemence.

mence. "Could n't let that go on in my ship if I knew she had n't five minutes to live. Could n't bear it, Mr. Jukes."

A hollow, rolling noise, like that of a shout echoing in a rocky chasm, approached the ship and went away again. The last star, blurred, enlarged, as if turning into the fiery mist of its beginning, struggled with the colossal depth of blackness hanging over the ship—and went out.

"Now for it!" muttered Captain MacWhirr. "Mr. Jukes."

"Here, sir."

The two men were growing indistinct to each other. The gathering darkness embraced, absorbed their erect figures into the opaque gloom.

"We must trust her to go through and come out on the other side. That's plain and straight. There's no room for Captain Wilson's storm-strategy here."

"No, sir."

"She will be smothered and swept again for hours," mumbled the Captain. "There's not much left above deck for the sea to take away—unless you or me."

"Both, sir?" whispered Jukes, breathlessly.

"You are always meeting trouble half-way, Jukes," Captain MacWhirr remonstrated, quaintly. "Though it's a fact that the second mate is no good. D' ye hear, Mr. Jukes? You would be left alone if . . ."

Captain MacWhirr interrupted himself, and Jukes, glancing on all sides, remained silent.

"Don't you be put out by anything," the Captain continued, mumbling rather fast. "Keep her facing it. They may say what they like, but the heaviest seas run with the wind. Facing it—always facing it—that's the way to get through. You are a young sailor. Face it. That's enough work for any man. Keep a cool head."

"Yes, sir," said Jukes, with a flutter of the heart. In the next few seconds the Captain spoke to the engine-room and got an answer. For some reason Jukes experienced an access of confidence, a thing that came from outside like a warm breath and made him feel equal to every demand. The distant muttering of the darkness stole into his ears. He noted it unmoved, out of that sudden belief in himself, as a man in a shirt of mail would watch a point.

The ship labored without intermission amongst the black hills of water, paying with this hard tumbling the price of her life. She rumbled in her depths, shaking a white plum-

met of steam into the night, and Jukes's thought darted like a skimming bird through the engine-room where Mr. Rout—good man—was ready. When the rumbling ceased it seemed to him that there was a pause of every sound, a dead pause, in which Captain MacWhirr's voice rang out startlingly.

"What's that? A puff?" It spoke much louder than Jukes had ever heard it before. "On the bow? That's right. She may come out of it yet."

The mutter of the winds drew near apace. In the forefront could be distinguished a drowsy, waking plaint passing on—and far off the growth of a multiple clamor, marching and expanding. There was the throb as of many drums in it, a vicious, rushing note, and like the chant of a tramping multitude.

Jukes could no longer see his captain distinctly. The darkness was absolutely piling itself up upon the ship. At most he made out movements, a hint of elbows spread out, of a head thrown up. Captain MacWhirr was trying to do up the top button of his coat with unwonted haste. The hurricane that has the power to madden the seas, to sink ships, to uproot trees, to overturn strong walls, and dash the very birds of the air to the ground had found this taciturn man in its path and, doing its utmost, had managed to make him loquacious. Before the renewed wrath of the winds swooped on the ship, Captain MacWhirr found time to declare, in a tone of vexation as it were: "I would n't like to lose her."

He was spared that anno, anno.

XXIII

WHEN the *Nan-Shan* came to an anchor the sunshine was bright, the breeze fresh. She came in from a green, hard sea, green like a furrowed slab of jade, streaked and splashed with frosted silver. Even before her story got about, her arrival was noticed on shore and the seamen in harbor said: "Look! Look at that steamer. What's that? Siamese—is n't she? Just look at her."

She seemed indeed to have served as a target for the secondary batteries of a whole fleet. A hail of shells could not have given her upper works a more broken, torn, and devastated aspect; and she had about her the worn, weary air of ships coming from the far ends of the world—and, indeed, with truth, for in her short passage she had been very far, sighting, verily, even the coast of the Great Beyond, whence no ship ever returns to give up her crew to the dust of the earth. She was

incrusted and gray with salt to the trucks of her masts and to the top of her funnel; as though, as some facetious seaman said, "the crowd on board had fished her out somewhere from the bottom of the sea and brought her in here for salvage." And further, excited by the felicity of his own wit, he offered to give five pounds for her—"as she stands."

Before she had been quite an hour at rest a meagre little man, with a red-tipped nose and a face cast in an angry mould, landed from a sampan on the quay of the Foreign Concession and incontinently turned to shake his fist at her. A tall individual with legs much too thin for a rotund stomach, and with watery eyes, strolled up and remarked:

"Just left her—eh? Quick work."

He wore a soiled suit of blue flannel, with a pair of dirty cricketing shoes; a dingy gray moustache drooped from his lip, and daylight could be seen in two places between the rim and the crown of his hat.

"Hallo! What are you doing here?" asked the ex-second mate of the *Nan-Shan*, shaking hands hurriedly.

"Standing by—chance worth taking—got a quiet hint," explained the man with the broken hat, in hollow, apathetic wheezes.

The second shook his fist again at the ship.

"There's a fellow there that ain't fit to have charge of a scow," he declared, quivering with passion, while the other looked about listlessly.

"Is there?"

But he caught sight on the quay of a heavy seaman's chest, painted brown under a fringed sailcloth cover, and lashed with new manila line. He eyed it with pensive interest.

"I would talk and raise trouble if it was n't for that damned Siamese flag. Nobody to go to—or I would make it hot for him, the fraud! Told his chief—that's another fraud for you—I had lost my nerve. The greatest lot of ignorant fools that ever sailed the seas! No! You can't think . . ."

"Got your money all right?" inquired his seedy acquaintance, suddenly.

"Yes. Paid me off on board," raged the second mate. "'Get your breakfast on shore,' says he."

"Mean skunk!" commented the tall man, vaguely, and passed his tongue on his lips. "What about having a drink of some sort?"

"He struck me," hissed the second mate.

"No! You don't say!" The man in blue began to bustle about exceedingly. "Can't possibly talk here. I want to know all about

it. Struck—eh? Let's get a fellow for your chest. I know a quiet place."

Mr. Jukes, who had been scanning the shore through a pair of glasses, informed the chief engineer afterwards that "our late second mate has n't been long in finding a friend. A chap looking uncommonly like a bummer. I saw them walk away together from the quay."

The hammering and banging of the needful repairs did not disturb Captain MacWhirr. The steward found, in the letter he wrote in a tidy chartroom, passages of such absorbing interest that twice he was nearly caught in the act; but Mrs. MacWhirr, in the drawing-room of the forty pound house, stifled a yawn—perhaps out of self-respect. For she was alone.

She reclined in a plush-bottomed and gilt hammock-chair, near a tiled fireplace, with Japanese fans on the mantel and a glow of coals in the grate. Lifting her hands from time to time she glanced wearily here and there into the many pages. It was not her fault they were so prosy, so completely uninteresting—from "*My darling wife*" at the beginning to "*Your loving husband*" at the end. She could n't be really expected to understand all these ship affairs. She was glad, of course, to hear from him, but she had never asked herself why, precisely. ". . . They are called typhoons . . . not in books. . . . The mate did not seem to like it . . . could n't think of letting it go on. . . ."

She rustled the pages. ". . . A calm that lasted over twenty minutes," she read perfunctorily, and the next words her thoughtless eyes caught on the top of another page, were, "See you and the children again. . . ." He was always thinking of coming home. He had never had such a good salary.

It did not occur to her to turn back over the leaf to look. She would have found it recorded there that between 4 and 6 A.M., on the 25th of December, Captain MacWhirr did actually think that his ship could not possibly live in such a sea, and that he would never see his wife and children again. Nobody was to know this (his letters got mislaid and lost so often)—nobody but the steward, who had been greatly impressed by that disclosure; so much so, that he risked trying to give the cook some idea of the "narrow squeak we all had" by saying solemnly, "The old man himself had a damn poor opinion of our chance." "How do you know?" asked contemptuously the cook—an old soldier. "He has n't told you, maybe?" "Well, he did drop something," the steward stammered. "Get along with

you! He will be coming to tell me next," jeered the old cook over his shoulder.

Mrs. MacWhirr glanced further, on the alert. ". . . Do what's fair. . . Miserable objects. . . Only three, with a broken leg each, and one . . . Thought had better keep the matter quiet . . . hope to have done the fair thing. . ."

She let her hands fall. No. There was nothing about coming home. Must have been expressing merely a pious wish. Mrs. MacWhirr's mind was at ease, and a black marble clock, priced by the local jeweller at £3 18s. 6d., had a discreet stealthy tick.

The door flew open and a girl in the long-legged, short-frocked period of existence flung into the room. A lot of colorless, rather lanky hair was scattered over her shoulders. Seeing her mother, she stood still and directed her pale, prying eyes upon the letter.

"From father," murmured Mrs. MacWhirr. "What have you done with your ribbon?"

The girl put her hands up and pouted.

"He's well," continued Mrs. MacWhirr, languidly. "At least, I think so. He never says." She had a little laugh. The girl's face expressed a blank, wandering indifference, and Mrs. MacWhirr surveyed her with fond pride.

"Go and get your hat," she said after a while. "I am going out to do some shopping. There is a sale at Linom's."

"Oh, how jolly!" uttered the child, impressively, in unexpectedly grave vibrating tones, and bounded out.

XXIV

THE afternoon was fine; the sidewalks were dry. Outside the draper's, Mrs. MacWhirr smiled upon a woman in a black mantle of generous proportions, armoured in jet, ornate with flowers blooming falsely above a bilious matronly countenance. They broke into a swift little babble of greetings and exclamations both together, very hurried, as if the street were ready to yawn open and swallow all that pleasure before it could be adequately voiced.

Behind them the high glass doors were kept on the swing, people could n't pass, men stood aside waiting patiently, and Lydia was absorbed in poking the end of her parasol between the stone flags. Mrs. MacWhirr talked rapidly.

"Thank you so much! This very day. He's not coming home yet. Of course, it's very sad to have him away, but it's such a comfort

to know he keeps so well!" Mrs. MacWhirr drew breath: "The climate there agrees with him," she added, beamingly, as if poor MacWhirr had been away touring in China for the sake of his health.

Neither was the chief engineer coming home yet. Mr. Rout knew too well the value of a good billet.

"Solomon says wonders will never cease," cried Mrs. Rout, joyously, at the old lady in her arm-chair by the fire. Mr. Rout's mother moved slightly her withered hands lying in black half-mittens on her lap.

The engineer's wife's eyes fairly danced on the paper.

"That captain of the ship he is in—a rather simple man—you remember, mother?—has done something rather clever, Solomon says."

"Yes, my dear," said the old woman meekly, sitting with bowed silvery head, and that air of still, far-away meditation only very old people have, as if absorbed in nursing the last flickers of life, "I think I remember."

Solomon, Old Sol, Father Sol, The Chief, "Rout, good man—" Mr. Rout, the austere and paternal friend of youth, had been the baby of her many children—all dead now. And she remembered him best as a boy of ten—before he went away to serve his time in some great engineering works in the North. She had seen so little of him since; she had gone through so many years that she had now to retrace her steps to meet him again in the mist of time. Sometimes it seemed as if her daughter-in-law were talking of some strange man.

Mrs. Rout, junior, was disappointed. "H'm, h'm." She turned the page. "How provoking! He does n't say what it is. Says I could n't understand how much there was in it. Fancy! What could it be, so very clever? What a wretched man not to tell us!"

She read on without further remark, soberly, and at last sat looking silently into the fire. The Chief wrote just a word or two about the typhoon, but something had moved him to express his growing desire for the companionship of the jolly woman. "If it had n't been that mother must be looked after, I would send you your passage money to-day. You could set up a small house out here. I could see you sometimes then. We are not growing younger. . . ."

"He's well, mother," sighed Mrs. Rout, rousing herself.

"He always was a strong, healthy boy," said the old woman, placidly.

But it was Mr. Jukes's account that was really animated and interesting. His friend in the Western Ocean trade imparted it freely to the other officers. "A chap I know writes to me about an extraordinary affair that happened on board his ship in that typhoon—you know—that was in the papers two months ago. It's the funniest thing. Just see for yourself what he says. I'll show you his letter."

There were phrases in it calculated to give the impression of light-hearted indomitable resolution. Jukes had written them in good faith, for he felt thus when he wrote. He described with lurid effect the scenes in the 'tween-deck. ". . . It struck me in a flash that those confounded Chinamen could n't tell we were n't a desperate kind of robbers. 'T is n't good to part the Chinaman from his money if he is the stronger party. We need have been desperate indeed to go thieving in such weather, but what could these beggars know of us? So, without thinking of it twice, I got the hands away in a jiffy. Our work was done—that the old man had set his heart about. We cleared out without staying to inquire how they felt. I am convinced that if they had not been so unmercifully shaken, and afraid—each individual one of them—to stand up, we would have been torn to pieces. Oh! it was pretty complete, I can tell you; and you may run to and fro across the pond to the end of time before you find yourself with such a job in your hands."

After this he alluded professionally to the damage done to the ship and went on thus:

"It was when the weather quieted down that the situation became confoundedly delicate. It was n't made any better by us having been lately transferred to the Siamese flag; though the skipper can't see that it makes any difference—'as long as *we* are on board,' he says. There are feelings that this man simply has n't got—and there's an end of it. You might just as well try to make a bedpost understand. But apart from this, it is an infernally lonely state for a ship to be going about in the China Seas with no proper Consuls, not even a gunboat of her own anywhere—not a body to go to in case of some trouble.

"My notion was to keep them under hatches another fifteen hours or so; we were n't much further than that from Fuchau. We would find there most likely some sort of a man-of-war, and once under her guns we were safe enough, for surely any skipper of a man-of-war, English, French, or Dutch, would see

white men through as far as a row on board goes. We could get rid of them and their money by delivering them to their Mandarins or Two-tail, or whatever they call these chaps in goggles you see being carried in sedan chairs about their stinking streets.

"The old man would n't see it, somehow. He wanted to keep the matter quiet. He got that notion into his head and a steam windlass could n't drag it out of him. He wanted as little fuss made as possible, 'for the sake of the ship's name and the owners, for the sake of all concerned,' says he, looking at me very hard. It made me angry, hot. Of course you could n't keep a thing like that quiet, but the chests had been secured in the usual manner, and were safe enough for any earthly gale, but this had been an altogether fiendish business I could n't give you even an idea of.

"Meantime I could hardly keep on my feet. None of us had had a spell of any sort for nearly thirty hours, and here he sat rubbing his chin, rubbing the top of his head, and so bothered he did n't even think of taking his long boots off.

"'I hope, sir,' says I, 'you won't be letting them out on deck before we make ready for them in some shape or other.' Not, mind you—that I felt very sanguine about controlling if they took charge. Trouble with a cargo of Chinamen is no child's play; I was dam' tired, too. 'I wish,' said I, 'we could throw the whole lot of these dollars down to them and let them fight it out amongst themselves, while we get a rest.'

"'Now you talk wild, Jukes,' says he, looking up in his slow way, that makes you ache all over, somehow. 'We must plan out something that would be fair to all parties.'

XXV

"I HAD no end of work on hand, and by and by I set the hands going, and then I thought I would turn in a bit. I had n't been in my bunk ten minutes when in rushes the steward and begins to pull at my leg.

"'For God's sake, Mr. Jukes, come out! Come on deck, quick, sir! Oh, do come out!'

"The fellow scared all the sense out of me. I did n't know what had happened—another hurricane, or what. Could hear no wind.

"'The Captain's letting them out. Oh, he is letting them out! Jump on deck, sir, and save us. The chief engineer has just run below for his revolver.'

"That's what the fool made me understand.

However, Father Rout swears he went in there to get a clean pocket-handkerchief. Anyhow, I made one jump into my trousers and flew on deck aft. There was certainly a good deal of noise going on where I could n't see forward of the bridge. Four of the hands with the bo's'n were at work abaft. I passed up to them through the sky-light, some of the rifles all the ships on the China coast carry in the cabin and led them on the bridge. On the way I ran against Old Sol, looking startled and sucking at an unlighted cigar. 'Come along!' I shouted to him.

"We charged, seven of us, up to the chart-room. All was over. There was the old man, with his sea boots still drawn up to the hips and in shirt-sleeves—got warm thinking it out, I suppose. Bun Lim's dandy clerk stood at his elbow, as dirty as a sweep and still green in the face. I could see directly I was in for something.

"What the devil are these monkey tricks, Mr. Jukes?' asks the old man, as angry as ever he could be. I tell you frankly it made me lose my tongue.

"For God's sake, Mr. Jukes,' says he, 'do take away these rifles from the men. Somebody's sure to get shot before long if you don't. Damme, if this ship is n't worse than Bedlam! Look sharp, now! I want you up here to help me and Bun Lim's Chinaman to count that money. You would n't mind lending a hand, too, Mr. Rout, now you are here? The more of us the better.'

"He had settled it all while I was having a snooze. Had we been an English ship, or only going to land our cargo of coolies in an English port like Hong-Kong, for instance, there would have been no end of inquiries and bother, claims for damages, and so on. But these Chinamen know their officials better than we do.

"The old man had the hatches taken off, and they were all on deck after a night and a day down below. It made you feel queer to see so many gaunt, wild faces together. The beggars were staring at the sky, at the sea, at the ship, as though they had expected the whole thing to have been blown to pieces. And no wonder. They had a doing that would have shaken the soul out of a white man. But then they say a Chinaman has no soul. He has, though, something about him that is deuced tough. There was a fellow (amongst others of the badly hurt) who had had his eye all but knocked out. It stood out of his head awful swollen, like

half a hen's egg. This would have laid a white man on his back; and there was that chap elbowing here and there and talking to the others as if nothing was the matter. They made a great hubbub amongst themselves, and whenever the old man showed his bald head on the foreside of the bridge, they would all leave off and look at him.

"After he had done his thinking he made that Bun Lim's fellow go down and explain to them how they could get their money. He told me afterwards that all the coolies having worked in the same place and for the same length of time, he reckoned he would be doing the fair thing by them as near as possible, if he distributed all we had picked up equally among the lot. You could n't tell one man's dollars from another's, and if you asked each man he was afraid they would lie and he would find himself a long way short. I think he was right there. As to giving up the cash into the hands of any Chinese official he could scare up in Fuchau, he said he might just as well put the money in his pocket at once, for all the good it would be to them. I suppose they thought so too.

"We finished the distribution before dark. It was rather a sight: the sea running high, the ship a wreck to look at, these Chinamen staggering on the bridge one by one for their share; and the old man, still booted and in his shirt-sleeves, solemnly busy paying out, perspiring like anything, and now and then coming down sharp on myself or Father Rout about one thing or another not quite to his mind. He himself took the share of those who were disabled to them on the No. 2 hatch. There were three dollars left over, and these went to three most damaged coolies—one to each. We turned to afterwards and shovelled out on deck heaps of wet rags, all sorts of fragments of things without shape, and that you could n't give a name to, and let them settle the ownership themselves.

"This certainly is coming as near as can be to keeping the thing quiet for the benefit of all concerned. What's your opinion, you pampered Mail-boat swell? The Old Chief says that this was plainly the only thing that could be done. The skipper remarked to me the other day, 'These are things you find nothing about in books.' I think that he had not done badly for such a stupid man. . . ."

THE END

The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of *THE CRITIC*, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editor.

ART

Huddilston—Lessons from Greek Pottery. To which is added a Bibliography of Greek Ceramics. By John Homer Huddilston, A.B., Ph.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Maine. Illustrated. Macmillan. \$1.25.

Continuing in the field which he so admirably initiated with "Greek Tragedy in the Light of Vase Paintings," Dr. Huddilston here gives his subject wider significance. Though still occupied more with scholastic than with archaeological or æsthetic issues, the author by no means neglects the latter, and, in fact, aims to make his appeal general. The present monograph forms a clear and suggestive introduction to a study of Greek ceramics, and is supplemented with cuts chiefly from Furtwängler and Reinach, and an excellent Bibliography.

Menpes—Japan: A Record in Color. By Mortimer Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. London: Black; New York: Macmillan. \$6.00.

It will not perhaps be unkind to Mr. Menpes the artist to say that Mr. Menpes the author is hardly his equal. The hundred colored plates which enrich this book reflect with sympathy and fidelity the painter's impressions of Japanese life and character; the letterpress is inconsequential—trivial, almost.

Persistent appreciation of things Japanese and depreciation of things "Western" produces an effect contrary to the one desired. In sheer perversity one begins to weary of these engaging Japs who are not only the essence of things æsthetic, but who "will at no distant date forge ahead of other nations . . . and become a dominating power." The "record in color," however, quite recompenses—many of these water-colors and studies in oil showing depth and brilliancy of tone and refreshing vigor of handling. The child studies are enchanting, and small wonder, for Japanese children are themselves irresistibly picturesque.

Staley—Watteau, Master-Painter of the Fêtes Galantes. By Edgcumbe Staley, B.A. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters). Illustrated. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. 50 cts.

Within the compass of a format which is unquestionably miniature, Mr. Staley has man-

aged to trace an accurate and sympathetic silhouette of Watteau. There is nothing fresh added, nor is the familiar restated with new appeal, but the result serves to answer restricted requirements. A more concise knowledge of French on the part of author or proof-reader—or both—would have improved the volume: *premiere* for *première* and *coiffeurs* for *coiffures* are almost too palpable for one's serenity of mind.

BELLES LETTRES

Clavière—The Art of Life. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. Putnam. \$1.75 net.

M. de Maulde la Clavière stands alone in a field which he has made his in virtue of learning tempered by lightness of touch and seriousness spiced with delicate wit. "The Art of Life" reflects the same piquant qualities displayed in "Women of the Renaissance." Though addressed primarily to women, it is a tribute to the social fabric, and will appeal to both sexes. The author cites with charming felicity mediæval mystic, and modern scientist, he culls the flowers of many minds and weaves them into gracious garlands; he is always diverting, and, in touching upon the art of life, he never fails himself to be an artist. Mr. Ely's rendering of a difficult and elusive text shames most translations from the French; it is a pleasure to read a version so exact and so spirited.

Clear—Letters on Life. By Claudius Clear (Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll). Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75.

Whatever subject Claudius Clear may choose—whether life or manners or people—he will not lack readers. Every one wants to know what he will say on "The Art of Taking Things Coolly" as well as on "The Art of Conversation"; and most of us are interested in knowing "How to Remember and How to Forget." Dr. Nicoll has done many things to win the gratitude of his generation,—notably he found Mr. Barrie for us,—but many readers will count these "Letters on Life" not the least of the debt they owe the genial doctor. If there are others who find the sentiments of the letters a little familiar and the manner of expression not altogether new, it is their privilege to leave them unread.

BIOGRAPHY.

Gibson—William Hamilton Gibson. By John Coleman Adams. Illustrated. Putnam. \$2.00.

The story of a plucky New England boy, who becomes an artist through sheer courage and persistency, is wholesome reading for anyone. Mr. Adams is in sympathy with his subject, and he writes with a rugged directness that suits the character he is seeking to bring out. The Life of William Hamilton Gibson should be in every library—not tucked away on the shelves, but lying handy on a table where a boy may pick it up for a moment, out of curiosity, and forget to put it down.

Hill—Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends. By Constance Hill. Lane. \$6.00.

This is very delightful, if somewhat discursive, reading for all lovers of Jane Austen and her gentle art. The sub-title of the book tells us what it is about. There is little new matter concerning Miss Austen herself; her uneventful life has long been known to the public, but many people whose paths crossed hers and things that touched her are brought before us in a pleasant, appreciative manner. The work has been a labor of love of this sympathetic admirer of "dear Aunt Jane," as she would fain call her; there were pilgrimages to the "Homes," and gatherings from many sources, and the result shows an intimate knowledge of the subject. The possible, hidden romance of Miss Austen's life is touched upon and shown to be more probable than has been generally thought. The book is daintily illustrated and contains some interesting photogravures. Is the error, line 24, page 104, of "seem" for "seems" a slip of the "contemporary writer's?"

FICTION

Colton—The Debatable Land. By Arthur Colton. Harper. \$1.50.

This is a story of the War of the Rebellion. It has a good deal of exciting and clear-cut incident mingled with a good deal of vague dreaminess. The first third of the book is difficult to read, and sounds as if Mr. Colton had paid too much attention to the fiction of the '60's—the stories to be found in the old Harper's and Atlantics—and had taken the color of the period from them. Everybody who has ever examined the fiction of that date knows that it is rather "moony." You don't know what is happening and you can't find out, although you notice that the actors seem to think it all very important. It is a pity that Mr. Colton should seem to follow such bad models, for he has genuine gifts of insight and poetic feeling. If he will add to these definition and vividness, if he can make his people real, he will find more readers and grateful ones.

Gray—Bath Robes and Bachelors and Other Good Things. By Arthur Gray. Caldwell. 50 cts.

It is merciful that the "other good things" in this volume are better than the initial story.

Peck—Alabama Sketches. By Samuel Min-turn Peck. McClurg. \$1.00.

It would be difficult to devise anything more innocuous than the sketches and tales which form this volume. They contain lush doses of sentimentality and negro dialect, and show neither constructive ability nor grasp of character.

Rosegger—The God Seeker. By Peter Rosegger. Translated by Frances E. Skinner. Putnam. \$1.50.

"The God Seeker," like its predecessor, "The Forest Schoolmaster," is full of the strange, Pagan gloom of mighty forests. Across the gloom the light of a cross sends its weird, indecisive gleams; and the hearts of the forest dwellers turn to it, in hope and in hate, as the problem of life solves itself for the village cut off and accursed in the midst of the forest wildness.

Serao—The Ballet Dancer. By Matilde Serao. Harper. \$1.50.

A piece of consummate realism is the history of Camela Minino, the ballet dancer—good, simple, alone in the world, with her secret love for the brilliant man whose eyes have never so much as turned in her direction. Although much slihter than "The Land of Cockayne," which introduced the series of translations from this novelist, it furnishes a much juster example of her powers and her penetration.

White—Stratagems and Spoils. By William Allen White. Scribner. \$1.50.

Mr. White's stories of politics and human nature are pretty good politics and excellent human nature. There is by no means so much of art or charm in them as in his "Boyville" stories, but, to be frank, Mr. White can see the poetic side of childhood while the poetic side of maturity is either hidden from him entirely, or else temporarily obscured by the dust of the conflicts in which maturity engages. He rightly thinks that these conflicts are about the most interesting things that happen to the sons of Adam. Greed for money, pride of place, ambition for power and such earthy sentiments are some of the strongest springs that control our actions; things happen when these motives come into play, life gets dramatic, and there is sport to be had in watching and recording it.

This, certainly, is not the highest conception of life and literature of which Mr. White is capable, but it is the one in force in this volume of stories. No man does his best work except under the impulsion of his highest conception of things, and so this is not Mr. White's best work, but it is absorbing and entertaining.

HISTORY

Jenks—Edward Plantagenet (Edward I.), the English Justinian, or the Making of the Common Law. By Edward Jenks, M.A. (Heroes of the Nations.) Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.50.

One of the best volumes in a notable series is

Mr. Jenks's "Edward Plantagenet," written, the author modestly says, by "a mere lawyer." If all historians wrote with such clearness and simplicity as Mr. Jenks, and sketched given periods with equal knowledge and insight, history in general would be better reading. Introduced by chapters on "The Middle Ages in Europe," "The Emergence of Modern Europe," and "England in the Thirteenth Century," the book passes on toward a specific account of Edward's life and fortunes, with special reference to the making of English Common Law, and closes with a summation of the "King and his Work." Mr. Jenks's previous researches in allied fields have made it possible for him to throw into relief the most significant legacies of Edward's reign, and as mere history the picture is equally complete.

Lang—The Mystery of Mary Stuart. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.

Mr. Lang does not claim to have said the last word in the tragedy of Mary Stuart. She and Marie Antoinette will probably continue to furnish "copy" for ages to come. As long as the "copy" is given to us in the manner of this book it will continue to be welcome. Pictures of the *dramatis personæ* of the Mystery give a brilliant impression of the ethics of the period following the Reformation in Scotland. The examination of much new material and the careful investigation of all documents bearing on the case add historic value to the book. Mr. Lang forms no conclusions; the "Mystery" is not unveiled, but the fascinating Queen stands before us in all the charm of her beauty and misfortune, surrounded by her treacherous and unruly nobles, and on finishing the book we feel that we have sat at the trial by an impartial court of justice, that was never accorded her in her lifetime, and can act as judge and jury for ourselves, resting assured that we have heard all the evidence in the case.

Miller—Mediæval Rome. From Hildebrand to Clement VIII., 1073-1600. By William Miller, M.A., author of "The Balkans," etc. (The Story of the Nations.) Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.50.

In telling the story of mediæval Rome, the author places students of Rome largely in his debt, for there does not seem to exist in convenient form a history covering this period. The great work of Gregorovius repels any but specialists and neither Gibbon nor Hallam treats the subject *in extenso* within its specific limits. Mr. Miller's narrative is both picturesque and accurate, and the volume forms a welcome addition to a series which has long since achieved merited popularity.

Shoemaker—Palaces, Prisons, and Resting Places of Mary Queen of Scots. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. Revised for the Press by Thomas Allan Croal, F.S.A. (Scot.) Illustrated. Virtue. £5 5s. net.

The main appeal of this sumptuous volume is made through its pictorial rather than its strictly historical features. It is a visible

record of the halting places of Queen Mary during a sad and romantic career, which dawned at Linlithgow and closed with her final betrayal at Fotheringhay. The illustrations, which number fifty in all, include a facsimile portrait in colors, nine photogravure plates, twenty full-page cuts, besides numerous portraits and incidental head-and-tail pieces. It has been the author's aim to include a picture of every important place of residence or imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, the whole to be accompanied by just sufficient letterpress to outline the narrative with intelligence and sympathy. It need only be added that on these novel and interesting lines the work has achieved decided success. The Middle-Age castles and Renaissance châteaux of Scotland, England, and France here reproduced offer much to the student of architecture as well as to the historian, and those interested in portraiture can but welcome the inclusion of numerous hitherto unpublished portraits from the Duc d'Aumale's Collection at Chantilly. All that touches upon Mary is of enduring interest, and Mr. Shoemaker's labors are much in the nature of a tribute, and a welcome one, to the memory of a beautiful, hapless queen.

MISCELLANEOUS

Muir—Our National Parks. By John Muir. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75, net.

"In this book," says the author, "I have done the best I could to show forth the beauty, grandeur, and all-embracing usefulness of our wild mountain forest reservations and parks, with a view of inciting the people to come and enjoy them, and get them into their hearts, that so at length their preservation and right use might be made sure." The task was an important one, and no one could have done it more competently in every way than this ardent lover of nature and seeker after her secrets, who knows the forest reservations and national parks better, perhaps, than any other living man, and is able to make his readers feel the potency of the charm they possess for himself. A dozen illustrations add to the book's attractiveness.

Parker—Ping-Pong: The Game and How to Play It. By Arnold Parker. Illustrated. Putnam. 40 cts.

After desolating our firesides (by causing the adjournment of the family to the dining-room) Ping-Pong is now trying to break into the hallowed precincts of literature. The opening pages of this book occupy themselves, not in a "table of technical terms" or "rules of the game," but in a careful and elaborate conjugation of the verb "to Ping,"—even to the participles! There is also an opening chapter naively entitled "History," in which the admission is made that the game properly came into existence in the year 1900. The book is, however, undoubtedly useful to the Ping-Pong enthusiast, for it instructs in all the intricacies of serves, cuts, back-hands, and "stone-walls," and is illustrated with many enlightening diagrams and pictures. The

author, Arnold Parker, has writ impressively after his name: "Winner of the Queen's Hall Open Ping-Pong Tournament, and of the second prize Table-Tennis Championship of England."

Schwarz—Forest Trees and Forest Scenery.
By G. Frederick Schwarz. The Grafton Press. \$1.50.

"Forest Trees" is a simple, straightforward inquiry into the sources of beauty and attraction in the American forest trees, and a short account of some of the æsthetic effects of the artificial forests of Europe. It is a wholesome variation on the sentimental outpourings of so-called nature-books.

POETRY AND VERSE

Dole-Walker—Flowers from the Persian Poets.
Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole and Belle M. Walker. 2 vols. Crowell. \$4.00.

In two volumes, bound in green and gold, and with a green border enclosing the type in each of its 590 pages, or so, selections are here presented from the eight chief poets of Persia—Firdansi, Omar Khayyam, Nizami, Rumi, Essedi, Sadi, Hafiz, and Vami. The version of "The Rubaiyat" chosen by the editors is an anonymous one, accredited to E. A. Johnson. Besides a general introduction, there are biographical introductions, and textual notes.

Flecher—Odin's Last Hour, and Other Poems.
By Henry McD. Flecher. The Neely Co. \$1.50.

The author "offers no apology for the publication of this volume," claiming a constitutional right, as a citizen, to publish it if he wishes to. Some of the poems, he tells us, are humorous. From one point of view or another, nearly all of them are. But the author's right to print them is incontestable.

Onderdonk—History of American Verse, 1610-1897. By James L. Onderdonk. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

A painstaking piece of work, which will be found especially interesting for its *résumé* of the achievements of early colonial verse-writers, from the founding of the Jamestown Colony down to Freneau, "The Laureate of

the Revolution." This section of the work covers much scattered material from sources likely to be overlooked by the general reader.

Siberia—Guide to the Great Siberian Railway.
Published by the Ministry of Ways of Communication. Edited by A. I. Dmitriev-Mámonov and A. F. Zdziárski, Railway Engineer. English translation by Miss L. Kúkól-Yasnópólsky. Revised by John Marshall. With 2 phototypes, 360 photogravures, 4 maps of Siberia, and 3 plans of towns. Putnam. \$3.50 net.

Nothing could better clarify the minds of most people in regard to Russian aims and achievements than the publication of the present volume. Handsomely bound and printed, amply illustrated, and written with singular accuracy of detail and breadth of vision, the work is far more than a mere railway guide-book. The opening chapter is devoted to a "Geographical and Historical Review of Siberia," and subsequent divisions treat not only of the railway itself and what it stands for, but of coincident topics, whether industrial, educational, or ethnographical. Those who contemplate a trip along this marvellous ribbon of steel which the Russians have stretched across their dominions or those who are interested in Russia *per se*, will find the volume one of singular value and interest. It has been prepared with an industry and a thoroughness which are little short of phenomenal, and reflects in miniature those indomitable qualities which called into being the undertaking it memorializes.

Story—Swiss Life in Town and Country. By Alfred Thomas Story. ("Our European Neighbors.") Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.20, net.

That Mr. Story's monograph on "Swiss Life" is not so able a study as Mr. Dawson's "German Life," nor so sprightly a presentation as Miss Lynch's "French Life," is less Mr. Story's fault than the fault of Switzerland itself. Political, social, and domestic life in a country whose chief feature is its perpendicularity is bound to be restricted. Mr. Story has drawn an accurate picture of Swiss life, but the volume lacks the interest which characterized its predecessors. In chapters where he might have particularized to advantage, such as in that devoted to "Literature," the author has been too summary, and a word about Swiss architecture, painting, and industrial art would have added welcome variety.

Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

HENSMAN—Cecil Rhodes. By HOWARD HENSMAN. Harper, \$5.00.

EDUCATIONAL

BABBITT—Renan's Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse. By IRVING BABBITT. Heath Co.

CLARK—Cyrano de Bergerac. By REED PAIGE CLARK. William R. Jenkins, \$0.50.

COLBURN—Graded Physical Exercises. By BERTHA LOUISE COLBURN. Werner Publishing Co., \$1.00.

CRANE—An Investigation. By R. T. CRANE. Rand, McNally.

DAME—The Trees of New England. By DAME and BROOKS. Ginn & Co., \$1.35.

DEWEY—The Educational Situation. By JOHN DEWEY. University of Chicago Press, \$0.50.

DEWEY—Psychology and Social Practice. By JOHN DEWEY. University of Chicago Press, \$0.50.

HUNTINGTON—The Show Dog. By H. W. HUNTINGTON. Remington Printing Co.

INGRES—Cours Complet de Langue Française. Par MAXINE INGRES. University of Chicago Press.

JANET—The Mental State of Hystericals. By PIERRE JANET. Putnam, \$3.50.

KEMP—History of Education. By E. L. KEMP. Lippincott.

KERN—The Way of the Preacher. By JOHN A. KERN. Barbee & Smith, \$1.25.

MALONE—Out Among the Animals. By EVA MALONE. Barbee & Smith, \$0.75.

OPPENHEIM—Mental Growth and Control. By NATHAN OPPENHEIM. Macmillan Co., \$1.00.

STEBBENS—Delsarte System of Expression. By GENEVIEVE STEBBENS. Werner Publishing Co., \$2.00.

WILDER—History of Medicine. By ALEXANDER WILDER. New England Eclectic Publishing Co., \$2.00.

YOUNG—Isolation in the Schools. By ELLA FLAGG YOUNG. University of Chicago Press, \$0.50.

FICTION

ALEXANDER—The Yellow Fiend. By Mrs. ALEXANDER. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.00.

ARNOLD—Lepidus the Centurion. By E. L. ARNOLD. T. Y. Crowell & Co., \$1.50.

CLAY—Frank Logan. By Mrs. JOHN M. CLAY. The Abbey Press, \$1.00.

COOPER—A Fool's Year. By E. H. COOPER. Appleton, \$1.00.

CROKER—The Cat's-Paw. By B. M. CROKER. Lippincott, \$1.00.

DICKSON—The Siege of Lady Resolute. By HARRIS DICKSON. Harper, \$1.50.

DRUM—A Dog-Day Journal. By BLOSSOM DRUM. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

HARGRAVE—Wallannah. By W. L. HARGRAVE. B. F. Johnson Co.

HARRIS—The King of Andorra. By HENRY E. HARRIS. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

HOLDSWORTH—Michael Ross. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

HOWARD—The Failure of Success. By LADY MABEL HOWARD. Longmans.

MARQUIS—Fair View Mystery. By GEORGE H. MARQUIS. Abbey Press, \$0.75.

MC ELROY—The Silent Pioneer. By LUCY C. MC ELROY. T. Y. Crowell, \$1.50.

ODENHEIME—The Phantom Caravan. By C. P. ODENHEIME. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

PINSON—In White and Black. By W. W. PINSON. Saalfeld Publishing Co., \$1.50.

RAMÉ—The Dog of Flanders and the Nurnberg Stove. By LOUISE DE LA RAMÉ (Ouida). Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ROUSE—Under My Own Roof. By A. L. ROUSE. Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.

SMEDBERG—The Improprieties of Noah. By HAROLD V. SMEDBERG. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

STECHHAN—Unrequited Love. By OTTO STECHHAN. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

TALBOT—The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page. By ELLEN V. TALBOT. Funk & Wagnalls, \$0.40.

WHEELER—Josephine Grahame. By JEANNETTE WHEELER. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

WHITBY—Flower and Thorn. By BEATRICE WHITBY. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

WILLIAMSON—Mary Starkweather. By CAROLIN CRAWFORD WILLIAMSON. Abbey Press.

YOUNG—Father Manners. By HUDSON YOUNG. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

Youth's Companion Series. The Wide World. Ginn & Co.

Youth's Companion Series. Northern Europe. Ginn & Co.

FRENCH BOOKS

COUBERTIN—La Chronique de France, publiée sous la direction de Pierre de Coubertin.

JUVENILE

BAUM—The Master Key. By L. FRANK BAUM. Bowen-Merrill Co.

DASKAM—The Madness of Philip. By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM. McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

AITKEN—Love in Its Tenderness. By J. R. AITKEN. Appleton, \$1.00.

BARTLETT—A Golden Way. By ALBERT LE ROY BARTLETT. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

BURGESS—Reconstruction and the Constitution. By J. W. BURGESS. Scribner, \$1.00.

CULLENS—Where Magnolias Bloom. By F. B. CULLENS. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

DOYLE—The War in South Africa. By A. CONAN DOYLE. McClure, Phillips & Co.

FOLKS—The Care of Destitute, Neglected, and Delinquent Children. By HOMER FOLKS. Macmillan Co., \$1.00.

GRENELL—The Sandals. By Z. GRENELL. Funk & Wagnalls, \$0.40.

HAMILL—The Sunday-School Teacher. By Prof. H. M. HAMILL. Barbee & Smith, \$0.50.

HARRIS—The Sectional Struggle. By CICERO N. HARRIS. Lippincott, \$2.50.

HOWARD—The Perverts. By N. L. HOWARD. Dillingham, \$1.50.

HUNT—Through Hell. By HIPRAH HUNT. Zimmerman, \$1.50.

LINN—The Second Generation. By JAMES W. LINN. Macmillan, \$1.50.

MATHER—My Angling Friends. By FRED MATHER. Forest and Stream, \$2.00.

MORRIS—Golden Fluff. By Mrs. JAMES EDWIN MORRIS. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

MUIRHEAD—America, The Land of Contrasts. By JAMES H. MUIRHEAD. Lane, \$1.20.

PATTON—Har Lampkins. By ABEL PATTON. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

PENNINGTON—Good Cheer Nuggets. By JEANNE PENNINGTON. Ford, Howard & Hulbert.

PETERS—The Jew as a Patriot. By MADISON C. PETERS. Baker-Taylor Co., \$1.00.

RUSKAY—Hearth and Home Essays. By ESTHER J. RUSKAY. Jewish Publication Society.

SHAW—Josh Billings's Old Farmer's Almanax. By W. HENRY SHAW. Dillingham Co.

SMITH—Bobtail Dixie. By ABBIE N. SMITH. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

STECHHAN—Whither Are We Drifting? By OTTO STECHHAN. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

WHYTE—Newman: An Appreciation. By ALEXANDER WHYTE. Longmans, \$1.00.

WINSTON—The Grace of Orders. By N. B. WINSTON. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

YOUNG—Behind the Grill. By DUNCAN FRANCES YOUNG. Abbey Press.

POETRY AND VERSE

FARGO.—Songs Not Set to Music. By KATE MILLS FARGO. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

GILDER—Poems and Inscriptions. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. Century Co., \$1.00.

NEVAL—Thoughts that Come in the Night. By R. ED. NEVAL. Monarch Printing Co.

SHAKESPEARE—Twelfth Night. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

BIXBY—The New World and the New Thought. By JAMES T. BIXBY. Whittaker, \$1.00.

DRESSER—Book of Secrets. By HORATIO W. DRESSER. Putnam, \$1.00.

DUFF—Psychic Researches and Gospel Miracles. By Rev. E. M. DUFF and T. G. ALLEN. Whittaker, \$1.50.

HENSON—Godly Union and Concord. By H. HENSLY HENSON. Longmans.

MASON—The Ministry of Conversation. By A. J. MASON. Longmans.

MCCLELLAND—Verba Crucis. By T. CALVIN MCCLELLAND. Merrymount Press, \$0.50.

ROBINSON—The Personal Life of the Clergy. By ARTHUR W. ROBINSON. Longmans, \$0.90.

SMYTH—Through Science to Faith. By NEWMAN SMYTH. Scribner, \$1.50.

SOULSBY—Christ and His Cross. By L. H. M. SOULSBY. Longmans.

SWETE—Patristic Study. By H. B. SWETE. Longmans.

THOMPSON—The Hand of God in American History. By ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON. Crowell, \$1.00.

TRAVEL

THWAITES—Down Historic Waterways. By REUBEN GOLD THWAITES. McClurg Co.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of THE CRITIC by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mechanics' Institute Free Library. H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

The Story of France. Watson. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Mr. Dooley's Opinions. Dunne. (Russell, \$1.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Talks with Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novels.

The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$2.00.)

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Mercantile Library. W. T. PEOPLES, Librarian.

Caroline the Illustrious. Wilkins. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$12.00.)

The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. Ilchester. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$9.00.)
 In Sicily. Sladen. (Dutton, 2 vols., \$20.00.)
 Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.)
 The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.00.)
 China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 Links with the Past. Bagehot. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.50.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$15.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Society Library. F. B. BIGELOW, *Librarian.*
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$9.00.)
 Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.00.)
 Anticipations. Wells. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Mastery of the Pacific. Colquhoun. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pratt Institute Free Library. MARY W. PLUMMER, *Librarian.*
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, \$5.00.)
 The Letters of John Richard Green. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
 Talks to Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Brooklyn Public Library. FRANK P. HILL, *Librarian.*
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 Ranch Life and Hunting Trail. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$2.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 American Authors and their Homes. Halsey. (Pott, \$1.50.)
 Spinster Book. Reed. (Putnam, \$1.50 net.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

ATLANTA, GA.

Carnegie Institute Library. ANNE WALLACE LEE, *Librarian.*
 Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 France. Watson. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Letters from Japan. Fraser. (Macmillan, \$7.50.)
 Practical Electricity. Ayerton. (Cleveland Armature, \$2.00.)
 History of Scotland. Lang. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 Dynamic Sociology. Ward. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Southern Literature. Link. (Methodist Pub. House, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

- Bridgeport Public Library.** AGNES HILLS,
Librarian.
- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
- Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
- Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
- William Hamilton Gibson. Adams. (Putnam, \$2.00.)
- The Real Latin Quarter. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)
- Life of Queen Victoria. Lorne. (Harper, \$2.50.)
- Fireside Sphinx. Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)
- James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)
- Southern Wild Flowers. Lounsbury. (Stokes, \$3.65.)
- Most Popular Novel.*
- Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

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- Buffalo Public Library.** H. L. ELMENDORF,
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- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
- Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
- The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
- Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
- Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
- The Letters of John Richard Green. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
- The Rights of Man. Abbott. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)
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- Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
- Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)
- Boys of '76. Coffin. (Harper, \$2.00.)
- Innocents Abroad. Clemens. (Amer. Pub. Co., \$3.50.)
- The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
- The Spinster Book. Reed. (Putnam, \$1.50.)
- Most Popular Novel.*
- Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

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- Reconstruction in Theology. King. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
- Magic. Hopkins. (Munn & Co., \$2.50.)
- In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)
- Solar Biology. Butler. (Esoteric Pub. Co., Applegate, Cal.)
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- Turning Points in Successful Careers. Thayer. (Crowell & Co., 75 cts.)
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 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
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 Critical Biography of Henrik Ibsen. Jaeger. (McClurg & Co., \$1.50.)
 Scientific Demonstration of Future Life. Hudson. (McClurg & Co., \$1.50.)
 In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell & Co., \$1.25.)
 Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)
 Little Journeys. Hubbard. (Putnam, \$1.75 per vol.)
 Apparitions of Thought-Transference. Podmore. (Scribner, \$1.50.)
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 lan, \$2.00.)
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 Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. Lounsbury.
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 Power through Repose. Call. (Little, Brown
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 Poets of the Younger Generation. Archer.
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 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmil-
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 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
 (Scribner, \$4.00.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Har-
 per, \$1.50.)
 Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
 Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Rob-
 ertson, \$1.50.)
 Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips
 & Co., \$1.50.)
 China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols.,
 \$5.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper,
 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson.
 (Scribner, \$1.75.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin &
 Co., \$1.50.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

- City Library Association.** H. C. WELLMAN,
Librarian.
 School, College, and Character. Briggs
 (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin
 & Co., \$1.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmil-
 lan, \$2.00.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
 Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 American Traits. Münsterberg. (Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thomp-
 son. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson.
 (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
 (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Scribner, 2
 vols., \$3.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin &
 Co., \$1.50.)

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- Public Library.** HELEN J. MCCAINE, *Li-*
brarian.
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmil-
 lan, \$2.00.)

- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- How the Other Half Lives. Riis. (Scribner, \$2.50.)
- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
- Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
- White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)
- Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
Most Popular Novel.
- Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

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Syracuse Public Library. EZEKIEL W. MUNDY,
Librarian.

- The Letters of John Richard Green. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
- Works. Parkman. (Little, Brown & Co., 12 vols., \$24.00.)
- The Wilderness Hunter. Roosevelt. (Putnam, \$3.00.)
- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
- Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
- Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, \$3.75.)
- Bears of Blue River. Major. (Doubleday & McClure, \$1.25.)
- White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)
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- The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

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- With the "Ophir" round the Empire. Maxwell. (Copp, Clark & Co., \$1.50.)

- Lord Roberts: A Biography. Brooke-Hunt. (Nisbet, 6s.)
- Hall Caine, the Man and the Novelist. Kenyon. (Greening, 3s. 6d.)
- Henry Drummond. Simpson. (Oliphant, 1s. 6d.)
- American Duck Shooting. Grinnell. (Forest and Stream, \$3.50.)
- The Last of the Masai. Hindo. (Heinemann, 15s.)
- The Apostles of the South-east. Bullen. (Briggs, \$1.25.)
- Caroline, Queen-Consort of George III. Wilkins. (Longmans, Green & Co., 2 vols., 36s.)
- Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. Ilchester and Stravordale. (Murray, 2 vols., 32s.)
- Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland. Cartwright. (Seeley, 7s. 6d.)
Most Popular Novel.
- Audrey. Johnston. (Morang, \$1.50.)

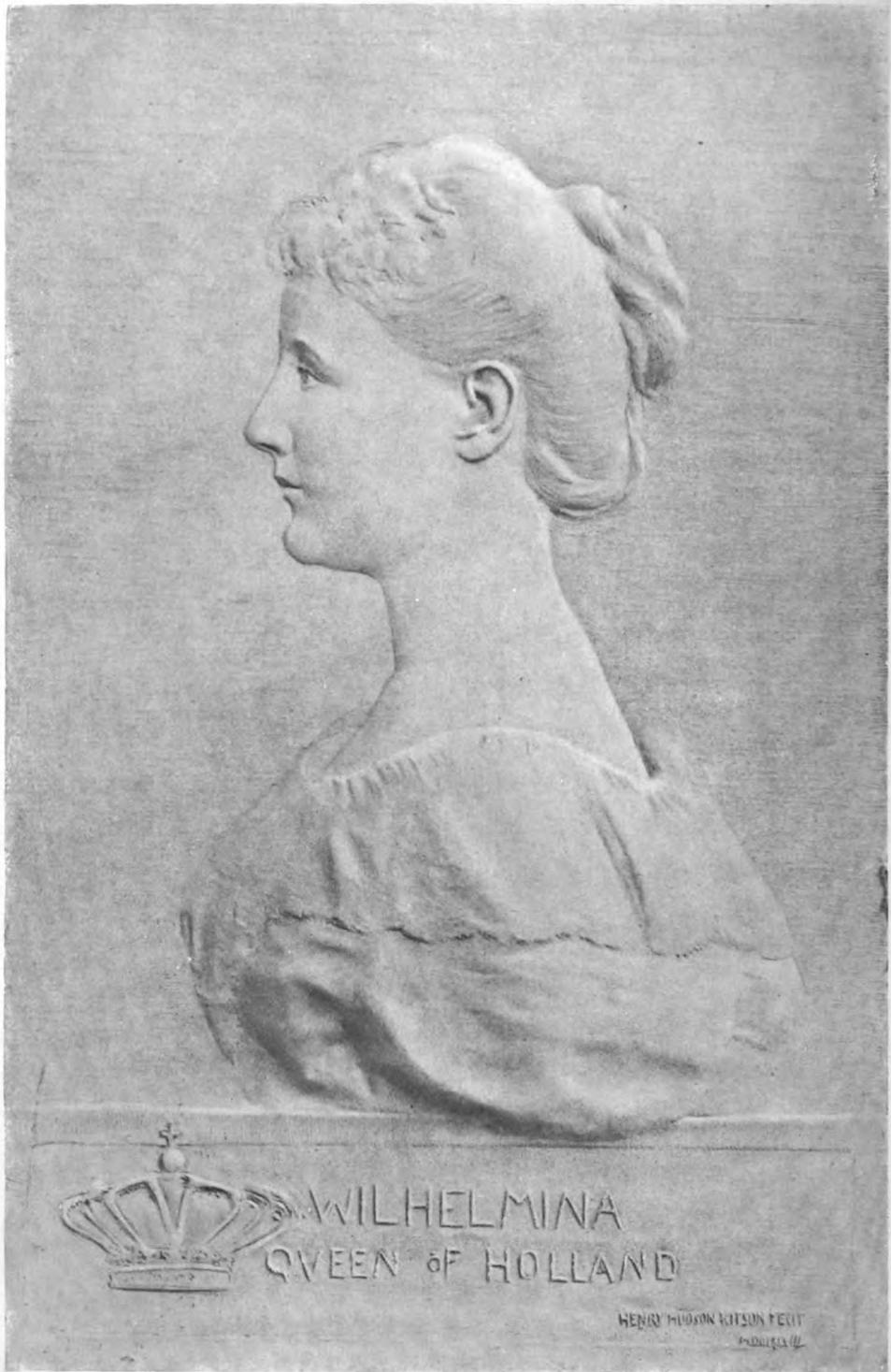
WORCESTER, MASS.

Free Public Library. SAMUEL S. GRENE,
Librarian.

- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
- Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
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- Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
- Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$15.00.)
- On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)
- Queen Victoria. Duke of Argyll. (Harper, \$2.50.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
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- Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)







WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS
(After the relief by Mr. Henry Hudson Kitson)

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature Art and Life

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No. 6

The Lounger

THE bas-relief of the young Queen of The Netherlands, here reproduced for the first time, is the work of Mr. Henry Hudson Kitson. Mr. Kitson made his studies for the portrait from life when he was last in Holland. He is at present living in Boston, where he and his wife, who is also a sculptor, have a studio together. Since his return to the United States, Mr. Kitson has made a number of statues to celebrate certain famous incidents in American history.



The death of Mr. Frank R. Stockton was a shock to the general public more, perhaps, than to his intimate friends. Although Mr. Stockton has been about as usual all winter, and was full of energy and spirit, he looked very badly. To those of us who had not seen him since last winter his appearance was a shock; and yet to talk with him he was his same old self, cheerful, optimistic, and full of plans for future work. Mr. Stockton did most of his work in the summer at his home in West Virginia, and in the winter he came to New York and lived in a hotel so that he would have little to do but see his friends. As he had hosts of them, his time was fully occupied.

It is not as the author of "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander," or "Kate Bonnet," that Mr. Stockton will be known to posterity, but as the creator of Pomona in "Rudder Grange" and the inventor of that unsolved conundrum "The Lady or the Tiger?" Judging by his appearance, Mr. Stockton was the last man to be suspected of being a humorist. He had a grave, serious face in repose, but when lighted up by a smile there was a twinkle in his eye that betrayed his calling. He never smiled when he told an amusing story. His solemnity then was more than half the fun.



The "Confessions of a Wife," now running in the *Century Magazine*, is attracting more attention than any serial that magazine has published since "The Bread Winners." The name given as that of the author is Mary Adams, but that, I believe, is only a pen-name. No one in the *Century* office, with the possible exception of the editor, knows who Mary Adams is; and he has to conceal his knowledge and carry on all his correspondence with the author through a lawyer. It is a foregone conclusion that "Confessions of a Wife" as a book will have

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an enormous sale. If the story were not so well told as it is, the title would be sufficient to sell it.



In another column there is an article on the late Bret Harte by Mr. Lionel

sort of affection that Dickens aroused was aroused for Mr. Harte by his stories of Western life. The last time I was in London Mr. Harte came to see me at my hotel, and just before I sailed for home I had the pleasure of dining with



THE LATE BRET HARTE
(After a photograph taken by Sarony in 1873)

Strachey, who writes from personal knowledge as well as sincere appreciation. I think that I was one of the first persons in the East to know Mr. Harte. When he came to New York on his way to Boston to become the editor of *Every Saturday*, he was a frequent visitor at my home. I shall never forget the keen enjoyment I felt in meeting with a man whose literary work I had delighted in as I did in the stories of Bret Harte. We used to wait for the appearance of his stories as in older times we waited for Dickens's Christmas stories, and the same

him. We talked over old times, and I found him just the same unaffected, unspoiled, genial gentleman that he was when I met him fresh from the Pacific coast. The earlier of these two portraits was taken in 1873; the other was, I believe, among the most recent.



"Elizabeth," the creator of the German Garden, is said to be writing a book describing the Baltic islands and fishing towns. So long as "Elizabeth" is going to give us a new book, we don't care what she writes about. It

is not so much the subject as the style that we admire in this writer. What an irruption of Elizabeths she has brought upon us! Everyone who writes anonymously writes as an Elizabeth. We have had so much of the name that

the F. A. Stokes Co. The title of Miss Robins's book, "The Magnetic North," was inspired, no doubt, by her recent visit to Cape Nome. Her experiences in that rough country must have been thrilling. They came near



THE LATE BRET HARTE

(From a recent photograph by The London Stereoscopic Co.)

we could almost wish it had never existed. But there is one consolation: when all the other Elizabeths are forgotten, she of the German Garden will be remembered.



There is another Elizabeth who will be remembered, but Elizabeth is her own name; she did not take it because another woman had made it successful. This is Miss Elizabeth Robins, the author of "The Open Question," who will soon publish a new book through

being her death, for she was ill for many months after her return. Now, however, she is well and strong, and besides being engaged in literary work is playing an important part in Mr. Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" at the St. James's Theatre in London.



The world in general, as well as the world of letters, was horrified at the tragedy of Paul Leicester Ford's death. It is only charitable to believe that his brother Malcom, who murdered him,

was insane. His family think so, and their view of his condition should be accepted by the outside public. At the time of his death, Mr. Ford had virtually completed a novel which he considered the most important that he had ever written. As far as I know, he had not arranged definitely for its publication. A story by Mr. Ford will appear in the *July Century*, and I dare say other stories and articles of his will appear in other periodicals from time to time, for he was a prolific writer and sold for the highest prices everything that came from his pen. The story of his life would be as interesting as any novel he ever wrote.



Photo for THE CRITIC by Hollinger

THE LATE PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Mr. Andrew Lang has just celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday. Many poems and other tributes were hurled at the head of Mr. Lang on this occasion, and among others a poem printed originally in 1888, when he had been appointed Gifford Lecturer at St. Andrew's University, was revived. When this poem first appeared it was over a pen-name. Now it is acknowledged to have been written by Lord Archibald Campbell, brother and heir presumptive to the Duke of Argyll:

Oh, Andrew, man, St. Andrew's, man,
Is a' the warld to thee:
In London fogs your cheeks are wan,
Be aff, man, to the lee,
Wi' niblick, cleek, and driver, man—
Oh, Andrew, man, St. Andrew's man—
Man, here 's a health to thee.
Professor here, Professor there,
Ye 're Andrew Lang to me.
Weel fill ye the Professor's chair
Wi' learned lore, and yet, methinks,
I ken richt weel yer heart 's no there—
It 's yonder ower the Links.



Mr. Lang's first book was "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," published in 1872. Of this there were only five hundred copies printed, and it is said that it took thirteen years to sell these five hundred. The book is now marked in dealers' catalogues as "scarce" and fetches a high price.



The Century Co., by an arrangement with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, has taken over Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick's two novels, "The Confounding of Camelia" and "The Dull Miss Archinard," and issues them uniformly with her new book, "The Rescue." Miss Sedgwick was born at Englewood, N. J., and is still in her twenties. For several years she studied art in Paris, and while studying she had such a strong bent for literature that, like Charlotte Brontë, she was always writing: in fact, she wrote novel after novel for the pleasure of doing it, and for the amusement of her two sisters and family, illustrating the text and afterwards consigning the whole

to the flames. "The Dull Miss Archinard," her first published novel, was written in this way, simply for the manuscript and brought it out. She was only twenty-two or twenty-three when she wrote this remarkable story.



Photo for THE CRITIC

MISS ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

by Holinger

family amusement. Fortunately it was not consigned to the fire; some friend having spoken of the story to an English publisher, the latter sent for the

This was followed by "The Confounding of Camelia," which was also published both in England and America; then she wrote "The Rescue." The



MRS. LOUISE LEE ANDREWS BACON

Century Magazine has still an unpublished short serial by her which will appear before long.

Mrs. Louise Lee Andrews Bacon was born in Baltimore, Md., November 29, 1861. She was the daughter of R. Snowden Andrews, a civil engineer, and a colonel in the Confederate Army. She was educated privately, and as a child she travelled widely, living for some time in France and in Mexico. She married Henry Bacon, an artist, who was one of the first American pupils to enter L'École des Beaux-Arts. The Bacons have lived for some years in Europe—in Paris, and at present live in Chelsea, London. They spend their winters in Egypt. Mrs. Bacon's recent book, "Our House-boat on the Nile,"

is a result of some of their experiences, and is illustrated in color from water-color sketches by Mr. Bacon.



Mr. F. J. Furnivall has found a mare's nest and he is making the most of it. He insists upon it—and there is no special reason why it should not be true—that one of Robert Browning's four known ancestors was a footman and butler in the family of Sir John Bankes, of Corfe Castle. Mr. Furnivall fairly chortles in his joy at this discovery. He says that Mr. Gosse and others have tried to suppress the awful fact, but that he, Furnivall, does not intend that it shall be suppressed. He says that it was well known at the office of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and that the late George Smith had his joke about it with a friend of Furnivall's. He insists that the "suppression of the worthy footman should not have been allowed. For if this kind of thing is connived at in one case, for the sake of the contemptible vanity of successors, readers cannot help asking in how many other cases it has gone on, and unjust suspicion will be aroused."



Mr. Furnivall not only berates Browning for having failed to flaunt his footman ancestor in the face of the public, but he gives Mr. Gosse a drubbing for having suppressed the fact in his article on Browning in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Mr. Furnivall takes a very patronizing attitude toward the dead poet and speaks of "my favorite Browning ancestor, the footman"; and again asks: "Will any one subscribe to put up a brass to the footman founder of the Browning family in Pentridge Church?" Mr. Furnivall fairly gloats over what he considers his great discovery, and he seems to feel overjoyed that he is telling something that might have annoyed Browning. But I doubt if Browning would be annoyed by the fact, though he might be annoyed at Mr. Furnivall's offensive tone in exploiting it. The only shame in having a footman

ancestor is in being ashamed of it. I would much rather have had a footman among my progenitors than a man who was ungentlemanly enough to taunt me with the fact.

his book, they would have made a good bargain; but I doubt if Mr. Major would have sold out for any such sum. The late George Du Maurier sold "The Martian" for fifty thousand dollars,



MR. CHARLES MAJOR
(From his latest photograph.)

All sorts of stories are told to account for Mr. Charles Major's change of publisher. There is only one true story, and that is that he thought he would make more money through Messrs. Macmillan. It is said that this firm recently paid him fifty thousand dollars advance royalties. If they paid him fifty thousand dollars for all rights on

and it was well for him that he did; but it was not so well for Messrs. Harper. "Dorothy Vernon" is likely to sell as many copies, if not more, than "When Knighthood was in Flower"; not because it is a better book, but because it has the advantage of the advertising that "Knighthood" has given it. And much of this advertising has come



MR. AND MRS. TROY KINNEY
(Popularly known as "The Kinneys")

through Miss Marlowe's charming performance in the play.



An odd little Chicago firm is responsible for the elaborate illustrations in Miss Liljencrantz's "Thrall of Leif the Lucky." It is a firm matrimonial as well as artistic,—“The Kinneys,”—having its being on the tenth floor of the building that shelters the principal artistic activities of the city by the lake. Here the young couple have worked indefatigably on theatrical decorations, posters, pictorial and even sculptural advertisements, and illustration that has finally made its mark. The entire output is signed by “The Kinneys,” and their respective shares in it appear as one and indivisible as the French Republic. Does the wife-partner plan and the husband-partner execute, or *vice versa*? No, they do both together. Does Margaret draw the figures and Troy the landscapes or architecture? No, they do both together.

Together they studied and manufactured early Scandinavian costumes for this Viking romance; together they rusticated in a purely Norwegian settlement on a sandspit running out into Lake Michigan, where they found models of the desired type and posed them on the dunes or in the beach-grass or under the pines. Together they designed initials in the style of Norse carvings and needlework and executed them in the manner of rude old woodcuts.

Mrs. Kinney has studied in Paris and contributed both portraits and landscapes to many exhibitions. Mr. Kinney, I think, has never been to Europe and is a pure Chicago product. Just now they are engaged on the pictures for an historical romance of Spain and the Netherlands, and they show with pride the first costume finished for them by the meek seamstress who carries out “The Kinneys’” somewhat astonishing orders, a figured gold-colored doublet with puffings of rose and linings of apple green. “Colors that fairly sing!” they say in chorus. There is always something doing in “The Kinneys’” little room, looking down on the limitless expanse of blue tossing lake below—but who does it, where the work of one ends and the other begins, no one can tell, not they themselves. An exhibition of the illustrations made for the “Thrall of Leif the Lucky” was held recently at Brentano's.



Like many other popular writers, Mr. George Ade has theatrical leanings. Fortunately, instead of dramatizing “Fables in Slang,” he has had the happy thought of writing directly for the stage, and laying his scene in our new Philippine possessions. His comic



INITIAL FOR THE "THRALL OF LEIF THE LUCKY"
(Designed by "The Kinneys")



Photo by

Bradley

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. WHARTON

(A review of "The Valley of Decision" by Miss Aline Gorren appears on page 541)

opera, "Ki-Ram, Sultan of Sulu," remarkable administration of the island writes a correspondent, "is now in the of Guam. By what process of benevolent third month of its run in Chicago, assilimation can a slave-holding,



MR. GEORGE ADE
(His latest and best portrait)

whence it will eventually proceed to New York. Mr. Ade has certainly hit upon the drollest episode to be found in our historical records, with the possible exception of Lieutenant Leary's polygamous Malay ruler become an American citizen? Such a theme needs few elaborations to make a burlesque, with its setting of tropical scenery, its chorus of dusky harem

beauties on one side and of susceptible khaki-clad soldiers on the other. Naturally Mr. Ade adds a few to the existing incongruities. Besides regulars and volunteers, Filipinos, Moros, and Yankee tars, he introduces a hustling advance agent of the trade that is to come and a strong-minded woman lawyer, who legislates for the bewildered natives according to the statutes of the State of Arkansas. A courier from Washington announces that the Constitution follows the flag only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. A noticeable thing in the opera is that the author of 'Artie,' 'Pink Marsh,' and the two sets of 'Fables,' entirely avoids slang."



Mr. John T. McCutcheon, who designed the costumes for "Ki-Ram, Sultan of Sulu," writes the same correspondent, "has an enviable record as a cartoonist and perhaps an even more enviable one as a friend. He and Mr. Ade have been chums since boyhood days. They came up from Indiana together, were classmates in college, and joined the staff of the *Chicago Record* together, Mr. Ade soon becoming the "star" reporter, and Mr. McCutcheon making his first hit with pictures for his friend's column, 'Stories of the Streets and of the Town.' Afterwards he illustrated Ade's first book. Then they made a European trip together, writing and illustrating as they went. Next came the first Bryan and McKinley Presidential campaign, in which McCutcheon's political cartoons were much noticed. Later he applied for a year's leave of absence and started on a tour round the world. He obtained permission from the Government to go on the *McCullough*, then starting for the East, but by the time they reached Hong-Kong war with Spain had been declared and United States ships were ordered to leave that neutral port. The *McCullough* tagged along after Dewey to Manila, and McCutcheon was one of the few newspaper men who actually witnessed the wonderful victory in the bay. That postponed his holiday for two years more.

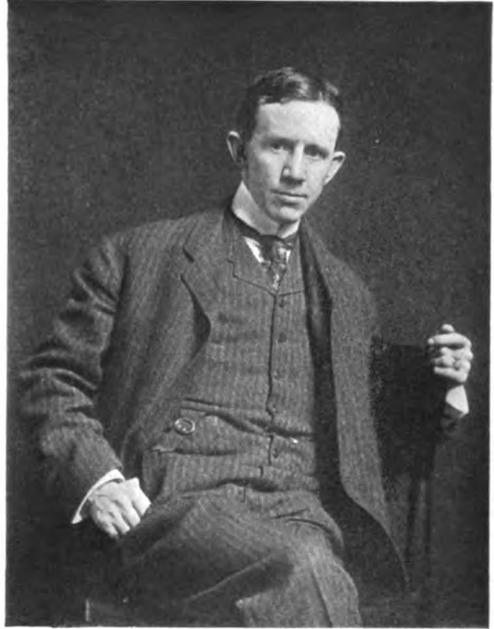


Photo by

Cox

MR. JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
(War correspondent and cartoonist)

On cabled orders from his paper he acted as its war correspondent and "special artist at the front" combined. He found time to contribute some clever Filipino sketches to *Harper's Weekly* and other periodicals before returning to America. His latest cartoons in the *Record-Herald* deal with Prince Henry of Prussia's strenuous American tour, burlesquing his reception in different American cities. The originals of these are now in Prince Henry's possession. Mr. McCutcheon's designs for costumes of this Filipino opera are based on studies made in the islands, where he even drew from life a portrait of the Sultan of Sulu himself."



It is rumored that Mrs. Craigie is to write the authorized biography of Lord Beaconsfield. It has also been said that she is undecided about undertaking the task, for it is no slight one. Lord Rowton, who was Disraeli's secretary, has spent years in accumulating material. Mrs. Craigie is a great admirer of Beaconsfield, and it was undoubtedly her appreciation of him in the "School for Saints" that led Lord Rowton to ask her to write the book.

Dr. Richard Burton, poet, essayist, and professor of literature, has succeeded the late Elbridge T. Brooks as literary adviser to the Lothrop Company. It is rumored, by the way, that

has lived a most interesting life, and is a most interesting man. He is a good writer, as well as a good speaker, and his reminiscences should make a most attractive volume.



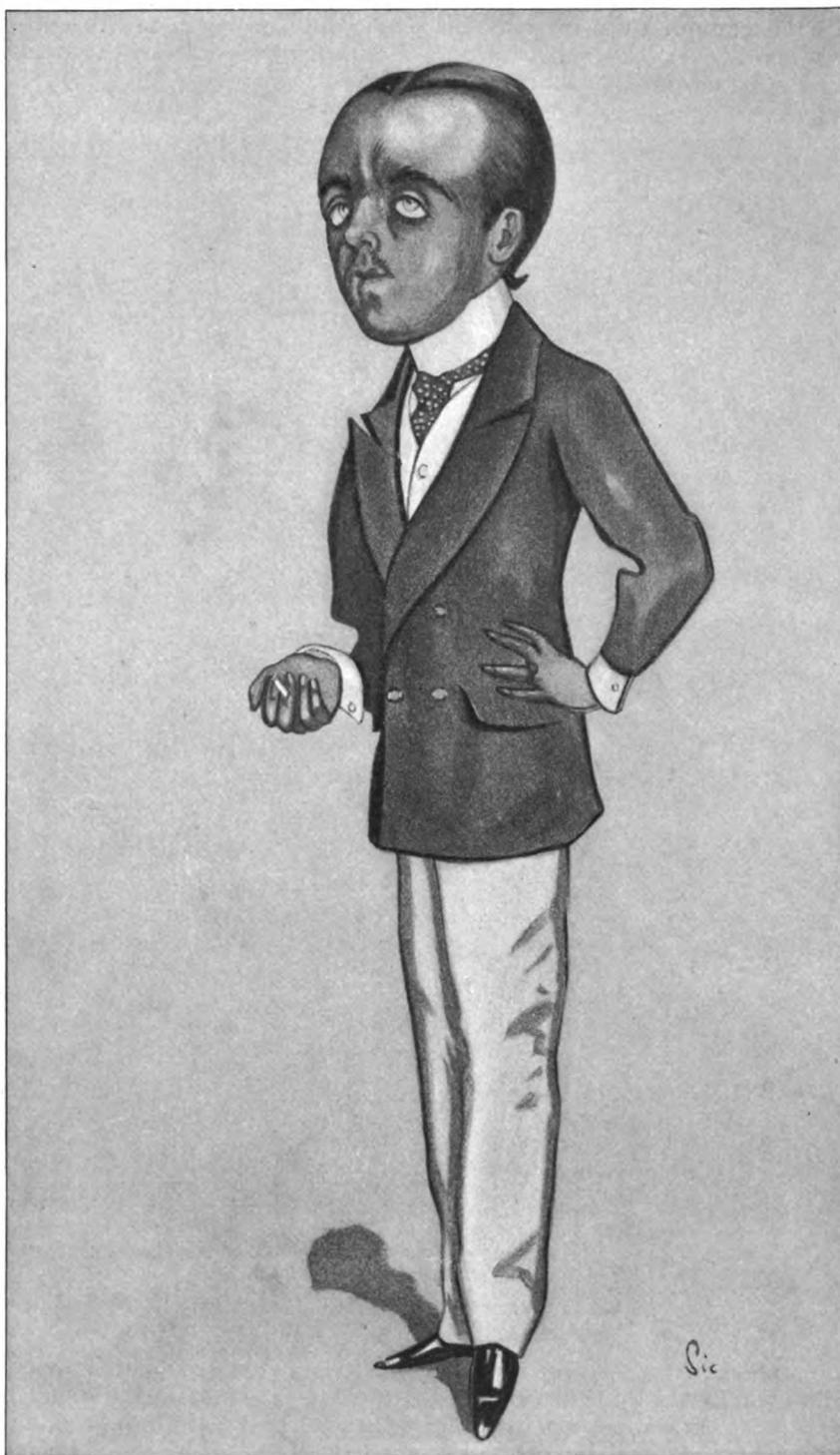
ENTERTAINING PRINCE HENRY—"TEN MINUTES IN ST. LOUIS"
(Drawn for the *Chicago Record-Herald* by Mr. John T. McCutcheon)

this firm is soon to have its headquarters in New York.

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It is said that the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler has written his reminiscences, the publication of which has been arranged for with a well-known Fifth Avenue firm of publishers. Dr. Cuyler

Turn about is only fair play. Mr. Max Beerbohm has caricatured everyone who has come within reach of his pencil; now he can see for himself how it feels to be the subject of the caricaturist. No one denies that Mr. Beerbohm is a man of brains, but if all that vast dome is filled with gray matter he



A CARICATURIST CARICATURED—MR. MAX BEERBOHM AS SEEN BY "SIC"

should have enough to share with his friends. Not even Daniel Webster looked more wise from his eyebrows up.

be going too far to say that there will be no review copies of these books sent out.



MR. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, WHO HAS JUST WRITTEN THE INDIANAPOLIS SOLDIERS' MONUMENT DEDICATORY POEM

(After the portrait by Mr. T. C. Steele. See page 499)

It is claimed that the Bible to be issued from the Doves Press at Hammersmith will be the most beautiful of modern times. It will be printed in five volumes, each volume to cost three guineas, and there will be only five hundred copies printed. It would not

It is suggested that, in view of the meat trust, meatless dinners be instituted. This would go hard with some, particularly with Mr. Marion Crawford, who lives almost entirely upon meat and seldom eats vegetables. But there are others, like Dr. Johnson, who

would not find it a serious deprivation, particularly Scotchmen, who are said to cultivate literature on a little oat-meal. When one considers that the Italian laborers who work in our sub-

Elder & Shepard of San Francisco. I reproduce one of Mr. Irwin's quatrains, also one of Mr. Burgess's illustrations. I do not quite like the idea of fooling with the Rubáiyát, but I



POSTER PORTRAIT OF MR. WALLACE IRWIN
By Mr. Gelett Burgess

ways and do the most of the hard work in building railroads eat a bit of bread and cheese for their midday meal, and a dish of spaghetti for their dinner, it does not seem to be proved that meat is necessary to strength.



Mr. Wallace Irwin, author of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," has written "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, Jr.," which is illustrated by Gelett Burgess, and published by Messrs.

confess that I have smiled over some of Mr. Irwin's grotesque parodies. For example this, of one of the most noted quatrains:

A Grand Piano underneath the Bough,
A Gramophone, a Chinese Gong, and Thou
Trying to sing an Anthem off the Key—
Oh, Paradise were Wilderness enow!



Mark Twain, who has been living all winter in the W. H. Appleton house at

Riverdale,—which house, by the way, has been recently purchased by Mr. Frank Munsey,—has bought a home of his own at Tarrytown. The experiences of dwellers along the Hudson with burglars has apparently not frightened Mr. Clemens away from that beautiful neighborhood. His new home is being remodelled by Mr. John Howells, the son of the novelist, who is an architect of no mean ability.

It is rumored that we are to have a magazine exclusively for women, and this is announced as something new. Perhaps the plan upon which *Truth* is to be run is new, but if *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Gentlewoman*, *Harper's Bazar*, and a score of others that I could name are not women's magazines, what are they? *Truth* has passed through various stages since its inception. It has been all sorts and conditions of things, and latterly has been published by a firm of lithograph printers, more, I imagine, to show the quality of their work than for any other reason. Now it is said that they are going to allow a committee of women to edit it in the "higher interests of women." *Truth* will continue to be the name, with the addition of *The Woman's Forum* as a subtitle. It is, I imagine from the suggestion of its intentions that I have seen, intended to be the mouthpiece of women's clubs and other organizations. It will be interesting to watch its career.

Miss Sarah A. Tooley, who seems to be a favorite biographer of queens, has written a life of Queen Alexandra. Miss Tooley must be a woman of great tact to be able to write the life of a living queen without giving offence to the subject of her biography or to its subject's subjects. In her life of Queen Alexandra she tells us many anecdotes to illustrate what Mr. Bok would call the "human side" of the Queen. For instance:

During a visit paid by her in 1888 with the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, after inspecting every part of the Home for Scandinavian Sailors, said to Mrs.

Melin, the superintendent, "I should like to see the kitchen." It was dinner-time, and the cook was frying fish. "I can cook fish," said the Princess; "let me show you if I cannot"; and going up to the cooking range she deftly used the culinary instrument and turned the fish in the pan until they were the requisite brown. The cook looked none too well pleased at "ladies in the kitchen," but when, as the visitors turned to leave, Mrs. Melin whispered to her, "It is the Princess of Wales who has fried the fish," the woman dropped the dish from her hand on the floor and remained speechless with astonishment, at which the Princess enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Princess Alexandra's first disillusionment in England came to her with the stern refusal of her royal mother-in-law to lift a finger on behalf of the Danes in their unequal struggle with the leading German Powers for the sovereignty of the Elbe Duchies.

Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. announce a third series of "Cap and Gown," edited by R. L. Paget. Among the verses is "Arma Virumque," by Harold Kellock, Columbia University.

I like the gentle oc-to-pus,
Because he's such a funny cuss;
His eyes jut out like bar-na-cles,
Or little half-grown mussel shells;
And though he boasts no other charms,
The creature has a hundred arms—
So here with Maisie 'neath the tree
I fain the oc-to-pus would be!

For the limited edition of Montaigne's Essays which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish, the Florio translation is the one selected. The work will comprise three folio volumes. Each volume will contain a frontispiece portrait of Montaigne, the one for the first volume being after Fiquet. The frontispieces, decorative title-pages, and initial letters will all be engraved on wood, and in the bibliography to appear at the end of Volume III. there will be fac-simile reproductions of title-pages and other interesting material from famous old editions. The type, to be known as the Montaigne, has not yet appeared in any publication; it is large and bold, modelled upon a type-cut by a fifteenth-century French engraver.

THE SOLDIER

MONUMENT DEDICATION, INDIANAPOLIS,* MAY 15, 1902

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE SOLDIER!—meek the title, yet divine:
Therefore with reverence, as with wild acclaim,
We fain would honor in exalted line
The glorious lineage of the glorious name;
The Soldier.—Lo, he ever was, and is,
Our Country's high custodian, by right
Of patriot blood that brims that heart of his
With fiercest love, yet honor infinite.

The Soldier—within whose inviolate care
The Nation takes repose,—her inmost fane
Of Freedom ever has its guardian there,
As has her forts and fleets on land and main:
The heavenward banner, as its ripples stream
In happy winds, or float in languid flow,
Through silken meshes ever sifts the gleam
Of sunshine on its sentinel below.

The Soldier!—Why, the very utterance
Is music—as of rallying bugles, blent
With blur of drums and cymbals and the chants
Of battle-hymns that shake the continent—
The thunder-chorus of a world is stirred
To awful universal jubilee,—
Yet ever through it, pure and sweet, are heard
The prayers of Womanhood and Infancy.

Even as a fateful tempest sudden loosed
Upon our senses, so our thoughts are blown
Back where *The Soldier* battled, nor refused
A grave all nameless in a clime unknown.—
The Soldier—though, perchance, worn, old, and gray;
The Soldier—though, perchance, the merest lad,—
The Soldier—though he gave his life away,
Hearing the shout of "Victory," was glad—

* Copyright, 1902, by James Whitcomb Riley.

The Critic

*Aye, glad and grateful, that in such a cause
 His veins were drained at Freedom's holy shrine—
 Rechristening the land—as first it was,—
 His blood poured thus in sacramental sign
 Of new baptism of the hallowed name
 "My Country"—now on every lip once more
 And blest of God with still enduring fame.—
 This thought even then The Soldier gloried o'er.*

*The dying eyes upraised in rapture there,—
 As, haply, he remembered how a breeze
 Once swept his boyish brow and tossed his hair
 Under the fresh bloom of the orchard-trees—
 When his heart hurried, in some wistful haste
 Of ecstasy, and his quick breath was wild
 And balmy-sharp and chilly-sweet to taste,—
 And he towered godlike, though a trembling child.*

*Again, through luminous mists, he saw the skies'
 Far fields white-tented; and in gray and blue
 And dazzling gold, he saw vast armies rise
 And fuse in fire—from which, in swiftest view,
 The Old Flag soared, and friend and foe as one
 Blent in an instant's vivid mirage—then
 The eyes closed smiling on the smiling sun
 That changed the scer to a child again.—*

*And, even so, The Soldier slept.—Our own!—
 The Soldier of our plaudits, flowers, and tears,—
 O this memorial of bronze and stone—
 His love shall outlast this a thousand years!
 Yet, as the towering symbol bids us do,—
 With soul saluting, as salutes the hand,
 We answer as The Soldier answered to
 The Captain's high command.*



That "Affair" of Mrs. Atherton's

By J. P. MOWBRAY

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S literary "affair" with Alexander Hamilton should, I think, renew the gayety of Bohemia, if it does not in some degree stir the surface of conventional ethics.

Her book, "The Conqueror,"* has an emotional quality very apt to be overlooked, if not avoided, by the persons who take their literature too seriously. That merit consists in the facile dislodgment of a modern notion that there is no gender in genius. In asserting her thesis she has asserted her sex, the discreet lines of which were fast disappearing in androgynous fiction.

It requires a distinct order, not alone of genius, but of organization, to say at this time of day, as the author of "The Conqueror" has said, that Thomas Jefferson is the most despicable character in history. No mere man could have achieved this judgment, when removed from the political shambles to the cool deliberation of letters. He would have pattered and weighed with his avoirdupois intellect the many disturbing relativities and cross-lights, and it never would have occurred to him to offset the hideousness of Jefferson by putting Alexander Hamilton in spangles.

If you will allow me to dodge that capacious and convenient pigeonhole which Professor Matthews has provided for journalists and labelled "reviewing," and for the moment assert the inalienable right of all laymen to exercise an admiring criticism, I should like to point out in the interest of current literature what a special charm of unfaltering femininity lurks and bounces in this wonderful book.

To come back by the mere turning of a few pages to the adorable qualities which in the natural woman precede literature altogether and take no heed—qualities that piqued and inflamed us in our salad days, when girls were girls and exercised the divine

right to love and hate and do inimitably just what they "darned pleased," without our special wonder, so long as they remained girls,—is, or ought to be, a delightful privilege to a slightly ennuied sex like my own, still hampered and harassed by imperatives and postulates.

Looked at honestly, this is the charm of the book. It not only eradicates all the limitations of female genius, but it fixes anew the curbs and bounds of mere male writers. Do his best in historical studies or political economy, man must lack insouciance; that ravishing twitter of spontaneity and vivacious heedlessness of emotion which lend a nimble and insistent iridescence to "The Conqueror." Always in the attempts to adjust the problems of history man has been unable to escape from the finite limitations of his sex. Whatever he may do in his personal relations to men and women, he comes to his relations to history with a sneaking consciousness that he must face the responsibility of his words, and it is simply preposterous to look for insouciance in any such servitude of mind.

In such a dilemma, whether the man has to meet the obdurate landlord or the incorrigible Thomas Jefferson, his preference for the vivacities will make him cry "*Place aux dames!*" and send the woman of the house to do the interviewing.

It is given only to the impulses to know that to be just and responsible is to be insufferably dull. We can easily imagine the mistake the late John Fiske would have made had he undertaken such a study as Alexander Hamilton offers. He would have displaced vivacity with veracity, and undertaken in his lumbering way to fix the status of that eminent man. What Gertrude Atherton does with an incomparable gayety of heart, is to fix her own status, and, if you are abreast of the contemporaneous methods, you will not think of Hamlet, but of Bernhardt.

*"The Conqueror." By Gertrude Atherton. Macmillan. \$1.50.

It would be a great disappointment if not a great injustice to the historical debutante in "The Conqueror" to say that in the popular estimate of her book Alexander Hamilton's profile is more conspicuous than her own, and it argues a singular lack of gallantry in her reviewers that they have not hastened to assure her that this is not so. How even a reviewer can overlook the intent and the result when the author postulates herself at the first entrance is incredible. She comes promptly into the scene, working her eyes and her ethics, like the tragedy queen to forewarn us that she is not and cannot be the ingénue of the play.

To expect [she says] a man of Alexander Hamilton's order of genius to keep faith with one woman for a lifetime would be as reasonable as to look for such genius without the transcendent passions which are its furnace.

The genesis of genius once established in this cock-a-hoop manner, all the rest will be lively.

When I read that passage I turned the book down and tried to think where I had encountered it before. I felt instinctively that, however transcendent and unique Alexander Hamilton might be, the author herself belonged to a group, and was falling into a category. Was the scintillant thought one of the pearls that Catherine of Russia had tried, like Cleopatra, to dissolve in her wine, or was it merely a pandect of the Du Barry's escaping from the reticence of history, as Du Barry herself has recently escaped from the reticence of good taste.

The more I tried to fix the maternity of this comprehensive thought, the more resolutely the advanced women of our era seemed to toss their heads and scowl at me,—even Sarah Grand, who occasionally sacrifices her shrewdness for her shrewishness, went silently and disdainfully by.

But what will not a little feminine persistence do. I rummaged and finally I came upon it in the *North American Review* in an article on the poet Shelley, written by Ouida. Here it is. You have my permission to read it aloud, after the ladies have left the room.

That society is arriving at the consciousness that for an ordinary woman to expect the monopoly of the existence of a man of genius is a crime of vanity and egotism so enormous that it cannot be accepted or imposed upon him. Therefore it is wholly out of date and unfitting to the times to see critics and authors discussing and embittering the memory of Shelley on account of his relations with women.

Having struck this trail, in which the morals are almost as indistinct as the English, something told me that could I but follow it far enough I should arrive at Corelli, and possibly at Aphra Behn herself. It was not the murmur of the advanced woman;

It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Arbora.

But you will remind me that Ouida did not meddle with history, only with morality, and that it is desirable to differentiate the plunky plunks.

You are quite right. The dulcimer is the same, but the strokes are not. Ouida lacked the breadth of treatment necessary to set political economy to rag time; besides, Ouida wears a dinky hat and standing collar and top-boots—in literature, and Gertrude Atherton is brave enough to take her umbrella ruffles over into statesmanship, and boldly proclaim: "I am not a Democrat. I am a rainy daisy."

It is this that we are bound to applaud. Genius, we can never forget, strikes out a new path for itself—and it is understood that in speaking of genius I allude to Atherton, not to Hamilton.

In the matter of keeping a contract with one woman, Hamilton may or may not have been a genius, but he was not genius enough to write a palindrome defending his right to break such a contract. It is here that man, in his best estate, sinks to his ordained level. He can break the commandments, but he is so organized that he cannot eulogize his transgression. He lacks the intrepidity of true genius, and in being a slave to his passions is also, at other times, a mute bondsman to the consequences.

Gertrude Atherton has the incomparable bravery to set the unanswerable canons of sex ahead of the mandates of morality. There is, or was, an ordinance to the effect that we shall love our neighbor as ourselves. It unmistakably means that we shall love all men. The author of "The Conqueror" bars it at once with the primacy of femininity. A woman cannot love collectively, only consecutively. All men must give way to one man. Trite as this law is in life, it flames with a new authority in Atherton's literature, where we are invited to observe that she cannot do justice to men, for she is too much occupied with a man.

Reason as we may, such disenfranchisement as is here offered the observant eye ravishes with a reckless piquancy. We feel in this protean excursus something of the irresistible charm of dishevelled ardor, which does not weigh but worships. The very contradictions have a splendor of impulsive naïveté that defies appraisal. Having laid down the immutable law, that the god of her idolatry cannot be held to any moral responsibility, she proceeds with inimitable inconsequence to kick the late Thomas Jefferson down-stairs on account of his moral delinquency. Called to account for exhibiting more partiality than perspicacity, this is her answer:

I never denied that Thomas Jefferson was a man of genius. I only spoke once of his dubious intellect. My quarrel was with his character, which is the most despicable in history.

Can anything be more delicious than this? I never denied that Thomas Jefferson was a man of genius—except once. How mean you are! I hate him!

That the author's own postulate has now galloped out of sight entirely is of no consequence. The one burning fact that remains is that Thomas Jefferson was not and could not be admirable in any sense while Alexander Hamilton had the stage, and reason must adjust itself accordingly.

"I may have idolized Alexander Hamilton," she poutingly says, "but, by heavens! I never idealized him."

There is a fine touch of maternity in this, which condones coddling. "As I brought him up from babyhood," she avows, "I should like to ask who should know him better."

Who indeed: The question is unanswerable—or rather, it answers itself, seeing that nobody has recognized anything in the offspring except the mother. But in that sense Alexander Hamilton is a distinct creation and by any other name would have smelled as sweet.

One can now understand why Juliet's historical study of the Montagues, stuffed with all the spices of rodomontade and hyperbole, will outlast Herodotus himself, and we can in the abiding glow comprehend how the same idolizing could not make a Romeo of Alexander Hamilton without introducing a bloody Tybalt into the tableau. If Hamilton is the god of the author's idolatry, it follows naturally, in this feminine order of induction, that Jefferson will be the demon of her disparagement. To quiver and glow in this pristine enthusiasm, we must enter into it with our sympathies. Does not external Nature herself gasp and stand amazed when Alexander Hamilton is born? Verily. The inorganic world gathers its bated breath for pæans at the annunciation. Sky and sea and forest and sunshine seem to know with molecular prescience that Juliet will cut him up into little bits and put a bit in every star. And what inanimate forces concede, the successive races of men will acknowledge.

And why not, if, as the author unequivocally declares, the present energy of the American people was generated by Hamilton. We are given to understand that there is not a force in the agglomerate of vital commonwealths now arresting the world's attention with prodigious verve and valor, that is not traceable to Alexander Hamilton's entrance upon the scene. And, conversely, there is not a danger, a disease, or a disgrace potentially in the body politic, or lurking, mayhap, in the physical resources of the States, that does not owe its genesis to Jefferson. If Democracy took its cue from

Jefferson, so much the worse for Democracy. The one unpardonable sin of America has been that it did not whistle Jefferson, with his plebeian parentage, his sordid soul, and his filthy habits, down the back stairs at the start, and fall on its collective knees to the patrician Hamilton.

The splendor of this assumption dazzles and disarms judgment, and we cannot too heartily welcome back to popular literature those hoyden impulses and lightning generalizations which, in actual life, gave such a piquant zest to halcyon hours when women were girls and popular literature as yet was not.

The royal privilege which enables an author to be both divinely irrational and humanly irritant at the same time is not conferred by art, but comes by nature. We concede the right as an endowment only to ingenuousness, and it is always a right which leaps to its conclusions with its surface nerves, keeping well within its Olympian paces by being exhibitory without ever being exegetic.

Thomas Jefferson, who had never been idolized by a romancer—only by a people—seems to have eluded, up to our time, the dainty compulsion of contemporaneous sauciness, very much as "Nazareth," up to our time, had eluded the sportiveness of a "Lamb's Gambol." It required a special gift to bring Jefferson within range of what George Eliot calls "those tiresome observances which society labels pleasure."

But the special gift appeared. It did not exploit—it exposed. "It is the fate of all historic fictions," says Atherton officially, "to be exposed," and in this breathes the very spirit of contemporaneity. It is not only more facile, but it is more popular, to expose than to explain.

Do you still ask why Thomas Jefferson should be exposed at this late day?

"Because," answers Insouciance, "he has plebeianized this country with such thoroughness that it is more uncomfortable to live in than any kingdom of Europe," and that answer triumphs with a seductive spite that is peripheral and perennial.

I hate Thomas Jefferson because he has interfered with my comfort. There are no Thomas Jeffersons in Austria or Spain or Russia.

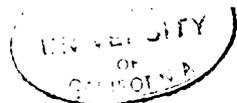
The 'immeasurable sauciness of this may not be American, but you cannot deny that it is amusing and imperial. The disagreeable national results of Thomas Jefferson's existence could not have been come at *ex libris*. They are in our uncomfortable democratic environment, and so, with a new *a posteriority*, we go backward with our pique until we find something to hang it on.

Nor do we, as observant men, care to extract and count the hair-pins which our author has thrust into Thomas Jefferson's record. It is enough for us to acknowledge that the romancer's unerring sense of contrast and effect led her up against the statue of a Democratic Jove, and that she never could have shown so piquantly against the "great backward and abysm of time" as against that majestic and convenient relief. Nor are we disposed to rob Alexander Hamilton of the lyceum which idolatry burns about his shadow. Rather, believe me, we are inclined, in the *entraînement* of it all, to lose sight of the statue and exult only in the evanescent and *débraille* flutter at its base.

This mighty obelisk, like the shoulders of the Great Range, must consent to have the April mists pass between, to disturb and obscure with capricious sunshine and tears that which is rooted in the foundations of the world and is abiding.

Malappropriateness, when well enamelled, is in itself captivating, and just at a time when the country is about to spend a hundred millions to celebrate the crowning work of Thomas Jefferson's arduous Democracy,—the Louisiana Purchase,—there is a possible sensation in being told that Thomas Jefferson is the most despicable man in history. There is a time for all things.

If literature is to keep abreast of the free library, we must have not temperance, but temperament—that ineffable quality that does not idealize, only



idolizes. Then only shall we hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn, and, enswathed with the matchless ardor of irresponsibility, see renewed that mantic naïveté that once spoke in supernatural hysteria at Delphi and Dodona.

Something in "The Conqueror" blows vagrantly, and scented, if not from the Ægean, it may be from the boudoir. It may be Paphian, but it is

never pragmatic. It soothes and lulls while it irritates, and we fall into the Hellenic maunder with responsive croon, to find ourselves murmuring again that gloaming song of our classic babyhood:

Musa, musæ,
The gods are at tea.
Musæ, musam,
Eating raspberry jam.

A Genial Hater: Sir Walter Besant "As in a Looking-Glass"

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

THE late Sir Walter Besant's eagerly awaited autobiography* is not a large book, covering less than three hundred pages, but every page is interesting, just as Sir Walter's novels were interesting, just as he himself was interesting—not thrilling, not great in any way, but full of the interest that went with his personality.

The autobiography is edited by Mr. S. Squire Sprigge, who writes an introduction which he calls a prefatory "note," though it covers twenty-seven pages. It is, however, valuable as explaining certain things in the autobiography. Sir Walter wrote the book for publication, but he did not live to read his proofs or revise his manuscript. He did not mean the book to be published until after his death, but he intended to leave it in perfect shape. Mr. Sprigge thinks that had Sir Walter revised the book certain expressions of bitterness towards the Church and towards the critics would have been omitted. I have my doubts. Sir Walter was one of the most genial men that ever lived, but, at the same time, he was a good hater and a good fighter, as no one knows better than those who fell under his displeasure. He never hesitated during the course of his life to say what he thought of publishers and their methods. He fought them tooth and nail. And yet he worked

for them, for Messrs. Chatto & Windus were the publishers of his novels and Messrs. Black of his stupendous "Survey of London," which was never finished. Although Sir Walter fought the publishers, he had many warm friends among them. They regarded his onslaughts as rather Quixotic than spiteful. His argument was that publishers made too much money, authors too little. This may be true in some cases, but I think, on the whole, that authors are having their innings now, if they never had before. But they did before, as well as now, if their books sold; if their books did not sell, of course they made no money. I do not think that George Eliot had anything to complain of, nor had Dickens nor Thackeray. Perhaps they would have made more money to-day, but that may be because there are more readers than because of any better publishing conditions.

Sir Walter believed in the literary agent. He was guided in all his business transactions by Mr. A. P. Watt, whom he specially compliments in his autobiography, not only as having made money for him, but as having relieved him from every kind of pecuniary anxiety. Since putting himself into the hands of Mr. Watt and his son his income was multiplied by three at least. This is interesting but not encouraging to the beginner. Sir Walter had his

*"The Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant." Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.40 net.

market when he put himself into Messrs. Watt's hands. They increased it and, as he said, relieved him of all care, but had he been a beginner they would not have touched him with a ten-foot pole. And one can hardly blame them. They have an enormous business with authors whose work is easy to dispose of, and why should they cumber the machinery of their office with the work of authors who have no commercial value? Of course, if they should discover a genius, I have no doubt that they would put him on their list, but they have n't time to look for geniuses with so many geniuses looking for them.

The closing chapters of Sir Walter's autobiography, those that tell of his literary work, are the most interesting to me. It was in 1868 that he decided to cultivate the field of literature—not entirely, however, for he retained a secretaryship to help him along while he was selling his essays, mostly special articles on French literature. While this line of work was most interesting, it was not remunerative. One of his most elaborate papers, on the "Romance of the Rose," which cost him six months and more of solid work, netted him \$175. During the years from 1868 to 1873 inclusive, he does not think that he made as much as \$1000 a year by literary work, but he says:

I was, however, unmarried, I lived in chambers, and I still kept my secretaryship. It is really astonishing how well one can live as a bachelor on quite a small income. My rent was £40 a year; my laundress, washing, coals, lights, and breakfast cost me about £70 a year. My dinners—it is a great mistake not to feed well—cost me about 30 shillings a week. Altogether I could live well indeed on about £250 a year. Practically I spent more, because I travelled whenever I could get away, and bought books, and was fond of good claret. The great thing in literary work is always the same—to be independent; not to worry about money, and not to be compelled to go pot-boiling. I could afford to be anxious about the work and not to be anxious at all about money. And I think that the happiest circumstance of my literary career is that when the money became an object, the money

began to come in. While I wanted but little, the income was small.

At the age of fifty, Besant threw away the prop of secretaryship and leaned entirely upon literature for support. By accident he became a novelist. A contribution to the Christmas number of *Once a Week* attracted so much attention that he decided to give himself up to the writing of works of the imagination, and he never regretted his decision. Looking back upon the time when he wrote scholarly papers on French literature, he says:

I now understand that there is no branch of the literary life more barren and dreary than that of writing notes upon poets and other writers dead and gone. I have seen the effect of this left upon so many. First, everybody can do it, well or ill; therefore there is a striving for something distinctive, resulting in extravagance, exaggerations, studied obscurity, the pretence of seeing more than other people can see in an author, the parade of an inferior writer as a great genius; so we have the revival of a poet deservedly forgotten—all *pour l'effet*, and all leading directly to habitual dishonesty, sham, and the estimation of form above matter.

It was just after the appearance of this Christmas story, "Titania's Farewell," that James Rice, who was the editor of *Once a Week*, came to him with the plot of a novel and with the suggestion that they write it out together. And here Sir Walter explains the method of collaboration adopted by himself and Rice and practised by them for ten years:

It is enough to state that we worked without disagreement; that there never was any partnership between us in the ordinary sense of the word; but that the collaboration went on from one story to another, always without any binding conditions, always liable to be discontinued, while each man carried on his own independent literary work and was free to write fiction, if he pleased, by himself.

The collaboration had its advantages. Among others, that of freeing me, for my part, from the worry of business arrangements. I am, and always have been, extremely averse from making terms and arrangements for myself. At the same time, if I were asked for my opinion as to collaboration in fiction, it would be decidedly against it. I say this without the least desire to depreciate the literary ability of my friend and collaborateur.

The arrangement lasted for ten years and resulted in as many successful novels. I only mean that, after all, an artist must necessarily stand alone. If two men work together the result must inevitably bear the appearance of one man's work. The style must be the same throughout; the two men must be rolled into one; each must be loyal to the other; neither can be held responsible for plot, incident, character, or dialogue. There will come a time when both men fret under the condition, when each desires, but is not able, to enjoy the reputation of his own good work, and feels, with the jealousy natural to the artist, irritated by the loss of half of himself and ready to accept the responsibility of failure in order to make sure of the meed of success. Now that Rice is dead it is impossible for me to lay hands upon any passage or page and to say, "This belongs to Rice—this is mine." The collaboration would have broken down, I believe, amicably. It would have been far better if it had broken down five years before the death of Rice, so that he might have achieved what has been granted to myself—an independent literary position.

The time from 1882 to 1900 was one of unceasing work. "During this period," says Sir Walter, "my beard grew gray; I advanced from forty-six to sixty-four; from middle age I became old; but I never ceased to rejoice in my work; to find every novel—there was one a year—the most delightful I had ever written; to fall in love with my heroine; to admire my young men of virtue; and to desire, above all things, that my villain should reap the fruit of his iniquities."

As a proof of Sir Walter's industry, it may be noted that he wrote eighteen novels in eighteen years. This meant hard work—but what about Mr. Marion Crawford, who often writes two novels in one year and once wrote four within twelve months? Sir Walter was prolific because he was industrious. He says:

It is no merit in me to work continuously. I am not happy when I am not working. I cannot waste the afternoon in a club smoking-room, nor can I waste two hours before dinner in a club library, nor can I waste a whole morning pottering about a garden, and in the evening, after dinner, I am fain to repair to my study, there to look over proofs, hunt up points, and arrange for the next

day's work. Again, when I have fiction in hand, I cannot do any good with it for more than three or four hours a day—say from 9 till half-past 12. In the afternoon I must work at other things.

It took him eight or ten months to write a novel. This meant the writing of about a thousand words a day. But Sir Walter did not always write about a thousand words a day; he sometimes wrote more, sometimes less. Of the books that he wrote in conjunction with Rice, "The Chaplain of the Fleet" was his favorite; of the books he wrote alone, "Dorothy Forster."

Sir Walter does not mince matters when he discusses critics of books. He does not believe in wholesale criticism. There are few books, according to his judgment, that are worth criticising at all. While he assails critics in general, he does not deny the virtues of individuals. This is one of his raps at the guild:

It ought to be understood that a true critic—one who is jealous for both the form and the matter, one who is above all personal considerations, one who is not a "slasher" and a "slater," but a cold and calm judge—is as rare as a true poet, and as valuable. Editors do not understand this. They seem to make no effort to secure the true critics; they allow the disappointed failure, the "slasher," and the "slater" to defile their columns unchecked. There are not, in fact, enough true critics to go round, but an effort should be made by the younger men to imitate their methods. I believe that one can count on ten fingers the few critics whose judgments are lessons of instruction to writers as well as readers, who take broad views of literary work, and do not judge a writer by a fault of taste here, or a wrong date there, or an error of opinion, or a mistake in fact.

On the whole, Sir Walter's autobiography is most amiable, and what is more notable in an autobiography, it is written in all modesty. He understood himself thoroughly and did not overrate nor underrate his abilities. The result is not only entertaining but there is much in the book that the literary worker, especially the beginner, would do well to read and digest.



Little Pathways

By THOMAS WALSH

NOT by the highways and the streets, dear friend,
Where kings and merchants and their minions wend,
But by the little pathways let us go,
Lone ways that only humble footsteps know.
Not dawdling feet upon the world's parade
Wore yonder tracks that wind across the glade,
Where slyly from the flooded haunts of men
Life trickles back into the wilds again.
For, here anon and there, the ways divide,
Some to the brook and some to pastureside,
Glancing sweet invitation as they turn
To call us with them through the beds of fern.
For each, though lowly, with a crude design
Leads somewhere—*somewhere*, mystery benign!—
And where the trail seems beaten hard and brown
Perchance the woodsmen turn from out the town;
Or where yon single track but seems to stray,
Some meadow lies, or else the secret way
A timid lover hastens to his sweet.
Yea, and another half-o'ergrown we meet,
But still memorial of its travellers.
'T was death, perchance, or fault, alas, of hers
If now the grass has crept the pathway o'er;
Perchance it led to home, a home no more.
'T is ours, dear friend, to treasure signs like these
Wherein are written rarer histories
Than chronicles of kings and empires tell;
For on the scrolling of the hill and dell
Life with a finger delicate and sure
Sets for our eyes its heart's own signature.
For to these hollow footways steal the leaves
When first the autumn threatens; winter heaves
His earliest breath of snowflakes meekly here.
Each, like a little pulse, reports the year,
Until the golden dulcimers of spring
Strike all the forest chords' awakening
When here are primal leaf and grasses stirred
In answer, with *Amens* of brook and bird.
Thus sweetly intimate with tender moods,
Our pathways greet us from the solitudes.
Man's simple needs alone have worn each way
More truly fair than royal walk's display.
Yes, from the past such sweet reminders flow
As bid the future all its claims forego.
Though by yon paths that through the thicket wind
The scythe of Time may swiftest passage find;
And Life exult within its proudest veins,
And empire course, where now are mountain rains.



Where Thoreau Worked and Wandered

By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

THOREAU and Concord are interdependent words; either suggests its complement. The meadows, cliffs, and wooded hills, the interlinked streams, which form the restful landscape of this region, bear his personal, even proprietary, seal. In recognition of this mystic relation, he wrote, "Almost I believe the Concord would not rise and overflow its banks again, were I not here." If Thoreau's journals are photographic records of Concord and its environs, his name and memory, in turn, are engraven on many a local shrine. The visitor to-day, even as he passes the station, is attracted by the sign, "Thoreau Street." The larger hotel is the former home of Thoreau's grandfather, and, until recently, has borne the family name above its lintel. Mention is made, in the famous little journals of the poet-naturalist, of seven different houses where his family lived at sundry periods; one is tempted to pause before any residence of suggestive aspect and inquire, "Did Thoreau live here?" Some of the family homes have been removed or remodelled, but others remain. The ancestral home, now forming part of the hostelry, was occupied by the elder John Thoreau, the wine-merchant, when, after his second marriage to Rebecca-Kettell of Concord, he came thither from Boston, and here died, in 1801, at the age of forty-seven. Thus early had the family curse of consumption appeared, destined to shorten the lives of two generations.

In this same house lived Thoreau's aunts, so often mentioned in his correspondence. Miss Maria Thoreau, the last survivor, who died in Maine in 1881, was the family genealogist. In a letter, now first used in print, she recounts an interesting item regarding her mother's Quaker ancestors:

My grandmother's name was Sarah Orreck, American by birth I presume, and living at Boston at the time of her marriage with a Scotch gentleman of the name of Burns, who came to this country

dressed in too furbelow a style to please her Quaker notions, for he had to divest himself of them (his ruffles over his hands) before gaining her consent to marry him.

Henry Thoreau was a worthy descendant of this Quakeress, with her rigid hatred of frills and fashions.

John, grandsire, who had amassed a large property as merchant, first in Boston and later in Concord, bequeathed his business, but not his success, to his son John. A friend of the Thoreau family recently told me that, after his business reverses, with the honesty which characterized the family, this John Thoreau even sold his wedding-ring of gold, that he might yield his slightest possessions to his creditors. From the centre of the village the Thoreau family moved to an isolated farm, the home of the maternal grandmother, and here, in 1817, Henry Thoreau was born. This house has been removed somewhat from its original site beside the poplars, the peat-bogs, and the ambling brook, on the old Virginia Road, yet its exterior is only slightly changed. The place of Thoreau's birth has been rendered doubly interesting recently by the resurrection of a tradition, more truly a fact, that here a negro, freed and sent north from Virginia, built his cabin on what was then called "the plains." As the negro was dubbed "Old Virginia," his narrow, tortuous path, gradually made to the town, was called "Old Virginia Road." In memory of Thoreau's potent words and efforts against slavery, the circumstance assumes a romantic and prophetic significance.

The Thoreau-Alcott house, still "The Yellow House," and the home of one of "Meg's boys," retains, with slight additions, the exterior form given it when Thoreau and his father transformed it from a cottage.

The pervasive memory of Thoreau extends through the town of Concord, from the willow banks of the Concord River to the woods encircling Walden,

with its monumental cairn of world-wide contributions. About Emerson's house are shade-trees and shrubs planted by Thoreau. The masterly success of the latter in gardening was a constant admiration to his patron-friend, whose droll inability in horticulture was subtly suggested by the caution of little Waldo, watching his father with a hoe,—“Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg.” Thoreau also beautified, with locusts and fruit-trees, the terraced hillsides behind Alcott's “Orchard House.” On the very summit of Ridge Path in Sleepy Hollow, overlooking the hills and meadows which he has immortalized, is his plain memorial stone.

It was the mission of this poet-lover of Nature to select and apotheosize in permanent form the picturesque features of Concord landscape and products; he bequeathed to later times an example of Nature's influence as incentive to the purest, noblest ideals of life and the most varied poetic concepts in literature.

The river is the primal element in the landscape. The expanse of bog and meadow is varied by the tortuous, interwoven paths of the Assabet and Sudbury rivers, forming, at their juncture, the Concord. Overgrown with grasses, slowly meandering past the town, this river was a source of unfailling delight to Thoreau. Guiding his boat through its mazy traces, bathing in its waters, skating over its narrow channel, or gathering from its banks some rare aquatic plants, the Concord River is associated with his most happy hours and most poetic pages.

Secondary to the river and its rustic bridges, as elements of pictorial beauty, is a cirlet of lakes, or ponds, all familiar to Thoreau's readers,—Bate-man's Pond, Flint's Pond, Goose Pond, and White Pond, the “lesser twin of Walden.” By the banks of river or pond the tourist seeks the hibiscus or marsilia, or awaits the appearance of pickerel or bream, whose friendly habits were generously revealed to the Nature-poet who renounced the rôle of angler for that of comrade. From the cliffs above the river, Monadnock and Wa-

chusett are outlined in the distance, while in the foreground are many of Thoreau's favorite walks—the old Carlisle Road, a tract of swamp and woodland to the northeast,—the Easterbrook country, farther west, begirt with birches and cedars and enticing with apple-orchards and berry-pastures,—Nine-Acre Corner and Fairhaven, southward, affording unsurpassed glories of sunset, pictured with glowing colors in Thoreau's journal-pages.

Among the most tender and poetic passages in Thoreau's journal is the record of an Indian-summer afternoon spent in his boat with his sister Sophia upon the river below Fairhaven.

The winding highway towards Sudbury and Marlborough has a special charm for the visitor, for this was Thoreau's favorite ramble. He once wrote in fanciful analogy,—“The pathway towards Heaven lies south or southwest along the Old Marlborough Road.”

The pines enclosing Walden and the Lincoln woods beyond form picturesque background for the Concord meadows. Sauntering thither from the town, along the red, sandy road, past Laurel Glen and Brister's Hill, the reader of Thoreau notes the varieties of willows, pines, and maple keys, listens for the song of veery, bluebird, or pewee, or watches a gay chipmunk gallop over the trees. Hickories and pines still form a close barricade around the little lake of Walden, though the woods are much more sparse than when Thoreau threaded their mazes. Fire has destroyed the trees which he planted in regular rows on his bean-field to give future fuel to his Walden landlord, Emerson. Sundry foot-paths all verge towards the cairn, witnessing its thousand yearly visitors. A hundred rods away, the modern pavilions of a pleasure-park have detracted from the beauty and sacred peace of this Nature-shrine.

Until very recent years it has been the honest opinion of the uninformed public that Thoreau was a stoic and a hermit. The incident of his Walden life, which he calls “an experiment,” covered only two and a half years of

his forty-five, yet it has been so unduly emphasized that "the hermit of Walden" has become his world-wide sobriquet. The testimony of friends, however, joined to a just reading of "Walden," emphasizes the fact that this retirement, for purposes of study and development, was only a natural result of his training and the social schemes and communities rife all about him. In truth, the Walden lodge was the outcome of a long though vague anticipation of some "sylvan retreat," doubtless suggested with primal force to Thoreau when he visited the "woodland study" of his college friend, Charles Stearns Wheeler, in 1841-2, near Flint's Pond, midway between Lincoln and Concord. His strong individualism and sagacity caused him to share Emerson's distrust of communistic isolation but, for many years before its fulfilment, he cherished the plan to sequester himself for a brief time to study Nature and test the essential facts and messages of true living which might thus alone be gained.

After one or two early attempts to buy an isolated farm, incidents told with keen relish in the early chapters of "Walden," he fixed his choice on the little pond, endeared to him by memories of his brother John and their childish excursions thither. Moreover, Emerson was the owner of this woodland, and the two friends proposed to erect two huts, on opposite shores of the pond, to serve as literary retreats. From such diverse influences was evolved finally the little shanty, never designed as a hermitage, never serving purpose other than a temporary and partial seclusion for the educative and spiritual development of a philosopher and poet of Nature. No place near Concord was so wildly picturesque and, at the same time, accessible, for this experiment. With the keen eye of a resident poet, Thoreau has immortalized Walden Pond, with its peculiar clarity and varying tints, enclosed by the arching hills and pine-cruled slopes. He believed, and proved by his experiment, that the student who was content to reduce his wants to the lowest ratio, who would combine in moderation

manual work and mental training, could thus secure the greatest blessings of life. Like our Southern poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne, at Copse Hill, Thoreau found, in his pine-retreat, invigoration for body and mind. He was within easy access of family and friends, and could render any service they might need. He was a popular host, as his records and those of friends testify, and his life, there as elsewhere, commingled "the sylvan and the human."

Criticisms may easily be made upon the technicalities of Thoreau's exhaustive Nature-studies. Granted that he was poet rather than scientist in method; that his work in classification and analysis was defective, yet he was America's pioneer naturalist, in its true meaning of student and observer, not dissector. To him we owe the first evidences of that new relation towards Nature which has become so distinct a mark of later American poets and essayists. His responsiveness to all the moods of the seasons, his intuitive discovery of rare plants and subtle soil-changes, date especially from his Walden residence. Here, as he anticipated, he gained that intimate and wide knowledge of Nature only revealed to one who lives in communion with the varying changes of two complete seasons, who can watch the secretive, subtle phases of soil, sap, and insect-life. As one traces the services of Thoreau as naturalist, and recognizes in his studies the first significant work in Nature-study in American literature, one realizes that this first true revelation of his mission came at Walden, in the very heart of Nature, where one may count her pulse-beats free from the distractions of social life.

If Thoreau as naturalist disclosed secrets of flora, bird-life, and wood-fibre throughout all the Concord region, and immortalized all contiguous vales and streams by his own minute and poetic inscriptions, as man he found coeval pleasure in the free, agrarian life of his town, and it is fitting to recall briefly the social environment. Concord of to-day is about twice as large in population as the village of Thoreau's devotion. In active life, however, it is

hardly less somnolent than fifty years ago, for it was then the shire-town and direct trade-mart for farmers and lumbermen. Here passed stages for Boston, Lowell, and elsewhere; the four taverns were well patronized in those days when toddy was the symbol of hospitality rather than inebriety. With extremes of heat and cold, lacking many luxuries called necessities to-day, the people developed that sturdy, self-reliant endurance which typified the best New England communities. If the sheets froze about their faces on cold nights, as Thoreau related, and a drop of water congealed upon the floor, yet they had commensurate vigor of body and mind. Around the wide fireplace they gathered with zest for leisurely, earnest conversation, a happiness too little known in these days of overheated houses and scrambles for "the latest edition" of hurried gossip of the hour.

The old-time farms, some still standing on the outskirts of Concord, the Arcadian homesteads of the Minotts, the Barretts, the Hosmers, formed the nucleus of Thoreau's domestic pictures. Edmund Hosmer, "the long-headed farmer," friend of Emerson and Alcott as well as of Thoreau, represented to the latter a true type of the noble Roman husbandman and his prosperous, hospitable homestead. While at Walden, Thoreau always enjoyed visits on Sunday with Mr. Hosmer. The daughter of this man, revered by his friends and family, has recalled for me the memories of those Sunday afternoons spent at Thoreau's lodge, where her father would sit in a chair, Thoreau at his desk, and the children on the adjacent "bunk," listening, not always with patience, to extended discussions on philosophy or Scandinavian mythology. As a result Miss Hosmer gained such firm instruction in those legends that, in later life, she was compelled to translate Greek and Roman myths into her earlier models of Thor, Woden, and Igdrasil.

While Thoreau lingered fondly upon the topography of Concord, he never forgot its famous landmarks in national history. His own ancestors were buried

on the hillside, hard by the site of the liberty-pole and the graves of Major Buttrick and his heroes of that immortal April day of 1775. At the Old North Bridge, where Nature seems at her apogee of peaceful beauty, had already been erected the first monument to Concord valor. As her men had enrolled themselves on the side of liberty in the earlier struggle, so again Concord in Thoreau's day took prominent part in behalf of free speech and resistance to laws which openly or covertly favored slavery. Here centred vital thoughts and acts at the time of John Brown's expedition; here he made his famous plea; thence he set forth upon his fatal mission; here he received encouragement and deep sympathy from Alcott, Emerson, Sanborn, and members of the Thoreau family.

Active alike in movements of reform and education, the little town possessed a rare mentality. Through her efforts to increase true culture may be traced the beginnings of the great intellectual and educational revival in New England. Among the unpublished letters, granted for use in this article, is one written by Thoreau's elder sister, Helen, which refers to this matter and gives a vivid picture of Concord life during these years of political and intellectual revolution:

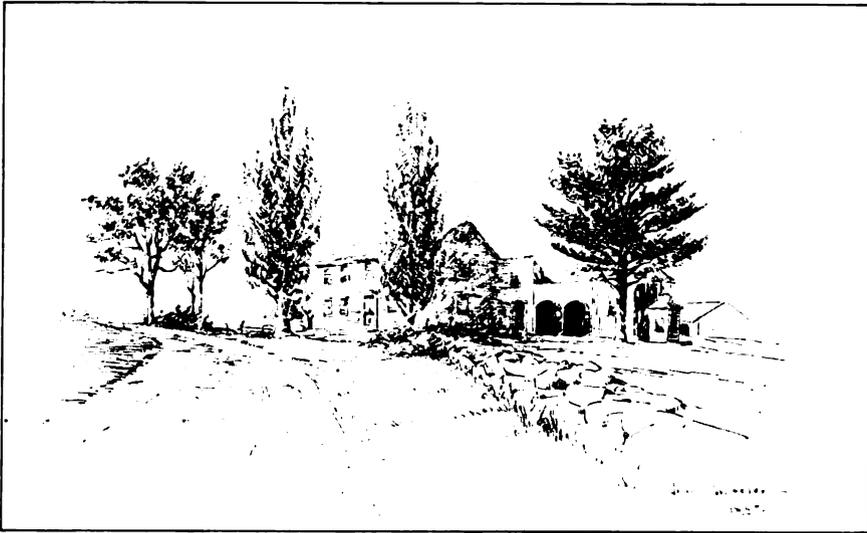
CONCORD, April 27, 1845.

DEAR MISS—

I wish to thank you for the nice long letter you sent me by Henry in return for my little note, and also to remind you of the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society at the Tabernacle in New York on the 6th of May. You must not fail to attend and I hope to meet you at the New England Convention.—Aunt Maria has, I suppose, kept you informed of our controversy with the Lyceum, a Hard battle but Victory at last. Next winter we shall have undoubtedly a free Lyceum. Mr. Emerson says that words cannot express his admiration of Mr. Phillips' lecture. Did you receive the paper containing Henry's article about it? I am glad that you like the Hutchinsons. One of our meetings last May was closed with their Emancipation Song,—the whole audience rising and joining in the last huzza.

I long to see you in Concord again. We always have something stirring here.

HELEN.



THOREAU'S BIRTHPLACE

When Emerson, in 1834, came to his ancestral town to mingle a poet's coveted quiet with intellectual society, new impetus was given to the mental and social culture already existent in Concord, and a literary fame was added, which the writings of Thoreau, Hawthorne, Alcott, and his daughter were destined to augment. Like nearly all New England towns of sixty years ago, Concord was, in aim, liberal and democratic in educational affairs, yet she maintained rigidly certain social traditions and exclusions. Emerson's residence, bringing thither poets, philosophers, orators, and reformers, of all social grades, acted somewhat as a social leveller, and largely eliminated that aristocratic coldness so prevalent in New England. Concord retained, and justly, pride in her family names of renown; in her venerable "Social Circle" Emerson alone among her early authors was given membership; yet the influences towards free thought and literary expression enabled her to recognize genius of various kinds, apart from all social rank. Inevitably, there were occasions when family pride dominated broader impulses, but, in the main, the town-life represented hardy, kindly democracy. Senator George F. Hoar, recalling his boyhood

in Concord, said: "The people, old and young, constituted one great family. They esteemed each other because of personal character, and not on account of wealth, or holding office."

The atmosphere of Thoreau's Concord was stimulative to free, earnest speculation, and was inspired by simple, high-minded purposes. It was fitted to produce men of independence in character and genius in literature, whose acts and words might seem unconventional, but whose influence was potent for true culture and reform. Much has been written of the men who have immortalized Concord in philosophy and letters, but inadequate attention has been given to the coterie of noble, brilliant women of these same renowned families. Of Emerson women there was a trio: Madam Emerson, whose courage and persistent mental efforts, amid dire troubles, met their reward in the fame of her son, which she was permitted to share, with that zest and pathetic, reminiscent joy which only a mother can know; Mrs. Lidian Emerson's face, mind, and soul possessed wonderful beauty and symmetry; she evoked the most tender, reverential devotion from Thoreau, as his letters and the testimony of friends recall; Miss Mary Emerson, whose



SITE OF HOUSE, WALDEN

vigor and loftiness of character have too often been obscured in recital of her oddities of mien and dress, gave to her nephew the key-note to his life and writings in the early laconic advice, "Lift your aims." Mrs. Alcott's dramatic intellect was reflected in her daughter's stories, and her sympathy and heroism wavered not through a

life whose vicissitudes would have crushed or embittered an ordinary woman. The spiritual, artistic, though secluded Sophia Hawthorne, Ellen Fuller, wife of the poet, Ellery Channing, and her more magnetic sister, Margaret, were residents or visitors in the Concord circle. Elizabeth Hoar, with mind of great beauty and



THE OLD MARLBOROUGH ROAD



OLD VIRGINIA ROAD

breadth, was one of the first friends of note whom Thoreau gained, and of whom he delighted to write as his "noble townswoman, worthy to be sung by poets." Mrs. Thoreau and her sisters and daughters were all women of keen, individual mentality, who contributed largely to the educative activities of the town. These women of this transcendental age were often harassed by severe anxieties, for

to their efficient, prudent minds were relegated many difficult problems in domestic economy. "Plain living and high thinking," a spiritual preference to their husbands, became a practical necessity to the women, that they might preserve the health of their families and, at the same time, maintain their own mental poise.

Especially, did the Thoreau family delight in studying Nature, recognizing



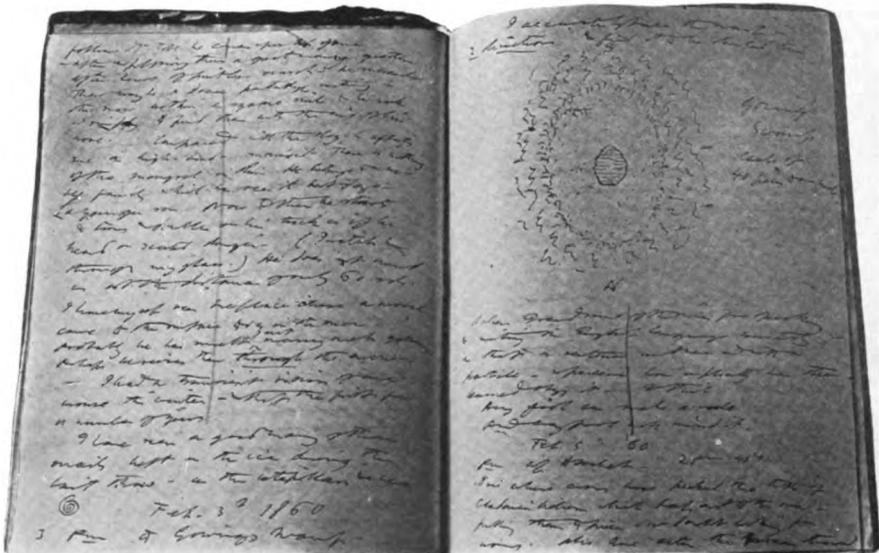
FAIRHAVEN BAY

the sanative effects of outdoor life when such interests were scantily encouraged. With their family and guests they visited haunts about Concord, and collected rare specimens, little realizing that their son was to become America's greatest Nature-interpreter. Thoreau's sisters were enthusiastic and well-trained botanists. A letter from Roxbury, while Sophia was teaching school there, is filled with eager recital of her treasures in spring flowers;—even the postscript mentions one variety hitherto omitted,—surely a woman who uses a postscript for a botanical fact may be forgiven!

As the years developed Thoreau's philosophy of life, grand in its individualism but marked by the defect of exclusion, he was separated from many phases of the social life of Concord, though his friendship was the more valuable to the few companions who gained it. As boy and man, however, he recognized the mental privileges of

his home-village, and his aspiration reached an acme of ideality in the plan, outlined in "Walden," for a University, in a broad sense, with Concord for its centre. The scheme was nebulous, but it showed foresight and optimism. Some of his ideas, mystic and iconoclastic sixty years ago, have found modern expression in progressive clubs in many American villages.

Thoreau was both the product and the prophet of Concord. The varied and prodigal forms of Nature allured him to be her poet and naturalist. The independence and virility of her intellectual life awakened his plastic yet unfettered mind to frame and test a new philosophy of individual living. The literary impulse of the town fostered an innate love for letters, and encouraged him to preserve thoughts on Nature and humanity, sometimes regarded by contemporaries as trivial and vague, but destined to add unique fame to his beloved "Rome."



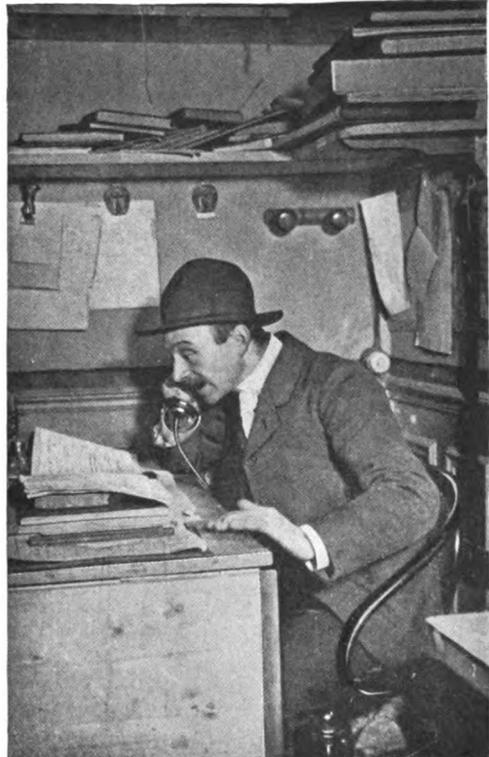
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GOWING'S SWAMP, FROM THOREAU'S DIARY



From



Le Théâtre

M. ANTOINE IN "AU TÉLÉPHONE"

André Antoine

By BESSIE VAN VORST

BORN at Limoges in 1858, André Antoine began the self-supporting and responsible epoch of his life as an employee in the Gas Company. Long before this practical moment of his existence, he had learned to dream. He dreamed of the theatre, of acting, and the small amount of leisure he could command when his gas bills were collected was devoted to dramatic art. He joined an actors' club, brought himself to the notice of Arthur Byl, who put this telling question to Antoine: "Why do you always play well-known parts? why don't you act something that has never been put on the stage?" A word to the wise is sufficient. How far Arthur Byl's suggestion was carried out, what the results were, we have seen first in the Théâtre-

Libre founded by Antoine in 1887, next in the Théâtre-Antoine, which holds a unique place in the multitude of Parisian theatres. So simple were these beginnings that, when the play was over, the last one to leave was requested to put out the gas. *Tout Paris* visited the primitive hall where this young realist gave voice to all that was modern in dramatic literature. "Le Baiser," by Banville; "Femme de Tabarin," by Mendès; Ibsen's plays, Sudermann's, Björnson's, the mystic, the fantastic, the pugnacious, each had a hearing. The gas employee became better known and more powerful than the young dramatists who had encouraged him. He now stands important enough to be criticised generally. He has been decorated with the

Legion of Honor, and he can undoubtedly be counted as one of the strong influences in modern acting and in the cultivation of dramatic art. No realism in acting is too crude for the Antoine stage. The actors speak with their backs to the audience, and at times several people talk at once. The programme is more often made up of several short plays than of one long drama; there are often one-act plays in which no women appear; scenes in notaries' offices, scenes in court, etc., where only men are present. Now certain aspects of life seem more realistic than others; certain types in life present themselves without the medium of illusion, and it is in the interpretation of these parts that Antoine is especially happy,—the poor, the peasants, the middle class of every-day life. In acting the plays which are cast among these, the cruder realists, Antoine has touched upon genius. It is not a spectacle at which we assist when "Les Remplaçantes," "Au Téléphone," "Le Voiturier Henschel," are given,—it is a revelation of life, of a real life whose witness we become. Antoine should keep wholly to this kind of play. When he puts the romantic, the picturesque upon his stage, it is false and lacking in refinement. And this is because his study has been to pass directly from nature to art without the medium of æsthetics; he makes nature and art one without the intermediary of illusion to which we are accustomed at the theatre. So his realistic pieces are startling, and for the same reason his æsthetic pieces are bad, vulgar, inartistic.

Brieux's play, "Les Avariés," which was suppressed by public censure this winter, was given a reading at the Théâtre-Antoine. It deals with an invalid's right to marry. The question was treated too boldly. The play was never acted.

The humorous authors appear constantly on Antoine's programmes with one-act plays: Courteline, Pierre Veber, Tristan Bernard, etc. Brieux presents a yearly thesis upbraiding some law or custom: "Les Remplaçantes," "La Robe Rouge," the young Trarieux

feels feebly toward some new religious sensation, Maurice Donnay and Lucien Descaves try their skill and wisdom in a socialistic drama, "La Clairière," and so modern life is treated by the modern playwrights and acted by the modern actors, and we see ourselves without illusion at the Théâtre-Antoine.

"Au Téléphone," which is being given by Antoine, and "L'Énigme," at the Comédie-Française, are the two popular successes of the season. They are both two-act plays, they are both tragic, they are both dramatic enough to fix the attention from beginning to end; aside from these they have no points of resemblance. Charles Foley, in "Au Téléphone," had recourse for his plot to the column of horrors published every morning in the newspaper; his dramatic point is dependent on a modern electric contrivance—the telephone. When the curtain goes up, it is twilight of a September evening. We are in the great dismal hall of a remote château; outside a storm is raging. Marex is hastily taking leave of his wife Marthe, his baby, and the nurse Nanette. He reminds them that Justin the manservant is to sleep in the hall during his absence; that he has left a pistol on the writing-desk. In the midst of good-byes, he suggests to his wife that she telephone him an hour later at the house of friends, where he is to dine *en route* for Paris. In another moment he is gone. The château is without a master, and already in the semi-obscurity of the stage there is an invisible presence. Nanette is apprehensive; Marthe reassures her. As they talk, a message is brought for Justin, calling him to the bedside of a dying mother. Unquestionably he must go. In the confusion and amazement of this new departure, the messenger possesses himself of the pistol left by Marex—and disappears. When Justin has followed him, the two women are again left alone with the mysterious presence alive in every shadow. Nanette hears strange sounds. She communicates her dread to Marthe, who tries to reassure herself by scolding the old servant. They both listen. There is not a sound to

be heard. Nanette lights the lamps and closes in the heavy iron blinds. She comes trembling back to the fire; she has seen someone in the garden; she is terrified. Again they listen, again they hear nothing. But Marthe is troubled and the thought comes as a solution that she can telephone her husband. "It will be just as though Monsieur were here!" Nanette exclaims. The telephone bell rings the curtain down, and up again before the home of Marex's friends with whom he is taking coffee. He exchanges greetings with his wife, consoles her fears, entreats her not to worry, bids her again good-night. To his friends he confesses that he is somewhat nervous at his wife's being without a servant. The conversation passes to other subjects. Suddenly the telephone ringing is resumed. Marex answers. Marthe calls to him in despair. The house is being entered; she can see a long iron bar passed under the window. The pistol is gone. Help, help! Marex hears the stifled cry of his child; he shrieks to his wife to save herself. "Escape by the kitchen—run—run—

the back door! Ah, my God, they are cutting her throat!" he sobs, rushing like a madman from the room, out, in the desperate hope of reaching the disaster that he has followed with his ears so many miles away. The play is done, but a murmur of horror continues to pass over the audience. Antoine takes the part of Marex. The whole second act, though it is a tragedy with several characters, is practically a monologue. The rôle suits Antoine admirably. His manners are nervous and alert; the very horror of the play is modern. The impression it produces is not lasting. While under the spell of a sinister twilight in a deserted château, two sudden departures, a superstitious maid-servant, a timid, unprotected woman and child, all presented with perfect art, one is startled and thrilled, but beyond its uncommon sensational effect the play has no force. When the nerves are calm the mind and heart have nothing to retain. Yet from a purely dramatic point of view it is a moderate *tour de force*. It is having the usual success which the public awards anything short and shocking.

Ulysses in London

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "Ulysses," which is now running at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the title rôle, is a very fine production. It is full of startling surprises and mechanical contrivances of a high order. The first scene represents Mount Olympus. The gods and goddesses, a rather insignificant-looking company, are seated in a semicircle, Zeus in the midst. Behind them rises the mountain, wrapped in clouds and grandeur. Suddenly, a part of the earth at their feet slides open, Athène ascends, having apparently arrived by two-penny tube and a private lift of her own. Athène is a magnificent figure in helmet and shield and shining breastplate and spear. The ancients must surely have believed in the superiority of women, seeing how far this

goddess and Diana surpass all their other deities in nobility of character. When do we hear of either of them chasing laurel trees, or turning themselves into bulls to deceive a poor mortal, or practising any other of the little trickeries that formed the everyday amusement of the other deities? Athène having reminded Zeus of a few of his peccadilloes again gets into her elevator and descends. The earth closes, darkness comes on, Zeus holds up something in the shape of a cross and strikes it, whereupon it turns crimson, lightning flashes, thunder rolls, and the scene is changed.

Then follows a scene on Calypso's Island, a really beautiful "set." The boat on which Ulysses sets sail is thoroughly well managed, and seems really to *sail* away, and not hop across the

stage in hysterical jerks, and finally appears stationary in the distance, as if to prove that it has really gone.

The third scene takes us to the palace of Ulysses at Ithaca, and shows that there is versatility of scenery if not of acting in this piece. The suitors and handmaidens are behaving disgracefully, and Telemachus is unable to do anything with them. I have never been quite sure what an orgy was. Now I know:—it means men and women rolling in casks of wine and spilling a great deal of it, throwing rose leaves about, shouting, laughing, and finally all going to sleep with heads pillowed on each other.

In the middle of it Penelope descended and put the suitors off again, but she looked too amiable to do much with them, and even in her sadness had a smile that would have reached from Ithaca to Troy.

Mr. Tree, who looked like an Assyrian bas-relief, and acted with about as much effectiveness as one would expect from one of those angular-handed gentlemen, next descended to Hades for further information as to his fate. Hades was full of shapes who fluttered realistically about, and looked like a week's wash hung out in the wind to dry.

In the last act Athène comes to Ulysses' aid, and when the lightning flies about with such rapidity that one can almost see the grease on it, it's no use worrying any more. We know that Ulysses has come home and all will be forgiven. Athène retires and they live happily ever after.

For clever stage-management and perfection of scenery and costume, it would be hard to improve on the production at Her Majesty's. The scenes in Hades, Sisyphus and the Stone, Tantalus, Prometheus, are striking pictures. The whole thing is largely spectacular, but it is spectacular seri-

ousness. It is a question whether a drama of this sort gains anything on the stage in spite of the most careful reproductions of costumes from Greek sculpture and vases. The costumes are correct, but the wearers do not seem to be able to project themselves back to the Greek vases and sculpture. They remain unmistakably twentieth-century English. Very few of them spoke their lines with any effect. Miss Constance Collier as Athène was an exception, though her delivery was marred by constant shouting. She was a handsome goddess, and would make a much better Ulysses than Mr. Tree, who spoke some of his lines and ate the others. One of the best bits of acting was done by Mr. Lionel Brough as Eumæus, the old swineherd. Like many good things it was all too brief.

I do not believe "Ulysses" would be a great success in New York. It is too serious, too much a series of detached incidents, and not quite enough of a spectacle. And it would not suit the star system in vogue at present. The ends of the acts are too impartially distributed, and the lime-light is not always on the same figure. It is highly successful in London, and Mr. Phillips is fortunate in having a manager who has spared neither time nor money. At a *matinée* of "Beyond Human Power" in New York, I heard a woman say: "I don't think much of this scenery; now at 'Du Barry' you get your money's worth." This remark could not be made here. You get your money's worth in every scene, and you know that it is all correct. The British Museum, Mycænæan antiquities, and Greek vases of the sixth and seventh centuries B.C. vouch for it. But the most careful research will not furnish ancient Greek actors, and there is the discrepancy. Great artists could mitigate this, but they are rare.





TO STEPHEN PHILLIPS

(AFTER READING "ULYSSES")

*Thou hast beheld the subtle beckoning foam
Round siren forelands, and hast bent the ear
To fateful music of the sea-caves drear
Where arch-enchantment hath its feudal home.
And thou caduceus-led hast dared to roam
Far from the glimpses of the sunlit sphere,—
Ay, thou hast mingled with the shades austere
Of mortal frames long crumbled in the loam!*

*Or, if thou hast not seen and heard these things,
Then must it be, on some Ægean shore,
Great Homer's best-loved acolyte wast thou;
And, while he sang, and touched the trembling strings,
Didst guide his steps from charmed door to door.
And make thine own the song that binds us now!*

EDITH M. THOMAS





Reymundo y Ca.

Cadiz

SEÑOR DON FERNANDO DIAZ DE MENDOZA

522



Valleto y Ca.

Mexico

**DONNA FERNANDO DIAZ DE MENDOZA
(MARIA GUERRERO)**

Two Great Spanish Actors: Maria Guerrero and Fernando Mendoza

By ELIZABETH VON HEYKING

MORE than three centuries ago, men of all kinds began sailing from Spanish ports to the shores of the distant country which they called New Spain. Warriors they were, priests and artists, sometimes all three combined, for in those days of the Renaissance it seemed as if human nature had acquired a degree of vitality unknown before or ever after, a many-sidedness which makes the life of one man appear like that of several. They brought with them their magnificent language, which sounds like the tolling of bells, their ardent faith, their high ideals of chivalry and patriotism, their art which has created some of the world's grandest works—they were like rich bridegrooms who endow the bride with many gifts. Churches, palaces, benevolent institutions, the first theatres and the first seminaries founded in the New World still speak of them. But they themselves have long passed away and that wonderful over-production of valor and intellect, which found home too small and, overflowing, created worlds across the seas, has ceased. Conquistadores no longer sail over the ocean, monks no longer build cloisters on Mexican shores, the political ties that once united the two countries are severed. Yet there exists a link, a bridge that crosses the water—it is built by the common language, by the works of Spanish literature, and ever will those be welcome who in this young country, where material interests necessarily predominate, interpret those works and recall for a brief evening traditions, ideals, and greatness of long-gone times.

Celebrated interpreters of Spanish drama have lately come over to Mexico. The great actress Maria Guerrero is here, she who is called the Spanish Sarah and Spanish Duse, and who combines the great art and power of the one with the simplicity and truthful-

ness to nature of the other, adding the charm of her own southern beauty. The great merit of Maria Guerrero consists in her perfect good taste; never will she condescend to exaggerations in order to obtain mere effect, and in whatever part she appears, you gain the impression that as she represents it and thus only did the author conceive the rôle. She is perfectly lifelike, and even when she represents works of the classical Spanish repertoire, whose subjects are foreign to our modern world, she is always convincing and always creates realities.

With Maria Guerrero has come her husband, Don Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, a first-class actor and a man with an interesting history. He is the eldest son of the Count of Lalaing and Balazote, Marquis of Fontanar, twice Grandee of Spain. As a young man, Don Fernando was one of the most brilliant leaders of the golden youth of Madrid. In those days (1887), one of the social centres at Madrid was the house of the Duchess de la Torre, the wife of Marshal Serrano, who has been Regent of Spain from the expulsion of Queen Isabella II. to the election of King Amadeo. The Duchess had organized in her palace at Madrid a stage for amateurs and particularly for her young daughter Ventura, in whose honor it was called Teatro Ventura. There the young people of the highest society met and acted, and amongst them was Don Fernando, whose great talent at once attracted general attention. Together with Donna Ventura he gave that charming comedy of seventeenth century, "El Vergonzoso en Palacio" (The Bashful Youth in the Palace), where the heroine, in order to encourage her timid lover, pretends to be asleep and in her dream discloses her love for him. Play turned into reality. Don Fernando and Donna Ventura were married, but their happiness

lasted only a short time and he was soon left a widower.

Alone, sad, and having lost his fortune, Don Fernando had to think of working for a living. His thoughts turned at once to the theatre, where, as an amateur, he had been so much applauded. He made his debut on the Teatro Español, which is the equivalent in the Spanish capital of the Comédie Française at Paris, and he became a professional actor. Then he met the greatest Spanish actress, Maria Guerrero, justly celebrated for her genius, her beauty, and her womanly virtues. He fell in love with her and married her. Maria Guerrero, by the rank of her husband, became an "Excellency"; he, by the advices of his wife, an excellent actor. His acting is full of passion and strength, built up on the courtly manners and good breeding of a grand seigneur of Spain, that home of chivalry. Since their marriage Maria Guerrero and Fernando Mendoza have been acting together in Spain and at Paris, where their company was christened "Le Théâtre des Hidalgos," and they have undertaken tours to Havana and to the Spanish-speaking republics of America. On all these journeys they are accompanied by their two little sons, and amid their trunks and boxes, their rehearsals, and their hard work, they lead an ideally happy family life. One sees that they are passionately devoted to their profession, but like all wanderers on the face of earth they often dream of home, and Maria Guerrero's great wish is to be able to buy back some day the ancient home of the Mendoza family in Murcia,

where her husband was born, and which fortune did not permit him to retain.

Maria Guerrero and Fernando Mendoza represent with great truthfulness and absolute accuracy in all details the national plays of Guimera, illustrating country customs of Murcia and Andalusia. They act brilliantly the modern pieces of Echegaray, "El estigma," "Marianna," "Galeotto." But in "Electra," Maria Guerrero has refused to appear, for art, she says, stands far too high to serve political agitations and passions. They also give "Cyrano" in a Spanish translation, and Mendoza is really grand in this part, which might be called a French incarnation of Don Quixote. But their repertoire is principally composed of the masterpieces of the classical Spanish epoch: Lope de Vega's "Estrella de Sevilla," Moreto's "Donna Diana," Calderon's "Life a Dream," and many more—pieces written and first acted in the days of Spain's overflowing productiveness and greatness in all domains, contemporaries of the conquistadores and monks that sailed over the seas, and of the oldest churches and palaces that still stand in Mexico.

We have heard here these old dramas with a strange and wondering sensation of being suddenly carried back three hundred years; in our hasty days of steam and electricity, they sound like a greeting which comes to us from the great distances of the past, and which teaches us the lesson, that outward power may fade, but that the true greatness of a nation survives in its works of genius and its art.



The New Humor

By BURGESS JOHNSON

Second Paper (Conclusion)



"CHIMMY FADDEN"

HAVING solemnly assured uninsistent readers that there is no such thing as a New Humor, the subject would seem to be summarily exhausted. Yet unexpectedly, in odd places, the phrase crops up and looks its effacer impudently in the eye, arguing socratically:

"If anyone has used the phrase, what has he meant by it?"

"When (to the mind of such an one) did the New Humor transcend the Old?"

"Did the Old (to the belief of such an one) fail to fill modern conditions?"

"And what, after all, is the *Old* Humor?" There is the key,—for until one knows the limitations of the Old, how can one say if the New be new?

It is amazing to see the darkest waters of science or metaphysics become navigable under the rays of that modern revolving light,—*Poole's Index*. Long may its present keeper live to trim the wicks!

Humor—"The tremulous change," says Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, "from the comic to the pathetic." What could be more beautifully humorous, he adds in the development of his theory, than the scriptural story of the Prodigal Son?

"Humor," says Mr. Traill, "is the power of suddenly and *grotesquely* varying the tone of feeling struck." The idea that pathos is an essential component part of Humor he calls absurd. And he cites rather conclusively Sydney

Smith's reply to the physician who ordered him to take a walk on an empty stomach. "On whose?" inquired Sydney Smith.

"Here," says Mr. Traill, "is humor, with no blending of laughter and tears." Yet the subject of Sydney's experiment might deny the statement of Mr. Traill.

"Humor," says one authority, "is coextensive with individuality."

"Too broad a definition," replies another authority; "Humor is coextensive with contrast."

"Humor is the discovering of incongruities among ideas seemingly similar."

"No. It is the discovering of similarity among ideas seemingly incongruous."

"Humor," writes one in the *National Review*, "is a perception of facts in certain relationships,"—thus making a subjective quality of it.

"Humor," says Hazlitt, "is the describing the ludicrous as it really is,"—making it rather objective.

"Our language is at fault," writes Professor Matthews, easing the situation immensely; "'Humor' is one thing, 'Sense of Humor' is another. One is creative, the other critical. A man may possess the one and not the other. Have you never noticed that your own jokes are not understood by the proverbial 'funny man'?"

Before this establishes an axiom, would someone please call both the "funny man" and Professor Matthews to the stand?



MR. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND
Author of "Chimmy Fadden
and Mr. Paul"

Agnes Repplier, in delightfully differentiating wit and humor, writes: "Wit is artificial; humor is natural. Wit is accidental; humor is inevitable. Wit can be expressed only in language; humor can be developed sufficiently in situation."

Here were food enough for thought if one went no further in an effort to find a working hypothesis for the problem of the New Humor. Yet the simple if unwieldy conclusion of old Ben Jonson is worth quoting in full:

Why, Humour . . . we thus define it
 To be a quality of ayre or water,
 And in itself holds these two qualities—
 Moisture and fluxure, as, for demonstration :
 Powre water on this floor, 't will wet and run ;
 Likewise the ayre (forc't through a horn or trumpet)
 Flows instantly away and leaves behind
 A kind of dew ; and hence we may conclude
 That whatsoe'er hath fluxure, and humiditie,
 As wanting power to contain itself,
 Is Humour. So in every humane body
 The choller, melancholy, flegme, and blood,
 By reason that they flow continually
 In some one part, and are not continent,
 Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
 It may, by metaphor, apply itself
 Unto the general disposition :
 As when some one peculiar quality
 Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
 All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
 In their confluxions, all to run one way,
 This may be truly said to be a Humour.

A definition of an older use of the word, it is true, yet "it may by metaphor apply itself unto" the eccentrics among our "new" humorists of to-day.

It would be presumption to take issue here with any single individual of the group quoted above, or of the great group of authorities unquoted, were it not for the fact that collectively there is a certain lack of harmony in their conclusions. Let me, therefore, suggest that most of those who have in the past defined humor have attempted to measure in terms of Expression that which exists in the dimensions of Mentality.

"What, after all, is the Old Humor?" The *Index*, has, I fear, proven inadequate. A juxtaposition of laughter and tears; a grotesque combination



MISS ELEANOR HOYT

of ideas; the pointing out of unforeseen incongruities; demanding individuality and delighting in contrast but coextensive with neither; sensing *and* creating (though it be but internally); often weaponed with wit, but always satisfied with situation;—all of these are attributes of Humor, which is a mental attitude wider than them all—and once before roughly defined as Human Sympathy. It is an attitude, however, of a mind broad enough to comprehend many human emotions. The limited sympathy of a narrower mind that sees only the sad or only the ludicrous is not Humor.

Here is a working hypothesis—based on world-old traits—and where is a New Humor? We might glance over the field of recent publications which are termed funny in a vain search for this chinera. The Nonsense Books are no criterion. "Mother Goose" is no one knows how old,—and nonsense equal to Burgess's Best was written centuries ago. Mere eccentricity is no criterion. Goldsmith wrote, "He preserves the character of a humourist and finds most pleasure in eccentric vir-



MR. ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

tues." In fact the humorists of the crudest civilizations depended for reputation upon eccentricity.

The inverted maxims of Mr. Ade, Mr. Roche, and Miss Daskam are no criterion. Many years ago the late H. D. Traill wrote: "The Inverted Aphorism had but a short popularity and ultimately perished in calamitous and indeed unmentionable circumstances. . . . The New Humour turned out to be simply the old Buffoonery writ small." And an English writer some ten years ago wrote that he believed a New Humor then to exist, but it was neither "general nor permanent." It existed within a smart group of "certain young men. . . . Paradox, which thitherto had been a

play upon words, Wit, they turned into a play upon ideas, and made it Humour." But, he writes, the New Humor is "limited because the stock of moral maxims is limited"!

Mr. Dooley's wisdom is no criterion; it is but the spirit of the "Bigelow Papers" come to earth again. In this connection Mr. Richard Hutton used the phrase a number of years ago, saying that a New Humor "of the most original kind sprang into existence on the other side of the Atlantic, of which the present American Minister to this country is the acknowledged master. The Bigelow Papers are the greatest," etc. And yet Professor Trent in a recent essay has shown that the "Bigelow Papers" were of no new or cis-Atlantic school.

It would seem that not only is there no new Humor, but that almost there is no new form of it. Serious readers of humorous literature have come so to depend upon ancient subjects for a jest that when an unwonted matter of humorous comment arises they are at sea and cry out "a New Humor is abroad." Mr. Max Beerbohm, in a recent Review, writes that he has codified, as it were, all the English comic papers, and finds the following list to comprise, in the



Courtesy of

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MR. ELLIOTT FLOWER

order of their importance, *all* of the subjects discussed:

- Mothers-in-law.
- Hen-pecked Husbands.
- Twins.
- Old Maids.
- Jews.
- Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Niggers (not Russians or other foreigners of any denomination).
- Fatness.
- Thinness.
- Long Hair (worn by a man).
- Baldness.
- Sea-sickness.
- Stuttering.
- Bloomers.
- Bad Cheese.

Shooting the Moon (slang expression for leaving a lodging-house without paying the bill).

Red Noses.

Here in America the ever-changing conditions of a growing country, the odd blending of hitherto antagonistic types, the struggle of Democracy, furnish the communicative humorist whose study is humanity with a steady supply of new grist for his mill.

Since the days when the Olympian gods held their sides with "inextinguishable laughter" to see the limping Hephæstus doing graceful Hebe's work, we mortals have found unceasing merriment in the man or the class blundering amid incongruous surroundings. The unpleasant or the pathetic is almost always present, but delight was ever to be gained from contemplation of the stranger within our national gates, undergoing amalgamation. If our own "funny papers" were codified, it would be found that they owed a very large debt to the African savage playing at civilization, and the Irish peasant governing our large cities, and to a comparatively few other human products of American development.

Professor Trent's recent survey of American humorists (already referred to) presents a succession of writers, most of them now forgotten, who have found mines of material in the types of humanity bred of our new social, political, and geographical conditions. In an earlier paper, where were enumer-



From "Policeman Flynn"
 "He was the supreme ruler of that crossing."
 (Drawn by Mr. Frederic Dorr Steele)

ated several groups of the "newest" humorous writings, little reference was made to books of this class, excepting perhaps certain stories that have exploited the very modern American Small Boy. Yet the last few weeks alone have brought us studies of the Northern Negro, the Irish policeman, a Bowery boy amid fashionable surroundings, a normal business-man hunting a flat, and several other *Hephæstoi* doing Hebe's work.

In this group would rank a book on the American Girl,—for in these topsyturvy days Hebe chooses often to do the work of musty Vulcan,—and while she cannot be called, in comparison

with other American institutions, new,—especially since receiving official recognition in the halls of Congress,—yet the type is a constant surprise in its varied and continuing development. And she has found an able interpreter from among her own number. "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," by Miss Eleanor Hoyt, is a chronicle of the actions of one of those delightful anomalies, the American young woman, who presents her own apology in such manner as to make the investigations of the foremost anthropologists superfluous:

"When a Kentucky belle marries a New Hampshire lawyer, there are rocks ahead for coming generations," she [Nancy] reasoned, having settled herself upon the arm of her father's chair and rumbled his gray hair into hopeless untidiness.

"Given Kentucky impulses and a New Hampshire conscience, what can one do? You really should n't expect much of me.

"Now, if Daddy had married one of his neighbors, I would be frostily sewing flannels for missionary boxes. If the little mother had married any one of the six men to whom she was engaged during her first season in society, I would have caught fire and flamed into matrimony before I was twenty. As it is my New Hampshire head keeps my Kentucky heart from running away with me; and my Kentucky heart keeps my New Hampshire head from reasoning me into a marriage for revenue only."



MR. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

The artist who signs himself Stanlaws has interpreted the American Girl in his usual light and airy fashion,—his illustrative work impressing one as being delightful by instinct and limited by training. Altogether it is a pleasant book,—one calculated to make the American young man more definitely satisfied with existence.

Occasionally an humble writer in any well-worked field must sacrifice individual opinion, however definite, to what he realizes is the well-founded belief of a majority. Therefore in this list of books is written down "The Van-Dwellers." Undoubtedly it is descriptive of unique types, bred of distinctly American, and distinctly modern, conditions,—but to the writer, so far from being funny, it is indescribably sad. Have *you* ever hunted a flat in New York? Evidently Mr. Paine has, and every page of his book gives rise to recollections that crush one's smiles,—emotions too deep for tears. Trippingly he tells of dumb-waiters, delivery-wagons, dark hallways, even of "all the modern improvements"; carelessly he writes of steam-heat, bibulous janitors, and landladies who have seen better days. To happy denizens of individual mansions or rural districts this is funny,—the writer admits it; but the writer asks permission to avoid quotations from a book so realistic and even from further review of it. Mr. Paine at least will understand.

The Van-Dweller, in this instance, and the American Girl do not present any predominant racial type other than the American,—which may now, I believe, be considered a race by itself. The psycho-physicist can trace their development from the various human elements that have flocked to our shores in the preceding century. Who, however, can account for Chuck Conners of the Bowery?

Accounted for or not, he is forever entertaining, and his prototype in fiction, "Chimmy Fadden," is happily returned to us, with "Mr. Paul" as chief interlocutor. This volume, if any, falls into line with the best of recent American humor based upon a study of some distinctive American type. "Chimmy"

measures the world in terms of the Bowery, and his training was had in no mean school. Listen to his summing up of the conclusion of Napoleon's career:

He made his brodder Joe leader of de Dago Spanish district, where dey builds targets for Dewey and Sampson; his brodder Lou he put in charge of Holland, which is Teddy Roosevelt's old district; his brodder Romy he set up over Westphilia, where de hams come from; his brodder-in-law, a fly cop named Murrey, who'd been captain of de Paris Tenderloin, he made leader of Naples, a guinney district where de street-sweepers come from. He had one of de grandest shake-ups der ever was.

Den all de kings what had and had n't lost deir jobs dey calls a caucus, and says: "We must get togedder and turn down dis upstart or he'll stampede de convention, and we won't have a place even on de committee on music and fireworks. . . . Well, de Reformers quit fighting among deirselves, and Napoleon's gang was n't strong enough to win witout no toid party in de field to split de Reform vote; so de combine come down to de Harlem wit a majority. Den Nap went over to a place called Elba to race his horses and to wait for de Reformers to begin making faces at each odder. But he came back a steamer or two too soon, and, in a lovely fight called Waterloo, he met his finish. He was a good one, and I'm sorry I never met him.

In Chimmy's philosophy of life, and his interpretation of Mr. Paul's philosophizings, he frequently equals Mr. Dooley in keenness of insight. In fact, I think Chimmy Fadden, in the interval between his two appearances in book-form, has been hovering about the doorway of Dooley's saloon.

Mr. Dooley himself has no rightful place in this list. He is not the study of a type,—simply the mouth-piece of his author in the expression of theories on many subjects. We have, however, a recent study of an American Irishman, in the person of Policeman Flynn, of Chicago. Mr. Flower's short stories attracted attention before appearing in book-form, and the completed record of Barney Flynn's work on the force has been gladly received. Barney has the real Irish wit at times, and his



From *Home Sweet Home*

"The Van-Dwellers"

From

"He interviews the janitor on the gas mystery."

sense of humor is in delightful evidence, smoothing out many unpleasant paths in both domestic and official life. We, to whom glaring accounts of the New York police are served up every morning at breakfast, are glad to believe Mr. Flower when he says that his hero is not wholly a creature of the imagination.

Several names might be added to this small group. Charles Battell Loomis, with his short stories; "R. Fisguill," adopting a mountain of Virginia, evidently, for a godfather, and introducing himself through his light and dainty "Mazel"; Herman K. Viele, needing no introduction other than as author of "The Inn of the Silver Moon"; Nelson Lloyd, whose "A Drone and a Dreamer" proves him to have a charming style and a delightful fancy; all are contributing humorous thought, worth expressing, to the vast supply of published books.

The Old Humor is not dead, and few, if any, of its seemingly new forms prove on investigation to be new in fact. Out of deference to the title there are dealt with here only certain new authors'

new books. Yet even while reading these various studies of diverse American humanity, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" comes to mind, and "The Heathen Chinee," and all of those delightful bits of Rocky Mountain freshness whose creator has now become enrolled among the great American writers of the past.

The Old Humor is not dead, thank Heaven, but all Humor is in mourning. Death must have learned suddenly how much of smiles and geniality was abroad in the land,—and it is we of the younger generation who claim the greater share of grief for Stockton's death.

You older ones have doubtless in days past laughed over the trials of

Mrs. Lex and of Pamona, and have argued in mock seriousness, the Lady or the Tiger? What is that by comparison? Stretched upon the hearth-rug, upon our little stomachs, waving little feet in air, we have pored over well-thumbed pages of *St. Nicholas*; calloused elders have passed over us, sparks have scattered from the open fire, but we were far away with the Floating Prince and his crew, or wandering through caverns with the Bee-Man on his quest.

You may often have shaken Stockton by the hand and talked with him as a friend. We, as children, have gazed deep into the merry, child-like depths of his heart, and have loved and understood.



From

"The Misdemeanors of Nancy"

"Aunt Maria has the endurance of the early martyrs."

Browning's Treatment of Nature *

By STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Author of "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life"

THIRD PAPER

MUCH has been said in the previous chapter about Browning as a poet of Nature, but not enough. Some points were not sufficiently illustrated, others were omitted. The best way, perhaps, in which we can repair these deficiencies will be to take chronologically the natural descriptions in his poems and to comment upon them, leaving out those on which we have already touched. New points of interest will thus arise; and, moreover, taking the natural description as it occurs year after year, we may be able—within this phase of his poetic nature, and chronologically—to place his poetic development in a clearer light.

I begin, therefore, with "Pauline." The descriptions of Nature in that poem are more deliberate, more for their own sake, than elsewhere in Browning's poetry. The first of them faintly recalls the manner of Shelley in the "Alastæ," and I have no doubt was influenced by him. The two others, and the more finished, have already escaped from Shelley, and are almost pre-Raphaelite, as much so as Keats, in their detail. Yet all the three are original, not imitative. They suggest Shelley and Keats, and no more, and it is only the manner and not the matter of these poets that they suggest. Browning leaped into originality at once in this as in other modes of poetry. It was characteristic of him from the beginning to the end of his career to possess within himself his own methods, to incessantly draw out of himself alone new things and new inventions.

From one point of view this was full of treasurable matter for us. It is not often the gods give us so opulent an originality. From another point of view it was unfortunate. If he had begun by imitating a little; if he had

studied the excellences of his predecessors more; if he had curbed his individuality sufficiently to mark, learn, and inwardly digest the noble style of others in natural description, and in all other matters of poetry as well, his work would have been much better than it is; his original excellences would have found fitter and finer expression; his faults would have been lessened instead of being developed; his style would have been more concise on one side, less abrupt on another, and we should not have been wrongly disturbed by obscurities of diction and inadequacies of expression. He would have reached more continuously the splendid level he often attained. This is plentifully illustrated by his work on external nature, but less perhaps than by his work on humanity.

The first natural description he published is in the beginning of "Pauline":

Thou wilt remember one warm morn when winter
Crept agèd from the earth, and spring's first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills; the blackthorn
boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.

That is fairly good; he describes what he has seen; but it might have been better. The blackthorn is not white with coming buds; it is not white till they have opened. The comparison of them on the dark and leafless boughs to the bright side of sorrow weakens the description, and the violets do not open from sleep like swiftly lifting eyes. We know what he means, but his words do not accurately or imaginatively convey this meaning. The best lines are the first three, but the peculiar note of Shelley sighs so fully in them that they do not represent Browning. What is special to him in them is his peculiar delight not only in

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the morning which here he celebrates, but in the spring. It was in his nature, even in old age, to love with passion the beginnings of things; dawn, morning, spring, and youth, and their quick blood, its changes, impulses, its unpremeditated rush into fresh experiment. Unlike Tennyson, who was old when he was old, Browning was young when he was old. Only once in "Asolando," in one poem, can we trace that he felt winter in his heart. And the lines in "Pauline" which I now quote, spoken by a young man who dramatized himself into momentary age, are no ill description of his temper at times when he was really old:

As life wanes, all its care and strife and toil
Seem strangely valueless, while the old trees
Which grew by our youth's home—the waving mass
Of climbing plants heavy with bloom and dew.
The morning swallows with their songs like words—
All these seem clear, and only worth our thoughts
So, aught connected with my early life,
My rude songs or my wild imaginings,
How I look on them—most distinct amid
The fever and the stir of after years!

The next description of "Pauline" is that in which he describes—to illustrate what Shelley was to him—the woodland spring which became a mighty river. Shelley, as first conceived by Browning, seemed to him like a sacred spring:

Scarce worth a moth's flittings, which long grasses
cross,
And one small tree embowers droopingly—
Joying to see some wandering insect won
To live in its few rushes, or some locust
To pasture on its boughs, or some wild bird
Stoop for its freshness from the trackless air.

A piece of careful detail, close to nature, but not close enough, needing to be more detailed or less detailed, but the first instance in his work of his deliberate use of Nature, not for love of herself only (Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Byron would have described the spring in the woods for itself alone), but for illustration of humanity. It is Shelley—Shelley in his lonely withdrawn character, Shelley hidden in the wood of his own thoughts, and, like a

spring in that wood, bubbling upwards into personal poetry—of whom Browning is now thinking. The image is good, but a better poet would have dwelt more on the fountain and left the insects and birds alone. It is Shelley also of whom he thinks—Shelley breaking away from personal poetry to write of the fates of men, of liberty and love and overthrow of wrong, of the future of mankind, when he expands his tree-shaded fountain into the river and follows it to the sea:

Another should find it but the fountain head,
Long lost, of some great river washing towns
And towers, and seeing old woods which will live
But by its banks untrod of human foot.
Which, when the great sun sinks, lie quivering
In light, as some thing lieth, half of life
Before God's foot, waiting a wondrous change:
Then girt with rocks which seek to turn or stay
Its course in vain: for it does ever spread
Like a sea's arm as it goes rolling on—
Being the pulse of some great country—so
Wast thou to me, and art thou to the world.

How good some of that is—how bad it is elsewhere! How much it needs thought, concentration, and yet how vivid also and original! And the faults of it—faults of grammar, of clearness, of irritating parentheses, of broken threads of thought, of inability to leave out the needless—are faults of which Browning never quite cleared his work. I do not think he ever cared to rid himself of them.

The next description is not an illustration of man by nature. It is almost the only set description of Nature, without reference to man, which occurs in the whole of Browning's work. It is introduced by his declaration (for in this I think he speaks from himself) of his power of living in all the life of the living things in Nature. He does not think of himself as living in the whole Being of Nature, as Wordsworth or Shelley would have done. There was a certain matter-of-factness in him which prevented his belief in any theory of that kind. But he does transfer himself into the rejoicing life of the animals and plants, a life which he knows and which is akin to his own. And this distinction is true of

all his poetry of Nature. "I can mount with the bird," he says:

Leaping airily his pyramid of leaves
And twisted boughs of some tall mountain tree ;
Or like a fish breathe deep the morning air
In the misty sun-warm water.

This introduces the description of a walk of twenty-four hours through various scenes of natural beauty. It is long and elaborate—the scenery he conceives round the home where he and Pauline are to live. And it is so close, and so much of it is repeated in other forms in his later poetry, that I think it is drawn direct from Nature; that it is here done of set purpose to show his hand in natural description. It begins with night, but soon leaves night for the morning and the noon. Here is a piece of it:

Morning, the rocks and valleys and old woods,
How the sun brightens in the mist, and here,
Half in the air, like creatures * of the place,
Trusting the elements, living on high boughs
That sway in the wind—look at the silver spray
Flung from the foam-sheet of the cataract
Amid the broken rocks! Shall we stay here
With the wild hawks? No, ere the hot noon come
Dive we down—safe!* See, this is our new retreat,
Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
Dark, tangled, old and green, and sloping down
To a small pool whose waters lie asleep,
Amid the trailing boughs turned under water-plants:
And tall trees overarch to keep us in.
Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts:
And in the dreamy water one small group
Of two or three strange trees are got together
Wondering at all around—

This is wandering, nerveless work, tentative, talkative, formless, no clear expression of the whole; and as he tries to expand it further in lines we may study with interest (for the very failures of genius are interesting) he becomes even more feeble, though the feebleness is traversed by verses of power, like lightning flashing through a cloud.

It is an attempt at accurate, truthful detail, like pre-Raphaelite work, and the chief thing to say about it is, that he got out of its manner as fast as he

* Are creatures accordant with the place?

could. He never tried that kind of thing again, but passed on to sharp, quick suggestiveness, one or two things in the landscape chosen and shot into prominence, and the rest left to the imagination of the reader.

He is better when he comes forth from the closed-in woodland pool into the clear air and open landscape:

Up for the glowing day, leave the old woods!
See: they part like a ruined arch: the sky!
Blue, sunny air, where a great cloud floats laden
With light, like a dead whale that white birds pick
Floating away in the sun in some north sea—
Air, air, fresh life-blood, thin and searching air,
The clear, dear breath of God that loveth us,
Where small birds reel, and winds take their
delight—

The last three lines are excellent, but nothing could be worse than the sensational image of the dead whale. It does not fit the thing he desires to illustrate, and it violates the sentiment of the scene he is describing; its strangeness pleased his imagination, and he put it in without a question. Alas, in after times, he only too often, both in the poetry of Nature and of the human soul, hurried into his verse illustrations which had no natural relation to the matter in hand, just because it amused him to indulge his fancy. The finished artist could not do this; he would hear, as it were, the false note, and destroy it. But Browning, a natural artist, never became a perfect one. Nevertheless, as his poetry went on, he reached, by natural power, splendid description, as indeed I have fully confessed; but, on the other hand, one is never sure of him. He is never quite "inevitable."

The attempt at deliberate natural description in "Pauline," of which I have now spoken, is not renewed in "Paracelsus." By the time he wrote that poem the movements and problems of the spirit of man had all but quenched his interest in natural scenery. Nature is only introduced as a background (almost a scenic background) for the players, who are the passions, thoughts, and aspirations of the intellectual soul of Paracelsus. It is only

at the beginning of Part II. that we touch a landscape :

Over the waters in the vaporous west
The sun goes down as in a sphere of gold
Behind the arm of the city, which between,
With all the length of domes and minarets,
Athwart the splendour, black and crooked runs
Like a Turk verse along a scimitar.

That is all, nothing but an introduction. Paracelsus turns in a moment from the sight, and absorbs himself in himself, just as Browning was then doing in his own soul. Nearly two thousand lines are then written before Nature is again touched upon, and then Festus and Paracelsus are looking at the dawn; and it is worth saying how in this description Browning's work on Nature has so greatly improved that one can scarcely believe he is the same poet who wrote the wavering descriptions of "Pauline." This is close and clear :

Morn must be near.

FESTUS. Best ope the casement : see
The night, late strewn with clouds, and flying stars,
Is blank and motionless : how peaceful sleep
The tree tops all together ! Like an asp
The wind slips whispering from bough to bough.

PARACELUS. See, morn at length. The heavy
darkness seems

Diluted, grey and clear without the stars ;
The shrubs bestir, and rouse themselves, as if
Some snake, that weighed them down all night, let go
His hold ; and from the East, fuller and fuller,
Day, like a mighty river, flowing in ;
But cloudy, wintry, desolate, and cold.

That is good, clear, and sufficient ; and there the description should end. But Browning, driven by some small demon, adds to it three lines of mere observant fancy, on a little affair, which, enfeebling the force of the previous lines, irritate the whole description.

Yet see how the broad prickly star-shaped plant,
Half-down in the crevice, spreads its woolly leaves,
All thick and glistening with diamond dew.

What is that for? To give local color or reality? It does neither. It is mere childish artistry. Tennyson

could not have done it. He knew when to stay his hand.

The finest piece of natural description in "Paracelsus" is of the coming of spring. It is full of the joy of life which filled Browning when he was young, which clung to him almost to the last year of his age. It is inspired by a passionate thought, lying behind it, concerning man. It is still more inspired by his belief that God Himself was eternal joy and filled the universe with rapture. Nowhere did Browning reach a greater height in his Nature poetry than in these lines, yet they are more a description, as usual, of animal life than of the beauty of the earth and sea :

Then all is still ; earth is a wintry clod :
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure
Buds tenderly on rough banks, between
The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face ;
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swol'n with
blooms

Like chrysalids impatient for the air,
The shining dorrs are busy, beetle runs
Along the furrows, ants make their ado ;
Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy ;
Afar the ocean sleeps ; white fishing gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets ; savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain—and GOD renews
His ancient rapture.

Once more, in "Paracelsus," there is the lovely little lyric poem about the flowing of the Mayne. I have driven through that gracious country of low hill and dale and wide water-meadows, where under flowered banks only a foot high the slow river winds in gentleness, and this poem is steeped in the atmosphere and sentiment of the scenery. But, as before, Browning quickly slides away from the beauty of inanimate nature into a record of the animals that haunt the stream. He could not get on long with mountains and rivers alone. He must people them with breathing, feeling things—anything for life!

Certain Authors' Views on Book- Reviewing

By GEORGE SANDS GOODWIN

AS a contribution to the discussion which goes on at intervals in the public journals on the subject of book-reviewing, its failure or success, considerable interest ought to attach to the following letters sent to the writer by such representative authors as William Dean Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Frank Norris, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Mark Twain, and Joseph A. Altsheler.

It should be explained that the letters were forwarded in response to a communication in which these questions were asked, and to which categorical replies were requested:

(1) Would you rather have your books reviewed or submitted to the public without review?

(2) What, in your opinion, constitutes a fair review?

(3) Is there apparent to you a lack of conscientiousness in the criticism of modern books—if so, what remedy have you to suggest?

(4) Are English reviews fairer than those written by American critics?

(5) One writer has answered that in his opinion book-reviewing is an impudent intrusion on the business of authorship—do you agree with him?

It will appear to the reader that the above questions not only take wide ground in a consideration of the use or abuse of the critic's function, but that they also touch boldly on one or two delicate points much at issue when controversies on this subject take place. To ask such widely read authors as Mr. Howells, Mr. Page, and Mr. Brady, whose books are constantly in the hands of the reviewers, to declare point-blank whether these same reviewers are lacking in conscientiousness was certainly putting to the test both their candor and their judgment. That they have answered with clearness and frankness is shown in the appended letters to the writer.

Mr. Howells responded as follows:

I think any sensible man likes his book fairly reviewed. English reviews of American books are

apt to be fairer than our own, because, like American reviews of English books, they have no personal bias, for good or bad. A fair review is the critic's honest best. One can ask nothing more of him, though one might sometimes wish him wiser or kinder.

Yours very truly,

W. D. HOWELLS.

Mr. Howells is certainly an adept in the art of delicate phrasing. In the above letter he arraigns the critics on three counts: personal bias, lack of wisdom, and unkindness—yet so gentle is his touch that he hardly seems to be saying anything severe at all.

It would have helped greatly the purposes of this article if Mr. Howells had entered into details. It would have been interesting had he offered some reason why, in his opinion, reviewers are, or should be, biased against any publication. Why should a book of foreign creation be more fairly reviewed than one by a native author? Whence comes "personal bias for good or bad"? Does this distinguished writer agree with the views of Mr. Henry James, who has characterized the larger number of reviewers as being "spiteful, venal, impotent, ignorant, irresponsible, and lazy," "bias" being, with them, the result of an innate vicious tendency which they cannot avoid? So kindly a tone generally permeates Mr. Howells's writings that it seems out of the question to associate views so drastic with a temperament such as his, and yet his intimation of bias on the part of the reviewer remains unexplained.

The "biased" reviewer must be actuated by one of three reasons:

(1) He has the business instinct, and unduly praises or condemns a book because he is either after an advertisement or is punishing a publisher for not advertising.

(2) He has a personal feeling of prejudice against the author, whose work is under review, or is temperamentally

opposed to the kind or class of literature to which the book under review belongs.

(3) He comes under Mr. James's characterization, and is warped by an inherent tendency to carp and snarl at all printed things.

Which of these views had Mr. Howells in mind when he wrote the above letter?

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page answered the writer's communication thus:

Replying to your inquiries in yours of recent date, I would say that I see no reason why anyone should not like to have his books reviewed, provided the reviews were in the least what the term should imply. Unfortunately, there is very little reviewing done nowadays, and most of what is done appears to me to lack the essential elements of a sound review. Much of what goes under the head of reviewing, should more properly be termed "Notices of Books."

With regard to your inquiry whether there appears to me a lack of conscientiousness in the criticisms nowadays, and if so what remedy might cure the trouble, I should be very adverse to charging lack of conscientiousness on the part of those who write the book notices. For the most part, I believe, they are a very hard-worked and conscientious class of writers. One trouble is, that they are too hard-worked. Another is, that they are expected to praise all equally, and they do it. I am much struck in reading book notices to find how many wonderful books are always being written and how many geniuses are always being discovered. Some cynic has asked what becomes of all the clever children. What appears to me to be needed is a higher standard, and something that will earmark those criticisms which are the thoughtful judgment of a conscientious reviewer upon a serious work, so as to distinguish it from what is merely an announcement copied from a publisher's advertisement.

Mr. Lowell said, I believe, in an address that he delivered at the opening of Bryn Mawr College, that one of the most important pieces of advice he could give was that it should be learned "to distinguish between printed matter and literature."

The liking for different books is almost as individual a matter as the liking for different vegetables. One person likes potatoes and detests cabbages: another "dotes on" cabbages and cannot abide potatoes; but at least the caterer should know the difference between a cabbage and a potato.

Respectfully yours,

THOS. NELSON PAGE.

Is it true, as Mr. Page says, that "much that goes under the head of reviewing should more properly be termed 'notices of books'?"

What have our respected reviewers of the leading American journals and magazines to say to this? It would be interesting to have the views of some of our prominent literary editors on Mr. Page's frank avowal of his opinions. While there are doubtless some reviewers who do not know the difference between a "cabbage" and a "potato," there are many who have shown decided ability in defending from attack the profession they follow.

Here is Cyrus Townsend Brady's response to the writer's interrogations:

It gives me great pleasure, indeed, to answer your questions. I very much prefer to have my books reviewed. I consider a fair review an honest expression of opinion after the reading of a book if it be a connected volume, or the reading of different articles, if it contain a series of stories or sketches. I think a fair review also should point out the merits as well as the demerits of a book; it is possible to damn a book utterly by seeking for the faults and exploiting them and saying nothing whatever about the good points, which may more than overbalance the bad. I am afraid that there is a great lack of conscientiousness in book-reviews. They are in many cases made up of excerpts from the publishers' circulars. In one of my own books the circular referred to contained a gross historical error, which did not appear in the book.

I think over fifty journals used that notice, error and all; included in this number were one or two journals and one magazine pretending to be authorities. I think that one remedy might be found in requiring all reviews or notices of books to indicate the source from which they came. In other words, I should have the reviews signed, and if they are merely copies of publishers' circulars, have them so acknowledged. The value of signed reviews is apparent to everyone. If a man's signature goes at the bottom of his article he is apt to see that the article is his own, and that it really represents his opinion. An unsigned review has all the objections of other anonymous productions.

I know nothing whatever of English reviews.

I am surprised at the statement of the writer in question. The reviewers must have hit him rather hard, I fear. Of course, I do not agree with him.

I think reviewing is a great advantage. An author should be careful therefore. Discriminating praise is helpful and stimulating, and discriminating censure should be equally valuable. Criticism is, or

should be, a great factor in developing individual effort and bringing about successful achievement. Indeed, humanity cannot do without it. In general, I think reviewers are men with kindly hearts, and that authors as a rule get more than they deserve. (I say this in the face of more or less bitter criticism.) This tendency to overpraise is of course a fault, for the reviewer should be as impartial as justice, and as honest as the weaknesses of humanity admit.

Now, in concluding this letter, I call your attention to one curious fact: That book of mine which has had the best reviews, which has been practically unanimously commended, and which has been most frequently and largely quoted from, has *sold less than any other!* I hope this rather rambling discussion of the subject may serve your purpose. Very sincerely yours,

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

No one could possibly find fault with Mr. Brady's interesting letter except, possibly, one of the unfortunate fifty reviewers who, he declares, printed a publisher's announcement containing a "gross historical error" and meant it to pass for a review. The critics so offending are here held up for proper condemnation and yet they are not wholly to blame.

Everyone who in our day gets up an almanac, a traveller's guide, a diary, a calendar, a ready-speller or writer, or a cook-book; industrious compilers of infallible guides to health, wealth, wisdom, learning, leanness, corpulence, moral or intellectual greatness; men who burrow among forgotten heaps for statistics on food-stuffs or tariff rates; people who go on tours and keep journals; the host of would-be authors—each and every one of this active swarm sends his particularly important emanation to the literary editors of the leading journals for "review," while at the same time ten thousand groaning presses are turning out with lightning speed the countless leaves of encyclopedias, dictionaries, anthologies, digests, etc., all of which like bibliophilean mastodons will fall on the shoulders of the luckless reviewer to devour him.

Suppose, now, a reviewer is patiently "reviewing" a descriptive cook-book, or is immersed in the imaginative flights of a census report, and there

comes to him in the shape of legitimate literature, say, a book of poems, or a late novel. Suppose, as he opens the package, he finds accompanying these books a seductively prepared notice or "announcement" sent by the publisher and containing a full *résumé* of the character, scope, and general qualities of the work. Is it not a temptation—an overmastering lure—to the worn-out critic to seize his paste-pot, stick down that heaven-sent notice and transmit it to the composing-room for the literary columns, there to pass muster as a review? He would be more than human could he always resist the invitation to lessen his toils by the, perhaps, undue use of these advance notices of books.*

It would have been pertinent to this inquiry if Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, while charging many reviewers with lack of conscientiousness, and calling attention to the fifty journals "including one magazine" that gobbled a publisher's announcement, error and all, had given his opinion on these two propositions:

(1) Does he believe it right that reviewers should be called upon to consider critically any publications but those relating directly to literature, *per se*?

(2) Does he believe in the custom of sending prepared notices or announcements with books intended for review?

Many reviewers will surely have an uncomfortable feeling when they read the last paragraph of Mr. Brady's letter. His statement that that book of his which had the best reviews, which was "practically unanimously commended, and which has been most frequently and largely quoted from, has sold less than any other," is not calculated to encourage the painstaking writer of reviews. But while the curious fact recorded by the author of "For the Freedom of the Sea" seems to aim a vital thrust at the heart of the critical profession it really does no damage at all. It would have force only if the purpose of reviewing is to

* The class of reviewers alluded to by Mr. Goodwin must be the overworked editors of weekly newspapers in small country towns.—[Ed. CRITIC.]

promote sales; if critiques must fall flat unless they create desire. No one, unless he be steeped in commercialism, will argue that this is the primal object of the critical function as applied to literature. Mr. Brady does not think so himself because he says—with splendid optimism in view of the hard knocks he has received—"I think reviewing is a great advantage . . . Discriminating praise is helpful and stimulating, and discriminating censure . . . equally valuable. Criticism is, or should be, a great factor in developing individual effort and bringing about successful achievement. Indeed, humanity cannot do without it."

Mr. Frank Norris, the clever author of "McTeague" and "The Octopus," sent the following letter as his contribution to the writer of this paper:

Having due understanding as to the nature of an oath, I reply to yours.

(1) *Would I rather have my books reviewed?*—Yes. It's half of the fun of writing 'em.

(2) A fair review, in my opinion, is one in which you can discover the writer's sincerity and evidence that he has read the book.

(3) *Is there a lack of conscientiousness in the reviewing of modern books?*—Rather. (I've written reviews myself.) The remedy I have to propose is that book-reviewing should be a department by itself on the staff of any periodical or journal, so that reviewing should not be *anybody's* business, done at odd times, etc. Also that the reviewer should have the choice of what books to treat, and that he should take only two or three at a time.

(4) *Are English reviews fairer than American?*—No.

(5) *Do you consider book-reviewing an intrusion?* Of course not. As a novelist the man's work belongs to the public. Whoever said that about intrusion was an ass. Sincerely yours,

FRANK NORRIS.

Mr. Norris's views are partially shared by Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler, who wrote as follows:

I think that literary criticism in America is, in the main, conscientious, and that the critic, in so far as his paper will let him, is disposed to judge of a book according to its merits, or what he thinks to

be its merits. The chief fault is his lack of time. That is, the pressure of other duties prevents his proper examination of a book and frequently he is compelled to write from insufficient knowledge. Very few men in this country are able to devote all their working hours to literary criticism, and, as the proper expression of sound opinion requires much thought, they are much hampered in their duties. I think that when literary criticism is taken more seriously by the proprietors of publications it will acquire more weight and influence. Yours truly,

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.

It is to be hoped that proprietors of journals publishing book news will follow the recommendations of Messrs. Norris and Altsheler. The stamp of responsibility and authority can scarcely attach to the opinions of literary editors who do "local" work today and review books to-morrow.

Here is how Mark Twain replied to the writer's communication on the subject of book-reviewing:

I suppose I *ought* to take an interest in this subject, but really I don't.

I would have answered sooner, but I have been bedridden eight days with gout. Truly yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

The letter Mr. Clemens has written lets in considerable light on that distinguished author's attitude of mind towards the critics. It is likely to occasion more than mild surprise that a novelist who has profited from the generous commendations of two generations of reviewers takes "no interest" in the discussion of a topic which concerns them so closely. In connection with such an expressed avowal of indifference on the part of the veteran author of "Innocents Abroad" it does not seem out of place to ask this question—would Mark Twain's literary ventures have attained the same measure of success if, in the budding period of his career as a writer, the critics to whom his books were sent for review had dismissed each with the remark in chorus, "We *ought* to take an interest in this subject, but we don't."





Mrs. Wharton's Philosophical Romance

By ALINE GORREN

WHEN Mrs. Wharton wrote "The Valley of Decision,"* she had in view a distinct purpose and in mind a definite model. The purpose was to make a study of the eighteenth century in Italy. The model which should fit the purpose was the philosophical romance, a *genre* which comparatively few have handled and which, naturally, appeals to few.

A picture of the disintegration of Italy in the eighteenth century is, localized, a picture of the disintegration of the old, caste-conception of society under the influence of the modern democratic spirit. The moment of crisis has been many times studied in France; that is, the moment of most salient crisis, for these changes proceed by a series of shocks and crises, beginning long before the summarizing attention apprehends them, and continuing long after the metamorphosis is supposed to have been consummated; and it is very proper to choose the French eighteenth century for this study. The germination of new ideas came to a visible explosion in France, after which things were really not so much the same in essence as they have elsewhere often had a trick of being after revolutions. The French mind has the abstracting quality that makes it approximately true to the consequences of its ideas. Moreover, the centralizing tendencies of France make it possible to see movements of thought lucidly there, in the ensemble. Italy knew fourteen hundred years of decentralization, and is not to this day an organic unit. The effort to give a total impression of the "stirring of unborn ideals" of intellectual and political freedom in the various Italian states of the latter half of the eighteenth century constituted a task of great com-

plexity, demanding the subtlest insight, a judgment of the surest poise, large powers of discrimination in the play of confused factors, and human sympathies wide and warm.

There has been no book written in English for many years conceived in a higher spirit. The comparison with Walter Pater is inevitable. In French writing there is a nearer comparison, chronologically, with Anatole France, the word-tissue of whose books is as rare and lovely, and whose purpose (in his philosophical romances) is as much of the class of the things that endure. Mrs. Wharton knows the physical face of Italy as one knows that only which profoundly moves one. She takes Odo, her protagonist, through fields, by the side of marshes, along riverbanks, washed in as Maurice Barrès washes on his page the scenery that is a background for his pale heroes. There is, in fact, very much of the feeling of Maurice Barrès in Mrs. Wharton's book. So much so that one wonders whether one should not prefer for it the designation of psychological—rather than philosophical—romance. That is what Maurice Barrès, in one of his prefaces, calls those little works "Sous l'Œil des Barbares," "Le Jardin de Bérénice," etc., which were not inconsiderably read in France a few years ago. His hero never does anything. But as he is caught in the tangle of the events of life those events act upon his plastic psychological self, and the vision that is given the reader of that action is the whole of the book. If there were reaction on his part we should have a "story," pages written more or less dramatically. As there is no reaction we have a passive picture,—a soul seen as one sees a lake that brightens or darkens, ripples or grows smooth again, as the hours pass over it and the seasons.

* "The Valley of Decision." By Edith Wharton. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

But Odo Valsecca is not so much a man to Mrs. Wharton, a dilettante descendant of an outworn feudal race, as a type, a representation of the prevailing mental condition of a people with a long, stupendous civilization behind it, and little power of renewal in the face of impending world-changes. Still less is Fulvia Vivaldi a woman, a personal study of a young *dottoressa*, a daughter of the time-honored learned section of the Italian middle-class. She too is a symbol. She symbolizes, in opposition to the hero, "the new standpoint from which . . . men were beginning to test the accepted forms of thought." She is the coming democracy, and the intransigent Genevan protest against the sensuous forms of faith;—and perhaps she does not quite escape a certain Genevan dryness and stiffness. After all, the book *is* probably to be called a philosophical romance, rather than a psychological one.

In any case, it is not to be called a novel. To call it so must appear to some persons to be a grave mistake. "The Valley of Decision" has much to gain by being placed definitely in the literary class to which it belongs; it has everything to lose by being classed in a *genus* none of whose essential marks and signs it possesses. Though there are many who will always prove recalcitrant to the idea of the inevitable evolution of literary forms, it is certain that the evolution goes forward, unarrested. The novel has passed out of the reflective stage and perhaps even out of the analytical stage. That does not mean that fine novels will not still be written in which, padded around the synthetic projection of motive, passion, and personage, there will yet be both reflection and analysis. We may, however, count more and more on the synthesis, less and less on the analysis. It is hard to see how, for the present at least, the impulse everywhere at work to foreshorten and condense, can be set back. The novels that are truly in the spirit of the hour are conceived as long short-stories; and Mr. Brander Matthews has told us what the short-story is. It expresses us with extra-

ordinary aptness, because, in spite of what we say to the contrary, this is not—it is no longer—a critical age. For good or evil, we have taken up the results of the critical-scientific work of five—four—three decades back, into our blood. Now we act upon them.

There are three reasons that may have withheld Mrs. Wharton from using intensely, dramatically, through the medium of two or three potent personifications, all the rich material whose details she has so thoroughly assimilated. She may have feared to seem to be writing a historical novel in the style of the last few years. Vivid and impassioned personification, the self-sustaining ardor of imagination that lets itself go without thinking of itself, may be increasingly difficult to her in the development of her reflective powers. There were features in her short stories that would have made one think otherwise. But where the taste is so fastidious, and the research of the right vehicle so exquisite, this is of course always the brooding danger. The third supposition is that life in the scenes, and at the time, chosen by her had a note of provinciality that would have worked hemmingly on the effort to produce a strongly vitalized and rapidly moving piece of fiction.

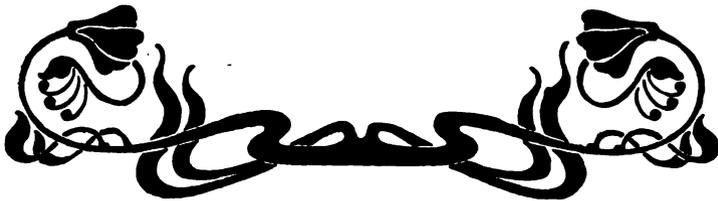
As a matter of fact the eighteenth century was, in Italy, not a great century. Separate entities as they were at the time of the Renaissance, the Italian states yet lived then with a life that was cosmopolitan in the truest sense. And, torn apart as Italy was in the declining years of the Empire, there was then another great ideal abroad in the world, which, even as did the ideals of the Renaissance, animated scattered bodies of men everywhere with the same constructive thought. When we put down "Marius the Epicurean," the book leaves us with the feeling of unity, solidarity. We have a total impression of the growing impetus of the great Christian idea. If Mrs. Wharton's romance does not hang together as closely as does Walter Pater's, if it seems more to fall out of its covers, the fault lies very much with the epoch of which it treats. All the old ideals

were crumbling away in the Italy of the eighteenth century, but the new manifested themselves with no cohesion. The problem of the change from the religious-traditional and monarchical notions to the notions of man's right to govern his soul and his social status for himself presented itself otherwise to the Italian than to the Frenchman and the Englishman. There was never a Protestant question for him; there was no definite new vehicle in which the idea that high ethics need not necessarily be associated with the acceptance of ecclesiastically organized mediation between himself and Heaven could crystallize into shape. The temporal power of Rome might be felt in its oppression and its corruption; it was also felt in its beneficence. Political freedom, after the modern sense, came more slowly and painfully into existence for this cause. Those who wished, in the last half of the eighteenth century, for the dawning of the future could not draw effectually together, nor make themselves felt collectively. Economic reasons, reasons that it would be a long and subtle business to trace, prevented the fermentation of the age from rising absolutely from the soil in Italy. And where the new ideas are exclusively the property of the elect there can be nothing but dilettantism. It is precisely the lucidity with which Mrs. Wharton has seen all this, and the truth she has used in the presentation of every character, that have militated against the "driving power" of her beautiful piece of work. Provinciality is the result of a discrepancy between actual conditions and only half-understood or half-embraced aspirations received from the outside. There was, as I have said, a

great deal of this provinciality in the Italy of Alfieri.

Mrs. Wharton shows us an Alfieri taken from the *vif*. His weakness, even his littleness, she has seen with all her characteristic justness of vision. The work, however, was immeasurably greater than the man in this case. And this, indeed, we should have liked to have been made to realize more forcibly. Here at least—and at last—was a very positive note where so much else was negative.

But the strong upward movement that culminated in the unification of Italy only came later. A novel of self-sacrificing action would have had to have been set in that later Italy of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour. A novel, on the other hand, frankly pitched in the key of sensuousness might, amid such pictures of eighteenth-century Naples and Venice as Mrs. Wharton has known how to draw, have been saturated with heady charm. Mrs. Wharton chose to take her own moment and method. Her charm is that of a refinement that has lost its illusions. She has all the understandings and all the charities; she has sometimes too all the cruelties of an on-look on life over which a merciful blindness never creeps. As a historical study, "The Valley of Decision" is as near to perfection as things human get to be. As a piece of fiction, it needed but to be a little more wrong to be a little more right. Prejudice may—and often does—give the spark of life and beauty, though prejudice is not beautiful in itself. And to be effectual—merely—is often to be beautiful also. And Mrs. Wharton knows this, for there is no manifestation of the beautiful to which her intuition does not reach.



The Unpopularity of the First Person Singular

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

I.

GREAT emphasis is being laid at the present time upon the tools that readers ought to use to do their reading with. We live in the reference-book age. To this generation there has been granted an inspiration quite its own—the inspiration of conveniences. That these conveniences have their place, that one ought to have the best of them there can be no doubt, but it is very important to bear in mind, particularly in the present public mood, that if one cannot have all of these conveniences, or even the best of them, the one absolutely necessary reference book in reading the masters of literature is one that is open in every house. The best edition for a man to use is his own private edition, the one he is presented with on his first birthday, written and being written in the bones of his body and in the lines of his face and in his dreams in the night, by the hand of God. It is fortunate that the one necessary reference book for true reading is one that no one person can give to us and that all the world cannot take away. It is ours until the print grows dim in our eyes and the worn volume slips from our hands. It is something of a commonplace,—this one volume,—and is summed up in what is perhaps the greatest commonplace of all, "Born—Died." It is the reference book of one's own life, a book which, however common it may be, is a whole library in itself, and what all other libraries are for. It is the only reference book a man is imperatively obliged to have, to do his reading with.

It may be set down as a general principle that the best book in any given time to give a child to read, is the one that makes the most cross-references at that time to his life. His interest in books that do not make cross-references to his life can only be

roused by reading books that do. When these have made his life large enough, the life furnishes new cross-references itself. It cannot help it. His interest in other men and in other facts is all involved in his interest in himself.

The Unpopularity of the First Person Singular in current education naturally follows from *The Disgrace of the Imagination* in it. Our typical school is not satisfied with cutting off a boy's imagination about the outer world that lies around him. It amputates his imagination at its tap root. It stops a boy's imagination about himself, and the issues, connections, and possibilities of his own life. If a man is going to make more things in the world than other men, he generally has to begin by making himself. The habit of creation begins at home, and if a book cannot be made a part of a boy's interest in himself it is the wrong book. If the wrong book is a good book, it is still worse, for it spoils the book as well as the boy for an indefinite period. The right book is one that the boy will read as he lives. He will hardly know he is reading a book. It is only in proportion as his reading comes to him as an organic part of his living that it can be called true or worthy reading.

Shakespeare and the *New York World*, Homer and *Harper's Bazar*, Victor Hugo and *The Forum*, *Babyhood* and the Bible all hold and establish their influence by employing substantially the same principle. The act of reading, in so far as it is an interesting or vital act, is the act of establishing a personal relation to what is read. All the best things and all the worst ones in literature, in proportion as they are powerful whether for good or for evil, seem to make the direct appeal to the personal relation—to the associations, experiences, and expectancies of the reader. This principle is equally

the secret of Hamlet and of the last page of *Harper's Bazar* and of the grave and monthly lunge of *The Forum* at passing events. The immortality of Homer and the circulation of the *Ladies' Home Journal* both conform to it. Though the difference of appeal may seem sometimes as wide as the east and the west, the east and the west are in human nature and not in the nature of the appeal. The larger selves look themselves up in the greater writers and the smaller selves spell themselves out in the smaller ones. It is here we all behold as in some vast reflection or mirage of the reading world our own souls crowding and jostling, little and great, against the walls of their years, seeking to be let out, to look out, to look over, to look up—that they may find their possible selves.

The measure of the power of appeal in a book depends upon how direct the appeal is to our self-expression and to our self-identification with other selves. If a book has little force in it, whatever its literary form may be, or however disguised, it is biography appealing to biography. If a book has great force in it, it is autobiography appealing to autobiography. The great book is always a confession—a moral adventure with its reader, an incredible confidence.

II.

The main difficulty in getting a child to live in the whole of his nature, to run the scale from the bottom to the top, from "I" to God, is to persuade his parents and teachers, and the people who crowd around him to educate him, that he must begin at the bottom. Inasmuch as the education of a child—his relation to books—must be conducted either with reference to evading personality, or accumulating it, the issue is one that must be squarely drawn from the first. Beginning at the bottom is found by society at large to be such an inconvenient and painstaking process, that the children who are allowed to lay a foundation for personality—to say "I" in its disagreeable stages—seem to be confined, for the most part, to either one or the other

of two classes—the Incurable or the Callous. The more thorough a child's nature is, the more real his processes are, the more incurable he is bound to be—secretly if he is sensitive, and offensively if he is callous. In either case the fact is the same. The child unconsciously acts on the principle that self-assertion is self-preservation. One of the first things that he discovers is that self-preservation is the last thing polite parents desire in a child. If he is to be preserved they will preserve him themselves.

The conspiracy begins in the earliest days. The world rolls over him. The home and the church and the school and the printed book roll over him. The story is the same in all. Education—originally conceived as drawing a boy out—becomes a huge, elaborate, overwhelming scheme for squeezing him in—for keeping him squeezed in. He is mobbed on every side. At school the teachers crowd round him and say "I" for him. At home his parents say "I" for him. At church the preacher says "I" for him. And when he retreats into the privacy of his own soul and betakes himself to a book, the book is a classic and the book says "I" for him. When he says "I" himself after a few appropriate years, he says it in disguised quotation marks. If he cannot always avoid it—if in some unguarded moment he is particularly alive about something and the "I" comes out on it, society expects him to be ashamed of it, at least to avoid the appearance of not being ashamed of it. If he writes he is desired to say "we." Sometimes he shades himself off into "the present writer." Sometimes he capitulates in bare initials.

One could not possibly imagine a world more prostrate than this one is, or than this one has always been before a great man. But it wants its great man finished. It is never willing to pay what he costs. It is particularly unwilling to pay what he costs as it goes along. The great man as a boy has always had to pay for himself. The bare fact of being very much alive costs him a good deal and he has to pay in advance. He appears at first

as a little monster and he is selfish. He may know afterwards perhaps that some of it was selfishness and some of it was life. In the meantime, however, he is being brought up in a world where boys who so little know how to play with their things, that they give them away, are pointed out to him as generous, and where boys who are so bored with their own minds that they prefer other people's are considered modest. If he knew in the days when models are being pointed out to him, that the time would soon come in the world for boys like these when it would make little difference either to the boys themselves, or to anyone else, whether they were generous or modest or not, it would make his education happier. In the meantime, in his disgrace, he does not guess what a good example to models he is. Very few other people guess it.

The general truth, that when a man has nothing to be generous with, and nothing to be modest about, even his virtues are superfluous, is realized by society at large in a pleasant helpless fashion, in its bearing on the man, but its bearing on the next man, on education, on the problem of human development, is almost totally overlooked.

The youth who grasps at everything in sight to have his experience with it, who cares more for the thing than he does for the person it comes from, and more for his experience with the thing than he does for the thing, is by no means an inspiring spectacle while this process is going on, and he is naturally in perpetual disgrace, but in proportion as they are wise, our best educators are aware that in all probability this same youth will wield more spiritual power in the world, and do more good in it, than nine or ten pleasantly smoothed and adjustable persons. His boy-faults are his man-virtues wrongside out.

The basis of character is experience. The basis of great character is capacity for intense experience. Experience is intense in proportion as it is personal. It is personal in proportion as we experience it ourselves, in proportion as it is in the first person. To substitute the second and third person for the

first is to take the capacity for experience away. In proportion as education is vital and economical, and productive of results, it reckons with this fact. All other facts are worked out from it.

The youth who is more interested in himself than he ought to be may have a grave failing to deal with, but he is at least interested in something. He has made an absolutely real beginning at a point where things are always most real to a man—were created to be most real to him—in his own relation to his own senses. It may be even a single interest, this interest in himself, but it is the nature of the universe that there is not one single intense and absorbing interest in it that can be fulfilled without leading to other interests, and without including them.

If a young man becomes interested in himself,—the experiences of his own mind in the presence of true and beautiful things,—he cannot help sooner or later being caught away from himself, his smaller self, by the very power and spell of true and beautiful things, to his larger self. The principle seems to hold both in art and religion. Men who begin by decorating their souls with the beautiful end by casting their souls before it. It is the nature of beauty. We go to it as masters and come back as voluntary slaves. We are thus its greatest masters.

That the unpopularity of the first person singular is honestly acquired and heartily deserved, it would be useless to deny. Everyone who has ever had a first person singular for a longer or shorter period in his life knows that it is a disagreeable thing and that everyone else knows it—in nine cases out of ten, at least, and about nine tenths of the time during its development. The fundamental question does not concern itself with the first person singular being agreeable or disagreeable, but with what to do with it, it being the necessary evil that it is.

The machinery of the church and the machinery of the school have decided from time immemorial that the best thing to do with the first person singular is to cover its existence quietly up. This is commonly done by substi-

tuting the second and third person for it as fast as possible.

Men of genius, on the other hand, and natural persons, poets, prophets, and inspirers, and the greater scientists, from the earliest days have adopted the opposite course. Instead of annihilating the first person singular they have drawn it out. They have given it play, both in themselves and in others. They have made it the vital force,

the necessary evil of all education in their day. They have contended that it is by making the first person larger, not by making it smaller, that its faults are outgrown and its virtues developed. The true education of a human being consists in developing the first person singular until it expands into the first person plural, until the self is identified at last with all life and with all persons, if only to fulfil itself.



The Anemone

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

SANGUINE flower,
Nursling of the Syrian sun,
Blooming for a fragile hour
Where the Bania waters run ;

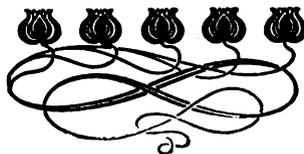
On my heart
You have taken steadfast hold ;
In your splendor you are part
Of the chivalry of old.

On my eyes,
Seeing you, the leaguers' tents,
With their silken streamers, rise
Around Acre's battlements.

As of yore,
Flash the sword and scimitar ;
Cross and Crescent meet once more
In the gory shock of war.

For a space
Glow the vision, and is gone!—
Of the warriors ne'er a trace,
Only you still blooming on !

Spring by spring,
As your crimson flower appears,
Runs a new remembrancing
Of their battles down the years.



Wild Animals I Do Not Want to Know*

By JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY

IN the days of the Ark, they of the animal kingdom were admitted, two by two, on suffrance. In Paradise, they sported at harmless, mythical ease, untroubled by man and his theories. But the antediluvian days passed by. The animals became as man, knowing good and evil, and having, moreover, ways of their own. It all began with the flood. Up to that time they were roughly classed as "cattle and everything after their kind." They were to be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth, and man was to rule over them. So went they into the Ark, two by two; but so, alas, came they not out. They have been fruitful; they have multiplied, and filled the earth; and today man, their master, is prostrate before them. He studies their ways, prowling through underbrush, on all fours, to observe them sporting on their native heath. He wriggles on his stomach. No position is too humble for him, no attitude too cramped. He is gathering material for the next new popular book on animals.

One cannot help wondering a little how it has come about. Hints of it crop out in the Old Testament—after the flood. The animals are no longer creeping things and cattle after their kind. They are found taking on names and a certain individuality. There is the ram caught by its horns to serve in place of Isaac on the altar of sacrifice, and the bears that eat up bad little children, and the Ass that speaks, and the Lions of Daniel, and the Whale of Jonah. All these are historical personages, with David and Saul and Noah—with the strange winged creature of Ezekiel, and Apocalyptic visions of beasts with heads and horns and crowns and candlesticks and Scarlet Women.

The biblical writers did not hesitate, it would seem, to draw on the animal kingdom when necessary to make clear the ways of God to man. With a fine

disregard of zoölogy and fact, they drove home the truth. And their words live even to this day. But animal lore has changed. We are asked to give up Jonah and the whale, as being a tax on credulity. We are offered, in place of it, either "Wild Animals That I Have Known" or "The Outcasts." The bears of Elijah the prophet are replaced by "The Bears of Blue River" by the author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." And Balaam's Ass becomes a Coyote whose favorite message is "Yip-ki-ki—Yah!"

Imagination, like Jerushun, has waxed fat and kicks.

Perhaps the Jungle Books did it. Æsop is too far away and too excellent to be held responsible for the hordes let loose on us. Like the biblical animals of old, the animals of Æsop existed for a purpose—flashlights on the heart of man. The cunning fox and the brave lion and the foolish wolf existed to point a moral and adorn a tale. This done they disappeared once more in the brushwood of fancy whence they came. The Jungle Books too have their master-word—the Law of the Jungle. It shines through them.

But these newer animals—what shall one say of them?—the deer and the caribou and the buffalo and the horse and the bull-terrier and the fawn and the doe and the moose and the buck and the spike-horn and the fox and the wolf-dog and the canary bird. They bring neither the nutty kernel of Æsop nor the fresh, sweet smell of the Jungle. Made up in equal parts of fact and straining imagination, they have no message of beauty or of truth.

Who that has once known him will forget Kaa, the wise old serpent, or Bagheera, leaping with light paws at the time of the spring running, or Mowgli, crossing the moonlight with Gray Brothers at his heels and the skin of Shere Khan poised deftly on his swaying head? But who shall hope to remember the new ones?

* "The Outcasts." By W. A. Fraser. Scribner. \$1.25.
"In the Forest." By Maximilian Foster. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50. "Lady Lee, and Other Animal Stories." By Hermon Lee Ensign. McClurg. \$2.00.

“India’s Love Lyrics”

By EDITH M. THOMAS

THE epigrammatic characterization of a recent critic, that there is “more of Hope* than of India” in these “Love Lyrics,”† appears to us to contain only the same degree of truth as should one say of the “Rubáiyát” there is more of Fitzgerald than of Persia in it. In other words, the genius of the translator, or the adapter, is so flexibly great, in both the cases cited, that we are made, *first*, to feel the equivalence and kinship of human emotion and desire wherever on this earth they have their action and being; and, *afterwards*, to discern the special marks of race differentiation and the outlines of the strange landscape in which they have their setting. Mr. Hope does not too much thrust local color in our faces; by subtler methods, however, than mere allusion to lotus and moghra flowers, scents of the champak, or cries of the jackal, he contrives to bring before us the wondrous lethal fascination and the “Inherent Cruelty of Things” in the ancient land of Vishnu. What has been done by the aggregation of such temperamental songs of a race as “The Roumanian Folk-Lore Songs,” or the recent Celtic revival by Mr. Yeats and others, has a worthy parallel in this collection of “India’s Love Lyrics.”

Mr. Hope is a perfect master of the instrument upon which he plays; never a tasteless comparison, never a strained trope, never a false rhyme can be laid at his door. Withal, he exercises a delicate choice in measures, selecting in each instance the metrical form that can best sing its theme into the hearts of the listener. And as to theme, the variety afforded is singularly great—ranging from such an incense-precious love-offering as the little lyric entitled “The Aloe,” where

Each atom of the aloe keeps the flower-time
fragrance still,

* Laurence Hope is said to be the pen name of Mrs. Malcolm Nicolson, wife of Lieut.-General Nicolson, late of the Indian army.—Ed.

† “India’s Love Lyrics.” By Laurence Hope. John Lane. \$1.50.

to the stern dramatic issues of a situation such as is indicated in “The Regret of the Raneé in the Hall of Peacocks.” The refined cruelty of the Asiatic indifference to life is poignantly, if delicately, intimated in such poems as the “Story by Lalla-ji, the Priest,” while in “Feroza,” opposed to the palpitating tragedy of its ghastly incident is the temperamental racial indifference that annihilates time,—

Inshallah! Death is a transient thing!

We should like to reproduce many of these beautiful lyrics, but must content ourselves with the following selections:

LESS THAN THE DUST

Less than the dust beneath thy Chariot-wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy Sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, O Lord,
Even less than these!

Less than the weed that grows beside thy door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me,
Even less am I!

Since I, O Lord, am nothing unto thee,
See here thy Sword, I make it keen and bright,
Love’s last reward, Death, comes to me to-night,
Farewell, Zahir-u-din!

SONG OF TAJ MAHOMED

Dear is my inlaid sword; across the Border
It brought me much reward; dear is my Mistress,
The jewelled treasure of an amorous hour.
Dear beyond measure are my dreams and Fancies.

These I adore; for these I live and labour,
Holding them more than sword or jewelled Mis-
tress,
For this indeed may rust, and that prove faithless,
But, till my limbs are dust, I have my Fancies.

TILL I WAKE

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly,
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop in the wind from
the South,
So I may, when I wake, if there be an Awakening,
Keep, what lulled me to sleep, the touch of your
lips on my mouth.



A VERY good friend of mine who is a young man not out of his twenties, and whose work is full of the promise of an earnest and sober fruition, wrote to me some time since, to enlist my good services to "place" him in New York. "For," says he, "as you very well know, a literary man out of New York is as much out of his element as a meadow-lark in the Mammoth Cave. —ville, Colorado," he added, "is not exactly a literary centre."

That is very true; "—ville, Colorado," is not a literary centre; but in New York not a literary centre. it follow that New York is? At all events I wrote the following heresy to my friend: "Stay in —ville. For literary work, it is a better place for you than New York. New York is not a literary centre."

And I think the proposition can be proved. It is true that the great publishing houses and magazines are in New York; but by far the larger number of the "best men" do not live in the place. One may see all of them in New York, on different occasions; but they are there only on business. Their trips are flying trips; their interests are not identified with the city or its people; and they do not exert the slightest influence upon it. It is a mistaken idea this, that New York teems with the important personages in the world of letters. And it is wrong to suppose that the influence of the place itself conduces to the production of the finer, truer, and more enduring types of literary men. Hardly a single one of the writers of the American classics comes from New York. And of the latter-day masters there are not more than

two or three at the most who were New Yorkers either by birth or by adoption. Paris is a literary centre, and London, but not New York. Of course a certain number of writers of successful fiction do live in the place; but they do so—and I have heard many of them express themselves upon the subject—they do so under protest, and only count the days till they can get away.

What my young man of —ville, Colorado, would find in New York **Chromo literature.** People, the real masters worth knowing, those who wield an influence; but the imitation, inexpensive, trivial foolery of the literary "clubs" and "circles" and heaven knows what impertinent, impossible "organizations," whose members are occupied during their meetings in log-rolling and in the intervals in back-biting—a motley, melancholy travesty of what they like to think goes on in the European capitals. Not a congenial atmosphere for a half-developed talent surely.

For the best work in the production of good fiction is done in the closet and not on the housetop. The author *as an author* has but two points of view; one in which he sees humanity as if from the "pinnacle of the Temple"—as a whole, a vast, tremendous Conglomerate; the other in which he sees it in his own heart, in an intimacy closer than any words can express. The other view of humanity—the every-day intercourse, the window-outlook,—has no place in his work. The people, the humanity, thus seen is the humanity

to which he belongs as a man, not as an author.

And these two outlooks upon the world of men and things, the telescopic and the microscopic let us call them, are quite as possible in —ville, Colorado, as in New York—are even more so. For from the little isolated village of the Rocky Mountains one gets a perspective upon the outside world impossible to attain in the world itself, or, in other words, in New York. And also the same isolation, remoteness, and seclusion are pre-eminently essential to that quiet meticulous searching of the heart that goes to the making of a master work of fiction. Not much chance for that in the febrile activity and fierce unrest of the great metropolis of the Atlantic seaboard.

It is one of the blessed compensations of the trade of authorship, that, of all others, it is the most independent; and the ingredients for a great novel are scarcely more than these,—ink, paper, a quiet mind, and a gift of persistency.

The death of Mr. Frank R. Stockton brings to mind that as a *constructive* artist he stood probably higher than any other American writer of his generation, and it may even be said that in the list of his native country's writers he will, from a *constructive* point of view, rank second only to Poe. In other words, Stockton more than all others of his contemporaries knew how to put a story together so as to achieve a given effect. In Poe, the effect aimed at was the horrible. In Stockton it was the ludicrous or the puzzling. And in this connection it may be well to note that nearly all writers of fiction fall into either one of two great classifications: they *construct* like Poe, Stockton, or Kipling; or they *explore* like Eliot, Flaubert, or Hardy. In the first class we are interested chiefly in the ingenuity of the author; in the second in the consistency and humanity of his personages. The first deal with events; the

second with people. The first build up a situation; the second assume that a certain situation already exists and then proceed to disintegrate it to its elements—some of these elements being episodes, some living human beings. Unquestionably the greater works of fiction belong to the latter class. But the "constructionists" occupy a place of undeniable importance, and in this place the author of "The Lady or the Tiger" and "The Transferred Ghost" must stand pre-eminent as a master of inventiveness, ingenuity, and construction.

Noted only as the change of residence of an artist of reputation, the return of the sculptor MacMonnies to this his native country impresses one more as an event than as an occurrence. If more of the expatriated American artists and writers had the courage and fine national spirit that animates MacMonnies we would begin to have on this side of the water something like American painting and American fiction. As it is our best novelists have turned their backs upon the home of their birth and have been content to become wholly and irretrievably Anglicized. James and Harland are about as much American in their writings as "Gyp" or Rostand. But if these men had remained in the United States, addressing themselves to the task of picturing and studying their own countrymen, we might have had a series of novels to set side by side with those of Mr. Howells. Frederic of all of them seems to have been sturdiest in clinging to American traditions, but the "Market Place" is more English than native, and one is sure would—had not the author died—have marked a transition to a more Anglicized point of view. But while we may note with chagrin the fact that some of our best novelists have turned their backs upon their compatriots it might be pertinent to ask if their compatriots did not first turn their backs upon them. James and Harland were received in England long before they were acknowledged

Un-Americanizing American authors.

Anthony Trollope's creed.

Mr. Stockton's constructive art.

here; and London discovered Stephen Crane before New York did.

In a recent speech of Mrs. Craigie's before the O. P. Club in London she **Mrs. Craigie** made the following remark **on dramatic à propos of dialogue on the dialogue.** stage: "Dramatic dialogue is a symbol of real conversation and not a verbatim report. It may seem natural, but it cannot be so." It seems to me that there lurks in these words a suggestion of a very sound literary criticism. The novelist is not occupied with life as he sees it, but with life as he *sees it was intended to be*. Civilization has become so complicated that consistency—that is to say, an adequate and harmonious relationship between word and deed—is altogether unusual. Once it prevailed. No doubt if one could go back far enough, one could find some Arcadian community wherein people spoke, lived, and thought consistently, and in a manner true to life. But it is noteworthy that these communities had no fiction. Very naturally, too. They did not need to be revealed to each other through the medium of books. Supposing, however, that a contemporary novelist should have risen in Arcadia. He could have transcribed the life *exactly* as he saw it and his work yet remained both true and accurate. The modern fiction writer can do nothing of the sort. Life itself has become inconsistent, and an accurate representation of it in a story would result in an inconsistent, and therefore improbable story. The thoughtful novelist must make allowances for this falseness to life on the part of life itself. He must readjust the dislocations in the machine; must in a word find Arcadia on Fifth Avenue and discover Beowulf behind the frock coat of a multi-millionaire.

All this is pertinent, too, and *à propos* of the discussion raised by the publication of a novel by Mr. Ernest Williams in which Bernard Shaw figures as one of the characters. The propriety of thus using contemporaneous people as characters in a novel has been ques-

tioned and is even now being argued. It seems to me as though there were no room nor occasion for discussion here. Aside from the impertinence and the violation of personal privacy that such a proceeding involves, the results are not, cannot be, satisfactory,—because they cannot be true. Actual living people are not true to life. It is the argument of the preceding paragraph over again. It is all very well for the story-teller to take a predominating *trait* for which a certain living being is known, and to develop that. But the result in this case is a character of fiction, not a transcript of the original model. Take a test case. **Truth vs. fiction.** A given character in real life may do, say, or think certain unexplainable, inconsistent things. Yet all the inconsistency in the world will not persuade us that our friend is not lifelike. Put the same person into a book, thinking, doing, and saying identically the same things, and all the argument in the world to prove that the original model did really exist as pictured will not convince a critical reader that the book-person is anything but improbable, un-lifelike, and so unreal as to be a mere figment of an untrained imagination.

And now there comes to hand a story of Alphonse Daudet which if true leads **M. Le Roux's** to the discovery of what one **strange** long since had believed to **confession.** be an impossibility,—a new form of French depravity. M. Hugues Le Roux, certainly a prominent figure in the world of letters, is its authority. He tells us that at a time when he was an associate of Daudet's household and a student of his style and works, Daudet engaged him to write a novel for an American magazine, and that when the novel was finished Daudet put his name to it, the novel in question being the very well-known "La Belle Nivernaise." Now, whether the story be true or not, there is depravity here "of the baser sort" beyond doubt or denial: 1. Either the story is a lie and M. Le Roux is plundering a dead man's chiefest treasures; or, 2. The story is true and Alphonse Daudet instigated and consummated a detestable and

petty confidence game to be played upon an American publisher, and through him upon the public at large. I believe that M. Le Roux cites as the justification of the affair the habit of the Renaissance painters—Rubens, for instance—who signed paintings which in part were the work of their students. But even if the cases were analogous, one cannot see that the argument is sound. The practice of deluding the public was just as reprehensible in the sixteenth century as in the twentieth. But it must be remembered that so far as the ultimate result to posterity is concerned, the delusion, in the matter of the paintings, is not wholly evil; for the reason that the students and pupils of the Renaissance painter were often quite as capable as their master and sometimes infinitely more so. Nor did the *personal* element enter into the great religious and allegorical canvases of that period in anything like the same degree as it does in a modern novel. As a matter of fact it is now known that the work of these students and pupils was devoted chiefly to the mechanical, or at least to the technical, parts of the work—the drawing of subordinate figures, the completion of backgrounds, perspective, and the like; the student occupying the same relation to the master as the printer, book-binder, proofreader, etc., to the present-day novelist, *not*, as M. Le Roux would persuade us to believe, that of co-laborer.

But on the other hand suppose the story is true. Here we have a prostitution as much more flagrant than the wretched business implied in the literal acceptance of the word, as the mind is superior to the body. A great master, a maker of morals, trusted and confided in by hundreds of thousands, sells what is absolutely the very best, highest, and purest in him for a miserable handful of pennies. If he wanted the money, if he was "in literature for his own pocket every time," why not have allowed the story to be signed Le Roux—or at least Le Roux and Daudet—and then have pocketed the royalties?

A friend and apologist of M. Le

Roux has written to a New York paper explaining that many notable French authors have the routine work of their novels done by their pupils, subject to their own revision. One would be glad to know what the apologist means by the "routine" work of a novel. Is it the developing of the characters or the construction of the "plot"? Is it the writing of the descriptions or the elaboration of the moralizing? Is not "revision" itself "routine"? Is there, in heaven's name is there anything of "routine" at all in the writing of novels, except the persistent, patient day to day, hour to hour *penmanship* that makes the whole work one long-continued routine?

Two men of equal talent, or even unequal talent, but dowered with an equally quick sympathy and with similar temperaments, can write a novel, but the resulting work is a unit, so intricately and inextricably woven that it is the work of two minds acting as one. Certainly no genuine literature ever was, will be, or could be produced by one author managing the "routine" and the other the revision.

But in the end it is hard to pardon M. Le Roux even if he has told the truth. A very great man once said that "the truth is not always to be told." **Fostering notoriety on a dead man's mistakes.** Suppose in a moment of weakness or a spirit of bravado Daudet *did* commission the young man to write "La Belle Nivernaise" and then afterward put his name to the finished work. What small maliciousness, what inexpensive vanity to foster a moment's notoriety at the expense of a dead man's mistakes; betraying his frailty in order to shine in the light of the *ignis fatuus* that burns above his grave. This if his story be true. If it is a lie the gentleman in question has proved himself to be merely a new order of ghou.

The latest word on the subject of the purchase by libraries of fiction at least a year old comes, or did come, I believe, from the late Frank Stockton. Mr. Stockton spoke as a novelist, and he said that he believed if the libraries

Queer practices of French authors.

stopped the purchase of fiction the sale of novels would at once be enormously increased. This would appear to be true at first sight. There is a strong probability even that for the first few years of the experiment, people would buy books they could not obtain in the libraries until a year after their publication. But in the end one is quite sure that the newly awakened desire for the reading of fiction which is now fostered and incited by an easy access to novels would languish and in very many cases die out altogether if new fiction were withheld a twelvemonth.

Libraries as discouragers of book-buying. People will read a book which costs them but a few cents where they would ignore it were they obliged to pay the retail price for it at a bookstore. But once let the people, the public, become possessed of a genuine affection for reading and they will prefer to own books instead of borrowing them. Then, too, as this taste for reading spreads through the seventy-odd millions of our population the libraries, to satisfy the demand, will themselves have to buy more books, a fact which will go far to offset the state of things deplored by Mr. Stockton. The great libraries of England now order a new book by the thousands, taking entire editions at a time. Suppose the English libraries should suddenly cut off the supply, does it follow that their subscribers would buy the book in question? It is very doubtful if so much as a fifth part would do so. It is much more probable that the vast majority of the subscribers would promise themselves to buy the book and then forget all about it.

One would be very content, however, to see an embargo at once effective and perpetual imposed upon that element of our national fiction which we want of a better term one may call the super-amiable. With the public just at present, or at the very least, with the publishers, amiability on the part of all the characters of a novel is an infallible commendation. And this amiability is almost invariably

symbolized and bodied forth in the person of a young girl. Indeed, one may go so far as to say that the figure of the Amiable Young Girl throws its shadow over the whole scope and range of our latter-day fiction. This fiction is *about* Amiable Young Girls; it is addressed *to* Amiable Young Girls; and—save the mark—is written *by* Amiable Young Girls. Girls are attractive, youth is fine, and amiability is surely a passport to consideration. But let us not exploit the trinity beyond the bounds of reason and endurance. One had fondly believed that with the passing of the Amandas, Sophronias, and Bellindas of the former generation the ghost had been forever laid. Colorless, mindless "females"! One chose to believe that when the brains were out the girl would die, but now they rise with twenty—flowers—in their crowns to push us from our stools. Is Mr. Charles Dana Gibson and the tremendous vogue he started responsible for this? Was it he who discovered the Amiable Young Girl—or rather resurrected her from "The Children of the Abbey"? At all events she has invaded not only literature but illustration as well. The full pages and high places in the magazines are given over now, not to the sturdy, forthright, rough-hewn fellows of five years ago, but to the "pretty girls," the "smart young women," with wonderful frocks and hats; and not a poster is effective that does not picture the everlasting Amiable in some fresh garb or guise. The noblest study of mankind is—of course—woman. But one may be permitted to protest against this ceaseless exploiting of mere amiability. An amiable woman is, in real life, no doubt a thing to be desired. But in fiction she offers no very interesting problem. The great heroines of literature are anything but amiable. It is literature not amiable. mal that makes for interest, and the characterization of a real flesh-and-blood woman, capable of faults, mistakes, even of sins, would not only be a refreshing contrast to the present unending file of well-bred anæmic ladies, but would offer to the novelist

an opportunity of exercising all that he has of sincerity, ingenuity, thoughtfulness, and worth. Also it would tend to produce a distinctive American literature.

For be it understood that so long as our novelists limit themselves to a study and portrayal of well-bred people, just so long shall the United States be without a national school of fiction, distinct and separate from those of the Old World. Well-bred people are much the same the world over. Amiability has no nationality. It is the same in England as in France, the same in Russia as in America. Our writers should look for variations from the type rather than conformities to it

—variations that are peculiar to us. Politeness, gentility, and the like are beautiful, but they are no more essentially American than brown hair and straight noses. On the surface and at the very bottom, all people are alike. In the "middle ground" come the varieties. It is to this "middle ground" that one looks for strong fiction-characters—unless indeed there should arise a Tolstoy or a Flaubert among us, who dare explore those last and lowest dark places, down at the bottom of things and hearts, where because of elementary forces and basic fundamental tendencies, all men and women, as at the surface, come once more—though in a far different sense—to be alike.

Recent Novels Reviewed

THE penalty of a distinct success is the awakening of expectation that it will be repeated. Mr. Harland's new book * will suffer in the estimation of many people by the force of inevitable comparison with its predecessor. "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" was so delightful that one was waiting impatiently for what those who were assumed to know heralded as an even more perfect and satisfying triumph; and the reaction of disappointment is proportionate. "The Lady Paramount" seems an attempt to reproduce exactly the same kind of success; and it fails, partly by sameness, partly by exaggeration. It is impossible to avoid placing the characters of the two books side by side in the effort exactly to estimate the difference. One misses sadly the amiable naturalness of Marietta and the simple truth of the two brave children sturdily trudging to their father; there is nothing quite to fill the place of the utterly charming Cardinal, although now and then the shrewd twinkle of Miss Sandus's eyes may recall them fleetingly. But the Countess of this is the Duchess of that—only "another way," as the

consecrated phrase of culinary literature has it. As for Peter, a most singular thing has happened to him. One deduces that he must have been originally "two single gentlemen rolled into one"; for here we have him separated into his component elements. Anthony is thinner and Adrian fatter than he; but each is one aspect of the original, developed to excess. Adrian Willes especially offends. He is the sort of being whom men long to kick, and whom they finally dismiss, contenting themselves with muttering "Fearful ass!" He is even unfortunate in his name, which challenges contrast with the "wise youth" of "Richard Feverel"; and after that he is not even funny. Worse, he is in bad taste. The lapses which spoil otherwise dainty and pleasant books are especially lamentable. There was the cheap caricature of the American girl which disfigured Harold Frederic's graceful "March Hares"; there was the impossible Mrs. O'Donovan Florence in the "Snuff-Box," who gave a warning of what Mr. Harland could do: and now he has done it in the insufferable Adrian. Of course there are happy, well-chosen phrases throughout the book, melodious modu-

* "The Lady Paramount." By Henry Harland. John Lane. \$1.50.

lations, bits of description that are a pleasure to read—or would be, if the trail of Adrian were not over them all, if the author did not come before the mind as giving them to us with the manner of intolerable affectation, head on one side, contemplating his own cleverness with a pleased smile, that one realizes in this disagreeable creation of his. Many a man otherwise respectable has awakened the derision of the pedantically accurate by inability to distinguish between Frankenstein and his monster; but positively the thing takes such hold when once it has entered the mind, that one wonders at moments which—of Mr. Harland and Mr. Willes—is the author and which the puppet. So, taking one thing with another, we may as well put "The Lady Paramount" down on the wrong side of the account, and hope for better luck next time.

A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.

"The Son of a Fiddler" * is one of those literary compositions that affect the reader in much the same way that music does—with a sense of much suggested that is not expressed. The restrained and forceful chapters in which is told the story of Alec Gordon's heredity, his temperament, his encounters with life, his early defeat, and his final triumph of self-recovery are not so much like a novel as they are like an abbreviated scheme of musical notation, outlining vividly the complete score. A novel does not need to be fully orchestrated, if the phrase may be pardoned, in order to be com-

* "The Son of a Fiddler." By Jennette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

pletely satisfying. There are, in fact, very few works of fiction in which the theme is worked out and presented in the greatest possible elaboration. Perhaps George Eliot and Mrs. Ward are the only women novelists who have so elaborated a central idea that all its connotations are made evident to the reader.

If a novelist does not choose this laborious but finally satisfying method of treatment, perhaps the next best thing to strive for is just the quality of lyric suggestiveness in which "The Son of a Fiddler" abounds. The book stimulates the imagination; it has grace, effectiveness, and a curious subtlety.

Alec's father led a short life "of self-indulgence and fiddling and writing poetry and running away with an actress." Alec, reared in the country by his grandparents, goes to the city to develop his musical gift, meets his mother, himself falls in love with an actress, who will not marry him, but dies in giving birth to their child. He is thrown utterly off the track of life by these experiences, and at the point where his father came home to die he becomes a wanderer, a strolling minstrel, whose music is his only salvation.

His gift finally works out for him his return to a normal life and happiness. The ethically minded reader would perhaps prefer that his restoration should be wrought by the effort of conscious will aided by that inherited strenuousness which seldom fails New England's sons; but Mrs. Lee's interpretation of the regeneration of a genius is possibly more accurate and certainly most interesting.

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.



Bret Harte

By LIONEL STRACHEY

BRET HARTE has gone to sit among the gods. His laurel crown was well and truly earned. Forty years he labored with brain, soul, and pen. Cosmopolis has honored his name for many a day. His early stories have long been the wonder of the world, from Moscow to Lisbon, and from Monterey to Halifax. In little Switzerland, inhabited, as California was, with a simple, bold, hardy people breathing freely of unsophisticated air from pure, snowy heights, even in the confines of that small, unobtrusive commonwealth were the works of Bret Harte the subject of public lectures a quarter of a century ago. One learned professor, speaking to the residents of Basel, likened the "Amerikaner" to Dickens in some of his qualities and in others to Turgenev.

Francis Bret Harte first opened his eyes (in 1839) in the city of Albany where his father was a schoolmaster—a man of eminent parts, it is said. The romantic-minded Bret at seventeen took himself off to the mysterious new paradise on the Pacific. There he got the blows and buffets, the knocks and shocks, that make a man's head logical and his heart strong. He learnt, in the carnival of ups and downs of a rough-and-ready community, to understand all emotions, from despairing anguish to glorious exaltation. In other words, there grew up and flourished in his bosom the sweet balsamic vine of human sympathy, without which there is no completeness in any work of art, but with which Bret Harte's admirable pages are bountifully and gracefully adorned. Comparing the conduct of a society untrammelled by conventional rules (and acting after natural impulses) with the self-controlled or law-constrained lives of the eastern Americans, this young pioneer of literature came to a liberal spirit of toleration. Charity should be part of the equipment of genius. Yet charity cannot cover all sins. To forgive is

divine—a quality of Deity, an attribute of Deity, an adjective pertaining to Deity. But justice *is* Deity, not a mere adjective, but a substantive—the thing itself. Now, does not the creator of Yuba Bill and Miggles extenuate beyond reason the characters of the gamblers and swindlers and thieves and cutthroats and harlots and all the picturesque moral outlaws delineated with those splendid, sweeping strokes? Still, the author teaches us there is no heart so black but it may have a white, redeeming spot. And perhaps if we cannot all believe that women like the unspeakable Mother Shipton and the "frail Duchess," whose "impropriety was professional," or that a man like Oakhurst, whose vocation "required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind,"—that such as these would have performed the beautiful sacrifices to them ascribed, nevertheless the Quixotic, sublime message stands delivered: Love thy neighbor beyond thyself.

Unselfishness being so prominent a theme in the writings of Harte, we are unsurprised that he does not push himself into his own stories. But in one we get a glimpse—a mere peeplet—at his life. Let it be said, in passing, that besides inditing novels, stories, sketches, burlesques on famous romances ("sensation novels condensed"), and poetry ranging from the farcical to the patriotically sacred, he was schoolmaster, gold-miner, printer, editor (notably of the *Overland Monthly*), university professor, Mint official, public lecturer, and United States consul. It is in the "Poet of Sierra Flat" that he confesses what functions he once exercised in the employ of the *Eureka* newspaper. The imaginary editor of the fictitious *Sierra Flat Record* is his own compositor, so that we seem to hear aloud "the click of the composing rule as the editor marshalled the types into lines in his stick, and arrayed them in solid col-

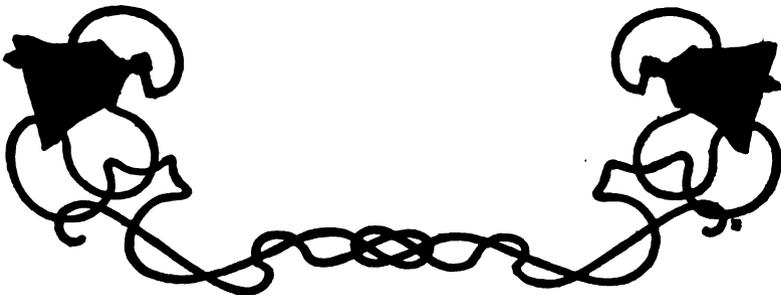
umns on the galley"; and we seem to see young Mr. Francis Bret Harte standing before the frame in a blue cotton apron, with hands the color of midnight, and a sinister smudge on his cheek. Nor epic nor history has magnified the name of the *Eureka* journal's proprietor. Perhaps he was Colonel Starbottle, who opined that if certain people had been gentlemen, they "might hev settled" their dispute "in ten minutes over a social glass, ef they meant business; or in ten seconds with a revolver, ef they meant fun."

Removed from the sphere of Colonel Starbottle, Judge Boompointer, Kentucky, *et al.*, in producing "Gabriel Conroy" and "Susy" the author fell short of his self-established standard, transcendently exemplified by "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "Tennessee's Partner." His early stories—masterpieces of literature—he never equalled in the absence of the mountains, prairies, buttes, canyons, torrents, snowstorms, haciendas, bronchos, stage-coaches, mining camps, poker games, brawls, lynchings, and all the other living, surrounding, visible, tangible facts of existence in California. Could the chimneys of a Prussian manufacturing town provide the illusion of Shasta's peaks? Could a guardsman ogling a nursemaid in Hyde Park supply any sort of understudy to the wooings of Profane Bill in Red Gulch? In spite, however, of the ultimate decadence, the dilution, of Bret Harte's genius, by virtue of his erstwhile greatness is he enthroned among the Olympians of literature.

Rich is the garland of his renown. Many are the excellences of his handiwork. To Americans he is precious for other considerations than only that of

writing the romance of an American State. For we discover the best side of the American-in-general stamped upon his pages; not solely the eastern American emigrant to California, but the born citizen of the United States. The characters portrayed are not now referred to, but we summon up the author's fashions of thought and modes of expression. Thus, we find him energetic, keen, direct, fresh, natural, virile, often blunt, sometimes laconic, always forcible. Optimistic he is too, namely, in the ascription of so much virtue to his villains; and he relishes a joke above everything—both of which peculiarities are likewise American.

In the cosmopolitan eye—less easily dazzled than the local—Bret Harte takes rank with the prime champions of the "short story," that most precarious form of the romantic tale. He is fit to be in the company of Boccaccio, Marmontel, de Musset, and de Maupassant. The salient traits of his technique in writing may be enumerated in alliteration: correctness, concision, coherence, compactness, completeness. This much for his style—need anything more be said? As for the substance—he has control over tragedy and comedy: his pathos seizes the heart, his irony arouses the intellect; his situations are dramatic but plausible; the persons are vital and definite; his narrations are engrossing and persuading, and they are full of sympathy and wit. His language, the construction of it apart, is eloquent though simple, free from affectation yet affecting. His feeling is spontaneous, generous, dignified, profound. Therefore we can say that, judged by an international ideal of pre-eminence in art, the late Bret Harte was a great master.



Ruskin's "Jump"

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD

JUMP was the Brantwood vernacular for *Jumping Jenny*; and she was Ruskin's own private, particular "water sulky," as the autocrat of the breakfast table put it. There is hardly any need to say that she was named after the famous though somewhat disreputable brig, commanded and partly owned by the late Anthony Ewart, not unknown to readers of Ruskin's favorite novel "Redgauntlet." I do not mean to commit myself to any statement of literary criticism in calling "Redgauntlet" his favorite novel, nor to imply that he thought it the best book ever written: but it was one which he continually quoted in conversation and discussed with pleasure in his autobiography; of all the novels he read in those evenings of "auld lang syne," when he polled the four candles close to him at the drawing-room table, and we sketched furtively in corners, Laurence Hilliard and I, and the ladies plied their needles, no novel was read with more delight and effect. It was a pretty way of passing the evening, but not so easy to imitate unless you have a Ruskin to read to you. He had a way of suggesting the dramatic variety of the conversations without trying to be stagey, and a skill in "cutting" the long paragraphs of Scott's descriptions which made it all as good as a play. He did not make you hot and ready to scream, as many readers do in their anxiety to act the scene.

Ruskin was no sailor, and never went for a real voyage; but he was very fond of boats and shipping, and all that came from the sea. One of his grandfathers had been a sailor. As far as I can make out, this grandfather was an east-coast skipper of small craft very much like one of the captains of "Many Cargoes," and "Sea Urchins." He had passed out of this world before John Ruskin came into it, and the little genius never had the luck to hear sea-stories and to learn the mysteries of reef-knot and clove-hitch from an old

captain grandfather. It would have been so good for him! But one must not forget that in the making of John Ruskin there was a quarter of the blood of a seafarer. It is a rather curious fact, also, and one which has not, I believe, been mentioned in print, that the earliest Ruskin of all was a sea captain. Mr. W. Hutton Brayshay tells me that he has found in the Record Office a notice of the name in the fourteenth century; this mediæval Ruskin was captain of one of Edward III.'s ships. We cannot connect him with John Ruskin's family, any more than we can connect the Ruskins of Dalton-in-Furness in the sixteenth century; but this identity of name suggests that they may have been ancestors. It is a problem which can only be solved by research, but it should be possible, if one had time and money to work out the pedigree from wills and registers.

Turner was his real teacher in seafaring matters, giving him, if nothing more, a true interest in the look of waves and ships. It was for Turner's sake that he wrote the fine essay on the boat in art and poetry which forms the introduction to "Harbors of England"; and this glorification of the coastwise fishing craft and the old ship of the line was not merely a literary man's concoction, but the outcome of much study and sketching at Deal, where he spent the summer of 1855, to steep himself in his subject. In the early sixties, again, he stayed for some time at Boulogne in lodgings under the sandhills north of the pier, and made friends with a French pilot and mackerel fisher who, after due apprenticeship, actually promoted him to the tiller—an honor of which he was really prouder than that election to the membership of a foreign academy which he forgot to answer until it was too late to say any more about it.

So when he came to Coniston, and had his own house on his own lake, he could not be without boats. Ruskin

did not care for lake-sailing; a busy man hardly has time to wait for the moving of the water; and he got one of the indigenous tubs for the diversion of rowing. He did not fish, and he had the greatest scores for rowing as it is done at Oxford. "That 's not rowing; that 's galley-slaves' work!" he used to tell us. "To bend to the stroke, and time your oars to the beat of the waves," was his ideal: he liked going out when there was a little sea on, and white horses; and he would paddle away before the wind with great enjoyment. But when there is a little sea on, at Coniston, it means a good deal of wind; though the waves are not very high they gather a fair amount of force in their four or five miles' career up the long water-way; and the fun of riding with them is quite different from the struggle of getting your boat home again. Now Ruskin was a very practical man in some things. "When you have too much to do, don't do it," he used to say. So after a wild water-gallop, he simply landed and walked home. When the wind changed he could bring back his boat. There was no use in making a pain of a pleasure.

The Lake district rowing-boat is built for the Lake fisherman, and it is as neatly adapted to its purpose as the Windermere yacht, which, for the peculiar winds and waters of the place, is pretty nearly perfect. The fishers used to have two chief requirements, whether they netted or trolled: the boat must travel easily in lumpy but not violent water, for the men had far to go in reaching their "drawing-up spots," and in taking their fish to market of an evening; and it must carry a good deal of tackle. In netting, there were always two partners, and so two thwarts and two pairs of sculls were used; by trolling, one went out alone, but there were rods and lines which needed space for convenient stowage. Consequently, the boats were rather long, and rather low in the water; the sculls were fixed on pins, so that you could drop them when you got a bite, or landed hastily to take the hair-rope at your end of the net in drawing up.

Feathering the oar was quite unknown; great speed unnecessary; great stability desirable; but not what a sailor would call seaworthiness. On the whole, for pleasure-boating on the lakes, these boats are safe and convenient; accidents are extremely rare, though hundreds and perhaps thousands of hopelessly unskilled people every summer try their hands at rowing, and do everything you ought not to do in a boat. It is impossible to insist on an experienced boatman going out with every party, and not always possible to prevent overcrowding. Local authorities have no powers, except to hang life-buoys (at their own personal expense) at convenient points on the shore. You may see one of the Coniston parish council's buoys on the boat-house, but you will be glad to know that it has hung there for years without being wanted for a rescue.

After some seasons' trial of the local boat, Ruskin thought he could improve upon it for his own purpose. He wanted something less cumbrous and more seaworthy, and he was always trying experiments, uprooting notions to find how they grew, planting them upside down to see what happened, grafting one idea upon another to the bewilderment of onlookers. In the matter of boats he had a very willing and capable helper in Laurence Hilliard, who was the cleverest and neatest-fingered boy that ever rigged a model; and many were the models he designed and finished with exquisite, perfect detail in the outhouse-workshop at Brantwood. Laurie, as everyone called him, was deep in Scott Russell at that time, working away at the ponderous (and now discredited) folio as if he were getting it up for an examination, and covering sheets of cartridge-paper with sections and calculations. He was only too pleased to have a hand in a real job, and turned out the drawings and the model for the new boat in workmanlike fashion. This was in 1879 or 1880.

Just opposite Brantwood, across the lake, is the old Coniston Hall, built in the fifteenth century as the home of the Flemings of Coniston, but nearly

two hundred years ago abandoned and left to ruin. Mrs. Radcliffe, who wrote the "Mysteries of Udolpho,"—known to most readers nowadays less for itself than as the book that so excited the heroine of "Nothanger Abbey,"—about 1794 came to Coniston and mistook the old Coniston Hall for Conishead Priory, as it seems: and with an odd fallacy of romance described the "solemn vesper that once swelled along the lake from those consecrated walls, and awakened, perhaps, the enthusiasm of the voyager, while evening stole upon the scene." But she was right enough in being charmed with the spot, as Ruskin was in his boyish visits, long before he dreamed of living—and dying—in view of the old round chimneys among the trees, with the ripple of lake below to the peak of the Old Man rising above. Early in the nineteenth century the ruins were fitted up as a farm, and somewhat later the boathouse close by came to be the workshop of the man who built Ruskin's *Jump*.

Mr. William Bell was one of the celebrities of this date. In his youth he had been a sort of right-hand man of John Beever of the Thwaite, brother to the ladies of "Hortus Inclusus," and author of "Practical Fly-fishing." Later on, William Bell became the leading carpenter of the place, and the leading Radical, so much so that he ended his days as one of Mr. Gladstone's working-men J. P.'s. His son had got to know Mr. Ruskin, who wanted to meet the carpenter and talk politics. Now the carpenter was used to Conservative orators and Liberal arguers, but he knew just enough about Ruskin to be aware that this was a different sort of man; and all day long before the hour fixed for the visit he was in a greatly perturbed state of mind, walking up and down and wondering—a new thing for him—how he should tackle this unknown personality. At last the distinguished neighbor arrived. He was solemnly welcomed and shown into the parlor. The door was shut upon the twain. The son (Mr. John Bell), who felt that he had brought into contact irresistible force and the irremovable post, waited about

hoping it would be all right, but in much trepidation as the sound of conversation inside rose from a murmur to a rumble, and from a rumble to a roar. At last his father's well-known voice came through the partition in no trembling accents: "Ye 're a' wrang to rags, Maister Rooskin!" "Then," says Mr. John, "I knew it was all right, and I went about my work." And after that Ruskin and "ald Will Bell were firm friends in spite of differences."

So Will Bell built the *Jump*, or to be accurate, was master-builder, employing for this job Mont-Barrow, well known to boat owners on Windermere for one of the most skilful of craftsmen, as his father was before him, and one fine day in spring she was launched at the boathouse with great ceremony. A wreath of daffodils was hung round her bows, and Miss Martha Gale christened her, with this little versicle which Ruskin made for the occasion:

Waves give place to thee!
Heaven send grace to thee!
Fortune to ferry
Kind hearts and weary!

There was one strange face in the group, one uninvited visitor. The people then at the farm were not successful managers, though they had interested Ruskin, perhaps more through the idyllic prettiness of their homestead than otherwise. He had helped to stave off the failure by lending them £300, which they proposed to pay in geese! And the stranger at the launch was the man in possession. Alas! for "these consecrated walls," and the disillusionments of our Arcadia. Perhaps it is wise to add, in plain words, that twenty years have wrought changes at the Hall, and that the present tenants are quite different people.

The *Jump*, so launched at last, was always Ruskin's own boat, for his private particular use. Sometimes as a special honor the favored guest was sent across the lake in her, rather than in a common boat, but to say the truth, if it was n't for the honor of the thing, as the Irishmen remarked when the

bottom of the sedan chair came out, we had as soon walk round. She rode the waves beautifully, but you did n't seem to get "forrarder" with her. Perhaps it was the fallacy of the Scott Russell that made her heavy, or must we put all the blame on Ruskin? He tried to build a boat that would sail and row equally well, and that is not easy. She was never sailed, though the model was rigged, and the *Fump*, still on the water and often used, is treasured I think chiefly as a relic—Ruskin's flagship. When she is repainted, the old pattern round her gunwale, his device, and the brilliant blue, his favorite color, are always reproduced, and she looks sound enough to outlast us all.

At a later time, when he was staying

in Sandgate (1837-88) he reverted to his fondness for boating, and had several very beautiful models built and rigged and the old Dover packet, old style cutter and yawl and so forth, by Charles Dalby of Folkestone, now, I regret to hear, aged and disabled, but when he made these for Ruskin, a past master in the mystery. These models are at Brentwood; the model of the *Fump* is in the Coniston Museum. When we can afford the expense—for our museum is merely the beginning of what it will be when we get the benefactories I confidently expect from a discerning public—it shall be better shown. Its interest, as a side-light on Ruskin the many-sided, is worth a cubic yard of special case.



Literary Notes from Europe

By THEODORE STANTON

MRS. LINDA VILLARI, the English wife of Senator Villari, the celebrated Italian historian, and who has translated into English most of her husband's works, is herself a writer of considerable repute. She has just completed a novel whose scene is laid in Bavaria. The plot turns on the vicissitudes of a stage-struck girl, enrolled in a travelling company, who falls in love with the leading man, "which," Mrs. Villari writes me, "was the end of her 'vocation.'"

Another note reaches me from Italy. Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, who, by the way, has been making a short visit in Paris, where he was much fêted, writes me from Rome: "On March 31st appeared the first number of the *Cronache della Civiltà Elleno-Latina*, the organ of the Società Elleno-Latina, whose aim is to promote all the moral and ideal interests of the Hellenic and Latin peoples." Count de Gubernatis

lectured last winter in Paris and in several Italian cities on this subject, and is now contemplating a tour to some of our American universities and literary centres.

Another famous Continental man of letters has been sojourning in Paris and lecturing before an élite,—Georg Brandes, the Danish critic. I have always remarked a delightful simplicity about Scandinavians, and Brandes is no exception to the rule. It was quite in keeping with this national characteristic that, at a recent breakfast party, where the chief guests were Camille Flammarion and Brandes, the latter should have asked the amiable astronomer for his "autograph, with a sentiment, for his daughter, who was making a collection."

Björnson, who surpasses Brandes in this respect, did not come to Paris this year, though his daughter, wife of the publisher of *Siplicissimus*, has, as usual,

spent the winter at the French capital. I learn that her father has been kept in Norway by the demands on his time in connection with the national celebration next December of his seventieth birthday, when a Festschrift in his honor is to be brought out by Iven Lange, the young Danish critic and author. It will contain a biography of Björnson, unpublished letters to his friends, bits of his writings hitherto hidden away in newspapers, etc. Björnson himself is aiding Lange in this work. The latter has been in Norway for some time hunting up the materials.

There is no truth in the item that has been going the rounds of the Paris Press that the ex-Empress Eugénie was engaged upon her Memoirs. The wife of a former Prime Minister of the Second Empire, who does not reside far from the winter home of Eugénie, at Cap Martin, writes me as follows on this subject: "You may say decidedly that up to the present the Empress has never devoted any time to her Memoirs. Will she do so some day? Or will she have them written by a friend? As one can never tell what a human mind may decide, I can affirm nothing as to the future. However, it is not very likely that the Empress, who does not like to revert to the past and who is in very poor health, will bring herself to write or dictate anything."

Still another interesting literary item which has been widely circulated must be declared wholly fanciful. We were told that Prince Nicolas, the literary member of the Grecian royal family, had carried off the first prize of the Athens Academy for a brilliant comedy. I am informed on the best authority that this is a mistake. The prize was won by an unknown competitor, and through some error the authorship of the successful manuscript was attributed to Prince Nicolas, "who could very well have done better," I am further assured.

The contest in the Vienna courts over the possession of the correspondence of Johannes Brahms is still undecided, though, so far, his executor, Dr. Hans

Fellinger, seems to have the best of the fight. The legal heirs of the deceased composer demand the restitution of some four thousand letters found among his papers, which it is supposed they wish to sell. But Dr. Fellinger is anxious to preserve the privacy of the correspondence, and in this view he is supported, among others, by Duke Georg and Princess Marie of Saxe-Meiningen and Frau Clara Schumann, several of whose letters are in the Brahms collection.

The author of "Eve Triumphant" also wishes to keep her private affairs out of print. Writing under the *nom de plume* of Pierre de Coulevain, the reviewers often take her to be a man. So one of her friends proposed that a brief sketch of her be published. Thereupon Mlle. Favre replied: "As to the biographical note about me, I will not have it. I will remain as unknown as possible. I write for my amusement, not for glory or any trashy thing of that kind. I shall not even take the trouble to have my next book translated into English but simply have it copyrighted."

Vicomte de Borrelli, one of the cleverest of French society poets, also never wishes to "boom" his work. Like his father and grandfather, who were generals, he is an officer. But when, a few years ago, he was publicly thanked by his superior for gallant services in the Tonquin campaign and on the same day was awarded the biennial grand prize for poetry by the French Academy, the remarkable coincidence was noted by the Press, and his retired life at Versailles was intruded upon for a moment. M. de Borrelli's literary talents are again being recognized at this moment, when his last play, "La Suhamite," a biblical piece, is applauded nightly at the Théâtre Français.

The recent death at Nice of M. Ernest Gambart recalls a still greater recluse than either Mlle. Favre or M. de Borrelli. M. Gambart began life as a picture dealer and art publisher in London. He it was that early appreciated the then budding talent of "the hermit of Fontainebleau," and prepared

for Rosa Bonheur that excellent English market where she could, to the very end, always dispose of her work. I recently had in my hands a bundle of letters over fifty years old, the correspondence of Rosa Bonheur with her family while she was making her first visit to England and Scotland under

the guidance of M. Gambart, whose name appears in almost every letter. Though there was an occasional ruffle in their relations, they remained friends to the end. Only a year ago, he raised a fine monument to her memory on the edge of the Fontainebleau forest which was the inspiration of her artistic life.

Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

Years ago it was possible to find May in April. This year it will be as much as the most sprightly May Tree can do to be out in blossom by the Coronation. I used to find May in April—in other people's gardens. The best varieties of all flowers grow in other people's gardens.

Let us hope that a suitable biographer of Mr. Rhodes will be found. A great man has many disciples, but unfortunately it is generally Judas who writes the biography. We want neither Judas nor Mary Magdalen. All that is essential of both praise and blame could be told of Mr. Rhodes in a volume of three hundred pages. He himself would have thought this an outside limit, and would have written his autobiography in a penny exercise book. Mr. Rhodes was born a statesman, but he made himself great. It became his habit to attain his ends before the world had realized their impossibility. He was a rare combination of the commercial and the imaginative. He was Moses and Napoleon rolled into one. He was a genius—and men of genius know everything by instinct, and they know nothing more surely than that men of genius need keepers. Mr. Rhodes had several keepers of his own appointing. Genius kicks over the traces, and the keeper sees that it does not kick too far or too often. Mr. Rhodes's two favorite books were Gibbon's "Rome" and the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." Rhodes admired the Cæsars, and, like Macaulay when comparing the modern *condottiere* with the greatest Romans, he said that the

Cæsars were, after all, "such gentlemen." Mr. Rhodes did not found a school or endow a cot; he endowed a college. It is not mere legend which relates that the authorities of Oriel did in one year add in the date to a column of figures, and thus unwittingly falsify their accounts. There are stories of equal feats performed by the youth of Oriel. Thus the old rhyme, which records a very odd way of asserting superiority:

There was a young scholar of Oriel,
Who climbed up the Martyr's Memorial;
He stood on his head,
And triumphantly said,
Who says we're not athletes at Oriel?

We have read, and are still reading, in the papers much about both Rhodes and Pierpont Morgan. Much of what we read about Pierpont Morgan might very well have been said about Mr. Rhodes. In fact, all great men have points of affinity. It is the personality which counts. Pierpont Morgan says, "Away with office-boys; let me deal with every one direct." I believe that a similar rule has prevailed in the great family of the Rothschilds. The suppliant is granted an interview, quickly summed up, and dismissed. Words are not wanted. If Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" he might have said also, "What's in a face?" With all this talk of great men we are apt to confuse greatness and fame. Greatness is of slow revelation, fame is often mere accident. Princess Catherine Radziwill is famous, and so is Paderewski. The Australian impresario who, ten years ago, engaged Paderewski to visit the

Colonies, inserted a clause in the contract that the eminent pianist would not alter his appearance—in other words, that he would not get his hair cut.

This year, besides being the year dedicated to the Crown and the Coronet, is also to be the year of some other notable things. It will prove to be the first year of motor-car progress in England. The simple beginner hesitates about purchasing a motor car, partly because he believes there are so many varieties from which to choose. There is some confusion between good advertisements and good motor cars. The good advertisements are many—the good cars are few. The real choice lies between two English makes of car and four French makes. The others are, at present, nowhere. I was reading recently in the *Daily Mail* (which is quite the best organ of the motor world) an article upon the "Regeneration of the Inn." The writer, Mr. E. V. Lucas, thinks that the best way to regenerate the inn is simply for motor travellers to be frequently hungry. "By eating steadily along the road they will come to set a new fashion." Drinks there are, but food hardly ever, and, if food there be, it is almost worse than that at the railway stations. Motor-car people are, it is true, like visitors from another planet, implacable Martians, commanding and terrible. Then, too, they are sometimes rich—but alas they look so poor—and the craven landlord is no more impressed than is the Surrey policeman, with his stop-watch (invariably made in Germany).

Among new books one of the most popular is likely to be Mr. Henry Harland's "The Lady Paramount," another gay and lightsome piece of confectionery in the manner of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." No one can do this kind of thing better than Mr. Harland since Mr. Hope took to more serious fiction. Is it, I wonder, by way of compliment that Mr. Harland calls his hero Anthony?

Mr. MacDonagh's book on Parliament has a curious word in its title, "Parliament: its Romance, its Com-

edy, its Pathos." Why pathos? Its bathos would be better. And one hardly goes to St. Stephen's for romance, although there is no lack of romances. The book is full of good things.

I have been conjugating the verb to crown, more or less in the manner of Mr. Punch's conjugator:

I Coronate.

Thou buyest seats from Cook.

He goes to Dr. Lunn.

We let our house to Americans.

You can't get tenants.

They dance round the bonfire.

The general opinion of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's last coup, in converting the Transatlantic Steamship Companies into an American Trust, is that it is or will be "Hard Lines for England."

One of the penalties of being Mr. Pierpont Morgan is said to be an inability to dine out on account of the persistence of fellow-guests in asking for tips for investments. After all, perhaps it is better to be poor.

There is much excellent philosophy in Max O'Rell's new book, "Between Ourselves." "Money," he says, "cannot buy everything. If you were a hundred times richer than you are, you could not multiply your wants and pleasures by one hundred. There is truth and philosophy in that remark of the English drunkard staggering in the gutter: 'If I was the bloomin' Dook of Westminster, I could—not—be—more—drunk—than—I—am.'"

In the absence of new books of any note, some of the old hands are entering the arena once more. A new work by John Milton is announced, in two volumes. It is a romance in prose and verse, entitled "Nova Solyma: the Ideal City of Zion, or Jerusalem Regained." The strong savor of Zionism in the name suggests that the work is possibly a hoax by Mr. Zangwill. I believe, however, that it is genuine. If successful, it may have the effect of sending readers to the other writings of the same author, which are numerous but unknown.

"Those Delightful Americans," the novel of which I recently spoke, is now published. It turns out to be

an amusing comparison of the two nations, old and new, by a shrewd observer.

What I love about Englishmen [says one of the characters, a charming American girl] is their naturalness. Yesterday afternoon, at tea-time, a mosquito got that dear thing of yours on the shin, and he just pulled up the leg of his pants and scratched it before us all. An American would n't have done it for five hundred dollars.

The first words spoken to the narrator by one American ran thus, in a level, powerful voice:

I understand that there are eleven hundred and twenty-two persons living descendants of Mary Stuart, of whom six hundred and seventeen have a better claim to the English crown than King Edward. Is that so?

Another American, a lady, remarked that she thought the British-table method of dealing with an egg just a little indelicate. At a time when we seem more than ever likely to pass, body and soul, into the hands of our cousins, this book should be much studied. It is a primer to the new life.

An ingenious American has compiled a "Banquet Book," its purpose being to supply mottoes for menus, words for toasts, and suitable quotations to apply to every kind of guest. It contains the makings of a host of witty or apposite post-prandial speakers, and as to speak well after dinner is the highest ambition of all Americans, it should be popular in their country. Here is one of the new toasts:—

Here 's to the girl who 's bound to win
Her share, at least, of blisses,
Who knows enough not to go in
When it is raining kisses.

And here is another:—

To America's daughters let all fill their glasses,
Whose beauty and virtue the whole world surpasses;
May blessings attend, go wherever they will,
And foul fall the man that e'er offers them ill.

In other words, a toast for duchesses. At the Coronation, Duchesses, I learn, are to be allowed eighteen inches of space, and ladies of less exalted rank sixteen inches. If dowager-duchesses are invited, some special allowance should surely be made for them. But dowagers of all sorts have a way of looking after themselves. The Lord Chamberlain and the Earl Marshal after all are human, and may, with the rest of humanity, be permitted a partiality for youth, beauty, and distinction.

The Americans, by the way, have invented an ingenious term for mutual appreciation. Paul Bourget having just dedicated a book to Mrs. Edith Wharton, and Mrs. Wharton having just dedicated a book to Paul Bourget, they are accused of "literary ping-pong." It is not a new crime, but the name is new. It is a very near relative of log-rolling.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, May, 1902.



The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Fr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editor.

ART

Cockerell—Bookbinding, and the Care of Books. A Handbook for Amateurs, Bookbinders, and Librarians. By Douglas Cockerell. With drawings by Noel Rooke, and other illustrations. (The Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks. Edited by W. R. Lethaby.) Appleton. \$1.20, net.

If the succeeding volumes in the present series of "Artistic Crafts Handbooks" are as helpful and as suggestive, and are written in an equally simple and straightforward vein as the initial issue, there can be small doubt regarding the success of the undertaking. Few men are better equipped to write on bookbinding than Mr. Cockerell, and every page of this manual is full of interest and of practical information imparted in direct and lucid terms. Apropos the publication of these handbooks, it is a pleasure to note that the redemption of British crafts, begun with Ruskin and Morris, is proceeding on definite and wholesome lines, and is gradually outgrowing the blunders of its initiators.

Gower—Sir David Wilkie. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, M.A., F.S.A. "The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." Edited by G. C. Williamson, Litt. D. London, Bell; New York, Macmillan. \$1.75.

In the volume dedicated to Wilkie, Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower contributes to biography rather than to aesthetics. His study of Wilkie is a narrative, and as such answers general requirements, though on the technical side one misses any substantial attempt to analyze Wilkie's art or his methods. The main phases of Sir David's diverse career are recorded with completeness and concision, and the book gains authority through the inclusion of chronological lists, catalogues, and in reproductions of Wilkie's works, most of which have naturally remained in public and private possession throughout England and Scotland.

Holmes—Constable. By C. J. Holmes. No. V. of "The Artists' Library." Edited by Laurence Binyon. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00, net.

It is only within the past few years that the gentle, epoch-making art of Constable has been gauged at its true value. The development of contemporary landscape painting has

given this modest Suffolk revolutionist his true place as first of moderns and last of old masters. Though typically English and local, his influence has been far more fruitful in France than in his own country, where *The Cornfield* was succeeded by decades of sentimental dairymaids and chalky blue skies. Mr. Holmes understands and pictures the subject of this monograph in an altogether simple, thoughtful, and illuminating vein. He discusses the art of Constable in a spirit which is direct, objective, and free from the sophistries of aesthetics. The illustrations, mainly from originals in the South Kensington Museum, admirably supplement the text, the whole forming a welcome addition to a series which has many valuable and attractive features.

Roulet—Saint Anthony in Art, and Other Sketches. By May F. Nixon-Roulet. Illustrated. Marlier. \$2.00.

An equal mixture of sincere piety and sincere sentimentality.

BELLES LETTRES

Abbott—The Rights of Man. A Study in Twentieth-Century Problems. By Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50, net.

This is a collection of twelve lectures delivered, some before the Lowell Institute of Boston and some before the Brooklyn Institute, and published from stenographic reports, practically without revision. Their purpose is to define the rights of man in the State, in the Church, and in Society. Thus, under several heads, the distinguished preacher considers the political, industrial, educational, and religious rights; the growth of democracy, its perils, its safeguards, and its goal. Accompanying the lectures is a brief bibliography, divided according to the several topics treated.

Brandes—Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By Georg Brandes. In six volumes. Vol. II. The Romantic School in Germany. Macmillan. \$2.75.

There is small reason for Dr. Brandes to state in his introduction to the present volume that the task of giving "a connected account of the German Romantic School is, for a Dane, an arduous and disheartening one." It might well be so for any other Dane, but it is not the case with the author of these brilliant and

stimulating pages. It is safe to say that these studies surpass in psychological grasp, in justness of perspective and in clarity of presentation any essays in the same field. Magnificent egomaniacs such as Jean Paul, tortured fantasists such as Hoffman, pallid seekers after the "Blue Flower" such as Novalis, all pass in accurate, picturesque review. All are linked together by the inevitable logic of a definite tendency, and yet each is individually detached. In the analytical chapters touching upon "Romantic Duplication and Psychology," or "Mysticism in the Romantic Drama" Dr. Brandes is equally suggestive, and his grasp upon the social and political phases of Teutonic Romanticism lacks neither depth nor thoroughness. The book as a whole is even more absorbing than its predecessor, and should do much to strengthen Dr. Brandes's vogue with the Anglo-Saxon public, the last, indeed, to realize his splendid qualities as critic and interpreter.

Wagner—The Simple Life. By Charles Wagner. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.

The Simple Life—do we not all sigh for it? Would we not go far to seek it? The author of this little book thinks that he has found the secret. "Simplicity is a state of mind. It dwells in the main intention of our lives. A man is simple when his chief care is the wish to be what he ought to be: *i. e.*, honestly and naturally human. And this is neither so easy nor so impossible as one might think. Let a flower be a flower, a swallow a swallow, a rock a rock, and let a man be a man and not a fox, a hare, a hog, or a bird of prey; this is the sum and substance of the whole matter." This is the sum and substance—but the details, O wise M. Wagner, the details! Shall woman give up afternoon teas and pretty clothes? Shall man sell his dress-clothes that he may dwell in Paradise once more? Until you can tell us these things, O wise one, the average reader will pass you by.

BIOGRAPHY

Gurney—The Childhood of Queen Victoria. By Mrs. Gerald Gurney (Dorothy Frances Blomfield). Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75.

The materials for forming a new biography of the childhood of Queen Victoria were scanty—indeed, what is fresh to the public in these pages might be compressed into a sixth of them. There are many digressions from the subject in hand, one of which, a dissertation on Goldsmith (pp. 166-168), is curiously out of place. The *raison d'être* of the book, for which it will be read, may be said to be the facsimile of the first known letter of the little princess, when only four, to her tutor,—a most interesting little letter which, as Mrs. Gurney says, "does equal credit to her heart and her progress,"—and the correspondence between the Duchess of Kent and the Bishops of London and Lincoln about the education of the child, together with reports of her masters, a list of the books she studied, and the "distribution" of her day. These details of the early upbringing of a woman who filled a high

and important place as well as did the late Queen of England are of real interest. The book is not particularly well gotten up; the charming miniature, which serves as frontispiece, were worthy a more artistic reproduction. There are a few errata, *e. g.*: line 5, page 54, "run" for "ran" or "runs"; line 20, page 62, "nor" for "and"; line 7, page 70, the 's is omitted after Duchess; line 24, page 193, "avencée" for "avancée." Is "particular" for "particularly" in the letter of M. Barez a mistake of the German master's?

Mahan—Types of Naval Officers. By A. T. Mahan. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50.

The types selected belong, as Captain Mahan says, to "a service now foreign to that of the United States"; they are Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Saumarez, and Pellew, of H. M. Navy in the eighteenth century. Four of the biographies appeared nearly a decade ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The new matter is an essay on the "Conditions of Naval Warfare" during the period, and the articles on Hawke and Rodney. Even this matter is not very new, as Captain Mahan had already covered the same ground in his "Sea Power." Still everything that Captain Mahan gives us is interesting, and the lessons that he teaches cannot be sufficiently emphasized. Though not so important as his previous works, the volume will receive a cordial welcome. It should be mentioned that occasionally he is led to exaggerate the importance of sea-power, and following the same line of thought unduly to exalt the influence of his naval heroes. In his article on Hawke, for instance, he is extremely unjust to Chatham.

FICTION

Atherton—The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

In "The Conqueror" Mrs. Atherton has made a literary experiment striking in its novelty. Her method is not likely to be copied by others, and therefore may be judged solely by results, without reference to its danger as a precedent. Having undertaken to write a life of Alexander Hamilton, the author confesses that she found the instinct of the novelist too strong for her. Hamilton's picturesque and "infinitely various" life lent itself to a dramatic treatment, and she proceeded to cast it into the form of fiction, holding her "romancing propensity well within the bounds of the probabilities and depicting nothing which in any way interferes with the veracity of history." The book is even farther from being historical fiction than it is from being academic biography. It is a thing apart, and it is both a success and a failure. The line of cleavage between the two is very distinct. The first book deals with Hamilton's mother, her family, and her life; the second with Hamilton's life in the West Indies and the period immediately following his arrival in the colonies. These two books are triumphantly successful, for the reason that the biographer, having unearthed a skeleton of fact, has been

free to frame thereon a vivid outline of life and character without being hampered by the necessity for introducing a thousand ascertained details. She assures us that "no date is given nor deed referred to that cannot be found by other visitors to the West Indies"; and, certainly, every conversation and minor incident is strictly probable, given the fundamental characters and situations—and yet the result is not something manufactured but something created. This portion of the volume contains the most brilliant and the most restrained work Mrs. Atherton has ever done, and it justifies those who always believed in her finer capabilities in spite of her persistent abuse of them.

With Hamilton's entrance into public life in the colonies, the problem of dramatizing his biography becomes much more complicated, and the solution is far from satisfying. It is by his best deeds that a hero is exalted, and it certainly cannot be well so to idolize the subject of a biography that all his actions seem equally important because they are his. The last three books lack in both the perspective and the power that make the first two so impressive, and cast doubt upon the serviceability of Mrs. Atherton's biographical method. Success is always a justification, but here she falls short of it. It is hardly probable, however, that there will ever be made a more illuminating study of Hamilton's heredity and early environment—the things that shaped his temperament and character—than his present biographer has achieved.

Blanchard—Because of Conscience. By Amy E. Blanchard. Lippincott. \$1.50.

This is an historical novel like any other, one would say, if it were not so commonplace that it is almost useful, like a butter-mould. It is like *all* others; it is the very wooden type and pattern of the historical novel. It might well be cast in bronze as a record.

HISTORY

Lanciani—New Tales of Old Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00, *net*.

These tales are chiefly of discoveries lately made in the ever-new old city, and there are numerous stories relating to the places of interest in Rome and its neighborhood. The book contains parts of lectures delivered at the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, and is archæologically and historically interesting. It is profusely illustrated.

Schwab—The Confederate States of America, 1861–1865. By Prof. J. C. Schwab. Yale Bicentennial Publications. Scribner. \$2.50 *net*.

A flood of light has been recently thrown on the history of the Confederacy: Curry and Callahan have given us excellent studies respectively on the civil and diplomatic sides of its history, and now Prof. Schwab adds his exhaustive work on the financial and industrial history of the short-lived government. This

work is valuable both from the historical and economic standpoints. It illustrates admirably certain phases of the war, and shows how inevitably the South was bound to fail on account of the Northern control of the sea and her own lack of manufactures and technical skill. For instance, the South found great difficulty in getting engravers to print her bonds and notes. A protest must be registered against the baldness of Prof. Schwab's style; it is possible to be scientific and at the same time to write a readable book. Prof. Schwab's style has all the crudeness and inelegance of a government report.

MISCELLANEOUS

Emerson.—The Story of the Vine. By Edward R. Emerson. Putnam. \$1.25, *net*.

A history of wine-making rather than a story of the vine, and valuable because there is no similar work in English at all up to date. Mr. Emerson is no fine writer, but he puts into straightforward English his protest against adulteration and his plea for higher American standards. The products of the best foreign vintages never reach our shores, he proves. America is the wine-maker of the future, but let not our present vineyardists sell their birthright, merely for immediate gain.

This is not a technical volume, but one to instruct the lay-public.

James-Sanford—Government in State and Nation. By J. A. James and A. H. Sanford. Scribner. \$1.00, *net*.

This is the book that many teachers have been long looking for—that is, a book which will enable students not only to master the fundamental books and documents in which both as to principle and origin popular government in the United States may be learned, but also how the modern journals of ability and even the ordinary daily newspapers may be utilized.

Reynolds.—The Banquet Book. By Cuyler Reynolds, author of "The Rosamond Tales," etc. Putnam. \$1.75, *net*.

"A Classified Collection of Quotations, Designed for General Reference and also an Aid in the Preparation of the Toast-List, the After-Dinner Speech, and the Occasional Address, together with Suggestions Concerning the Menu and Certain other Details Connected with the Proper Ordering of the Banquet. With an introduction by ELBERT HUBBARD."

A unique volume, containing a large and conveniently arranged compendium of quotations, witty and serious, for the convenience of anyone who may be called upon to arrange a toast-list or prepare dinner-cards, programmes, etc.; also chapters on important dinner details—such as the proper wines for the proper courses, and many other facts concerning which a host is often doubtful. The concluding pages are filled with toasts of all sorts—new and old, verse and prose, solemn and merry.

Rhead—The Speckled Brook Trout. By Various Experts with Rod and Reel. Edited and Illustrated by Louis Rhead. With an Introduction by Charles Hallock. Russell. \$3.50.

Though the text of this book is somewhat lacking in sequence and relation, it is bound to appeal to sportsmen, and the illustrations, which represent various methods and media, are exceptional for their variety and beauty. The best articles in the book are those by the late Nelson Cheney on "Trout Propagation" and by E. D. T. Chambers on "The Big Trout of the Nepigon," but all are of interest and value to anglers.

Singleton—Love in Literature and Art. By Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60.

There has been a deal written about love, first and last,—and painted; and Miss Singleton has made the most of her material. Fifty-six love scenes, torn bodily from their settings and bound together in one volume! There is "The Scorned Shepherd," from "Theocritus," and scenes from Shakespeare, and there are Fielding and Spenser, and Ben Jonson and Fanny Burney, and Meredith and Longfellow, and Anthony Hope. The most catholic taste could not ask for more; the most fastidious will find something to interest.

POETRY AND VERSE

Anderson—The Nameless Hero, and Other Poems. By James Blythe Anderson. Wessels Co., \$1.00.

The author tells us, in a Note, that the purpose of the chief poem in this book—"The Nameless Hero"—is to commemorate One

"Whose life was not too dear for Country's need,

And not too precious for a Christian deed."

This couplet, we may add, fairly illustrates the quality of the poetry itself.

Ramal—Songs of Childhood. By Walter Ramal. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20.

The gray veil of Celtic glamour, the sense of a haunting presence in sky, earth, and waters, oftentimes confuse our apprehension of the poet's motive in these most weird "Songs of Childhood." The singer of these songs would seem to have elected as his Muse "La belle dame sans merci," and it would be a "faery child," indeed, rather than a child of flesh-and-blood, who would not, in the main, be more affrighted than attracted by the often fascinating but forbidden scenes set by the poet's elfin fancy: such, for instance, illustrative of a certain repellent power (to a child-reader), could be found in "The Pedlar," who with his sorcerous wares comes to tempt "Sweet Lettice," or in "The Pilgrim," who resists the promises of the three sky fiends to relieve him of his burden. These, and sundry other selections, however, have the quite irresistible magic of Celticism for a mature reader with a *penchant* for folk-lore, or, rather, for its inherited quintessence. Instances of this Celtic charm it would not be

difficult to summon from the pages of these songs, as in these lines,

"She climbs on into a loneliness
Only her taper shares";

or in this single line, where the paradoxical use of the verb is Celtic, in perverseness, and in charm as well,

"The window smouldered keen with frost."

Or take this stanza depicting "The Prince of Sleep" (one line of which we italicize):

"His twilight feet no sandals wore,
His eyes shone faint in their own flame;
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before
Seemed letters of his lovely name."

TRAVEL

Champney—Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux. By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. Putnam. \$3.00, net.

Practically uniform with "Romance of the Feudal Châteaux," the present volume contains in somewhat similar vein Mrs. Champney's narrative account of French Renaissance châteaux. The setting of each chapter is admirably suggested, often by the happy expedient of choosing a central figure, such as Jean Goujon the sculptor. In this manner are thrown into relief the most picturesque and dramatic episodes connected with Nantes, Amboise, Blois, Meillant, Chambord, and other châteaux. The book reflects a free, readable treatment of history and sufficient sympathy with architecture and plastic ornament to give it substantial æsthetic value. Much material otherwise difficult of access is contained throughout these pages, and the illustrations admirably enhance the letterpress.

Rolfe—A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. By W. J. Rolfe, Litt.D. With maps. First edition for 1902. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50, net.

Substantially the same excellent guide-book which has during many years been a friend indeed to the vacation tourist from this side. The alterations for the season of 1902 are slight, but have been inserted with care and diligence.

Taylor—Touring in Alaska and the Yellowstone. By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. Jacobs & Co. \$1.60.

Our traveller went across the continent from Montreal to Vancouver, thence to and through Alaska, back to Seattle, and through United States territory as far as the Yellowstone region. The half of the book given to Alaska is the more interesting, partly because the subject is less written about, and partly because it is here written about so well. We get a good idea of that wild region in the far Northwest, with its mountains and glaciers, its mines and mining life, for the author impresses us as aiming to tell us the truth rather than to embellish the story of his personal experiences. The profuse illustrations, from photographs taken *en route*, add not a little to the interest of the narrative.

Books Received

ART

HASTINGS, GILBERT. Siena: Its Architecture and Art. De La More Press.

BELLES LETTRES

BROWN, WALTER LEE. Helpful Thoughts. McClurg & Co.

LYON, RALPH A. Epigrams. Lord.

PAYNE, WILLIAM M. Little Leaders. McClurg & Co.

PAYNE, WILLIAM M. Editorial Echoes. McClurg & Co.

BIOGRAPHY

JENKINSON, ISAAC. Aaron Burr. Cullaton & Co.

McILVAINE, J. H. St. Francis of Assisi. Dodd, Mead & Co., 85 cts.

OBERNDORFF, CARL, GRAP. Erinnerungen Einer Urgrossmutter. Verlag Von F. Fontane & Co.

EDUCATIONAL

CARHART & CHUTE. High School Physics. Allyn & Bacon, \$1.25.

HEATH. Modern Language Series. Heath & Co.

JACOBY, HAROLD. Practical Talks. Scribner, \$1.00 net.

WITMER, LIGHTNER. Analytical Psychology. Ginn & Co., \$1.50.

FICTION

ALDEN, W. L. Drewitt's Dream. Appleton, \$1.00.

BAILY, R. C. Mabel Thornley. Abbey Press, \$1.25.

COLCOCK, ANNIE T. Margaret Tudor. Stokes & Co.

CREAMER, EDWARD S. The Orphean Tragedy. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

MALET, LUCAS. Carissima. Stone & Co., \$1.50.

MATTEUX. Don Quixote De La Mancha. Scribner, \$1.25.

OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS. Enoch Stone. Dillingham Co., \$1.50.

SHACKLETON, ROBERT. Many Waters. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

THORNTON, MARCELLUS E. The Lady of New Orleans. Abbey Press, \$1.50.

WATROUS, A. E. Young Howson's Wife. Quail & Warner, \$1.50.

WHITLOCK, BRAND. The 13th District. Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

BANKS, LOUIS A. Windows for Sermons. Funk & Wagnalls Co., \$1.20.

BRIDGE, NORMAN. The Reward of Taste. Stone & Co., \$1.50.

CLARK, GORDON. The Church of Saint Bunco. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

COMMANDER, LYDIA K. Marred in the Making. Eckler, Pub., New York.

ELWELL, J. B. Bridge. Scribner, \$1.25.

FRENCH, L. H. Hezekiah's Wives. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 85 cts.

GRIFFIN, A. P. C. Trusts. Government Printing Office.

HENDERSON, C. H. Education and the Higher Life. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.30.

MARTIN, DANIEL. How Men Are Made. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

McKEE, LANIER. The Land of Nome. Grafton Press.

MEYER, ERNEST C. Nominating System. Published by the Author.

NOYES, CHARLES J. Patriot and Tory. Dickerman & Son.

SMITH, GOLDWIN. Commonwealth or Empire. Macmillan & Co., 60 cts.

STRONG, JOSIAH. The Next Great Awakening. Baker & Taylor Co., 75 cts.

WEBSTER, DANIEL. The Webster Centennial.

WHEELOCK, IRENE G. Nestlings of Forest and Marsh. McClurg & Co., \$1.40.

FRENCH BOOKS

SAINT-GENIS, FLEUR DE. La Propriété rurale en France. Librairie Armand Colin.

JUVENILE

CHILDS, E. E. The Wonders of Mouseland. Abbey Press, \$1.25.

POETRY AND VERSE

GIBBES, FRANCES GUIGNARD. Poems. Neal Pub. Co.

PHIPPS, W. E. Yearnings. Published by Author.

SCIENCE

ZITTEL, KARL A. VON. History of Geology and Paleontology. Scribner.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

CLARK, FRANCIS E. Training the Church of the Future. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 75 cts.

SEWARD, THEODORE F. How to Get Acquainted with God. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 50 cts.

ULYAT, WILLIAM C. The First Years of the Life of the Redeemed after Death. Abbey Press, \$1.25.

TRAVEL

WINDLE, BERTRAM C. A. The Malvern Country. Dodd, Mead & Co., 75 cts.

PAMPHLETS

BEER, GEORGE LOUIS. Cromwell's Policy in its Economic Aspects. Ginn & Co.

New York Zoological Society Sixth Annual Report.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of *THE CRITIC* by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mechanics' Institute Free Library. H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

- Life of General Forrest. Mathes. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 History of the People of the United States, Vol. V. McMaster. (Appleton, \$2.50.)
 Commonwealth or Empire? Smith. (Macmillan, 75 cts.)
 Old Diaries. Gower. (Scribner, \$4.50.)
 Life of Thos. H. Huxley. Clodd. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.00.)
 American Masters of Painting. Ciffin. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 Letters of an Enthusiast. Clarke. (McClurg & Co., \$2.50.)
 In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson, \$1.50.)
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

Most Popular Novels.

- The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

New York Public Library. J. K. BILLINGS, Librarian.

- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Idea of a University. Newman. (Longmans, \$1.25.)
 Old Stories of the East. Baldwin. (American Book Co., 45 cts.)
 Psychology of the Schoolroom. Dexter and Garlick. (Longmans, \$1.50.)
 The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Society Library. F. B. BIGELOW, Librarian.

- The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. Ilchester. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$9.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Anticipations. Wells. (Harper, \$1.80.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
 Cecil Rhodes. Hensman. (Harper, \$5.00.)
 The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, \$5.00.)
 American Traits. Munsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)

Most Popular Novel.

Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes, \$1.25.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pratt Institute Free Library. M. W. PLUMMER, Librarian.

- Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, \$3.75.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson-Seton. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Brooklyn Public Library. FRANK P. HILL,
Librarian.

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Photography as a Fine Art. Caffin. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$3.25.)

Spinster Book. Reed. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Ranch Life and Hunting Trail. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$2.00.)

Washington, the Capital City. Wilson. (Lippincott, \$3.50.)

George Washington. Hapgood. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Lives of the Hunted. Thompson - Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Bridgeport Public Library. AGNES HILLS,
Librarian.

Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Norse Stories. Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.80.)

William Hamilton Gibson. Adams. (Putnam, \$2.00.)

Old-Time Gardens. Earle. (Macmillan & Co., \$2.50.)

Our Houseboat on the Nile. Bacon. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.75.)

Cecil Rhodes. Hensman. (Harper, \$5.00.)

Japan. Menpes. (Macmillan, \$6.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo Public Library. H. L. ELMENDORF,
Librarian.

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Thompson-Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

One World at a Time. Slicer. (Putnam, \$1.35.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.00.)

Physical Training. Sandow. (Continental, \$2.50.)

Culture and Restraint. Black. (Revell, \$1.50.)

The Salt-Box House. Shelton. (Baker, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Public Library. FREDK. H. HILD,
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Innocents Abroad. Clemens. (Amer. Pub. Co., \$3.50.)

Boys of '76. Coffin. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, \$12.00.)

Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Cleveland Public Library. WM. H. BRETT,
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America: Picturesque and Descriptive. Cook. (McClurg & Co., \$7.50.)

Principles of Western Civilization. Kidd. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

- Reconstruction in Theology. King. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 Anticipations. Wells. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Hacckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Plants and Their Children. David. (American Book Co., 60 cts.)
 Blue Fairy Book. Lang. (Longmans, \$2.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

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 Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
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 In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)
 What All the World's A-Seeking. Trine. (Ellis, \$1.25.)
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 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
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- Lives of the Hunted. Thompson-Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
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 Symphony of Life. Wood. (Lee & Shepard, \$1.25.)
 European Tour. Allen. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)
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 Anticipations. Wells. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Mastery of the Pacific. Colquhoun. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Sarah Lady Lennox. Ilchester. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$9.00.)
 Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, \$5.00.)
 Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$15.00.)
 The Letters of John Richard Green. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
 American Traits. Munsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)
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 The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$2.00.)

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 Lives of Nathan Hale.
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- Lives of the Hunted. Thompson - Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)
 James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
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 Footsteps of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson, \$1.50.)
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Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

Lives of the Hunted. Thompson-Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

American Traits. Munsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Public Library. EZEKIEL W. MUNDY, *Librarian.*

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Wilderness Hunter. Roosevelt. (Putnam, \$3.00.)

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Old-Time Gardens. Earle. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)

And the Wilderness Blossomed. Dexter. (Fisher, \$2.00.)

Memoirs. Du Barry. (Nichols, 4 vols., \$7.50.)

Standard Oratorios. Upton. (McClurg.)

Letters to Josephine. Napoleon. (Dent, \$3.00.)

Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Hutchinson, 2 vols., \$6.50.)

Grand Duchess. Gerard. (Dutton, \$7.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

TORONTO, CAN.

Toronto Public Library. JAMES BAIN, JR., *Librarian.*

Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$3.00.)

With the Royal Tour. Knight. (Longmans, 5s., *net.*)

Cecil Rhodes. Hensman. (Blackwood & Son, 12s. 6d., *net.*)

Scottish Life and Character. Harvey. (Mackay, 5s.)

War in South Africa. Doyle. (Morang, \$1.50.)

Ulysses. Phillips. (Lane, 4s. 6d., *net.*)

Life of Napoleon I. Rose. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

With Steyn and De Wet. Pienar. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.)

History of the War of 1812. Hannay. (Author, \$2.00.)

William McKinley. Meech. (Partridge, 1s. 6d.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (Morang, \$1.25.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

Free Public Library. SAMUEL S. GREEN, *Librarian.*

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Old-Time Gardens. Earle. (Macmillan, \$2.25.)

Garden of a Commuter's Wife. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

Lives of the Hunted. Thompson-Seton. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

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