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Oscar Wilde
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ABOUT ESSAYS, AND THREE

BY MARY TERRILL

THE essay is coming back again. About every twenty years that slogan gets at the top of the editorial page of a literary publication. How far this comeback is engineered by the Readers' Trust in the publishing houses, whether they are pushed into it by the psychic tugs of their clientele, or whether it is purely a mechanical and periodic return of an immortal art-form, space (and brains) lacks us to go into.

But the essay is really coming back. Who was it started the ball a-rolling again? Not Maeterlinck, Havelock Ellis, or James Huneker. They have never quitted the essay. With them brevity has not only been the soul of wit but the dug of thought. Is anything outside of fiction and politics worth more than ten thousand words? To be brief is Latin; to be prolix is German. We haven't enough time or lives handy to read your point of view in ten thousand words. There are too many points of view nowadays. The facets of the brain multiply beyond our counting numerals. All life aspires to condensed expression. Say it quickly, and say it well. The pigeonholes in our brains are full to bulging. There's a fellow waiting behind you who will have his say. And a line in back of him that stretches around the corner of our consciousness.

Maybe it was Carl Van Vechten, or

John Cowper Powys, or Arnold Bennett, or Robert Cortes Holliday that resurrected the delightful art of literary rambling; or Chesterton, or Mencken. The point is moot.

Great essayists are as rare as great personalities. The mono-rail mind seldom expresses itself in an essay. It is essentially the form of the many-sided man. It is the natural matrix of the sensitive, the *raffiné*, the thousand-mirrored chronicler. His unity of vision and reaction lies in his form. His viewpoint may be just the ribbon around the bouquet. He is generally a decadent, a dilettante. He is a reporter of nuances. He is a sampler of all spiritual jam-pots. He is a perpetual traveler without a Baedeker or a Cook's safe-conduct. He may be a ponderous old gossip like Samuel Johnson, a surgeon of tendencies like Arthur Symons, or a bed-prowling cat like Sainte-Beuve; but they are all alike in this—they are the antennæ of literature. This was even true of old Sam Johnson; his antennæ were spikes and nails, but they were often highly magnetized with wit and epigram. Hippopotamus, his hide was thick but telepathic.

No essay should ever be finished. The perfect essay ought to repeat life, which is a fragment of something else. It ought to suggest another essay. It should have no bottom to stand on. It

192

should be a cocktail, but never a meal. Oscar Wilde said the great pleasure that a cigarette gave him came from the manner in which it left him unsatisfied. A great essay is a cigarette—an unsatisfactory promise. It is the ash-tray of our emotions and visions. The two finest essays in the language, to my way of thinking, are Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide and the introduction to the Declaration of Independence (unexpurgated).

Here are three books of essays, by Carl Van Vechten, Conrad Aiken, and Sherlock Bronson Gass. Three essayists utterly different—Mr. Gass, in fact, not being an essayist at all, but a psychological novelist. His book is called "A Lover of the Chair". An excellent title for such a philosophic and humorous Rambler through life and books and art as Mr. Gass. A chair is the real Seven-Leagued Boot. It is the first and last Time-Machine of thinkers and dreamers. Mr. Gass sits in a very easy chair upholstered in light blue with ivory casters.

His style is easy, Pateresque. He has many windows in his room, but is never bothered by a telephone. His central character has a Marius-the-Epicurean proclivity for Plato-like discussions and fencings on all the questions of the day and some that are quasi-eternal. When he ventures from his chair in his room it is to take one in an obscure restaurant or in a college. He is a poet; hence his musings and spiritual adventures have a glossy atmospheric haze about them. He has the gentle, well-behaved irony of "The New Republic" school. Like all healthy mossbacks, he is a liberal. His revolts against the æsthetic and political formulas of the time seem icily regular enough. He wants to be sure he isn't wrong, which is always fatal. His reactions are never violent enough

to cause a readjustment of his spine in his easy chair.

This Socratic Marius is worried a great deal over Beauty, Soul, Emotion, and Reason. He interviews many Testaments to get at their essence. After hearing a lecture on Christianity and evolution, it is recorded by Mr. Gass that his poet "crept back to his room and meditated". That might be, appropriately, the end of every one of the essays in the book. Quite the gentlemanly thing to do. In fact, "A Lover of the Chair" is a gentleman's book by a gentleman. It is a fine instance of what the essay should not be.

"In the Garret", by Carl Van Vechten, is the essay set to the music of dish-rattling in a table d'hôte restaurant. Mr. Van Vechten, one of the most readable and breeziest essayists of the day, refuses to sit in any chair. When he writes he runs. If he does sit for a moment, it is on the bar in some old tavern or on top of a trolley-car at Forty-seventh and Broadway. Therefore he writes. He eats and galleivants; therefore he lives.

He is a connoisseur of the vivid and the odd, of the flashing and the grotesque. His essays are the Midnight Frolics of a joyous, pagan soul. He is what Bohemia ought to be—Burgundy, charlotte russe and cymbalum. He has a magnificent way of being unimportant. His touch is light and artistic. His culture is Hunekeresque. His scholarship is musicianly, sometimes jazzy. "In the Garret" is a full meal—from soup to "nuts".

There are varieties on any old theme—Oscar Hammerstein, Philip Thicknesse (an admirable and life-size Van Vechten of the eighteenth century), Mimi Aguglia, Holy Jumpers, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Gluck, Salome, and Darktown. "La Tigresse", a "New York Night's Entertainment",

contains a tribute to our city that ought to be read by every Kansan. Mr. Van Vechten loves New York from the soles of its subway to the crown of its Woolworth Tower. He loves it above all other cities because it is unique. It is the whirling dervish of the planet. Impenitent, materialistic, cacophonous, Babelian old New York, ratifying no amendments whatsoever and going to the dogs like a radiant Jezebel! Baudelaire gave Victor Hugo a new thrill of horror; New York has given the world a new and magical diabolism. We are the Holy Jumpers of civilization. "Nothing in New York is incongruous because everything is," says Mr. Van Vechten. If London is Handel, New York is the Beethoven of discords. Mr. Van Vechten himself ought to compose the great American opera, "Tout Gotham". And bring Gabriele D'Annunzio here to do the singing words.

Conrad Aiken's "Scepticisms" is academic. It concerns poets—Edgar Lee Masters, John Gould Fletcher, Lola Ridge, D. H. Lawrence, William Stanley Braithwaite, Alan Seeger, Ezra Pound, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Maxwell Bodenheim, Amy Lowell, John Cowper Powys, Louis Untermeyer and others concerned in interpreting Americans through the *Musæ* of poetry. We notice, by the way, in looking through our classical dictionary, that there is no *Muse of vers libre*. Will Mr. Aiken attend to this matter? Those of us who are building the Parnassus of the West must find a muse that will apotheosize Walt Whitman, who was America incarnate and the first *vers librist* of the western hemisphere whose name is universal.

In saying that "Scepticisms" is academic, I mean nothing derogatory. There have been great academicians.

It is possible for a man to go through college without blanketing his fires—if he have any. Real genius may survive the professorial Gradgrinds and still have where to lay its head. But it is noticeable that most collegiates run to "criticism". They lack enthusiasm. They never let themselves go. They break rules with a profound and measured "Ahem!" or an *apologia pro vita sua*, or in the case of Mr. Aiken an *apologia pro specie sua*. They part their thoughts precisely in the middle and use a mustache brush on the subjects they are dealing with. Their critical estimates are the product of their intellectual emotions. Their emotions are discredited—or discreditable, it would seem, in their own view. They shove their brainstorms into their carefully prepared cyclone cellars. They are, to me, like a man engaged, Sisyphus-like, in rolling a collar-button to the top of the dome of their intelligence for the express purpose of watching it fall back into the River of Tendency. They are Justice with a pair of scales—and blinded, of course.

But Mr. Aiken, in his *apologia*, is honest. After berating the stone-throwing of Amy Lowell, Louis Untermeyer, and Ezra Pound, he says he is going to throw some stones himself. He is going to boost Aiken. He confesses that "my sympathies are, perhaps, just a trifle broader and more generous than the average". Of course, of course. It's all a game, dear reader. There is really no fight going on; no professional jealousy among our twenty-one Great American Poets. Every knock is a boost. Each one of them individually having nothing to say—with a few exceptions. They believe if they all talk at once an editor will listen—at a dollar a line. Well, here is Mr. Aiken's hat

in the ring to the tune of thirty essays. The fact that the hat is, from the standpoint of style, pre-Addisonian and the ring is the Poetry Society—oh, any old poetry society, I mean—doesn't make any difference. It makes good sedative reading after you have got tired of Mencken, Cabell, Powys and some few others of the real brains of America—in the matter of the essay, I mean.

For instance, I believe Maxwell Bodenheim is a great poet. Well, why not say so, Mr. Aiken, if you think so—and say it in adjectives? Instead, we get something like this:

"Now, Bodie boy, there are great things in you unexpressed. I'm going

to explain to my public why you are not always up to par. I'm going to Freud out your split infinitives and Jung out your possibilities. You are at odds with yourself. You are, see, a symbolist. Now, do you think that's a good thing for you? Think it over, Bodie boy—the Poetry Society is looking at you! Now, why don't you write like me, and, further—" And so on and so on à la Tupper.

There are few of our essayists who have not found the stable of Pegasus as yet.

A Lover of the Chair. By Sherlock Bronson Gass. Marshall Jones Co.
In the Garret. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf.
Scepticisms. By Conrad Aiken. Alfred A. Knopf.

A NEW POET OF NATURE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

IT was my good fortune, during a recent journey to the Mississippi valley (July-September, 1919), to discover a new poet—one of those rare spirits who find their inspiration in nature and speak, if I may use the phrase, from the soul outward. This man of undoubted genius lives humbly and most simply in a crude shanty boat in the Second Slough, about four miles above the town of Riverbank, Iowa. His name is Henry J. Plitt. I had rowed around the lower end of the island on which I was cottaging and discovered his shanty boat by accident, and in the course of a short conversation I mentioned that I was a writer for the magazines, etc. After some hesitation he asked me if I

would look at some poems he had written and tell him what I thought of them.

Mr. Plitt, whom I may call a hitherto undiscovered genius, is a man of over seventy and has, all his life, lived on or near the majestic Father of Waters and, practically, in the lap of nature. He is a shy man, as those in close communion with nature are likely to be, and at the time I saw him first was shy a pair of socks, shoes, a haircut, and any kind of smoking tobacco I was willing to give him.

His best poem, and most spiritedly imaginative, is too long to give here, being almost epic in quality and length. The title he has given it should, I think, be changed when the

poem is published in book form. He himself suggested that he was not quite satisfied with the title, which at present is "Them Dam Snaiks". It tells of a certain horde, or cohort, of pink snakes with green spots that invaded his shanty boat one summer, shortly after Iowa passed her first Prohibition Law, and Mr. Plitt, as he says, "went onto a three weeks' spree with this here lemon extract, but you couldn't git me to touch the stuff now with a ten-foot pole."

There are parts of the poem, "Them Dam Snaiks", that remind one strikingly of portions of Edgar Allan Poe's more imaginative work or the weird concepts of Coleridge, or however you spell him, in "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan", as when Mr. Plitt says:

I've seen snaiks afore, and plenty,
And I ain't scairt of nineteen or twenty,
But when you go to take a drink out of the
pail
And there's five or six hundred of these here
Pink and green snaiks into it
It makes me turn pale.

And again:

This here snaik riz up onto its hind laigs
And says, "Fried aigs! Fried aigs!"
In a most insulting kind of voyce
That didn't make me for to rejoice;
And no matter what the other snaiks was
doing that day
"Fried aigs! Fried aigs!" was all this here
one would say,
And seeing as I hadn't no fried aigs to serve
That "Fried aigs! Fried aigs!" got on my
nerves.

"Them Dam Snaiks" is a human document of the utmost value, as well as a remarkable poem, and nowhere have I seen the anguish of a human soul in distress so tellingly and lengthily portrayed, unless, indeed, by Dante. In a far gentler and more idyllic mood is the short poem, "Oh, Plant Me a Garden". Here Mr. Plitt voices a sentiment that will echo in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of men—

and the few women—infatuated by piscatorial sport. I give the poem in full, as it is short, and its beauty would be marred by any curtailment:

O plant me a garden somewheres near
To where my shanty boat is ankered here.
O plant me a garden, but don't make no mis-
talk,
I don't want no flour garden like what wim-
menfolks make.
Plant me a garden of fishing wurms—
Big long fat ones what wiggels and squirms.
Plant me a garden so that when my spade
Turns up a shovelfull of dirt it'll look like
I'd dug up all the fishworms that was ever
made.

Sometimes in dry wether I've dog and dog
for mitey neer a day
And hardly dog up one dang wurm, and that
don't pay.
So plant me a garden of fishing wurms
Big, long, fat ones what wiggels and squirms.

While the temptation to give all, or parts of all, of the poems written by Henry J. Plitt is great, I must not take the bloom off his work by quoting too much before the publication of the book I am assured he will soon have printed. I cannot refrain, however, from giving one more taste of his work. In this he, at times, glides from the more severe and restrained rhymed forms, affected by Tennyson, Longfellow, and the elder poets, into the newer verse form, unrhymed, preferred by so many of our notable younger riders of Pegasus. This final offering I give, also, in full. It is:

OAD TO A STINGING NETTUL

O stinging nettul I've got a noshun you are
about the meanest kind
Of horticulture, or whatever it is, anybody
could ever find;
And the wust of it is there's about forty-nine
akers and a half of
You towards the innards of the island, grow-
ing up to a man's waist or above.
You don't have no froot or no blossom to
menshun much,
But just sting a feller on the hands or laigs
or wherever you tutch,
And the wust of you is you don't look like no
stinger
But like a common old weed—
And then you go and sting like a yellow-
jacket.

Toor a snaik in the gras, by garsh, and I
Don't cair who heers me say it.

You've stang my hands and fais
And also my laigs and nees
Right throo my pants, which aint thik,
And throo my B. V. Dees
Or would if I woar anny, but I don't.
Never having got them luxyurious habbits.

The only decent thing about you is you are
brittel
And a feller can go along and nock you over
with a stick.
So the morrel is the world is full of darn
meen human stinging nettuls

And all us honest law-abiding sitizens would
be stang to deth
Only thair so brittel that a feller can nock
them over easy
As he goes along tending to his own bizness
And not interfeering with annybuddy
Because it's hard enuf to git along nowadays
With the hi cost of living and everything
And I don't wonder sum of us gits a little
soar
Once in a wile.

So mister stinging nettul, all I got to say
Is you better keep out of my way
Because you ain't no frend of mine
And I'm reddy to nock you over anny time.

THE ARMENIAN CLASSICS

A Literature of Minstrel-Monks

BY W. D. P. BLISS

THERE have been monks in every country and minstrels in most; but rarely, if ever, has there been such a combination of the two; rarely, if ever, have there been such minstrel-monks as in ancient Armenia. Speaking generally, one may almost say that the Armenian classics are the product of monks who sang like minstrels and of minstrels who sing like monks. It gives to Armenian literature a unique and fascinating interest. Its higher reaches in poetry, and not seldom even in prose, have the power, the stateliness, the sustained music of a Gregorian chant—sad, sometimes, almost as a funeral dirge, yet often also with the lilt, the tenderness, the grace of a South-land song. One is never merry when he reads Armenian verse; yet when one has begun it, he never stops. Byron surely felt its charm when, studying Armenian at the Mectharist

Convent at St. Lazar, Venice, he became so interested in it that he took part in the publication of an Armenian-English dictionary and grammar, and wrote that Armenian "is a rich language and would amply repay anyone the trouble of learning it". It requires trouble, it is true, and some going below the surface. Outwardly, Armenian is, to say the least, not a mellifluous language—it is full of gutturals, its charm is inward. It is the sweet kernel of a rough shell. It comes to us a minnesinger, disguised in cowl and gown. As a matter of fact, most Armenian mediæval literature was written in the cloister and cell, and has the tone of ghostly visions and midnight vigils. But all this is on the surface. At its heart is the beat of a living human interest and not seldom even the devotion of a lover.

Yet the rough sound of the language and its monastic external characteristics have misled many. Few in our busy western world have followed Byron's advice and taken the trouble to learn Armenian. Armenia has seemed very far away—an ancient country, little connected with our modern life. Even the erudite author of the article on Armenian literature in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,—the Oxford scholar, Dr. Conybeare,—declares that Armenian literature is "purely monkish" and without epic or romantic interest. One comes to wonder if Dr. Conybeare can have read Armenian romances—they are very numerous—or knows of the Armenian epics. It would almost seem that his very erudition,—he is the author of "The Ancient Armenian Texts of Aristotle"—, his long lists of Armenian chroniclers, have made him overlook much in both ancient and modern Armenian which is anything but monkish, sometimes epic and almost continually romantic.

We believe that a short account of Armenian literature will show this interest and sustain this position.

But let us preface our account, by the statement that today much knowledge of Armenian lyric and romantic literature can be had without learning Armenian. In 1916 there was published in London in aid of the Lord Mayor's Armenian fund, a sumptuous volume in English—"Armenian Legends and Poems" (translations) compiled by Zabelle G. Boyajian, and containing also an illuminating chapter on "Armenia, Its Epics, Folk-songs and Mediæval Poetry", written by the Armenian litterateur, Aram Raffi, son of the novelist. The volume has also most artistic and interesting illustrations.

Right at the beginning, however, of

one's Armenian studies he finds a genuine surprise. Armenian literature is not oriental. And this is so because of the fact, surprising to most, that in truth the Armenian himself by racial descent is not oriental, but a European in an oriental home. Modern scholars, from careful researches and inscriptions somewhat recently deciphered in Cappadocia and at Van, are for the most part agreed that those whom we call Armenians did not originally inhabit the country we call Armenia, but that they came there, perhaps in the seventh century B.C., not from Asia, but from Europe. The Armenian is a European for a slight period of twenty-six hundred years misplaced in Asia. You will find his analogue, therefore, not in Arabia, India, China or Turkistan, but perhaps beside the Danube or by some European mountain range, since some scholars trace his forbears to the Balkan peninsula, while others find them of the ancient Alpine stock of Europe.

This view does not deny that before the Armenians came to Armenia, there were peoples around Mt. Ararat, of, perhaps, Assyrian, Semitic or even earlier Hittite stock; possibly of races older still. With these the Armenian newcomers undoubtedly more or less intermarried, acquiring, beyond question, some Semitic or Iranian characteristics. Nor can twenty-six centuries of environment in Asia have failed to leave their impress upon habits and customs. Yet it is marvelous how little Asiatic is the Armenian. Asia is the world-mother of religions and of hordes—the birthland of men's dreams of heaven, broken by wild nightmares of Mongols and Tartars shedding blood. In Armenian literature you will find no Al Koran, no Zend Avesta, nor epics singing of a Tamur Leng or a Zenghis Khan. Ar-

menia belongs to Europe, whence have sprung the arts of peace and of busy, active life.

One passing indication of its European kinship is that Armenian is written from left to right, not like Oriental languages, from right to left. It has also a separate symbol for each vowel—not, as in so many Semitic or other eastern languages, leaving the vowel sound to be supplied.

The Armenian's first interest, however, is action. Hence, you will find in Armenian literature perhaps more activities than great products. The first book printed in any oriental language was an Armenian Ephemeris printed in Venice in 1512 by one Hagob. The first newspaper in the Near East was an Armenian journal, printed in Madras, India, in 1794. The modern Armenian alphabet is not a growth from the old, but was invented characteristically by St. Mesrob in 404 A.D.; it ushered in the first golden age of Armenian literature. St. Sahak, the Armenian Catholicos, or Primate, at this time, translated the Bible into Armenian, a work sometimes called the queen of translations. He was a great patron of learning, and formed a school of translators whom he sent to Edessa, Cæsarea in Cappadocia, Constantinople, Athens, Antioch, Alexandria, even Rome, to procure codices and translate them. It is said that nearly every book of importance written in Greek or Syriac, with some in Latin, was translated at this time into Armenian. To these translations the world owes some writings the originals of which have disappeared; among them being Homilies by John Chrysostom, with works by Philo, Eusebius and others. And these translations were read. National schools at this time were started all over Armenia. Education was so general that

we read of Armenian ladies in the eighth century composing songs and poems—another indication of the non-oriental character of Armenia.

In more recent times, too, Armenia has shown even more remarkable literary activities. Since, under Turkish rule, Armenians could with difficulty publish at home, Armenian printing-presses were established at Venice in 1565, Lemberg 1616, Leghorn 1640, Amsterdam 1660 (transferred to Marseilles 1672), Constantinople 1672, and about the same time at Milan, Paris, Padua, Leipzig, and Vienna. In our own day Armenian literary centres have developed at Constantinople, Moscow, Tiflis, and Paris, with well-known Armenian writers both in London and New York.

It is probably this love of action that has made Armenian literature so especially strong in histories and chronicles. No less than fifty Armenian chroniclers wrote in the ancient Armenian, known as "Grabar", before the fifth century. What other century has such a record? Yet it is just the long list of such writers which has given rise, undoubtedly, to the idea that Armenian literature is purely monkish. But one discovers that these Armenian historians, though most of them were monks or Vartabeds (priests), were by no means mere chroniclers. Their main themes are the vicissitudes, the sorrows, and the brave deeds of Armenian history. It is true that these histories are by no means always critically reliable; indeed, from the standpoint of sober industry, many of them may be said to be too romantic. Most of them are in verse and not a few of them truly poetic. Moses of Chorene in the fifth century,—the Moses who led Armenian writers into the Holy Land of Christian literature,—

was anything but a dry-as-dust. The first volume of his history and part of the second are almost wholly made up of summaries and quotations from the epics and legends of pre-Christian Armenia. Raffi calls his history "a marvelous panorama, which, as it unfolds, fills us with fresh wonder and admiration." He says the story of Tiri-dates is narrated in such a way as to draw tears from every reader and—to use an Armenian expression—make him feel "as if the hairs of his head have turned into thorns".

Eglishé (Elias), a contemporary of Moses of Chorene's, was considered a poet, rather than a historian, and his histories were read in Armenia next widely to the Bible. Saint Gregory of Narek of the tenth century (Grigor Narekatzi) wrote elegies, odes, panegyrics and homilies, but above all, prayers. His "Narek" is a mingling of prose and verse, composed of poetical prayers, and represents almost the only Armenian mysticism. The Catholicos, Nerses of Shnorkali, who wrote in the twelfth century, Raffi calls the Fenelon of Armenia. He also wrote his histories in verse. He is the author of many beautiful prayers, while some of his "Sharakans" (hymns) are still sung in Armenian churches.

For Armenian epics and legends we have to turn to pre-Christian days. In Armenia as in some other lands Christianity, while a great civilizer and illuminator (Was not the first great Armenian saint called Gregory, the Illuminator?), acted also to no little extent as an extinguisher of this world joyousness and life. Armenia was the first Christian country, the first state as a state to declare for Christianity. It took its religion very seriously and for long centuries knew little else. Losing national independence, its

church became to a large extent the nation, and the bond which through centuries of sufferings has marvelously preserved and united the Armenian people.

But it did not lend itself to epic and romance. A modern Armenian, writing from Paris, calls Christianity "that eternal scourge of humanity which made all our older literature the privileged possession of decadent and sickly souls." Pre-Christian Armenia was romantic enough. The earliest Armenian legends and myths connect themselves naturally with their heathen divinities: the Armenian Aramagd, the architect of the universe; Anahit, the Armenian Diana, the Golden Mother, the pure and spotless Goddess; Astghik, the Armenian Venus, the Goddess of beauty, the personification, like the Sidonian Astarte, of the moon. There were spirits, some of them evil, like Alk, a very harmful devil; there are nymphs—some called Parik (dancers), and some Hushka Parik, "dancers to a melody in the minor key". Around these and other mythical beings gathered innumerable legends.

Armenian epics are based on the national history, though the earliest ones have immortals in the background. As in the Hebrew writings, "there were giants in those days". One early Armenian epic tells of Haik, the famous archer, who becomes the hero of Armenia. From him Armenians derived the name by which they call themselves, "Hai"; and their country, not Armenia, but "Hayastan". In the epics, the son of Haik is Armenag, a common Armenian name today, and a name from which some believe comes the name Armenia. The grandson of Armenag was Amasa, whence Masis, the Armenian name for Mt. Ararat.

One Armenian epic concerns a king, Ara, the Beautiful, romantically loved by Semiramis. She sent messengers to invite him to Nineveh, promising him half her kingdom if he would become her husband; and on his declining this, on the seemingly sufficient ground that he had a wife already, she sent an army to bring him by force. Even when he died, and the army brought his corpse, the Queen endeavored to have it restored to life by magic. Other Armenian epics tell of Tigranes the Great—in his day the mightiest monarch in Asia. Another sings the love story of King Artashes II:

It rained showers of gold when Artashes became bridegroom,
It rained pearls when Saternik became a bride.

Of Armenian dances none have come down to us, though we learn from Greek and Latin writers that King Artavazd I, son of Tigranes the Great, wrote tragedies, while Plutarch tells us of theatres and actors in Armenia. An Armenian Christian writer of the fifth century writes a polemic against them.

Armenian literature, however, excels in the short poem. "Armenian Poems and Legends", above referred to, gives many examples of these in charming translations. There were lullabies, charm-verses, nuptial-songs, funeral dirges—the latter sung by professional mourners, "mothers of lamentations".

These songs in many cases continued in use during the Christian period, because, as an Armenian historian tells us, though the Church frowned on the songs, "the people languished for them". In the later centuries ashoughs (minstrels) became especially popular and romantic. They sang at all Armenian weddings and festivities, on bridges and in the

squares, and wandering from courtyard to courtyard. One of the most notable of these was Sayat Nova, born in 1712. He was a court-favorite, and in his own words, "sat in the palaces among the beauties and sang to them". Several Armenian archbishops or metropolitans are among the Armenian singers of passion and love. One of these was Mkrtych Naghsh, Archbishop of Diaebekir, who sings of the loves of the Rose and the Nightingale—the theme also of another archbishop, Gregoris of Aghtamar. Hevhanis Tulkourantzi, Catholicos of Sis, is called a poet of flowers, beauty, and love. But he could also sing of death.

Like an eagle flying far,
Forth on wide-spread wings thou farest;
All the strong ones of the earth
In thy wing-tips rolled thou bearest.

In modern times, there has been a veritable renaissance of Armenian literature. The amount of writing done can be seen in the fact that there are more than three hundred Armenian newspapers in the world. This writing is certainly not all literature, but an unusual amount of it is. Russian Armenian writers have been the more scholarly; others have turned more to the French Romantic school. Armenian novelists are mainly of this type, such as: Abovian, whose tales are of rural life; Shirvanzade, who pictures town life; and Raffi, whose tales concern national episodes. Aharonian, however, although telling of misery and sadness, is considered by many Armenians the most popular of their modern writers. Poets and singers of verse are still more numerous. Raphael Patkanian (1830-1892) is generally considered the leading national poet, but the singers of lyrics are almost innumerable. Prominent among these are Bedros Tourian, "the nightingale

of Scutari", Hovhanness Hovhannessian, Avedis Isahakian, Hovhanness Thoumanian, and Alexander Dzadourian. Much of their verse is in the minor key, born of the centuries of Armenia's unequalled sufferings, continually making one feel that these modern minstrels sing like monks.

One special feature of Armenian

poetry, natural enough under the circumstances, is the poem of exile. We can quote only a stanza by Hovhanness Costaniantz:

There comes no news from far away;
Our brave ones rest not from the fray.
'Tis long that sleep my eyes doth flee,
Our foemen press unceasingly.
'Tis long for sleep I vainly pray;
There comes no news from far away.

STORIES OF LIVES AND OF LIFE

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THE way that genius has with a man we all know. Strickland, the hero of "The Moon and Sixpence", is but one in a long line of creatures half-god and half-satyr who have trampled the pages of fiction with the prints of their Pan-hoofs. It matters not whether artist, musician, or author, the tradition is set. Perverse in their vision, they spy out beauty in the commonplace and the trivial, and fail to perceive the beauty in human relationships. They recreate the one with the divine frenzy of inspiration and demolish the other with the ruthlessness of a savage who destroys what he cannot understand. They have, moreover, the shrewdness of their insanity. They demand from us a license that frees them from any conformity with our codes. And though we protest that they might, at least in return, convince us that they can produce one masterpiece that is worth the havoc they work,—that if not God there must be a generative power in the whirlwind,—they go their way leaving us with the feeling

that their genius has been made excuse for their actions, not as a rule that their actions have been the result of any extraordinary gift.

It is thus a matter of almost comic perplexity that this same bewildering force that sweeps man outside the law should send woman, at least in literature, in eager quest of all the ordinances that the law protects. Other women are restive, but not the woman of genius. She alone has remained Victorian, a Griselda Grantly in her desires. Her gift she regards as irrelevant. Either she accepts its visitation unwillingly, with contempt in her heart, or with a cynicism that lets her perceive its practical use. The irresponsible force that sets man kicking his heels, she bends to her will. Under her agency it becomes a common drudge which procures for her the things she may barter for her desires; for chintz drawing-rooms and large nurseries and not too intelligent husbands, for all that goes to make an establishment snug. In her case we are left wondering how such a simple

practical nature, so temperate a sanity could ever be fired to the creation of any great work.

Of such women, though possessed of unusual charm, is Madala Grey, the heroine of Clemence Dale's "Legend", a subtle and exquisite piece of work. Not once does Madala herself appear in the pages. Her radiance is gained by a kind of indirect lighting, a reverse inference from the comments concerning her as they fall on the mind of a girl. The story is artfully contrived. It opens after the death of the heroine. Her "Life" is being fed to the public which has no understanding of reticence, no real appreciation of the impersonal quality of her work, but a liking for gossip-shop art. The lion-hunters who missed their quarry during life are busy snuffing out the remains. Interpretation is, I believe, their deadly word for it. Interpretation in this case takes the form of biography by a woman, Anita Searle, who has intimate knowledge and no comprehension, who is incapable of comprehension by reason of the shriveling bitterness at her heart. Nor does she wish to understand. Her aim is not to give a biography which shall keep the memory warm, but one that by her sheer cleverness in distorting the facts shall redound to her own glory.

Gradually we are taken back to the evening when the legend took shape—the evening of Madala's richest human experience, the birth of her son and her death. In the drawing-room of Anita Searle are gathered a collection of people of flashy cleverness and sterile emotion, who show where cleverness leads when envy acts as a guide. And in the shallow consciousness of each of these people is Madala, paying the price for her wicked sacrifice of her genius with the penalty of her

life. Into this scene of expectancy bursts Kent, a man who had really loved her,—whose inspiration, indeed, she had been,—with the news of her death: "Dead at twenty-six". "In child-birth", finished Anita, and her voice made it an unclean and shameful end."

Then slowly Anita feels her way to her legend with soft feline paws. There is no protection now for the woman who had given of her confidences so gladly. This is the moment for which with an uncanny prescience Anita has been lying in wait. It is her own chance for fame and she is not caught napping. Hers is the gift not of creation, but of destruction; the critical mind that demolishes. At once we know what the biography will contain; veiled suggestions concerning the early and unknown life of the author,—for the public has always the keenest zest for the missing years,— suggestions that will make clear the warm understanding of bitter human struggles and failures that is shown in Madala's work. And her marriage, so perplexing to these people by its very simplicity, will be interpreted as a way out from the realized waning of genius, or an exit from some evilly suggested affair. The simplest facts will be patterned and shaped. Nowhere will appear the real Madala who held these people together—not as they thought by her genius, but her affection. Nowhere the Madala who could chase like a child after cowslips; who was impatient of talk and of subtleties when she had the blue sky above her; who had preserved despite her awareness a kinship with fresh fields and clean earth. And without her there is no explanation of the marriage that cost her her life, or of her choice as a husband—a man of no subtle perceptions but with an under-

standing that told him how little Madala accounted her fame when weighed against more human desires.

The book has its faults. Clemence Dane, as in her earlier novel, writes with an almost personal vindictiveness against one of her sex. In her dissection she is as merciless as Anita herself. Her pen drops venom and as the result Anita becomes too cruel in her mental indecencies and just fails to convince. She is made, moreover, so entirely a creature of intellect that it is impossible to believe in her love for Kent—given surprisingly at the end as an additional turn of the screw, and transforming the writing of the biography into a fiendish kind of revenge. Better, I think, to have left it the greed of a small mind for fame; a shoddy mind incapable of refusing to make use of the sanctities of intimate knowledge when their desecration led to desire. But with the exception of Anita and of her grandmother, who cackles like a parrot which has been taught a Greek chorus, the characters are very real. The coterie itself—Jasper who could Swinburnize even in the moment of tragedy, the blonde lady who resents Madala's death as an intrusion upon her flirtation—we could find any evening at the Brevoort, talking to convince themselves of their cleverness, bandying not thoughts but words. Not even before in the "Regiment of Women" has Miss Dane found a subject so suited to her satirical powers. The book thus attains its goal (moreover it is an achievement in the matter of technical skill): for fashioned out of the carping criticisms and innuendos of jealous minds, Madala Grey takes shape before us,—a genius of course, but so much more,—a woman of wholesome and unconscious beauty, of generosity

and simple bigness of heart who rejoices not in her brains but in life.

A different type is the novelist of "Happy House", a far less distinguished piece of work, and a strangely grey almost dingy novel to come from the author of "Pam". But there is a whimsical humor in the selection of a woman who writes not of modern problems but the old-fashioned sob-stuff, "Queenie's Choice" and "One Maid's Word"; tales of the humble governess and the lord of the manor, of lawful ecstasies and love at first sight and joy that comes surging in on a tidal wave at the end. One has thought of such authors as leading the romantic careers of a Ouida or as hiding behind the skirts of the other sex like Bertha M. Clay. One such may be also, it seems, a little middle-aged woman, disillusioned and drab, turning over the sentimentalities of her girlhood as she might ransack an old trunk, but less to pore over the wistful beauties of memory than to shape them to practical use. Violet Walderbridge to be sure, is proud of her public; and it is her nearest approach to a personal tragedy when her popularity wanes. But her main care is inexhaustibly to provide. Not that her family are worth the "keeping" in their own literal and extravagant sense. Her husband is one of those perennial perky scalawags. Her children are a rackety selfish brood. They might well be young cow-birds of insatiate maw, did their father not account for their greed. But the mother's uncomplaining struggle to keep them going is after all the theme of the book. The plot itself might well have been composed by its heroine. There is the neglected and downtrodden little person, treated by the very people who use her with a complaisant contempt. There is her swift

and incongruous rise not to popularity but to real fame. There is in consequence the returning semblance of youth. And above all there is the glittering lord of the manor who loved her in youth, and is instinctively drawn to the daughter only to find and remain true to his lost love. To be sure the lost love will have none of him. Even though her husband has opened the way to freedom,—a way that any ordinary woman would have seized,—she regards him as an investment which she has paid for in heavy instalments until he has acquired the sentimental value of a costly mistake. Still the lord remains in the offing and the story closes, if not with a pinky dawn, at least with a twilight glow. A readable story and another illustration of the submissiveness of genius when in capable feminine hands.

Allegra, this time a young actress, is far from self-sacrificing. From the moment of her first graceful entrance she is shown as resentful of the intrusions of human intercourse save as they lead to the advancement of her desires. Her years of training in the Repertory Theatre of a provincial town have added only to the hard self-confidence of her youth, its absorption and naive conceit. The world does not exist save in relation to her ambition. The sky is not worth watching save for the rise of her star. Were she not so thoroughly likable, one would think of her only as a young woman decidedly on the make. Every one is pressed into her service. Paul, a young playwright, does a play for her and conceals his own authorship for the mere chance of getting her "on". Maythorne the popular novelist, who quite unbelievably for a person of his fatuity takes over Paul's work as the dramatization of his own book, lends her his backing and name. Even the

Great Dane, the most delightful character in the book, with the patient politeness of animals listens meekly to the outpourings of her egotistical mind. Only young Danny shows her a lack of consideration by drawing Paul to his side at an inopportune moment, and thus delays the real end. But with Allegra it is merely a question of time. She already shows signs of weakening, and should she appear again in a third novel, it will be by the hearth-side, with the world well lost.

How far one may go when unsteadied by genius is made obvious by the heroine of "Sheila Intervenes", who pursues her irresponsible way like a child making patterns with life. And not only is there something child-like in her conception of what her fantastic pattern should be, but in her swift gusts of anger when her pieces won't fit, in the illogicality of her persistence, and in her stuffy determination neither to put up her puzzle nor to be helped. And a nice muddle she makes of it, more than one would think could be caused by ten impertinent fingers and one fertile brain. In the final debacle every one is at odds and Sheila herself in apparently hopeless disgrace. Her impertinence in interfering with destiny makes the whole plot though there is Mr. McKenna's usual political background, this time to lend body to a slight theme. But despite this slightness of plot, the story carries its own sentimental interest and is continually a matter of touch and go. Moreover the characters are delightful—particularly Sheila, blithe and self-willed; her grandfather, the amused and helpless protector of youth; and Denys Playfair, a feckless young Irishman. Among them there is much good conversation,—Sheila's a little rattle-

pated at times, but conversation alive with humor and whimsicality. The book has none of the ponderous quality of "Midas and Son"; and if it lacks the serious purport of the first "Sonia" has its own spontaneous charm.

As a sharp contrast to these books which concern themselves entirely with the development of personalities, there are a number of others where the interest lies less in the leading figures than in their relation to life. Of these the most significant is "The Judgment of Peace" by Andreas Latzko, an Austrian officer and the author of "Men in War". A comparison at once suggests itself with the works of Barbusse. But the horrors in the former in most cases were physical, the nervous reaction to a nightmare of visualized suffering. Here they are due to the anguish of spirit that war in all its stupid brutalities can inflict on the civilized mind. And not merely the war. Though the book aims at universality in its application, the irreparable injury done to the sensitive personal dignity is, though the author seems unaware of it, the result of the special system which he portrays. Stupidities there must be in every army—boot-licking, authority wrongly placed. But in no other army, one feels, could there be the sheer terror of rank, the cringing servility to the man just above, which robs these men of initiative and all personal pride. It is the inability of the leading character to submit that sends him shattering to his doom.

Also there is given, again unconsciously, the difference in psychological effect of the motive leading a people to war, whether that propulsion be the lust for conquest or a call to defense. For though in the end there be weariness and a recoil from war-

fare in every nation, only the consciousness of an unworthy cause could produce such a sense of the futility of the sacrifice and such indifference to the final defeat. But otherwise the book is the arraignment of an enlightened age, not of any one people—particularly of the scientists, the economists and the socialists, all the intellectual forces who not only uttered no protest but found in war an exhilaration despite its wreckage of skill, of treasure, of life. It is in contrast to their greater guilt that Latzko shows in the hearts of the combatants the loathing for their daily task—a loathing that got no further than a stolid resignation among the uneducated, and a feeling of helplessness among the enlightened who knew themselves to be in the grip of relentless mechanical force. Stokers all of them, the power of mutiny in their hands, but doomed by their sheepishness unprotestingly to go down with the ship.

The book has little narrative interest. It is rather a succession of vivid and terrible scenes broken up by discussions which hinder the action but which contribute to the indictment against an order leading directly to war. It is cast in story form, moreover, to make more poignant the plea against national hatreds and competition by showing the effect of the business of slaughter upon different types. There is the schoolmaster wrenched from the domesticity and trivial cares for which he is fitted and tossed to the shambles; the poet whose sensitive mind broods on human sufferings until he goes mad; the pianist, ready to make glad sacrifice of his life, but incapable of surrendering his self. Having endured the horrors himself, Latzko has little patience with those who prefer to

think of war in terms of medals and of citations, and adorn it with a false glamour. Never does he belittle personal bravery, but against the few war ennobles, he places with a deep compassion the many whom it reduces to the level of beasts and the others who by reason or some inner fineness and incorruptibility, it mentally destroys. Were it not for the devout prayer for human brotherhood which is made throughout the book, it would, not merely by its grimness and gloom, but by its lightning flashes of revelation, leave the night more black.

Never, in contrast, was irony so playful, so kindly an instrument as in Birmingham's "Up, the Rebels!" Even those of us the most sympathetic are likely to think of Ireland's policy as one of exasperation. But when England is represented by an Irish official, it is a game at which two can play. For Sir Ulick is like a Gulliver—aware of the manœuvres directed again his apparently somnolent body, and tolerating the pin-pricks because conscious that any moment he may pick up the combatants in a large but not ungentle hand. His final action is not so disturbing as his indifference. It is when he treats the rebels as a parcel of children that he most offends. His daughter Mona, a melodramatic young woman longing for persecution, he infuriates by allowing to go her own gait, even to the extent of leading political meetings and harboring Sinn Feiners in his own house. Eibhlin, her companion in arms, but Ellen his stenographer in office hours, he maddens for the very freedom with which he exposes all his political secrets and his knowledge of her own plans. "A number of boys and girls—chiefly girls—want a day out and a little excitement," Ellen meekly takes down this flippant version of the in-

tended revolt.—"Let them have it," Sir Ulick writes to the Chief Secretary, "and they will go home in the evening tired and in excellent tempers". And undoubtedly Sir Ulick is right in his estimate of the Cailini na h'Eirinn, whose members were pledged to speak Irish, and that failing them French—a resource open, however, to only one member. But unfortunately he is between the devil and the deep sea. The devil he knows how to deal with for he is at heart still a boy and has pranks of his own. But the deep sea of British stupidity is more difficult to control. He has, to be sure, methods of stilling it, and on hand a number of oily mixtures ready for use. But there are moments when the troubled waters are unduly stirred by officialdom and the press. And at such moments Sir Ulick longs for the trenches, for simple out and out warfare of advance and retreat.

A good deal of shrewd comedy is apt to escape through delight in the characters whom it involves: Sir Ulick with his quizzical patience and humor; his sister, who is no respecter of persons and has a destructive way with red tape; Tom, who for the life of him can not see what a nice girl like Mona is up to, or why in dealing with the Sinn Feiners, his uncle does not try "strafing" back. And best of all old Mailla, the hostler, who even in drunkenness preserves his acuteness and common sense. But there are scenes which also remain in the mind.

Legend. By Clemence Dane. The Macmillan Co.
Happy House. By the Baroness von Hutten. George H. Doran Company.
Alegra. By L. Allen Harker. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Sheila Intervenes. By Stephen McKenna. George H. Doran Company.
The Judgment of Peace. By Andreas Latzko. Boni and Liveright.
Up, the Rebels! By G. A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Company.
The Last of The Grenvilles. By Bennet Copplestone. E. P. Dutton Co.

Among these is the mass meeting where Mona clad as a Celtic queen seeks to inflame the populace by an emotional appeal. Lifting aloft a half-naked child, she cries, "This is Ireland", only to have the rambunctious youngster retort, "Leave go of me now, or I'll spit in your face." Very like Ireland, more like it than she had intended or than she perceived.

Side-splitting, too, is the scene where Mona as proof of democracy forces young Peter Mailla to sup with her alone. Her effort is to put him at his ease. But Mailla, a Puritan at heart, is less embarrassed than he is dismayed at the peril in which he has placed his immortal soul. He has a feeling that temptations often take the shape of beautiful girls who smoke cigarettes. Moreover beside him hangs a picture of Watts's "Love and Life"; and Peter, a well-brought-up young man, is not accustomed to seeing either love or life without clothes. Only his conviction that sin and vice should be enjoyable and his acute consciousness of his misery, keep him from making a bolt. These are but two of many good scenes which provoke one to audible chuckles.

What Mr. Copplestone conveys in "The Last of the Grenvilles" is the traditions of a sea-loving people which have made it "a decent and dauntless race". They are expressed in the char-

acters of two people, father and son, who run true to type and are of the breed that found sea-faring a matter of high adventure and heroic resolve, a breed with a record unbroken for five hundred years. To be sure at the time the book opens these two are out of the service. Commander Grenville has resigned in disgust at a navy swaddled in politics, and has persuaded himself that his son is doing far better in Lloyd's. But neither can do away with what is their imperishable birthright, a staunchness and fearlessness born of the sea. The father still keeps up with the navy. Each boat he knows by sight, each he looks on with affection, and he regards it as a personal tragedy when a mishap occurs to the least. Inconsistently, too, with his attempt to damp down the naval fire in Dickie's blood, he still keeps his yacht and keeps it as trim and ship-shape as any cruiser and with the laws of the service punctiliously preserved. There is little chance that Dickie will stick to his desk with the outbreak of war. When then the great struggle comes, the two go forth to meet it—joyously since there is no longer need of pretense, and with peace in their hearts. The book ends with their adventures aboard an auxiliary cruiser, their final tussle with a German destroyer, and the gallant old sea-dog's last fight.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS

BY JAMES J. DALY

THERE is a large and important public which will welcome the English version of M. Thureau-Dangin's "Histoire de la Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre". This audience will be thankful that the translation reads like an original work of uncommon brilliance. The word *Catholic* in the title is employed in a comprehensive sense to include that spirit—introduced into England by Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—which created a tendency to form a more just appreciation of pre-Reformation history and ideas than the heated atmosphere of religious controversy and persecution had hitherto been disposed to permit. We have therefore in these two volumes a connected narrative of three distinct, yet closely related, movements: namely, the Oxford Movement; the wakening of Roman Catholic life in England consequent upon the Emancipation Act and the advent of distinguished converts into the Catholic Church in England; and the Ritualistic Movement in the Anglican Church, a movement which emerged gradually out of the Oxford Movement and is still active.

The author of the French work enjoys a high reputation as an historian: he succeeded Gaston Brissier as permanent secretary of the French Academy in 1908. In his introduction to these two volumes he deems it nec-

essary to apologize for undertaking to write the history of an ecclesiastical movement in England, when he is neither an Englishman nor an ecclesiastic. One is inclined to accept his apology as a recommendation. His performance illustrates admirably that a limited remoteness, in time or space or manners, has obvious advantages in viewing the march of historic events and in giving them orderly arrangement and proper proportions. And has not Matthew Arnold pointed out that in works of intelligence, as distinguished from works of genius, no writer is the worse for being a Frenchman or an Academician?

I would select as the principal feature of this work, giving it importance, the immense assistance it affords toward a comprehensive understanding of a great national and somewhat intricate agitation, and toward the allotment of a due measure of importance to the various actors and episodes in it. We have had, in English, histories of the Oxford Movement, of the Roman Catholic revival, of Ritualism; besides innumerable memoirs and biographies, from those of Hurrell Froude and Hope-Scott down to those of Mackonochie and Dolling, many of them classic models of literary biography. But there was need of a summing up of this vast and imperfectly connected literature;

there was need of a detached and intelligent attempt to reduce and enlarge and adjust the claims upon our attention of particular engagements and personages according to a scale of values which only a general survey from outside can determine. In this respect M. Thureau-Dangin's work will supply background and illumination for a large class of inspiring books about the leaders of English religious thought in the nineteenth century.

The outstanding phenomenon in this widened horizon is the prominence of John Henry Newman. As the coign of vantage rises, and the sweep of vision moves in larger circles, figures in the landscape contract their outlines. This is true of most of those who surrounded Newman either as auxiliaries or opponents. But it is not true of him. Towering above his contemporaries during life, he seems to add cubits to his stature as the mists of mortality and distance roll across the fields where he strode among the giants. "Whatever influence I have had", he used to say, "has been found, not sought after." Yet he dominated his times; and he dominates this history. All eyes turn in his direction. Everyone waits breathless for his next word, his next step. The consciousness of his presence and his power is never more alive than when he buries himself in congenial silence and retirement. The influence which he never sought remains with curious persistence some thirty years after his death, and nearly half a century after his best work was done.

The secret of his permanence as a great spiritual force lies, of course, to a large extent in his literary power. M. Thureau-Dangin merely touches on this side of Newman's excellence. "Nothing would have been more re-

pugnant to him", says the historian, "than to be regarded as a literary man." Yet what ecclesiastical writer—Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Whately, Pusey, Manning—has achieved anything like the literary standing of Newman? He has been hailed in respectable quarters as our greatest prose writer. Matthew Arnold awards this preeminence to Edmund Burke. And it is worth while stopping to note the interesting fact that neither Burke nor Newman was wont to write with any conscious literary purpose. But from Arnold, who recommended to his countrymen Newman's "urbanity" of style and referred to him as "a miracle of intellectual delicacy", down to the present, Newman's superiority in English prose has grown in security although many of his fellow Victorians find it difficult to stand up under the blows of irreverent modern critics. Cambridge is not Newman's university and it was never in sympathy with his religious ideals; still its Professor of English Literature, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, urges his class to take Newman for a model, as we may read in his book "On the Art of Writing". Speaking of the "Idea of a University" he says:

And here let me say that of all the books written in these hundred years there is perhaps none you can more profitably thumb and ponder over than that volume of his... the book is so wise—so eminently wise—as to deserve being bound by the young student of literature for a frontlet on his brow and a talisman on his writing wrist.

This must be a phenomenon without parallel in our literary history, that an ecclesiastical writer, confining himself for the most part to religious topics, should win so high a reputation in purely literary precincts. It is not enough to say by way of explanation that Newman was a man of very extraordinary moral, spiritual, and intellectual endowments, who stirs the

popular imagination by conveying through a limpid style glimpses of a singularly lofty character in constant communion with eternity. Even Lytton Strachey's corrosive and malevolent irony does not find it easy to reach Newman. But literature seldom takes enthusiastically to anything merely because it is spiritual. It seeks for the human element. This truth will prepare us to accept the startling, but shrewd, criticism of Lionel Johnson: "Newman was, emphatically, a man of social habit, and his books are more full than Thackeray's of worldly knowledge. And all this wealth of

matter and thought is conveyed in a style of singular charm, and of most strange and haunting beauty." I have no doubt that M. Thureau-Dangin's two portly volumes will prove as interesting and instructive to students of literature as they are to students of religion, if for no other reason than that they furnish the stage and setting for the intensely dramatic career of a great, if not a supreme, artist in English prose.

The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Revised and Re-edited from a Translation by the late Wilfrid Wilberforce. Two volumes. E. P. Dutton and Co.

POETRY, VERSE, AND WORSE

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

FRESH from a reading of the "Collected Poems" of Thomas Hardy—that rare gift which came to me the other day in two stout volumes from across the sea—I turn, confessedly with no small misgiving, to contemplate the two dozen and two "poetry-books" upon the quality of which the intelligent editor of this influential organ of critical opinion awaits in an agony of suspense my fixed, frozen, and final verdict. I am prepared of course to admit that I might have approached this task fortified by a less austere poetic prophylactic: the lithe and limber "Patines of Passion", let us say, or perhaps the robustious "Runes of a Red-haired Man",—"those rich and ruddy chanties which stir and strengthen every man with hair on his chest, and which have made

their author notorious in four continents."... But leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorples. Let us turn our thoughts elsewhere.

For example, to the first four books on our list, which are anthologies. The plain truth about anthologies is that hardly more than three indubitably first-rate ones succeed in getting into print every quarter of a century or so; usually the other three thousand, with about ten exceptions, are unspeakably bad. "The Golden Treasury" is not without its faults but it remains unchallengeably the best general anthology of English poetry that we possess. "The Oxford Book of English Verse" enshrines most of the great, and many delightful, poems; but as an arrangement of English airs it is simply not to be compared with

the earlier collection, reflecting as that collection does the flawless taste of Tennyson no less than the sound critical instinct of Palgrave; and the selection of recent poems in the Oxford Book might have been much better done. At the head of a lengthy cavalcade of Elizabethan song-gatherings rides "Q's" "The Golden Pomp", "a procession of English lyrics from Surrey to Shirley". Nor must one forget Alice Meynell's "The Flower of the Mind"—though her waywardness excluded the immortally pellucid elegy by Gray.

None of the four anthologies in my bundle dare enter even remotely into comparison with any of these, either for beauty of construction and content, or harmony of note and sentiment. In one of them the industrious and selecting William Stanley Braithwaite has brought together many fine and a few unforgettable contemporary "British" lyrics; and in another he has assembled an interesting group of poems from the American magazines of last year. For the former book he deserves our thanks. It has Masefield's "Biography", "August, 1914", and "Cargoes"; Belloc's "South Country"; Brooke's five splendid sonnets; Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle"—finest of all the "war poems"; de la Mare's "The Listeners". And these are only a few of the memorable things included. But we look in vain (such is our perversity) for anything by Yeats, or by Eugene Mason, whose sonnets, original and translated from the French of de Heredia, have recently, and without a particle of exaggeration, been acclaimed "among the loveliest examples of written art". And why is there nothing here by Arthur Shearly Cripps, the latest and by no means the least inspired of the "mystical" poets of the English Church?

Or by Tom Kettle, a modern master of satire in verse? Or by J. B. Nichols, a poet of fine insight and most delicate craftsmanship? Or by at least five other poets I refrain, magnanimously, from naming? And why—to change the ground of complaint—does the anthologist let this sort of pronouncement cut capers in his Preface: "The late petals of the Victorian flower began to droop under the reign of Edward VII. They dropped to the ground at the first touch of the frosty truth in the substance, and the converting concreteness in the expression of 'The Everlasting Mercy' and 'The Widow in the Bye Street.'" (The frosty truth is that this is florid nonsense.)

The "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919" is a pleasant book. It is good to have some of Sara Teasdale's new work, and one must always welcome any poem from the pen of Edgar Lee Masters or of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Thanks too for Francis Hackett's glorious "Harry Hawker". (Is it to be "Single-Poem Hackett"?) Louis Untermeyer with his collection "Modern American Poetry" is very much our creditor. All the best recent things are here: Robinson's "The Master", Stephen Benét's "Portrait of a Boy", John Gould Fletcher's "Lincoln", Vachel Lindsay's "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight", and the editor's own moving Lincoln poem. Of the two dozen and two, "Modern American Poetry" is certainly one volume which I shall abstain from giving to the poor. "Yanks A. E. F. Verse" I shall also keep, if only for the sake of Joyce Kilmer's "Rouge-Bouquet". Fine fellows all those Yanks were,—but not invariably poets. Of the remaining nineteen volumes a summary classification may thus be adumbrated: poetry, six; verse, more or

less good, seven; rank doggerel, the remaining six. The good wine I propose to reserve to the end, in the pious belief that such a very modest and altogether minor intoxication as may result from the one-tenth of one, which is the highest ascertainable percentage of the intervening beverage, will not preclude intelligent and immediate perception of the rosy flush and kindling glow of the authentic liquor at the last.

Now for the doggerel. "Songs of Cheer" by Ellie Wemyss, which has made the long journey from Adelaide, Australia, consists of forty-eight pages of this sort of thing:

The Mary Rose was convoying some merchant
men at dawn
When sudden came the flash of guns, and
through the misty morn
She sped to fight a submarine, but found three
cruisers there—
What use one small destroyer? She can but
do and dare!

These deathless lines are taken from some verses entitled "We're Not Done Yet". Neither are we. To write much worse than this does not cost our poetess the slightest effort. "Life's Mission" begins: "Only a penny given to a little weeping child"; and "Israel's Race" starts out stentorianly, "Shame on him who oppresses Israel's race! Who dares insult, offend, or hurt God's own". Indeed Miss Wemyss is by no means rabidly anti-Semitic: in a later effusion the tale tells of "A Gallant Jew, an Anzac brave". The verses in Miss Lucile Enlow's "The Heart of a Girl", according to her publishers, "for the most part represent the moods of adolescence and as such will have the greatest appeal for those young girls who find themselves desperate for some mode of expressing their thronging thoughts and emotions". For frontispiece there is a portrait of the lady. Perhaps the

poem "Grandma" ("Grandma! saintly gentle soul") is as bad as any in the book. "Rapids and Still Water" by Rutgers Remsen Coles has one number beginning, "The sun has laid his prayer-rug in the West". "The Fields of Peace" by Emma Frances Lee Smith is not quite so ingeniously bad as—and therefore rather less exciting than—the last three. We can well understand the delicate perplexity of President Lynn Harold Hough in one of the "poems" in his "Flying Over London": "I wonder if some day I'll write a song." ("The facile genius of President Hough flashes in every line of these poems born of the world war." Yes, that is what it says on the paper wrapper!) "In Conclusion" is what Carlyle McIntyre calls his book; I hope he will keep his word.

Of immeasurably better quality, though hardly native to "the topmost height of Helicon inspired", are: E. J. Brady's "The House of the Winds", a collection of sturdy sea-songs; "A Whisper of Fire" by Agnes Ryan, which has some strangely poignant moments; "Camelot" by Benjamin Brooks, which is most attractively printed and produced, but a little disappointing in its contents. In "Songs of Adoration" by Gustav Davidson there sounds at times a strain of mournful and beautiful music. Most of the poems in Angela Morgan's "Hail, Man!" were worth reprinting, and "The Word" deserves a place in any representative anthology of contemporary verse.

With "Poems" by Cecil Roberts we decline upon a lower range. In spite of Mr. Masefield's friendly foreword, these labored verses move us not at all. The book is full of echoes and infelicitous imitations. At one moment we are irritatingly reminded of

Mrs. Meynell (in Mr. Roberts's poem beginning "She moves, the lady of my love, A vision of delight"); at another, of Richard Le Gallienne; yet again of Lamb ("They are gone the friends I had", with its refrain, "Friends of mine, of mine"); and again of Kipling, or of Sir Henry Newbolt or of Tennyson himself. The book, in short, is full of clichés of thought and phrase. Every now and then in Samuel Roth's "Europe, a Book for America", there is a hoarse eloquence that begins to be impressive; but the book is disfigured by such querulous and grotesque lines as these:

Would you like to know
How much of you is man
How much of you is monkey?

Ask your hands,—
They know.

There are two volumes of translations in this book-pile. In "More Translations from the Chinese" Mr. Waley supplies us with a sequel to his splendid "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems", by far the best book of the kind that there is. This time he is less prodigal of his good gifts and we get from him translations of only sixty-eight poems, fifty-five of which, however, have never before been Englished. They are all most interesting and many of them extraordinarily beautiful in their naive sweetness, simplicity, and directness. Here is Mr. Waley's translation of a Chinese poem written almost eleven hundred years ago:

Since I lay ill, how long has passed?
Almost a hundred heavy-hanging days.
The maids have learnt to gather my medicine-herbs;
The dog no longer barks when the doctor comes.
The jars in my cellar are plastered deep with mould;
My singer's carpets are half crumbled to dust.
How can I bear when the Earth renews her light,

To watch from a pillow the beauty of Spring unfold?

Another volume of translations is "Life Immovable", from the modern Greek of Kostas Palamas by Professor Aristides Phoutrides, a former instructor at Harvard. Kostas Palamas, secretary to the university of Athens, was one of the first writers of contemporary Greece to gain recognition outside his own country, and Professor Phoutrides has the courage to call him "a new world-poet". A bold claim to make, but, even in translation, these poems go no little distance toward justifying it—for one reader anyhow. There are some lines, "To a Maiden Who Died", which even in English are profoundly beautiful and which in the original must surely constitute a great poem indeed.

We arrive at last at the very best of the original poetry under review. In Mrs. Seiffert's "A Woman of Thirty"—which is most decidedly a book to read and to keep—there is no lack of authentic inspiration. In her "Nocturne", for instance:

It is enough
To feel your beauty
With the fingers
Of my heart,

Your beauty, like the starlight,
Filling night so gently, that it dreams
Unawakened.

I should feel your beauty against my face
Though I were blind.

Lovely, too, are "The Moonlight Sonata" and "The Silent Pool". In the collected edition of Robert Underwood Johnson's "Poems" which the Yale University Press have most attractively published there is much sweetness—which never descends to mere prettiness—much grace and a good deal of fine thought finely expressed in melodious verse. Mr. Johnson has long and deservedly enjoyed a special

place of distinction in modern American poetry of the conservative tradition. The author of "The Queen of China and Other Poems", Edward Shanks, is honored for his art in England where this book recently won the first Hawthornden prize of one hundred pounds for the most distinguished contribution to English letters published during the year by an author under forty. I have long had my eye upon him, and I do wish he would stop writing uninteresting "Literary Letters" for American journals, and instead give us more of these exquisite poems. Mr. Shanks is, in short, "the real thing",—a name to rank beside those of Hodgson, de la Mare, and John Freeman; a true poet of our day, with power to convey a magical vision in magical words. There is no page in his book without sincerity and beauty. That his gift for narrative in verse is greater than that of any of his contemporaries, save only John Masfield, "The Fireless Town" readily demonstrates; it is a grievance that I have not the space to quote this lovely poem in full. Here is a shorter sample of his performance:

IN ABSENCE

My lovely one, be near to me tonight
For now I need you most, since I have gone
Through the sparse woodland in the fading
light

Where in time past we two have walked alone,
Heard the loud nightjar spin his pleasant note
And seen the wild rose folded up for sleep
And whispered, though the soft word choked
my throat,

Your dear name out across the valley deep.
Be near to me, for now I need you most.
Tonight I saw an unsubstantial flame
Flickering along those shadowy paths, a ghost
That turned to me and answered to your name,
Mocking me with a wraith of far delight.
... My lovely one, be near to me tonight.

The title piece "The Queen of China" is a superb dramatic poem written out of a rich and fantastic imagination.

The "Complete Poems" of the late Francis Ledwidge, with introductions

by Lord Dunsany, is a book which many lovers of modern Irish poetry will rejoice to possess. The Irish earth and every common sight and sound and smell thereof are the burden of most of these charming songs and lyrics. In many of them there is evidence of a delicate and fragrant talent, but one refuses to speak, as the editor so confidently does, of Ledwidge's *genius*, for that is far too grand a word. "There are too many roses." It must be confessed that one grows weary of the cloying sweetness of these poetic meditations on black-birds, February evenings, hills, Aprils, March twilights. The noble editor had

The Book of Modern British Verse. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Modern American Poetry. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Yanks A. E. F. Verse. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Songs of Cheer. By Ellie Wemyss. Adelaide: Hassell Co.

The Heart of a Girl. By Lucile C. Enlow. The Stratford Co.

Rapids and Still Water. By Rutgers Remsen Coles. The Stratford Co.

The Fields of Peace. By Emma Frances Lee Smith. Richard G. Badger.

Flying Over London. By Lynn Harold Hough. Abingdon Press.

In Conclusion. By Carlyle C. McIntyre. Published at Sierra Madre, Calif.

The House of the Winds. By E. J. Brady. Dodd, Mead and Co.

A Whisper of Fire. By Agnes Ryan. Four Seas Co.

Camelot. By Benjamin Gilbert Brooks. Longmans, Green and Co.

Songs of Adoration. By Gustav Davidson. The Madrigal.

Hail, Man! By Angela Morgan. John Lane Co.

Poems. By Cecil Roberts. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Europe, a Book for America. By Samuel Roth. Boni and Liveright.

More Translations from the Chinese. By Arthur Waley. Alfred A. Knopf.

Kostas Palamas: Life Immovable. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Harvard University Press.

A Woman of Thirty. By Marjorie Allen Seiffert. Alfred A. Knopf.

Collected Poems, 1881-1919. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Yale University Press.

The Queen of China. By Edward Shanks. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge. Brentano's.

The Cobbler in Willow Street. By George O'Neil. Boni and Liveright.

Poems. By Gladys Cromwell. The Macmillan Co.

Starved Rock. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co.

done worthier service to his protégé had he published less than a third of what is here, and had he protested a great deal less in his prefaces. Ledwidge, like John Clare, will survive mainly in the anthologies.

The last three books I am to consider are by poets native to these American shores, and they unquestionably testify to the vigor, vitality, and authenticity of modern American poetry at its finest. The sureness and delicacy of perception of George O'Neil's art in "The Cobbler in Willow Street and Other Poems" is vouched for by Professor John Lowes, soundest and most wisely sympathetic of living American critics of poetry, and the young poet's first volume is engagingly introduced to the world by Zoe Akins. A slender volume it is, but all golden and as full of lovely freshness and delight as a breezy morning in springtime. To the "Poems" of Gladys Cromwell Padraic Colum has written an illuminating brief introduction claiming for some of them that they are "indubitably among the best lyrics written in our day". The perceptions in this poetry are feminine, as Mr. Colum remarks, yet "the balance dips towards thought rather than emotion. It is a poetry that comes out of impassioned thought." In the group here entitled "Later Poems"—the closing record of two very noble and fervid lives brought to a tragic end—there is nearly always a stark and shining strength in which a certain calm sweetness is not utterly without its part. "I have had courage to accuse", she sings:

I have had courage to accuse:
And a fine wit that could upbraid:
And a nice cunning that could bruise:
And a shrewd wisdom, unafraid
Of what weak mortals fear to lose.

I have had virtue to despise
The sophistry of pious fools;
I have had firmness to chastise,
And intellect to make me rules
To estimate and exorcise.

I have had knowledge to be true;
My faith could obstacles remove;
But now my frailty I endure.
I would have courage now to love,
And lay aside the strength I knew.

There is pain in the thought that a music so fine and fearless was stilled so soon.

Last of all there is "Starved Rock", Edgar Lee Masters's latest harvest. As heretofore, he sounds implacably the sombre monochords of irony and disillusionment, but there is a pulsing passion of sincerity and a noble wistfulness in this utterance which pierces to the very quick of life and lights up the dark places of its mystery. He is at his ripest and surest in such mordant and merciless analyses as "Lord Byron to Doctor Polidori", "The Barber of Sepo", "They'd Never Know Me Now", "Oh You Sabbatarians!" and that profound disquisition on Poe, "Washington Hospital". It is well for the country that possesses a poet true enough and brave enough to pour forth upon her littleness such a splendid flood of scorn as flows like burning lava in "Oh You Sabbatarians!" And the man who wrote "Sagamore Hill", that incomparable portrait of Theodore Roosevelt; who wrote "Chicago" and "I Shall Go Down Into This Land", manifests an intimate understanding of the American heart at its noblest, an august and prophetic vision of the American destiny, which compel our sincerest homage and our liveliest gratitude. Edgar Lee Masters is, I think, the greatest American poet since Walt Whitman.

And the cry to Hardy is not so very far after all.

A SHORT STORY ORGY

BY WALTER A. DYER

WITH a distinctly morning-after feeling in my head, and a taste as of mixed ingredients gone stale in my mouth, I am striving to regain sanity and equilibrium after an excess of short-story reading. For overindulgence in the short story is a dissipation which produces an inevitable reaction; it leaves the mind in a jerky state.

I shall never acquire the short-story habit as a form of permanent depravity, I am sure. This debauch has cured me of any tendency in that direction. The perfect short story is like champagne, scarcely to be taken in quantity as the sole article of diet. The natural place for the short story, I have concluded, is between two novels or volumes of greater weight.

But my immediate reactions are of no consequence. There stands before me a four-foot shelf of volumes of short fiction ranging all the way from a prose sketch by John Masefield, half visible in the spiritual moonlight, to a death-in-cold-waters tale by Rex Beach, as thoroughly physical in its tone as a crack on the shin. They acknowledge no kinship, these books; they bear no family resemblance, no resemblance of any kind, indeed, beyond the purely fortuitous circumstance of their all being clothed, so to say, in short trousers. How to say anything helpful about such a collec-

tion, how to characterize, to criticize, to estimate, to compare such books becomes a puzzle. And yet the very difficulty of it suggests that it may be worth while. For the task usually seems to have been avoided, and the American short story has to a large extent escaped intelligent criticism. This in the face of the generally conceded fact that the short story is an art form worthy of the most serious study, while the average American short story has often presented an object for satire worthy of the best efforts of our most ironic and bantering critics.

But the problem in hand calls loudly for some sort of common denominator, however tenuous, for something in the way of a general criterion that may safely be applied to short fiction without running the risk of becoming a mere formula. One discovers how vague is the common standard for short fiction, and in the search for something better one is led to reason and meditate somewhat thus:

In 1885 Professor Brander Matthews wrote as follows in his little treatise on "The Philosophy of the Short Story": "For fifty years the American short story has had a supremacy which any competent critic could not but acknowledge."

Twenty years later he wrote in his

introduction to "Ten Tales" by François Coppée:

Fiction is more consciously an art in France than anywhere else—perhaps because the French are now foremost in nearly all forms of artistic endeavor. In the short story especially, in the tale, in the *conte*, their supremacy is incontestable; and their skill is shown and their æsthetic instinct exemplified partly in the sense of form, in the constructive method, which underlies the best short stories, however trifling these may appear to be, and partly in the rigorous suppression of non-essentials, due in a measure, it may be, to the example of Mérimée.

Was it Professor Matthews's point of view that changed so radically in the twenty years, or did short-story supremacy pass in that period from the United States to France? I cannot say as to that. I only know that during that period many literary viewpoints underwent fundamental revision and that what were axioms in 1890 had often become outgrown notions by 1900.

Now we have the vogue of the Russian short story, and I have seen it positively stated more than once that Anton Chekhov is the greatest artist in the short story now extant in any country. Thus does fame flash her smile now here, now there, while we mortals make haste to readjust our standards.

What is the meaning of all this? What indeed constitutes greatness in the short story? Where are we to look for classic short stories? Do Americans write them? How is one to pick the wheat from the chaff in the mass of periodical fiction that confronts us? Is there any authoritative criterion to which we can fly for refuge?

It is my belief that infallible judgment is to be found neither in the high-brow professor of literature, nor in the American magazine editor, nor in the tired business man or the summer veranda reader. We must approach the subject with a little common sense,

scorning neither the artistry of literary style, the philosophy of the thinker, nor the universal interest of a plot story *per se*. As I see it, the greatest merit comes from a blending of form and manner and content, mingled with the heaven-born qualities of sincerity and good taste.

Now as to this comparison between European short stories and the home-grown product, I'll tell you what I think, if you want to know, and then we'll get on with our reviewing.

I think, after some two years of special reading along this line, that the French have got the rest of us badly beaten as writers of short stories, and that for literary charm and sheer human interest presented in classic form, we have still got to leave the laurels on the brows of de Maupassant, Daudet, Balzac, Coppée, and the others of that ilk.

I think the Russians are remarkable word painters of a pre-Raphaelite type, and steady-handed soul surgeons, and that the Russian, Scandinavian, and Czecho-Slovak tales are all right if you don't mind having your dramatic expectations left unsatisfied.

I think that we don't know half the British short-story literature, apart from Kipling, and that if we did we'd have to admit that they're beating us at our own game at the present time. (Did you know, for example, that H. G. Wells wrote at least two short stories that outrank as literary art anything he has ever done in novel form?)

Finally, I have been forced to the conclusion that, while some of the best short stories in the English language have unquestionably been written by Americans—and I could name a good many beside Poe, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and O. Henry—the American magazine-reading public is at present

being treated to about the poorest short fiction ever written.

Now Professor Matthews may not agree with me, and you may not agree with me, but I am not abashed. For two elements intervene to color honestly our judgment without either establishing or discrediting its authenticity. I mean differences in personal taste, and differences in understanding as to what a short story is or should be. These must both be taken into consideration by the tolerant critic, and so long as they exist, any such thing as an absolute and exact criterion appears to be impossible.

Still, it may be possible to establish some common, or at least neutral, ground in our conception of what a short story should be. I think I know what Professor Matthews's conception is—or was. Professor J. Berg Esenwein and the other how-to-write-a-short-story experts have been fairly explicit in stating their views, and I do not fully agree with any of them.

Dr. Esenwein says that "A short story is a brief, imaginative narrative, unfolding a single predominating incident and a single chief character; it contains a plot, the details of which are so compressed and the whole treatment so organized as to produce a single impression." He makes a distinction between the story and the tale, for "A tale is a simple narrative, usually short, having little or no plot, developing no essential change in the relation of the characters, and depending for its interest upon incidents rather than upon plot and the revelation of character."

Professor James Weber Linn is even more definite and concrete. He asserts that "the short story should be a turning point in the life of a single character."

It is unnecessary for me to point

out the *cul-de-sac* to which such formulas would inevitably lead, or to mention the obvious fact that nearly all such rules and regulations have been repeatedly broken in the world's greatest short stories. "It is a little dangerous", Barry Pain cautiously remarks, "to lay down rules and limits for artists." And someone else has noticed that "plot has never been the distinguishing feature between good literature and poor." The modern editor and correspondence-school teacher stress plot, action, and compactness; above these, it seems to me, should be placed the somewhat more imponderable characteristics of sympathy, color, style, and fancy.

I am inclined to agree rather with H. G. Wells, who wrote as follows in the preface to one of his volumes of short stories:

I refuse altogether to recognize any hard and fast type for the short story, any more than I admit any limitation upon the liberties of the small picture. The short story is a fiction that may be read in something under an hour, and so that it is moving and delightful, it does not matter whether it is as "trivial" as a Japanese print of insects seen closely between grass stems, or as spacious as the prospect of the plain of Italy from Monte Motterone. It does not matter whether it is human or inhuman, or whether it leaves you thinking deeply or radiantly but superficially pleased. Some things are more easily done as short stories than others and more abundantly done, but one of the many pleasures of short-story writing is to achieve the impossible.

At any rate, that is the present writer's conception of the art of the short story, as the jolly art of making something very bright and moving; it may be horrible or pathetic or funny or beautiful or profoundly illuminating, having only this essential, that it should take from fifteen to fifty minutes to read aloud. All the rest is just whatever invention and imagination and the mood can give—a vision of buttered slides on a busy day or of unprecedented worlds.

And yet it must be admitted as a fairly patent fact that most of us American readers, while we would be pleased to accept something far less rigid than the sort of plot commonly

constructed to fit the editorial formula, nevertheless do feel an instinctive desire to have something happen in a short story. "A sketch", says Professor Matthews, "may be still-life; in a short story something always happens." A vision of buttered slides on a busy day, whatever they may be, might serve admirably as a subject for free verse, but it is insufficient for a story, and Mr. Wells knew it when he wrote that, as his own stories plainly testify. Those buttered slides have got to perform or we feel that we have been in some way misled and defrauded. That is why I do not believe that most of the Russians will ever attain to wide-spread popularity with American readers.

Beyond that, I'll be as liberal as you please and accept a plot as vague and indeterminate as that of Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night" or some of the French *contes*, or as mathematically complete and rounded out as Poe's mystery tales or some of O. Henry's best. And I do not think we need to be bound by the time and place restrictions derived from Poe and embodied in the usual American formula. What most of our magazine short stories lack is not action or plot but a certain distinction of style and the sure handling of dramatic elements.

There is no good reason why the short story should not be one of the most exquisite forms of literary art, but it all too seldom is. So rare is that magic ability to create an atmosphere, to sustain a mood, and to communicate them through the medium of adequate expression in the form of a short story. Imagination, sentiment, the dramatic instinct, the deft portrayal of character, and above all sincerity—these, it seems to me, are the qualities of the great short story.

If that be the ultimate standard, let us keep it well in view, but let us not be so lofty in our conceptions as to be unfair to such short stories as do succeed in raising themselves above the level of the current mass, even though they may not achieve greatness. For such are many of the stories in the volumes I have been reading. Prejudiced perhaps by the low average of the magazines, I must admit that I approached these stories in a pessimistic frame of mind, and I was pleasantly disappointed. I am more hopeful of the American short story than I was before, and not a few of these books of short stories may be unreservedly recommended to jaded novel readers.

It used to be said that publishers found volumes of short stories unprofitable. Perhaps a change of attitude on the part of the reading public has taken place or perhaps the publishers have gained courage. At any rate, there are an unusual number of such volumes this year. I have twenty-seven of them, and I know of others, including O. Henry's posthumous "Waifs and Strays". Let us look them over.

The Russian translations first, and to begin with, Chekhov. He has been called the greatest Russian master of the short story, but that is largely a matter of taste and of definition. To my mind Gorky is a better story teller than Chekhov. The latter's tales lack the movement of Gorky's, though they are less bitterly unpleasant to the Anglo-Saxon mind in their attitude toward human life. Through them runs much of the same undercurrent of despair, of brute instinct, of religious fanaticism and the need for money which seems to characterize the existence of Russia's submerged classes. Chekhov is indubitably a

great realist and word painter, whose gift is to see life in its minutiae. His tales are less short stories than cross-sections of Russian life. Vivid and entralling they are, but inconclusive. It is as though one stepped into a theatre at the beginning of Act II and left before the end of it.

The most noteworthy part of the present volume, which is called "The Bishop and Other Stories", is a narrative entitled "The Steppe" which takes up the last half of the book—the Kim-like journey of a Russian boy before whom is unfolded a panorama of Russian life—a series of loosely connected pictures seen with an almost uncanny completeness of vision. Read Chekhov for that, but not for plot.

Vladimir Korolenko, though new to me, is announced as one of the most popular writers of fiction in Russia. Korolenko, it seems to me, lacks the power to probe into the roots of life which distinguishes Chekhov and which is a vital characteristic of most Russian fiction. But he is somewhat more versatile than Chekhov, possesses a rather better developed story sense, and is gifted with a less lugubrious humor. In the original his style is said to possess remarkable grace. If we miss something of this it is probably our own fault, or perhaps partly that of the translator, but surely Korolenko is not as virile or as vivid as Gorky, and his work, in our eyes, does not compare in artistry with Tolstoi's. But, with Dostoyevsky and the rest, he is not to be overlooked by those who desire a catholic knowledge of Russian literature.

"Short Stories from the Balkans" contains thirteen selections from Czech, Rumanian, Serbian, Croatian, and Hungarian authors. They present rather too great a variety of mood and

type and subject to be easily characterized together. We find here the morbid melancholy of the Slav, the rather humorous sentiment of the Serb, the lighter touch of the Magyar. There are included two delightful bits by Koloman Mikszath, who stands with Maurice Jokai as representing the best in Magyar literature. Here one is refreshed by a lighter fancy, a more delicate humor than the Russians display—qualities shown to even better advantage, perhaps, in some of his longer works, of which a translation of "St. Peter's Umbrella" remains with me a pleasant memory after some twenty years. The charm of his style is almost French in its quality and instantly appealing to an American.

Nothing from France, I regret to say, appears in this assortment, but there are some worth-while things from England. Admiring readers of the novels of William J. Locke are glad that he has collected for publication a number of his best short stories. These "Far-Away Stories", more than any of the others in this season's output, may be confidently considered in the light of the most exacting standards. For Mr. Locke has proved himself to be one of the masters of the short story, displaying the ability to develop a consistent emotional mood and produce a dramatic effect within the shorter compass without creating the too common sense of unreality. The moving quality of "The Song of Life", the delicate sympathy of "Ladies in Lavender", the dramatic situation and successful dénouement of "An Old-World Episode", one of four ingenious "Studies in Blindness", record the touch of an artist's hand and produce that lasting impression which is one of the final tests of literary quality.

The old tradition that the British have no sense of humor dies hard, while the funniest things persistently continue to come from England. Fun tempered by good taste, too, and the divine gift of knowing when to stop. Here's Richard Dehan, for instance, turning out laughs and smiles with the greatest ease apparently and leaving the reader with a grateful sense of having achieved joy for a season. Some of the stories are in irresistible cockney, or Kentish, or some delicious brand of London slang dialect, but Mr. Dehan does not harp on one string as so many humorists do; he has overworked none of his characters or settings. His humor varies greatly in breadth; some of it is as dainty as an old lady's cap. There is "The Oldest Inhabitant", for example, a tale worthy of Sir James Barrie, in which a bored little girl tells a magnificent whopper and then, in expiation, walks to Nunbury Abbey and calls, all muddy-kneed, on the King himself! One makes haste to recommend the book to that friend whose appreciation of refined comedy is surely to be counted on.

The most notable of the books of American short stories is a posthumous collection of seven stories by Jack London, an author whose force and skill in the field of fiction are too well recognized to require special comment in this connection. These stories, which I feel sure will not disappoint Jack London fans, are all tales of the Hawaiian Islands, romantic, colorful, and stirring. Rich in story interest, character drawing, and graphic description, their peculiar dramatic quality is furnished by the close juxtaposition of pragmatic modernity and ancient mysticism in the life of the picturesque islands which

London, with evident enthusiasm, chose as his *mise en scène*.

Novelty of setting is a trick often resorted to by authors to cover a paucity of creative originality. For that and for the fact that all-fiction magazines of the cheaper type have featured some of Achmed Abdullah's stories (I do not know his Occidental name if he has one), this popular author must pay the inevitable penalty. But I am inclined to believe that he deserves a loftier fate. The Chinatown of New York, with its color and Asiatic mystery and sharp contrasts, supplies his scenic properties, and his chief characters are Chinamen, presumably true to life. But he has done more than turn a clever trick. A few of his stories possess a dramatic consistency, and display a practised skill in the handling of situations in which comedy and tragedy are blended, which raises them at least above the level of the surroundings in which they have sometimes found themselves.

E. K. Means's stories of Louisiana negroes, with their quaint dialect and emotional mysticism, are freshly and incontestably funny, and the provocation of laughter is an end in itself. They also form an historical record of a type of life that is rapidly passing. Mr. Means has won a place for himself among our leading humorists because his humor, like all true humor, is human and sympathetic, and not estranged from its kinsman, pathos.

There are other volumes before me which are doubtless equally worthy of special mention, but magazine space has but one dimension, and I will close with a sort of Confidential Guide to the rest of these books.

"Off Duty." A collection of reprinted stories chosen with excellent judgment by a naval camp librarian

for men readers, by a dozen well-known authors ranging from Oscar Wilde to Zane Grey. It includes Bret Harte's "The Outcasts of Poker Flat", Hamlin Garland's "The Outlaw", and one or two others of enduring quality.

"Lo, and Behold Ye!" Seventeen of Seumas MacManus's inimitable Irish genre tales, rich of brogue, quaint of wit, illumined by a facile fancy, redolent of the land of peat smoke and fairies, which best display their indubitable charm when read aloud by one possessing the gift of sympathetic mimicry.

"The Red Mark and Other Stories," by John Russell. Good yarns of the red-blooded, masculine sort, not lacking in originality of conception, most of them cast in a Conrad-like setting but executed in an un-Conrad-like manner, the work of an experienced hand in the art of vivid exposition.

"Open, Sesame!" Four readable, adventurous stories of novelette length, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, of which well-constructed, interest-holding plots are the outstanding feature.

"Deep Waters." A new volume by W. W. Jacobs in the author's familiar semi-nautical vein that may be counted on to induce abundant laughter on the part of readers who have not become too well acquainted with the Jacobs method.

"Square Peggy," by Josephine Daskam Bacon. Vastly clever and for the most part amusing tales of "flappers" and other feminine products of the present day, all of them entertaining, most of them strong in characterization, some of them absorbing in plot, and a few of them marred by an overtone of snobbishness which is just what the author did not intend.

"Taking the Count," by Charles E. Van Loan. Eleven breezy stories of the ringside by a sporting-fiction

writer whose recent death brought genuine sorrow to a million or more American males of healthy impulses.

"Ladies-in-Waiting." The enviably large following of Kate Douglas Wiggin will doubtless adore these five pretty, if not robust, stories of sentiment.

"The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France." A small volume containing a single story of the war by Henry van Dyke. A somewhat mystic tale of a disheartened and shell-shocked poilu who regained his manhood after a

The Bishop and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Co.

Birds of Heaven and Other Stories. By Vladimir Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Clarence Augustus Manning. Duffield and Co.

Short Stories from the Balkans. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. Marshall Jones Co.

Far-Away Stories. By William J. Locke. John Lane Co.

A Sailor's Home and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. George H. Doran Company.

On the Makalooa Mat. By Jack London. The Macmillan Co.

The Honourable Gentleman and Others. By Achmed Abdullah. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

More E. K. Means. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Off Duty. Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. The Century Co.

Lo, and Behold Ye! By Seumas MacManus. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Red Mark and Other Stories. By John Russell. Alfred A. Knopf.

"Open, Sesame!" By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. George H. Doran Company.

Deep Waters. By W. W. Jacobs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Square Peggy. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. D. Appleton and Co.

Taking the Count. By Charles E. Van Loan. George H. Doran Company.

Ladies-in-Waiting. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France. By Henry van Dyke. Harper and Bros.

Joy in the Morning. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons.

War Stories. Selected and edited by Roy J. Holmes and A. Starbuck. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Short Stories of the New America. Selected and edited by Mary A. Laselle. Henry Holt and Co.

At a Dollar a Year. By Robert L. Raymond. Marshall Jones Co.

A Tarpaulin Muster. By John Masefield. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Silver Age. By Temple Scott. Scott and Seltzer.

John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and Other People. By Alvin Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

The First Piano in Camp. By Sam Davis. Harper and Bros.

The Little Chap. By Robert Gordon Anderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

I Choose. By Gertrude Capen Whitney. The Four Seas Co.

vision of Jeanne d'Arc, told in a poetic vein by a master of English style.

"Joy in the Morning," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. War-time stories by one who has learned to tread the paths of sentiment without missteps and who is unfortunate only in having written other stories even better and more spontaneous than these.

"War Stories" and "Short Stories of the New America." Two collections of stories of unequal merit by different authors, of the sort which held the centre of the stage, two years ago, including three or four that are worthy of preservation.

"At a Dollar a Year," by Robert L. Raymond. Stories, humorous, romantic, and otherwise, of war workers in Washington, not badly done, but somehow failing to impart a sense of permanent significance.

"A Tarpaulin Muster." Brief deep-sea sketches of literary distinction by John Masefield, which display the gifts of a poet rather than those of a story-teller.

"The Silver Age." A neat volume by Temple Scott, in which are included several smooth-flowing if not vitally important essays and several graceful if not unforgettable stories.

"John Stuyvesant, Ancestor, and

Other People." Tales of the psycho-analytical type by Alvin Johnson, editor of "The New Republic", which will win the admiration of those who like that sort of thing.

"The First Piano in Camp." An attractive little volume by Sam Davis, containing a single short-comedy story of mining camp life in 1858, written in the Bret Harte manner.

"The Little Chap." A pretty little book containing a pretty little story by Robert Gordon Anderson that has been called a classic by some who like to take their childhood sentiment undiluted.

"I Choose," by Gertrude Capen Whitney. Rather a novelette than a short story, the vehicle for certain New Thought philosophies, which has apparently attracted enough readers to justify a third edition.

I hope I have succeeded in indicating which of these volumes to my mind deserve recommendation without being unkind to the others. Some of them are clear gold, a few are dross, while many are composed of an alloy of which I am not so certain. As Richard Dehan says in one of his stories, "Beauty is beauty an' make-up is make-up, though sometimes the two gets that mixed you can't 'ardly tell one from the other."

WISHES

BY BOSWORTH CROCKER

O SWEET new moon! O wild spring weather!

O the long walks together in the sweet spring weather; we two a-Maying. I can hear you saying: "Get supper soon, hurry with the dishes. Tonight there's a new moon, let us make wishes; and we'll take a walk together... It's a long time till bedtime."

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

You whistled a tune and I flung the shutters wide, flung the shutters open to let the little new moon come and peer inside. And my heart was glad and sang a little tune. It sang like a bird, sang in my sleep all night long, a mad little song.

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

You wished adventure. All men do. I wished the old wish. Your wish came true. Spring is later. May is colder. The new moon is paler. All the world is older. Leave the shutters open. It's a long time till bedtime.

O sweet new moon! O wild spring weather!

Now the shutters stand wide and a weazened old moon, grotesque, blear-eyed, grins at me, comes leering inside, and like an old beldame seems to croon:

Once—there—was a—woman—

You...you...you...!

Looked across her shoulder—

You...you...you...!

Looked—at—me—when—I—was—new,

Made—a—wish—that—didn't—come—true...

Didn't—come—true!

You...you...you...!

Evil old moon!...

Now I never hurry to get supper soon. It's no use to worry about the new moon. There was a tune he used to whistle...

I forget the tune. . .

O wild new moon! O sweet spring weather!

Close the shutters. It's a long time—a lifetime.

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PUBLICATION SINCE THE ARMISTICE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

A BOOK has been printed which in England has led to the coining of a new word and to a political grouping that is making lines of party cleavage. When the debate came in Parliament in mid-February on the speech from the throne, Sir Donald McLean, as leader of the opposition, moved the resolution regretting that His Majesty's Ministers had not recognized the impracticability of the fulfilment by the Central Powers of many of the terms of the Peace Treaty, nor showed any adequate apprehension of the grave danger to England's economic position at home and abroad by the continuation of the delay in resolving on conditions in many parts of Europe and the Near East. Mr. Balfour retorted by calling the opponents of the Government "Keynesites". Mr. Balfour called attention to the rumor that the opposition was going officially to support the book which, written by the young economist who represented the British Treasury at the Peace Conference, had more profoundly affected public opinion in England than any other publication since the Armistice.

John Maynard Keynes, born in 1883, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became Assistant Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge and editor of "The Economic Journal". He went to Paris with the Peace Commission as the chief representative of the British Treasury at the conference. He disagreed with the decisions of the conference, deeply deplored the economic features of the treaty, believed that the "Big Four" were completely blind to the economic structure of European society and to the danger involved in making a treaty that failed to recognize economic facts, and so he resigned his post.

He wrote a book entitled "The Economic Consequences of the Peace", and it has proved not only a literary sensation but a political factor of the first magnitude. It has created a great body of public opinion in England that has been converted to Keynes's view. The recent publication of the book in this country is making a profound impression here. From different points of view, Keynes's conclusions are controverted by friends of Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Wil-

son; but those who object even the most violently to Keynes's conclusions, admit the truth of much that he has written, and squirm in their displeasure over the biting sarcasm of his portrait-etchings.

The book compels attention. The reading of it can hardly be avoided by anyone deeply interested either in the economic chaos of Europe or in the nature of the Treaty of Peace. There may be those who feel that the personal characterizations are in doubtful taste and are limned with a cruel hand. There will be others who will believe that Keynes has seen only the economic side, the side very few of the people engaged in the conference saw at all, and has wholly neglected the political significance of the decisions. There will be many who will disagree with the remedies that Keynes proposes, but none of these critics can deny that the book is an example of most brilliant economic exposition.

If the men who made the treaty could have read and got into their very souls the analysis of the economic structure of Europe which is contained in the brief chapter of eighteen pages on "Europe Before The War", if they could have been made to comprehend the significance of the economic principles there set forth, the treaty would have been a different document from the one which is resulting in the chaos that is today involving all Central Europe, and would have been less likely to have resulted in consequences dangerous to the future of European civilization.

The makers of the treaty seemed blind to the economics of the European situation. Some were influenced by the desire for revenge and by quaking fear that contemplated a rehabilitated Germany; some were under the

disability of wild election promises, and lent themselves to the shaping of what Keynes calls a "Carthaginian Peace", because British politicians, in an excess of vote-getting oratory, had promised the reimbursement of the cost of the war through the German indemnity. A peace was concluded with eyes shut to economic facts, and now everyone concerned with it admits at least enough of Keynes's criticism to declare that none among the Allies expected the treaty to be carried out on the economic side to the letter, but that the whole theory involved changing the economic terms of the treaty by the Reparations Commission. The thing that has irritated the adherents of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson more than anything else in the book is the description which this eye-witness gives of the progress of the Conference, and particularly the characterizations of the three leading figures. Only a word is devoted to Orlando, but the characterizations of the other three will long live as remarkable contemporaneous pictures of the great figures in the drafting of the treaty.

Clemenceau is pictured as silent and aloof, sitting enthroned on a brocaded chair, wearing grey suede gloves, and surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air. "He had one illusion: France; one disillusion: mankind", and the latter included his colleagues. His view of German psychology was that the German understands nothing but intimidation; that he is without honor, principle, or mercy. He did not believe in negotiating with him, but in dictating to him. In his mind there was no place for magnanimity or fair play; he believed that these would only shorten the period of Germany's recovery and again hurl at France her greater num-

bers, resources, and technical skill. And so the demand for a "Carthaginian Peace" was inevitable.

Lloyd George was ignorant of facts, but he had a swiftness of intellect, a quickness of apprehension, and an agility in debate that far out-distanced his associates.

Wilson came with his Fourteen Points and his dream of a League of Nations. Neither was worked out in any practical detail. In Paris, as we so many times saw happen in Washington during the war, Wilson felt that after the statement of a case had been made, couched in irreproachable English, the matter was finished so far as he was concerned. He is pictured as a man profoundly desirous of doing right, but with a mind that was slow and unresourceful, and "never ready with *any* alternatives". He was capable of digging his toes in and refusing to budge, but had no other mode of defense. His adroit associates, by assuming an appearance of conciliation, manœuvred him off his ground. Having absolutely no detailed plans for putting into practice either the Fourteen Points or the League of Nations, the advantage all lay with those who worked out the details. Keynes does not picture the President as Sir William Mitchell-Thompson did in the Parliamentary debate referred to, that he was "as a rabbit mesmerized by Lloyd George's basilisk eye", but he does draw a man of high purpose, with a Presbyterian temperament, with a mind that was slow and unadaptable, and no match at all for the Welshman's sensitive apprehension and capacity for ready readjustment.

This chapter on the Conference must be admitted as a brilliant characterization, although it will be read with satisfaction or displeasure according

to one's personal estimate of the characters that have been pictured.

The portion of the book which has been so unsettling to public opinion is that in which the economic features of the treaty are dissected, particularly the nature of the indemnity and the ability of Germany to pay. There is marshaled an array of figures such as is available only to those who were close in the councils of the Conference. Some of these have been challenged. To those who would rather see Germany crushed than recover to such a degree that the indemnity could be squeezed out, the views regarding the Treaty will not be acceptable. The impression the book leaves is one of clearly indicated impossibility in carrying out the economic features of the treaty, and the necessity for the early revision of the figures by the Reparations Commission. The vast danger to Europe lies, however, in the political difficulties of early action by the Reparations Commission, and in the danger that Central Europe is progressing toward social disintegration under the influence of deprivation extended to starvation. Keynes presents an extremely gloomy view of the outlook in that respect, but no more gloomy than the pictures drawn by Sir Donald McLean, Lord Robert Cecil, and Mr. Balfour in the recent Parliamentary debate. Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Balfour were now able to recognize with appalling distinctness the economic chaos embracing all Central Europe, but neither would do more than disagnose the case. There was no remedy proposed, and Mr. Balfour distinctly emphasized the inability of Great Britain to go further than she has gone. He made much of keeping British industries sound, at least, and of the fact that the burden in curing the economic ills of the old Central

Powers and the new nations was one immeasurably beyond Great Britain's present strength.

When we come to Keynes's remedies, they are, like most remedies, distasteful. To the French public and, to a much less degree, to the British public, the proposition that the total indemnity be reduced to ten billions, and that a further allowance of two and a half billions be made for the surrender of merchant ships, submarine cables, and war materials, as provided by the treaty, would be most distasteful. After making this definite statement of the amount of indemnity, the Reparations Commission should be dissolved, and Germany should be allowed to pay in such instalments as she would be able to do. He would make the Coal Commission, established by the Allies, an appendage of the League of Nations, and rearrange Germany's obligations as to coal deliveries. He would institute a free trade union, established under the auspices of the League of Nations, and embracing Germany, Poland, the new states formed from the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the mandated states. All tariff barriers between these several nations should be prohibited for ten years, after which adherence to this arrangement would be voluntary.

The proposal that will come as somewhat of a shock to us is a proposition in reference to interallied indebtedness. That aggregates twenty billions. The United States has lent one half of this sum, the United Kingdom has lent twice as much as she has borrowed, France has borrowed three times as much as she has lent, and the other Allies have borrowed only. Keynes recommends that all of this should be mutually forgiven, the major hardship thus falling on the

United States. If that is not done, he sees the war ended with a heavy network of indebtedness impeding the movements of all of the Allies. The amount is likely to exceed the total sum obtainable from the enemy, and "the war will have ended with the intolerable result of the Allies paying the indemnity to one another, instead of obtaining it from the enemy". This is a juggling with the word *indemnity*, but it presents a very real picture of the difficulty.

Keynes's constructive programme concludes with the proposition of an interallied loan to furnish food and raw materials. He thinks, and I believe he thinks correctly, that it will be very difficult for European production to get started again without a temporary measure of external assistance. He thinks much might be done with a fund of a billion dollars. Of course, we have loaned since the Armistice in the neighborhood of four billion dollars. Of this \$2,750,000,000 was advanced by our government, and there have been other advances by manufacturers, exporters, and speculators in exchange, which, together with the remittances from our aliens to their home people, made possible the settlement of four billions of dollars of trade balance in our favor last year.

That performance can not be duplicated this year, and, unless some coordinated effort is made to grant Europe further credits, we shall merely sit by and await the coming crisis in Europe's economic disease. That crisis is approaching and will reach its climax some time between now and the next harvest. If the inability to organize industry, the difficulty to get raw materials and food, prove so great that human nature rebels and political revolution ensues,

then another act of the drama of the Great War will follow. If the gloomy prediction for such an outlook prove unfounded, and Europe is able to struggle through till the next harvest, there will then be grounds of hope for ultimate economic recuperation.

Today we are balanced between the fear that Europe is progressing toward economic disintegration and the hope that economic pressure will not become so severe that political

revolution will follow. Much of the danger would have been averted, had there been more capacity in Paris to understand the economic facts that are the basis of Keynes's vision. In any event, a reading of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" will be of great help in understanding the present position and outlook of Europe.

The Economic Consequences of the Peace.
By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace
and Howe.

COMPENSATION

BY SARA TEASDALE

I should be glad of loneliness
And hours that go on broken wings,
A thirsty body, a tired heart
And the unchanging ache of things,
If I could make a single song
As lovely and as full of light,
As hushed and brief as a falling star
On a winter night.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

JAMES HUNEKER'S "BEDOUINS"

By Benjamin De Casseres

JAMES HUNEKER'S new book "Bedouins" begins with "Mary Garden" and ends with "The Vision Malefic". Is there a subtle connection between the two? That is a question of personal psychology. But the two apparently disparate subjects give one a peep at the range and depth of the artistic sensibility of Mr. Huneker. It is a sensibility that is a conglomerate of many pasts. It is exotic and decadent, electric and Olympian. It is, curiously, a great dawn-wind that sweeps from ruins. He has a marvelous power of suggesting, of stimulating, of suddenly burbanking widely separated notions and as suddenly dissociating them. As some one said about him, his brilliancy and versatility hide his profundity.

"Bedouins" is well-titled. For Mr. Huneker himself is a Bedouin, a nomad of the arts. He pitches his tent wherever he finds a gleam of the beautiful, the rare, the exotic, the abnormal. If he were permitted a double-deck span of man's allotted years—that is, if he could live to be one hundred and forty—there would probably be to his credit the first authentic encyclopædia of all earth-geniuises sifted through one of the most magical temperaments of the time. He would be the Plutarch of art, literature, and philosophy. But sufficient unto his life is the literary beauty thereof. No

library today is complete without his works.

"Bedouins" is divided into two parts. Part I contains seventeen chapters, five of which at least are devoted to Mary Garden. There is inordinate praise of this elfish being whom Mr. Huneker styles a "superwoman". "A condor, an eagle, a peacock, a nightingale, a panther, a society dame, a gallery of moving-pictures, a siren, an indomitable fighter, a human woman with a heart as big as a house, a lover of sports, an electric personality, and a canny Scotch lassie who can force from an operatic manager wails of anguish because of her close bargaining over a contract; in a word, a Superwoman." In this psychoanalysis of the superwoman it will be noticed that suffrage and birth-control are not mentioned. It is also much in evidence here that Mr. Huneker is as much enamored of the remarkable personality of Mary Garden as of her artistic powers. But the two, it may be, cannot be dis severed. "Her rhythms", Mr. Huneker says, "are individual; she stems from the Gallic theatre; she has studied Sarah Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert. . . , but she pins her faith to the effortless art of Eleonora Duse." He analyzes, in magnificently glittering prose, her various rôles. He seems to award her the laurel in *Mélanide*. She has, however, added *Isolde* to her rôles. "Such an *Isolde*", says Mr. Huneker, "would be too bewildering to be true!" Personally, I consider the prose of Mr.

Huneker infinitely greater art than anything Mary Garden has ever done. If I were to write here as ecstatically, as enthusiastically, as unrestrainedly of Mr. Huneker as he has of Mary Garden, I would be considerably "edited".

"The passing of Octave Mirbeau" is journalistic, and does not seem, in my opinion, to give to that tremendous satirist his deserts. Mirbeau was more terrible than Swift. He was a more perfect and vitriolic hater than Nietzsche. Nowhere is there mention of that long interlude of *Le Père Pamphile* in "L'Abbé Jules", which is the most terrible satire on idealism ever written and which makes "Don Quixote" look like a "movie".

"Anarchs and Ecstasy". Here is a plea for ecstasy in art, a quality in criticism that Mr. Huneker himself possesses to the nth degree. "Swinburne had it from the first." Victor Hugo had it, Rodin had it, Tennyson and Browning had it only occasionally. Again in this essay is heard the Garden *motif*. "All this tumultuous imagery, this rhapsody Hunekeresque", he says, "is provided by a photograph of Mary Garden, whose enigmatic eyes collide with my gaze across the Time and Space of my writing desk."

He considers "Anatole France: the Last Phase", the humanitarian, socialistic Anatole, who is now a Lucifer with the cowl; there is a chapter on George Luks, Caruso, "Chopin and the Circus"—a curious bit of frisky humor; on Poe and Chopin—who with Flaubert are the Trinitarian fathers of Mr. Huneker's artistic Olympus; and "A Masque of Music", which is a remarkable prose allegory of Sound.

Part II of "Bedouins" is called "Idols and Ambergris". There are seven chapters, short stories in the

well-known manner of the author. Their themes are musical, the dominant ecstasy in Mr. Huneker's make-up. The supreme sin, according to one of the characters in "The Supreme Sin", the first story, is denial of the devil. The Nietzschean profundities gleam with merry irony through the lines of this tale. But Parsifal-Josephs are rare among us these days.

In all these tales it is hard to tell whether the author is laughing at us or not. Mr. Huneker laughs at us through many veils. His Isis uncovered often reveals a Charlie Chaplin—only that, and nothing more. The world is too old to be shocked by these meticulously literary blasphemies. Baudelaire and Guillaume Apollinaire went the limit. But Mr. Huneker moves the scenes dexterously. And he never acts without his prompt-books in his palm.

"Bedouins" is a book without a desert.

Bedouins. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A NOTABLE NOVEL OF BRAZIL

By Isaac Goldberg

AFTER having for some time been known in French and Spanish (and it is hard to believe that the multifariously enterprising Germans have not published a German version of a noted novel that so intimately concerns their destiny in Brazil), Graça Aranha's "Canaan" is introduced to the English-reading public. Belatedly, but none the less welcome, and none the less worthy of perusal by all who appreciate novels that are something more than abortive "action". In fact,

"Canaan" is apt to prove an interesting puzzle to the fond literary cataloguer. This is surely no novel in the conventional sense of the word, yet there is a well-defined tale that, if it be somewhat slow in getting under way, holds the attention to the strange, indecisive end. Just as truly there is a lyric sweep to much of the book that can hardly be dissociated from genuine poetry; and with as little doubt, there is an epic breath that blows through these pages.

Brazil is "Canaan", the promised land. Thither comes Milkau from the old world, imbued with a sort of Christian socialism that seeks the establishment of a Utopia in the virgin continent. Here, among others, he meets the Nietzschean Lentz, and the two form a queer partnership amid the solitude that inspires the one and crushes the other. Here, too, they encounter Mary, the abandoned mistress of one of the German colonists, whose sorry plight enlists Milkau's sympathy, and later his love. Yet this land that is pregnant with such promise is infested with all the vile old-world conditions against which Milkau has rebelled and of which he had hoped to find the new continent free. Scheming pettifoggers batten upon the industrious colonists; the German colonists themselves are capable of siding with Mary's seducer and driving her to despair and unmerited imprisonment upon the gruesome, and false, charge of having given her own child to the pigs that attended its sudden birth in the open fields. Milkau's love, like so many of the mirages that rise in this exotic landscape, turns to disillusionment and delirium. We leave him, at the end, together with Mary, a prey to oncoming death. The promised land, like all good things, lies not in the present, but in the future.

The real significance of the work lies in its treatment of Brazil's immigrant problem and the birth-pangs of the new order that grows from the fusion of old Europe with new America. The discussions that agitate Milkau and Lentz touch vital problems in the national development; Mary might almost be taken as a symbol of the harassed nation.

Ferrero, in his really pithy introduction, notes the beauty of the author's style and his description, the purity of the psychological analysis, the depths of the thoughts and reflections; among the book's faults he discovers a "certain disproportion between the different parts...and an ending which is too vague, indefinite and unexpected." He is right, too, in considering the literary qualities of the book of secondary importance. The truth would seem to be that Aranha's main purpose was, as it so often is in the case of Spanish and Portuguese American writers, to present landscapes and customs, dominant personalities that incarnate certain philosophical principles and attitudes. Yet there is a distinctly noble flavor to the work, and certainly a large humanity that marks it as something more than exclusively Brazilian in significance. Indeed, for the thinking American of the north, between Canada and the Rio Grande, the theme is of primary importance. Millions have sought their "Canaan" here and have been no more successful than Milkau. And for similar reasons.

The same words that struck Ferrero, at the end of the first chapter, where Milkau speaks of the transformation that immigration will ultimately accomplish, might with little change be applied to our own nation. And the labor and aspirations of the Milkau, though in the case of the in-

dividual they may be frustrated, fertilize the soil whence the civilization of the future will spring.

Canaan. By Graça Aranha. Translated from the Portuguese by M. J. Lorente. Four Seas Co.

WALTER DE LA MARE ON RUPERT BROOKE

By Christopher Morley

IN Rupert Brooke that quickness to see and feel which is the gist of the poetic sense was happily geared with an equal velocity of expression. It was Wordsworth (was it not?) who said that the poet works under only one necessity—that of giving immediate pleasure. And certainly it was Shelley who said that poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. Brooke not only had one of the happiest and best minds of our time; he also, in the radiant display of his vivid senses and the candid sincerity and exactitude of their interpretation, gave the world more pleasure than any young poet of recent years. It is the brilliant quality of his passionate interest in life, his restless, exploring, examining intellect, that chiefly concerns Walter de la Mare in a lecture on Brooke first given before Rugby School a year ago, and now issued in booklet form.

The world grants its highest affection to those creators who most shrewdly express the painful inward vivacity of the human mind. Brooke was a happy and charming egotist. He found his own experience so highly entertaining and diverse that it occupied the bulk of his speculation. The speech of his own brain sounded

above all other voices, as it must in any true poet—just as a man may stand on Broadway and drown out all sound of traffic in his own ears by eating a piece of dry toast. When he went to America, to Tahiti, it was not so much to see those odd places, as to examine the reactions of his lively heart in strange surroundings. His kingdom of poetry was within him.

Mr. de la Mare's essay, which no lover of poetry will want to miss, advances an interesting theory. He suggests that poets are of two kinds: those who are similar to children in dreamy self-communion and absorption; and those who are similar to boys in their curious, restless, analytical interest in the world. Poets of the boyish or matter-of-fact imagination are intellectual, he says: they enjoy experience for itself. Poets of the childish or matter-of-fancy heart are visionary, mystical; they feed on dreams and enjoy experience as a symbol. He thinks that Brooke's imagination was distinctly of the boyish kind. His appetite for experience was insatiable—"that tearing hunger to do and do and do things. I want to walk 1000 miles, and write 1000 plays, and sing 1000 poems, and drink 1000 pots of beer, and kiss 1000 girls, and—oh, a million things!... The spring makes me almost ill with excitement. I go round corners on the roads shivering and nearly crying with suspense." How that reminds one of Stevenson's youthful letters! And incidentally, this was a lively quotation for Mr. de la Mare to spring on the boys at Rugby.

One is not quite certain that this classification of poetic imagination into the boyish and the childish is of complete dividing validity,—and indeed Mr. de la Mare makes no extravagant claim for it. It is specially

interesting, however, since it suggests that much of the fascination that Brooke's work and personality held for Mr. de la Mare is due to the contrast in these two men's imaginative gifts. Those many who admire the peculiar mysticism and subtlety of Mr. de la Mare's reaction to the terms of experience will not be surprised that this essay of his seems the most valuable comment that has been made on the poet of the "flaming brains" the most romantic and appealing figure of youth and song that has crossed the horizon of these riddled years.

Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination. By Walter de la Mare. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN MASTERS

By Thomas Walsh

THE critical study of modern South American authors has been for the most part resolved into a glorification of the poetry of Rubén Darío with an overflow of praise for José Santos Chocano, the exponent of Americanism in its most ardent form. This is both just and unjust; for while we will admit at once the preponderating merits of Darío, we must hesitate before allowing all the extraordinary laudation which his followers in America have been lavishing upon him.

The arch-offender in this particular, aside from the fantastic efforts of Vargas Vila, has been that elaborate personage Don Andrés González-Blanco, who in four hundred pages of a preposterous book entitled "Estudio Preliminar" (Madrid, 1910) hurls a Niagara flood of erudition upon

Rubén Darío, sousing him with Schopenhauer, Emerson, Mallarmé, and D'Annunzio, until the brain reels and the lights go out in a fog of ceaseless rhetoric.

More discreet—for they could not surpass the "Estudio Preliminar"—have been the younger critics of Buenos Aires and Cuba. Blanco Fombona and Max Henriquez Ureña have done excellent service in a sufficiently enthusiastic way with the bibliography and coordination of these critical riches. Tulio M. Cestero has stood almost alone in his endeavor to state the truth about Darío in his "Rubén Darío El Hombre y El Poeta" (Habana, 1916), where we find gleams of the true greatness of the poet struggling through the limitations and disorders of a rather poor humanity and defective personal character.

Dr. Goldberg, the author of the fine "Studies in Spanish-American Literature", has had the advantage of these criticisms, and the judgment to avoid their faults and omissions. His study of Darío's poetry is enthusiastic and appreciative; it is marked with the fairest critical spirit. This may also be declared of his entire treatment of the "Modernistas"—his delineation of their sources in the French Parnasian and Symbolist movements; his statement of their indebtedness to Byron, Longfellow and Poe; his discovery of the first stirrings of modernism in Gutierrez Nájera, Diaz Mirón, and Asunción Silva.

There are separate studies of Julian del Casal and González Martínez, and Dr. Goldberg remarks that "a fuller treatment of modernism should include such widely admired spirits as Leopoldo Lugones and Leopoldo Díaz (Argentina), Guillermo Valencia (Colombia), Ricardo Jaimes-Freyre (Bo-

livia), and Julio Herrera-Reissig (Uruguay)". In the future work which Dr. Goldberg announces, it is also to be hoped that he will include such other figures among the "Modernistas" as Poveda, Brull, and Cansio (Cuba), Antonio Gomez Restrepo (Colombia), and Bartolomé Galindez (Argentina).

Reading Darío, a northerner is seldom unaware that, for all "his fine white hands of a marquis", the poet is really a half-breed "of the blood of the Chorotega or Nagrañano Indians and the negroes". One is always in the presence of the glowing contrasts, the dramatic hues and contours that make up what the Spanish critics, with perhaps overmuch depreciation, denominate *criollismo*. For Rubén Darío was truly a primitive of colonial type, influenced by the traditions and superstitions of his native Nicaragua, and in all his wanderings and vagaries a sincere Catholic through the early training of his maternal aunt and the Jesuit missionaries of León. It is hard to bear with the modern critics and their pretended studies of paganism in Darío, when we remember that this quality in his work is but as the flash of light upon fish-scales as he swam between his religious tenets and his bad practice of them. In his form of Christianity there was complete room for the culture of the Renaissance, and he naturally availed himself of its beauty and power in all his work, from the most carnal to the most religious of his poems.

Dr. Goldberg continues his "Studies" with a consideration of José Enrique Rodó, the Uruguayan philosopher and litterateur who surpassed, says González-Blanco, "Valera in flexi-

bility, Perez-Galdos in elegance, Pardo Bazan in modernity, Valle-Inclan in erudition, Azorin in critical spirit; who could have imagined that beyond the sea there was to flourish at the very close of the nineteenth century the greatest prose writer of the Castilian language?"

There would be no need to linger over the discussion of his fine essay "Ariel"—in which the United States figures in a way as the Caliban—were it not to take occasion to point out how much more harmful to our international peacefulness is such heavy, misguided idealism than all the fantastic furies of our picturesque enemy, Blanco Fombona.

José Santos Chocano at least is our friend and admirer. We may be proud of him for other reasons. He is a great poet of the first order; he is inspired with a vast sense of beauty, freedom, and a truly American philosophy which are as banners set before the paths of the younger writers of all our Americas of the future. Rubén Darío recognized him, not as a rival, but as a true compeer, declaring that in him "Pegasus pastures in the meadows of the Incas". Chocano is Spanish and he is American; in both phases he is always a personal poet in contrast to the indirectness of much of Darío and the other Spanish modernists. From the patriotic scene in his "Cronica Alfonsina"—where two vessels meet in opposite course in mid-ocean, one bearing Jimena the lady of the Cid, the other, Dulcinea of Don Quixote, and interchange courtesies—to the exquisite lyric quality of "The Magnolia", we find haunting reminiscences of the classic muse of Heredia the Cuban, and the rugged power of our own Walt Whitman. There is to be added also the strong influence of Edgar Allan Poe, which

COURAGEOUS CANDOR

By Oscar L. Joseph

the Spanish critics have generally and quite unaccountably overlooked.

We can congratulate ourselves on the production in English during these recent years of some really distinguished books bearing upon Spanish and South American letters. Naturally the Spaniard has been very busy himself in the long delayed unveiling of his native glories. But such books as Dr. Coester's "Literary History of Spanish America" (New York, 1916), Dr. J. D. M. Ford's "Main Currents of Spanish Literature" (New York, 1919), Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "Oxford Book of Spanish Verse" (Oxford, 1913), "The Hispanic Anthology—Translations from the Spanish" (New York, 1920), and Dr. Isaac Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish-American Literature" mark an advance in international culture and personal relations with Spain and Spanish America such as bids us hope for a completer and more brilliant floriation of our mutual arts and letters.

It is useless to question whether North or South America has already made the greater contribution to literature; the partisans of either side will be sufficiently shocked when they are asked to face such a question with equal minds, without permitting love of the native land to blind them to the fact that it is still an open question. The republics of the south have their own literature, their novelists and poets; it is said they have few readers; but must we not also confess that literature properly so-called is the possession of very few among ourselves, in spite of much pretense and jargonizing. Our hands across the southern seas, therefore, and a hearty greeting to Spanish-American literature.

Studies in Spanish-American Literature. By Isaac Goldberg. Brentano's.

WE must take men as we find them and make the best or the worst of the bargain. The Dean of St. Paul's, London, is noted for his extensive learning and fearless independence. Those who try to cross swords with him may feel like the cardinal who was instructed to tackle Lord Acton and thought better of it. He is by no means infallible but his conclusions must be reckoned with, even if we disagree with his processes. What, however, makes his writing so intolerable is his patronizing way and his spirit of hauteur, as he stands aloof and with the unction of superiority passes judgment on men and things in the dogmatic spirit which he censures in others. In his "Outspoken Essays" he shows a certain personal antipathy as he punctures traditions, criticizes accepted positions, jostles and upturns beliefs, gives rapier thrusts at prejudices and provincialisms, and offers scant respect to aristocrat and proletariat with a latent leaning toward the former.

He hesitates to recognize the virtues of democracy but hastens to point out its defects, while he passes indictment against it with an amazing cocksureness, very much after the fashion of Gilbert Chesterton in his rhapsodic and semihumorous "History of the United States". Had he known more he might have said less about us. We prefer the more balanced exposition of democracy by Bryce in "The American Commonwealth". The essays on patriotism, the birth-rate, and the future of the English race will certainly shock some readers and arouse animosity. But such plain-speaking should not be discouraged, even if it is un-

palatable, especially when we are furnished food for serious thought. What he writes about the Anglo-Saxon with reference to conditions in the United States deserves consideration.

Dean Inge is a spiritual idealist and he has no sympathy with secularized idealism and its illusions of progress. The modern issue is not whether Catholicism or Protestantism shall direct the world, but "whether Christianity can come to terms with the awakening self-consciousness of modern civilization". He holds that Christianity has introduced "a standard of new values", which cannot be estimated by "quantitative standards". It was the insistence on this latter test that produced the modern debacle, and Inge's estimate of it is quite to the point:

Human nature has not been changed by civilization. It has neither been levelled up nor levelled down to an average mediocrity. Beneath the dingy uniformity of international fashions in dress, man remains what he has always been—a splendid fighting animal, a self-sacrificing hero, and a blood-thirsty savage. Human nature is at once sublime and horrible, holy and satanic. Apart from the accumulation of knowledge and experience, which are external and precarious acquisitions, there is no proof that we have changed much since the first stone age.

Over against this sombre conclusion might be placed his conviction as to the Christian cure:

Whatever forms reconstruction may take, Christianity will have its part to play in making the new Europe. It will be able to point to the terrible vindication of its doctrines in the misery and ruin overtaking a world which has rejected its valuations and scorned its precepts. It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honored Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from Him.

The failure of organized religion is repeatedly emphasized with characteristic insight and fearlessness in the papers on the position of the Church of England, the papal attitude toward modernism, Cardinal Newman, St.

Paul, and especially on institutionalism and mysticism. He is on sure ground when discussing these topics, as might be expected from the author of "The Philosophy of Plotinus". Whatever may be said about his interpretations, we must recognize in him a prophet of candor, who utters the burden of truth with sublime disregard to personal consequences.

Another volume to be noted in this connection is Professor Buckham's clear appraisal of some of the noteworthy contributions by American religious leaders of relatively recent date. "Progressive Religious Thought in America" will enable students to appreciate the tercentenary of the founding of Puritan New England. Those hardy pioneers builded better than they knew. There is a breath of the springtide in the writings of the men honored in this volume, yet what they accomplished was made possible because they applied the principles of freedom with a thoroughness that the men who first formulated them could hardly have done. Bushnell, Munger, Gordon, Tucker, Gladden, Smyth—these are memorable names in the history of American religious thought. It is worth noting that all these liberators of religion belong to the pulpit and not to the professorial chair. Buckham does well in pointing out the painful separation between literature and theology. "Much worthy theology had gone a-begging because clothed in the garments of heaviness instead of the robes of praise". The eminent succession of these seers has not yet terminated, and as long as this is so, the day of the pulpit has not set. At present it is suffering from a temporary eclipse, owing to the reactions from the war; but it will recover itself and its latter period will be more glorious than its former, if its occupants fear-

lessly face the light that comes from science, philosophy, psychology, economics and literature, all of which are the manifold expressions of life.

Outspoken Essays. By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D. Longmans, Green and Co.
Progressive Religious Thought in America. A Survey of the Enlarging Pilgrim Faith. By John Wright Buckham. Houghton Mifflin Co.

TRAVELS WITH ARTHUR SYMONS

By Henry James Forman

THE poet is the super-traveler in life. To say that he invokes the souls of cities is to suggest that he is "soulful" and at once to minimize such a book, say, as "Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands", by Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons, I need hardly say, is not "soulful" in the schoolgirl's diary sense. But true poet that he is, he visits a city or an island and the place is astonishingly revealed to him with a multitude of detail that the run of sightseers simply would not suspect. No tourist ever sees a place in the way the poet sees it. For one thing the poet is never in a hurry. He gazes on the scene, depicts it, and before you know it you not only see a beach, shingle and water, but the restless human heart in you is floating outward over a softly billowing, tranquil sea to that infinity where the soul is always at home.

In a few happy touches Mr. Symons brings before you the city of Seville so that you will never more forget it. "A significant quality of the Andalusians", he observes, "is the profound seriousness which they retain, even when they abandon themselves to the most violent emotions. It is the true sensuality, the only way of getting the utmost out of one's sensations, as

gaiety, or a facile voluptuousness, never can." The Sevillians themselves would be thrilled and delighted by Mr. Symons's interpretation of them, and that is the true test of descriptive writing. In a Spanish music hall, in the streets of Valencia or Toledo, in the poetry of Santa Teresa or St. John of the Cross,—in all of these, he reveals to you the land of Spain as few travelers will ever see it by themselves. The fireside traveler with Symons has an infinitely better chance than the average tourist with Baedeker.

He visits Montserrat, the monastery, the mediæval Castle of the Holy Grail, and the picture becomes rich with more than mere association—it is a monument to human devotion. True pilgrim that he is, the poet takes up his home there to taste in full this unusual morsel of life. He sings the "Salve" and the "Ave Maria", dwells in the whitewashed cell and "for once", he says, "I was perfectly happy, and with that element of strangeness in my happiness without which I cannot conceive happiness".

In London he has wandered about with an amateur tramp, who has seen humanity "where it has least temptation to be anything but itself", not out of any affectation, but because of his absorbing interest in humanity; because,—

To live and die under a roof
Drives the brood of thoughts aloof;
To walk by night under the sky
Lets the birds of thought fly.

There are some twenty-six pieces in the book and every one of them is a poem. They are not the sort of "travel" to be found in the popular guide-books, but those who choose to read them will visit portions of the world in the company of one of its choicest spirits, of one who knows how

to write about that which when seen touches, perhaps—but usually escapes—most of us.

Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands. By Arthur Symons. Brentano's.

HENRY JAMES, PAINTER

By Louise R. Sykes

HERE are four short stories that redeem again, for a moment, the term. Anyone may be glad, in much recent litter and rubbish, to come upon this earliest work of Henry James. But for your real lover the collection is much more than just "something, at last, worth while to read". For him it is what the source of the Nile was to the explorer, or what the early photograph of the little boy in the velvet suit is to his fond mother. To have it is to hold the documentary assurance that his author's greatest qualities are all inherent, that nothing that he gave the world later was affectation or pose, that even the mannerisms that he developed were the over-emphasis of his intention, his determination to the nth degree to make his meaning plain. These stories have every resemblance to the mature work of their author, the same features, the same expression, and, allowing for some slight awkwardness of youth, the same pose. Here is the first segment of the sweeping curve that Henry James completed before he died. With this record the sequence should have been easy to foretell. In this slight collection the really distinctive qualities of the artist are all evident.

Of all the writers of fiction that ever wrote, not only in English but in any modern tongue that speaks to us,

Henry James is the painter par excellence, the artist who reduces life's chaotic material to the vision, to the picture. If he hears and smells and feels things, it is only secondarily and absent-mindedly, only the better to see them withal. He seems sometimes, almost consciously, to have subordinated the other senses, absorbed as he is in seeing. He is the painter, not the nature lover. He has no "bank whereon the wild thyme grows", no "Woods of Westermain". One might almost say that the cock never crows for Henry James, or, if he does, he sees him crow. He is surprisingly indifferent to sounds, as sounds, and the other appeals to the senses; to all that paraphernalia of the sensuist, who hypnotizes his subject by steeping him in his decoctions—a very witches' brew of whatever is sense-stirring and emotional. In his best work Henry James just paints and paints. Moving back to the artist's safe distance from his subject, and reaching out his long brush, he blocks out his canvas, gives form and color with rapid, certain strokes. He tells his tales with landscape and houses and furniture, with clothes and movements, with gestures and facial expression. He does not smother his story in them, he tells his story *with* them. What relief for the fagged imagination, over-worked in following the labored details that other authors must use to build up a scene!

It is the nature of the ordinary person, and especially of the scholar, unfortunately, to be able to be only one thing at a time. If philosophers could only be kings, and being kings remain philosophers! If historians could be epic poets too! And scientists, essayists! But no. What they give us is a vast mass of chronicle, commentary, thesis. Now, it is the good fortune

of the artist to be two persons in one, sometimes three. That is what gives him form and dimension. And so, in Henry James, the painter in him bred with the psychologist, equally in him, and together they mothered and fathered the long line of his creations. Sometimes one character seems more active in his work than the other, but at his best he "tells his picture in" with alternate brush-strokes of color and psychology. He paints with a running commentary of psychological interpretation, which in the later novels takes the form of vast, almost trackless parentheses. The painter sees, but he never fails to invest his vision with meaning. The psychologist analyzes down to the fundamental and primal, but he never forgets to clothe, and place, and set his characters moving.

These examples of Henry James's early work reveal also the tastes and interests that dominated him throughout. It is amusing to observe how already the old world has laid hands upon this devotee of arts and subtleties. Some one in his stories has always just come from, or is about to set out for Europe. And notice—it is already the American effects that are "*criarde*", the European that are iridescent. It is with the "fine shades and nice feelings" of overrefined society that our author is mainly concerned, rather than with the primæval struggle of plain man; with the cross-currents and under-currents of life, rather than with the main stream. His are not historical or political novels with mighty backgrounds, processional foregrounds, or great, threatening, enveloping action. He does not propound or treat human problems, except with such curious individual cross-lighting as renders them useless for general solution. If he develops

his subject adequately in its isolation, he apparently does not deem it necessary to place it in the immense complex of life. His characters live unto themselves and unto one another.

And living remotely, they live uniquely. There is a steady refusal to allow the obvious to happen. If it does happen, it must not be for obvious reasons. Or, if it does happen *and* for obvious reasons, then it must be to one, whom the gods, wishing to destroy, first make blind. To such nothing is obvious. The stories are saturated with irony. With all the professed frankness of the characters, they never move in the clear light of day. The event is in the lap of the gods, whence it must be dragged into the shameless light. If the story ultimately does reach its final situation by elimination of the obvious,—and Henry James never paints "another stupid sunset",—it is assuredly not to impose the trick of a gross surprise, but to exhibit the perverse irony and double-facedness of life, the irony of the flatly obvious confronting the persistently blind.

A Landscape Painter. By Henry James. Scott and Seltzer.

THE NEW ENGLAND CULT

By Walter A. Dyer

SOME one has said that there are more Lithuanians in the United States today than bona fide New Englanders of Colonial stock. That is probably hyperbole; at any rate it is beside the point. For those of us who were born within musket-shot of Faneuil Hall and whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower or some other seventeenth-century excursion boat do

not reckon our importance in numbers. We are the salt of the earth. We know it, if the rest of the benighted world does not. The dome of the State House in Boston is still the hub of the universe, and the Sacred Cod is the symbol of the only American aristocracy worth consideration.

We are proudly, arrogantly provincial. We know not "the Loop", but we expect Chicagoans to reverence "the Common". We speak of "the Cape", and resent it when New Yorkers speak of "the City". We have a tradition that the Revolution was fought and won at Lexington and Bunker Hill and that Samuel Adams was the Father of his Country. As for literature, nothing has happened since the dissolution of the Saturday Club.

There are indications a-plenty that we sometimes bore our fellow citizens of the vast, crude hinterland, but, speaking seriously, I doubt whether we greatly antagonize them. I suspect that they look upon us with kindly, tolerant eyes, seeing New England somewhat in the aspect of a dear, stubborn, gray old lady, relic of an outworn age, full of old-fashioned notions, but to be gently humored until she passes quietly away.

But the old lady, like Charles II, is an unconscionable time a-dying. She displays an amazing vitality. And, when all is said and done, she has some interesting old keepsakes in her reticule.

It cannot be said of us New Englanders that we hide our light under a bushel. We are not inarticulate; we still have a passion for the printed page. And it is a poor season in the book publishing business that does not see new volumes setting forth in some fresh form the ancient charm of our native land. Furthermore, as a refu-

tation of all insolent arguments with their undercurrent of envious ridicule, these books appear to be widely read by the barbarians themselves.

Without apology, therefore, but rather with a sense of having acquired further merit, we present to what we hope will prove an appreciative public the latest grist of New England lore.

I do not happen to know whether Helen W. Henderson is a thoroughbred New Englander or not. With true New England caution we are inclined to suspect the pedigree of one whose previous volumes have been entitled "A Loiterer in New York" and "The Art Treasures of Washington". Why wander so far from home? Still, she writes like a New Englander. If she has the high sign and the password she will be readily admitted to the cult.

In "A Loiterer in New England" Miss Henderson has done all any New Englander could ask, for she has glorified the past and upheld the superiority of the Yankee. She has told us a lot of things about our native land that we did not know before, with the result that she has added not a little to the complacent sense of satisfaction that we feel in having been born where we were born and not in some obscure elsewhere.

The title of her book is a bit misleading in two ways. In the first place she has left New Haven and Portsmouth, Bennington and Deerfield quite untouched. But we will not quarrel with her there; perhaps there's another volume coming. What she has done has been to treat Cape Cod, Plymouth, Salem, and Boston so thoroughly from the point of view of the cult that little remains to be said.

In the second place, Miss Henderson is assuredly no loiterer. She is a delver, an excavator. Loiterers get

their history from railroad guide-books, not from original sources. Miss Henderson is too modest. The scroll of history she has unrolled with a practised hand and has rewritten it with a rare gift for selection and interpretation, a sense of proportion and significance, not lacking the saving grace of humor. She has told the story of the early settlers, of the Pilgrims, of the Salem sea captains and the rest in a manner that I fancy will hold the attention of readers who would quickly side-step John Fiske.

Not only history. With quite as sure a tread she leads us among the sand dunes of the Cape and we find local geology fascinating. In Salem we find our eyes opened to unrealized or half-realized beauties of architecture,—architecture, to be sure, associated with romantic history and tradition,—while in Boston Miss Henderson becomes frankly an art critic.

Domestic architecture, indeed, invariably crops out in most New England writings, for we are inordinately proud of our old houses. And in Salem, that Mecca of the Yankee antiquarian, we find the very best of it. Salem ship-owners amassed wealth, and they spent it on houses. In Salem lived and worked that remarkable wood carver and architect, Samuel McIntire, the greatest American exponent of the Palladian and English Georgian tradition. And in Boston there was Charles Bulfinch, whose trail Miss Henderson entertainingly follows.

Of McIntire Miss Henderson tells us something, but for fuller knowledge one may turn back to "The Wood Carver of Salem", a book produced in 1916 by two New England collaborators, Frank Cousins and Phil M. Riley. From these same two we now have another handsome volume, in a limited

edition, entitled "The Colonial Architecture of Salem". This book could not have been written without a good deal of McIntire in it, but it covers a much wider field. The chapter headings will serve best to indicate this—The Gable and Peaked-Roof House; The Lean-To House; The Gambrel-Roof House; The Square Three-Story Wood House; The Square Three-Story Brick House; Doorways and Porches; Windows and Window Frames; Interior Wood Finish; Halls and Stairways; Mantels and Chimney Places; Public Buildings; Salem Architecture of To-Day. The first five chapters trace a definite development in Salem architecture by periods in a more thorough manner than has before been attempted. The last chapter deals with modern houses designed and built with rare good taste along historic lines since the disastrous Salem fire of 1914. It is not a chatty book like Miss Henderson's; it is rather a serious, analytical, descriptive, and semi-technical study. The volume is illustrated with nearly 250 photographs by Mr. Cousins, a few of which one discovers in the "Loiterer" also. Miss Henderson's book, I neglected to say, is beautifully illustrated, largely with reproduced etchings.

Speaking of architectural loiterings in New England tempts me to mention a book already noticed in these pages, on "Old New England Doorways". It belongs in the same family.

It really doesn't matter what the New Englander goes out to seek, whether it be history, architecture, or natural scenery. He returns with the conviction that it will scarcely be necessary for him to stray beyond the Hudson River in search of treasures of any sort. Mrs. Alice Van Leer Carrick's quest (I think I am correct in the Mrs.) has been for antiques, a

quest which, though not confined to New England, had its beginning here when Dr. Irving Whitall Lyon of Hartford started that collection of old furniture which later found a resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And the modern collection still turns a fatuously hopeful eye on the now pretty thoroughly exploited garrets of New England.

Mrs. Carrick calls her book "Collector's Luck", and its sub-title is "A Repository of Pleasant and Profitable Discourses Descriptive of the Household Furniture and Ornaments of Olden Time". Sallying forth from her New England home, Webster Cottage, Hanover, New Hampshire (attention is called to the significance of "Webster Cottage" and Dartmouth associations), Mrs. Carrick followed the lure of her hobby, with another amiable addict, to New England farmhouses, country auctions, and city shops. Her book, though full of interesting and valuable information for collectors, is less an analytical study than a pleasantly readable record of the loiterings of these twain, shot through with that youthful enthusiasm which every ardent collector knows. For the benefit of fellow an-

tiquers I will simply state that she has traveled such highways and byways of collecting as stenciled furniture, pressed glassware, hand-woven coverlets, lustre ware, lamps and candlesticks, old valentines and silhouettes, old white counterpanes, and ancient dolls and their furniture. The volume is illustrated, of course, with photographs.

So much for this season's New England books. Next season there will be others; you can't keep us silent. For most absurdly and vocally do we love our native land, we New Englanders. We love her old traditions and her old furniture; we love her historic cities, her pleasant farming country, her colleges; we love her white houses and her White Mountains; we love her woods and templed hills and eke her stern and rock-bound coast (which, as Miss Henderson points out, was not stern and rock-bound at all, but a sandy waste with one lone glacial boulder against which the Mayflower's shallop poked her Calvinistic nose).

A Loiterer in New England. By Helen W. Henderson. George H. Doran Company.
The Colonial Architecture of Salem. By Frank Cousins and Phil M. Riley. Little, Brown and Co.
Collector's Luck. By Alice Van Leer Carrick. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in February in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Lamp in the Desert	Ethel M. Dell	PUTNAM
2. Red and Black	Grace S. Richmond	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Strong Hours	Maud Diver	HOUGHTON
4. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	Vicente Blasco Ibáñez	DUTTON
5. The Great Impersonation	E. Phillips Oppenheim	LITTLE, BROWN
6. Sisters	Kathleen Norris	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Lamp in the Desert	Ethel M. Dell	PUTNAM
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	Harold Bell Wright	BOOK SUPPLY
3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	Vicente Blasco Ibáñez	DUTTON
4. Red and Black	Grace S. Richmond	DOUBLEDAY
5. A Man for the Ages	Irving Bacheller	BOBBS-MERRILL
6. The Young Visitors	Daisy Ashford	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	Harold Bell Wright	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	Vicente Blasco Ibáñez	DUTTON
3. The Lamp in the Desert	Ethel M. Dell	PUTNAM
4. A Man for the Ages	Irving Bacheller	BOBBS-MERRILL
5. The Young Visitors	Daisy Ashford	DORAN
6. Linda Condon	Joseph Hergesheimer	KNOFF

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Lamp in the Desert	Ethel M. Dell	PUTNAM
2. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	Harold Bell Wright	BOOK SUPPLY
3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	Vicente Blasco Ibáñez	DUTTON
4. The Great Desire	Alexander Black	HARPER
5. The Moon and Sixpence	W. Somerset Maugham	DORAN
6. The River's End	James Oliver Curwood	COSMOPOLITAN

WESTERN STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	Harold Bell Wright	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	Vicente Blasco Ibáñez	DUTTON
3. The Young Visitors	Daisy Ashford	DORAN
4. The House of Baltazar	William J. Locke	LANE
5. The River's End	James Oliver Curwood	COSMOPOLITAN
6. The Moon and Sixpence	W. Somerset Maugham	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	Harold Bell Wright	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	Vicente Blasco Ibáñez	DUTTON
3. The Lamp in the Desert	Ethel M. Dell	PUTNAM
4. The Young Visitors	Daisy Ashford	DORAN
5. Red and Black	Grace S. Richmond	DOUBLEDAY
6. The River's End	James Oliver Curwood	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 2. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 3. Theodore Roosevelt | <i>William Roscoe Thayer</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 4. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 5. A Labrador Doctor | <i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 6. Belgium | <i>Brand Whitlock</i> | APPLETON |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

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|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 3. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 4. "Marse Henry" | <i>Henry Watterson</i> | DORAN |
| 5. The Life of John Marshall | <i>Albert J. Beveridge</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 6. The New Revelation | <i>A. Conan Doyle</i> | DORAN |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. An American Idyll | <i>Cornelia S. Parker</i> | ATLANTIC |
| 2. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 3. White Shadows in the South Seas | <i>Frederick O'Brien</i> | CENTURY |
| 4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 5. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 6. Belgium | <i>Brand Whitlock</i> | APPLETON |

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

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|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 3. The Seven Purposes | <i>Margaret Cameron</i> | HARPER |
| 4. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 5. Abraham Lincoln | <i>John Drinkwater</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 6. A Labrador Doctor | <i>Wilfred T. Grenfell</i> | HOUGHTON |

WESTERN STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 2. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 4. Contact with the Other World | <i>James H. Hyslop</i> | CENTURY |
| 5. The Seven Purposes | <i>Margaret Cameron</i> | HARPER |
| 6. Abraham Lincoln | <i>John Drinkwater</i> | HOUGHTON |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 2. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children | <i>Joseph Bucklin Bishop</i> | SCRIBNER |
| 3. Raymond | <i>Sir Oliver Lodge</i> | DORAN |
| 4. The Seven Purposes | <i>Margaret Cameron</i> | HARPER |
| 5. Abraham Lincoln | <i>John Drinkwater</i> | HOUGHTON |
| 6. Belgium | <i>Brand Whitlock</i> | APPLETON |

THE GOSSIP SHOP

IT was at the celebrated Mr. Keen's Chop House. The hour was two, afternoon. The celebrated Thomas L. Masson pushed back his empty coffee cup, leaned back in his chair, lit a large, fat, black cigar. He said, "I will talk on literary narcissuses". The celebrated Gossip Shop pushed back his empty coffee cup, leaned back in his chair, and lit a large, fat, black cigar. Mr. Masson half closed his eyes. (Occasionally he would open one eye wide.) He spoke, choosing his words carefully, as follows:

"The conceit of authors has never been tabulated. When it flowers to a perfect thing, the reasons ought to be given so that others may get the benefit. When it isn't what it should be, there is always a good chance of deriving a negative benefit out of its analysis. New York literary conceit differs from Indianapolis literary conceit as much as whiskey from bevo. The New York variety is the real thing. The Indianapolis variety is a little too agile. It hasn't accumulated weariness enough. It gets up too early in the morning. Boston literary conceit differs from either of these as the night the day. It has gone over carefully all the literary conceits there are, and extracted from each its peculiar excellence. The blend is Boston literary conceit, plus Boston. Its high merits are peculiarly its own. These fine distinctions are quite subtle, but when one has made a study of them, the high lights all come out. I know of no intellectual pleasure greater

than studying and observing the conceits of literary people, and the delight of being able to make one's way along amid so many nuances of conceit—this, like virtue, is its own reward. For example a successful New York author at a dinner table always pauses after making some bright remark, and awaits the homage and applause that follows. He knows that his clever sayings are good money because he has passed them many times before. Boston does not do this. Boston listens much better than New York. The value of listening—just the measure in which you appear to be listening at a given time—is understood by nobody as by Boston. A Boston author will listen to what you timidly have to say, while his look expresses a sort of benign affability. Then, after a discreet pause he will say 'Ah'. It takes years to learn how to say 'Ah' the way that Boston says it.

"Of course, when one gets away from Boston and New York, and certain sections of Philadelphia, there is much more freedom in literary conceit. There is the joyousness of the Middle West and the sensuous conceit of the South. A Texas author who has written a successful first book comes cavorting along to New York like a young calf let loose in a city park. A primitive conceit that, but delightful in a way, in spite of a certain coarseness. When this author has taken up his residence in New York, has had his name mentioned in

a group of authors written up for the benefit of 'The Atlantic', then he begins to take on atmosphere. He may wobble a trifle at first, but his admiration for himself soon becomes stabilized.

"That there is a kind of subconscious union of conceited authors is not generally understood. These gentlemen stand by one another with fine skill and finesse. A mutual admiration society that does nothing else but mutually admire, never gets anywhere. But in the case of our union, one author never loses an opportunity to praise up another in type. Thus literary people who have never done anything in particular, and do not even belong to the Society of Arts and Letters, have a reputation much beyond their means.

"Lady authors—if it can be said that there are any more lady anything—naturally differ in their conceit from men. I have known certain Boston lady authors to become more modest after they had published successfully. Boston ladies who have become educated regard the writing of books as a minor accomplishment. Silence, as I have indicated, is, or can be made, a great power. In the hands of a Boston lady authoress, it is carried beyond the genius of a mere Boston man author.

"Almost all lady authoresses wear their confidence in their own superiority much as other more materialistic ladies wear clothes. Literary makeups are not uncommon, especially on the Pacific coast.

"Conceit in everyone is highly desirable, if not ridden too hard. Every profession has its own particular variety. Indeed, the insularity of any profession makes its own form of conceit. I know a plumber, who deals only in gold and silver plate, who is

insufferable among his peers. But the plumber, like the clergyman, is restricted in his capacity to spread his conceit. In both cases the audience is too limited. Literary people have no such difficulty. At any time a Kansas author may be taken up by London. Even a Philadelphia author may become known in New York.

"The measure of literary conceit reaches its highest mark at a public dinner given to an author. In no other way can the author have such an opportunity to deprecate himself—which is often the most advanced form of conceit."

The Gossip Shop notes with pleasure that a new edition of "The House of Cobwebs", by George Gissing, has just been brought out in London. We hope this reprint heralds a Gissing "revival". We note with much interest, too, that the new volume has an introduction by the excellent Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Seccombe it was who wrote the fine pages on Gissing in "The Dictionary of National Biography". At least we think he did—the Gossip Shop never looks up anything, but just writes straight on right out of its head. "A Man of Kent" in "The British Weekly" tells us that the book is beautifully printed and sells over there at four and six. He continues:

Attracted by the clear type, and my old love for Gissing, I immediately set to reading it once more. Alas! I fell into a dangerous mood—the most dangerous mood of all for a critic of contemporary literature. I found myself thinking that all the people who knew what writing might be were dead, and assuredly I should not know where to look for a superior to George Gissing. He comes slowly indeed into his own. He is sneered at occasionally by people who cannot understand the true proportion of things. But "The House of Cobwebs" means at least an hour of pure joy to anyone who desires it. Mr. Seccombe's Introduction is exceedingly readable and valu-

able, and in nearly all points I agree with him. Why such a man as Gissing spent his life in such pinched and pitiful surroundings we partly understand. There is no depression in "The House of Cobwebs", and there is not a story that does not deserve to be treasured. The most pleasing is "Miss Rodney's Leisure", an exhilarating sketch of the new and very capable woman.

We would add our great esteem for the more sombre novels. "New Grub Street" is a fine book, and "Demos", we hold, is a very powerful novel indeed.

Christopher Morley recently received a letter which began so:

"You may be interested in the following: I sent a copy of 'Mince Pie' to an invalid friend in northern New York. Her attendant writes: 'I read two chapters from it to Miss M—and found it drew her thoughts off from herself and ended in putting her to sleep. If her mind continues to clear up as it has done during the past twenty-four hours, I think she will derive more pleasure from the essays.'

This reminds the Gossip Shop of Burton Rascoe, literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune", and Henry Blackman Sell, until recently literary editor of the Chicago "Daily News". These gentlemen doubtless will agree that the book referred to would put anybody to sleep, but, we fear, they could not understand how it could clear up the mind of anyone. They have, these gentlemen, compiled a list of positively the three worst books. These books are: "Peeps at People", "Mince Pie", and "Broome Street Straws". But, apparently, neither Mr. Rascoe nor Mr. Sell can decide which of the three is quite the worst book in the world.

Gilbert Canaan, the English novelist, who has been for several months trav-

eling and lecturing in all parts of the United States, left New York a few weeks ago for France, Italy, and the Far East.

A friend of the Gossip Shop writes us from Paris:

Greenwich Village has invaded the Latin Quarter in the form of a typical bohemian bookshop where you get all the books that one doesn't find on the rue de Rivoli and the avenue de l'Opera. Guido Bruno rubs elbows, of paper, with Lord Dunsany—in cloth—and they both are neighbors of Conrad Aiken and "The Spoon River"! Quite a number of the younger French writers are discovering America by means of this shop, and one is liable to meet such figures as Duhamel, Jules Romains, and Pierre de Lanux browsing through the latest consignment from the States.

"The London Mercury" runs a very interesting department of "Bibliographical Notes and News". In this feature, in a recent number of this admirable magazine, mention is made of the book lately published in London, John Murray's memoir of his father, John Murray the Third—"the inventor of what was in his day an entirely new literary form, the Guide Book; Murray's first guide was issued in 1836." The note continues: "Three years later Karl Baedeker published a *Handbüchlein* of the same districts. Baedeker, like Shakespeare, disdained to invent his own plots. Murray's eighteen European guides were the 'Plutarch' and 'Holinshed' of the German's stupendous creations."

A section of this feature of "The Mercury" is devoted to "Items From the Booksellers' Catalogues". From this source we glean a couple of facts entertaining to put into juxtaposition. A "beautifully written" letter in the hand of Benvenuto Cellini has been listed at one hundred and five pounds. And "a manuscript by a young contemporary can command as big a price

as ten guineas". This is the sum asked for the autograph manuscript of Robert Nichols's "The Faun's Holiday", published in his volume "Arduours and Endurances".

The Gossip Shop has been reading another circular. The last one we read, you know, was that one about "a special book for women" called "The Art of Pleasing Men", which, it was said, was "highly endorsed by ministers of the Gospel". Well, we've been at it again. (This circular-reading habit is a terrible thing—it never lets you go.) This time the whole circular is devoted to a poem, and a very moving poem it is. This poem is called "The Lusitania Speaks, and Says Let the Kaiser Be Punished!" The author is Charles H. L. Johnston. The circular implies that Mr. Johnston is known to a wide circle as "Uncle Chas." We had at first thought of reprinting only a few stanzas of this poem, the best ones. But it is a curious poem—there are no best stanzas in it. To get it right you've got to have it all. Here is the poem:

Keel-hauled I held the quay, new-painted drab and gray,
All the world heard my Siren, as it hooted,
Stoked up with bunkers full, choked up with well-caulked hull,
I smiled upon my form, as whistles tooted.

I knew my might and power, I was the mermaid's dower,
Every sailor loved me, for I was undaunted,
They knew I sped and cut, they knew my churning rut,
That I left behind in inky fathoms haunted.

Two Bells! The sound came near, and out the call came: CLEAR!
CLEAR UP THE GANGWAY! for we're bound for BELLE FRANCE,
How the poor mortals hugged me! My! I felt as if they'd drugged me,
Drugged and wined me in the sway of captivating swell dance.

Out then I churned and sped; out upon the ocean's bed,
While the little tuglets drove and towed me,

Then to Newfoundland's banks, I rushed with oil-filled tanks,
While the great billows roughed and bowed me.

Past the Gloucester fishing fleet, where cod and haddock greet
Men of sinew—facing death and danger.
On through the fog-banks dim; past the wild whimpering
Of seals and gulls; of KAU—old Neptune's Ranger.

On, on, I churned and sped; on—on—with white-capped head,
Nearer and nearer came the banks of Ireland,
Then I was made to slow, just where the sea-mews blow,
Blow and strike with spuming grip the jutting fire-land.

SOFT! SOFT! The Captain cried, as past the rocks we shied,
SOFT! SOFT! beware the U boat's cunning,
CREEP! CREEP! with stealthy course; CREEP! CREEP! your giant force,
Must be curbed, but still be slowly running.

HA! What was that I saw, as from the wind-swept maw,
Up poked the tell-tale top of German KULTUR,
A shiver swept along my keel, a shaking that all could feel,
As from the depths emerged the steel-clad vulture.

STOP!—I could not if I would. My propeller spun, as blood
Spurts and flows through veins of human mortals,
I could not brench the blow, that was coming swift, not slow,
Aimed at my side and glowing port-holes.

CRASH! GRIND! It hit me fair, as if some polar bear
Had clawed and pawed me with his talons,
I careened to starboard then, I shook, as frantic men
Ran to the boats—the sea ran in by gallons.

DOWN! DOWN! I plunged and spumed; DOWN! DOWN! I, too, was doomed,
Doomed by the mailed fist of far-off Potsdam,
Oh, the awful shrieks of pain that rose upon the main,
As the billows gray were filled with oil and flotsam.

To their death went babes and men, to their death within my pen,
I could not stop the craven beak that hurt us,
Down with me—with my tilt; down with me Vanderbilt.
Down to the depths the FRA ELBERTUS.

Down where the lobsters crawl, down where the hungry trawl,
Dragged by the lugger, skims and settles,
Down with me actors, singers; down with me wailing clingers,
What could I do with such frail womanish petals?

And, from my cavern of woe, where the fierce undertow
Tide-rips and sways my sides I thunder;
"THANK GOD, THE KING OF HATE HAS LOST HIS KULTURED STATE,
THANK GOD, AND MAKE HIM NOW DISGORGE HIS PLUNDER!"

With the aim of aiding young women writers and artists to win recognition in their work, a New York chapter of the League of American Pen Women has been organized. It invites the membership of women fiction writers, journalists, editors, publishers, dramatic and scenario writers, advertising experts "and other professional women". Plans for a membership drive are being directed by Mrs. Ruth Mason Rice, president of the New York Branch.

Walter A. Dyer, who, by the way, is at work on a story of the life and times of Paul Revere and pre-Revolutionary Boston, sends the following to the Gossip Shop:

I want to tell you something about Henry James Forman, because it is conceivable that his new novel, "Fire of Youth", may shortly be attracting a good deal of attention. Gertrude Atherton got hold of advance sheets of it and said it should be one of the successful books of the season. Forman, who has had a varied and educating journalistic and editorial career in New York, including positions as associate editor of "The North American Review" and, for five years, managing editor of "Collier's", is now working on his own. With the war there came for him a sort of propaganda-intelligence job that sent him around the earth from Peking to Switzerland.

"After the Armistice", he says, "when the job of America seemed done and well done, many of us on the other side, in the reaction from the strain, seemed to feel a wonderful vague kind of tenderness for our home land, such as, perhaps, we had never experienced before. Our people seemed so fine and simple and candid, and in the turmoil of intrigue be-

fore and during the peace conference, our distant America looked to us like a land of archangels."

The plot and atmosphere of "Fire of Youth" were conceived in London during a period of homesickness and the book is intended to voice the longing of those thousands of Americans for the last of war and home.

"I wanted," he says, "to express something of the inarticulate love for America that was yearning in the hearts of some two million of us who were marooned in Europe."

Whether the sentiment is authentic, whether it will strike a responsive chord in these United States during a period of reaction, remains to be seen. The experiment cannot fail to be of interest, at least. Mr. Forman is the author of several books. He has also made a venture in dramatic writing. A play entitled "Prisoner of the World" was produced in Boston last summer and is now on the road.

A Bible written by hand was lately exhibited in connection with a Bible crusade in England. This huge volume, five feet, two inches in height, and three feet, six inches in width, was compiled of verses hand-written by 12,000 contributors. The King and Queen were among the contributors.

Grant M. Overton, who put the literary supplement of the New York "Sun" on the map, whose latest book "Mermaid" was published not long ago, and who has contributed a number of papers to THE BOOKMAN, asks us: "Why is it that they speak invariably of the backwoods as a 'mountain fastness' when anyone who has been in one knows it's a 'mountain slowness'?"

Gabriel Wells, who contributes to this number of THE BOOKMAN the article called "The Evolution of a Book Collector", has been for a number of years a dealer in rare books in

New York known to collectors throughout the country.

Cecil Roberts, one of the younger English poets recently lecturing in this country, remarked shortly before he sailed for home early in March that he had never met another English poet until he arrived in New York. His publishers tell us that the full name of this young Englishman is Edric Cecil Wellesley Mornington Dalrymple Roberts.

Benjamin De Casseres writes in to suggest that there should be in THE BOOKMAN an "Ecstasy Department" as well as a Complaint Department. The editor in the other room has just opened another box of fifty Virginia plain in order the better to think this over.

From a recent number of "Punch":
"THE DRINKWATER TRAGEDY."—This comes from dry America, but it is not the wail of a 'wet';—merely the heading of an article on the drama 'Abraham Lincoln'."

James C. Grey who wrote the article in the March BOOKMAN on Lord Fisher's volumes, "Memories and Records", is an Englishman long resident in this country. He was foreign news editor of the New York "Evening Sun" during the war, and he handled the literature and history departments of "The New International Encyclopædia" during the preparation of those volumes.

A thing which may be of interest to many readers of the recently published novel "The Moon and Sixpence" who have not read that very remarkable earlier novel of W. Somerset

Maugham's, "Of Human Bondage", published in the United States in 1915, is that at the time of the writing of the earlier book Mr. Maugham had much in mind the figure Paul Gauguin whose career and character he made the basis of the leading figure, Charles Strickland, in "The Moon and Sixpence". On page 212 of "Of Human Bondage" occurs this:

In Brittany he had come across a painter whom nobody else had heard of, a queer fellow who had been a stockbroker and had taken up painting at middle-age, and he was greatly influenced by his work. He was turning his back on the impressionists and working out for himself painfully an individual way not only of painting but of seeing. Philip felt in him something strangely original.

And on page 256 of the same book we find the following conversation:

"D'you remember my telling you about that chap I met in Brittany? I saw him the other day here. He's just off to Tahiti. He was broke to the world. He was a *brasseur d'affaires*, a stockbroker I suppose you call it in English; and he had a wife and family, and he was earning a large income. He chucked it all to become a painter. He just went off and settled down in Brittany and began to paint. He hadn't got any money and did the next best thing to starving."

"And what about his wife and family?" asked Philip.

"Oh, he dropped them. He left them to starve on their own account."

"It sounds a pretty low-down thing to do."

"Oh, my dear fellow, if you want to be a gentleman you must give up being an artist. They've got nothing to do with one another. You hear of men painting pot-boilers to keep an aged mother—well, it shows they're excellent sons, but it's no excuse for bad work. They're only tradesmen. An artist would let his mother go to the workhouse. There's a writer I know over here who told me that his wife died in childbirth. He was in love with her and he was mad with grief, but as he sat at the bedside watching her die he found himself making mental notes of how she looked and what she said and the things he was feeling. Gentlemanly, wasn't it?"

"But is your friend a good painter?" asked Philip.

"No, not yet, he paints just like Pissarro. He hasn't found himself, but he's got a sense of colour and a sense of decoration. But that isn't the question. It's the feeling, and that he's got. He's behaved like a perfect cad to

his wife and children, he's always behaving like a perfect cad; the way he treats the people who've helped him—and sometimes he's been saved from starvation merely by the kindness of his friends—is simply beastly. He just happens to be a great artist."

Philip pondered over the man who was willing to sacrifice everything, comfort, home, money, love, honour, duty, for the sake of getting on to canvas with paint the emotion which the world gave him. It was magnificent, and yet his courage failed him.

"Going out of my office one day I met in the doorway a French friend, his face full of eagerness.

'You tell me vat is a polar-bear?'

'A polar-bear! Why he's a big bear that lives up in the polar regions.'

'And vat does he do, ze polar-bear?'

'Not much of anything I guess—sits on the ice and eats fish.'

'He sit on ze ice and eat fish?'

'Yes, why not?'

'Vy not? Because I have just been asked to be a polar-bear at a funeral, and if I have to sit on ze ice and eat fish, I will not go!'

From "A Golden Age of Authors", by William W. Ellsworth.

Donn Byrne has been notified by the Committee on O. Henry Memorial Award for 1919, of the Society of Arts and Sciences, that his story entitled "Bargain Price" has been selected as one of those to be published in a volume from which the prize story is to be selected. Mr. Byrne's first novel "The Strangers' Banquet" was recently published. Although a popular magazine writer, Mr. Byrne refused to sell "The Strangers' Banquet" for serialization, and is now at work on a new novel.

Harry Hansen, author of "The Adventures of the Fourteen Points", has been chosen literary editor of the Chicago "Daily News". Mr. Hansen has for several years served the "News"

as cable editor. He was in Paris during the Peace Conference representing the "News" and a number of other American daily newspapers.

From Lagos, Nigeria, a native gentleman (evidently a bookseller), reports the English magazine "M. A. B." (Mainly About Books), sends to a London publisher the following literary curiosity:

To the Gentleman.

Dear Sir,—With my most respectfully to write you this letter of demand your catalogue of books because I am needed of order from you when you shall allow me to do so with pleasure and I require you to satisfy me by your kindly good favourably and I Hope you shall not fail to let me get your quickly rejoinder from you by returned of mail to our coast. Kindly I require you to let me know any kind of books you get for in your bookshop or any Talismans for get knowledge or for charms or for learning and Eloquence or book of Stop-forgetting or mind memory or as six or seven book of Moses or key of Solomon the king. Sometimes you may direct me to another bookseller in London I shall be very glad. Dear Sir Hope to hear from you as Early. Always faithfully yours.

The first two volumes in the handsomely printed uniform edition of the works of Henry van Dyke to appear are "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck". In a foreword to this, the "Avalon Edition" of his books, which appears in the volume "Little Rivers", Dr. van Dyke says:

This edition is named after the old house where I live,—when not on a journey, or gone a-fishing, or following up some piece of work that calls me far away.

It is a pleasant camp, this Avalon, with big, friendly trees around it, and an ancient garden behind it, and memories of the American Revolution built into its walls, and the gray towers of Princeton University just beyond the treetops.

Far have I traveled from these walls, yet always on the same quest, and never forgetting "the rock whence I was hewn". Now I come back to gather up the things that have been written in my voyages of body and of spirit.

The realities of faith are unshaken; the visions of hope undimmed; the shrines of love undefiled. And while I sit here assembling

these pages,—an adventurous conservative,—I look forward to further journeys and to coming back to the same home.

A writer in a recent number of "The English Journal" (which is not published in England but at the University of Chicago Press, and which is the official organ of the National Council of Teachers of English) has an interesting article called "Stunts in Language". From this article we quote the following:

When we first read of "suffragettes", disciples of Mrs. Pankhurst, editorial writers pronounced the name as impossible as the species which it named. No one anticipated the degree to which, with the outbreak of the war, the suffix *-ette* was to run its course. It has brought us, among others, the:

farmerette	sheriffette
yeomanette	chauffrette
huskerette	Tammanette
officerette	slackerette

One even encounters a "white elephantette", a "hoboette", a "kaiserette" (of the kitchen); while one speaker, describing a stage scene, referred to "sorceresses and devilettes". Alongside this popular feminine suffix has arisen another, the origin of which is less clear. We now hear occasionally of "actorines" (usually in moving pictures), of "doctorines", of "knitterines", and of "batherines, who strive for war-conservation in their apparel". Recently a newspaper paragraph referred to "farmerette-soldierines". What is this new feminine affix? Probably it arises from the ending found in names like Arline, Josephine, Christine. Since it is jocular, it may have been helped to currency by that once popular term of approbation, "peacherine", which in turn owed something to that select variety of the peach, the "nectarine". The ending *-ine*, viewed as distinctively feminine, was perhaps extended to other words.

Those who have letters from the late S. Weir Mitchell, author of "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker" and other books, can do a gracious and kindly act which Dr. Mitchell would appreciate, by sending the letters or copies of them to The Century Company, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or to Mr. Talcott Williams, 423 West 117th Street, New York City. Mr. Williams is at work on the authorized life of the emi-

nent physician and author, which will be published probably next autumn.

W. N. C. Carleton, formerly head of the Newberry Library of Chicago, has entered the field of bookselling in New York. Doubtless his experience will be watched with interest by many other librarians who are confronted by the high cost of living, and the severely consistent attitude of library trustees who are determined to save the money of the taxpayers of cities, no matter what becomes of library workers.

Advance rumors of the actual showing of the picture are confirmed in an unusually fine production for the screen from the novel of "Dangerous Days" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Mrs. Rinehart herself spent a month in Culver City going over the manuscript and the cast of the players.

Up to July 1, 1919, the number of titles of books about the war is estimated at from 60,000 to 70,000, with more coming every day. The number of periodical references indexed is placed at a million. A bibliography of the Great War, therefore, a task on which several libraries are working together, will be something more than a "handy volume for the pocket".

Professor Robert Matteson Johnston, who died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on January 28, after an illness aggravated by two years' service in France, was the Chief Historian of the American Expeditionary Forces and the author of "Arms and the Race", a brief sketch of United States military history. Professor Johnston was fifty-two years of age at his death. He was born in France, educated in France, England,

Germany, and the United States, and was a member of the English Bar. At various times he was a member of the faculties of Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, and Simmons Colleges, and at the time of his illness he occupied the Chair of Modern History at Harvard University. Two new books by Professor Johnston are about to appear. They are: "First Reflections on the Campaign of 1918", and "Twelve Months at General Headquarters".

A writer in a recent issue of "Modern Language Notes" asks: Why did Shelley choose the West Wind, and set it apart from and above all the rest in his great ode? "It is easy to understand," he says, "why wind in the abstract,—any strong, swift, masterful wind,—must have had an especial attraction for a poet of Shelley's temperament. He recognized that there was something in his own uncontrolled nature originally akin to a creature so 'tameless and swift and proud.'" And so on. But while this may explain Shelley's sense of kinship to the wind, his preference for the West Wind remains to be accounted for. Then, after several pages of argument, the writer sums up this:

To Shelley, then, the western wind had a definite character and office. Tameless, swift, proud, uncontrollable, even fierce—it was yet above all the spirit of power; the spirit that in sweeping away the old brought in the new, the wind that was both radical and conservative, both destroyer and preserver; that showed us death as but a transitional phase of life. May we not say that if Shelley had written an ode to any other wind, while it might have been equally good, it would, of necessity, have been utterly different. His words apply to this particular wind and to no other, for in this matter also,—

The east is east and the west is west,
And never the twain shall meet.

By the way, have we not caught this Shelley academician napping over his Kipling?

There have been 8,622 books published in the United Kingdom in 1919, reports "The Publishers' Circular" of London—an increase of 906 books over 1918. The London "Sphere" comments as follows:

The strange thing is that there is a decrease in the supply of poetry, drama, and history. But perhaps it is not strange. The soldiers at the front loved to read poetry, we are told. Back here in these islands, does the world seem too squalid for poetry? As for drama, it is everywhere—why ask for it in books? History also is in the making. We are waiting for the new countries to reshape themselves. The increase is in science, technology, sociology, and above all in fiction. Of the 8,000 books, 6,000 are new books. Only 2,000 new editions. One would like to emulate one of Max Beerbohm's characters and see the survivals a century hence. Then probably there will be no books at all—only cinema films. I am told you will shortly have a cinema in every house, and Shakspeare and the latest novel will be produced in pocket film form. The art of printing will disappear—photography will be all in all.

The names of G. K. Chesterton and Max Beerbohm on one book are enough to give any book a special interest. They have contributed introduction to a little book of nonsense verses entitled "Dressing Gowns and Glue" by L. DeG. Sievking with illustrations by John Nash, which, it is said, has been creating a sensation in London, and which will shortly be published here.

The news of the death of Leonid Andreyev, the Russian novelist, on the twelfth of September of last year has just come to us in this country. Andreyev, at the age of forty-eight, had many novels to his credit, and he is well known in his own country as a short-story writer as well. One of his best short stories, "Silence", is contained in "Modern Russian Classics", one of the volumes of the International Pocket Library, which is now being published.

Rupert Hughes's novel "What Will People Say?" is to be translated into Scandinavian, for issuance by a firm of Danish publishers. Because of his enthusiasm for Major Hughes's work, Johan V. Jensen, the Danish author, asked to be permitted to do the translation, and he is now working on it.

"Ben Hur", which seems to have a fresh spurt of popularity every year, is continuing its career on the American stage. Originally presented on the stage at the Broadway Theatre in 1899, "Ben Hur" recently opened again at the Forrest Theatre in Philadelphia. Several years ago the publishers of the book arranged for a single edition of a million copies of the Lew Wallace novel, and it was promptly absorbed.

With the growing popularity in America of the books of Frank Swinerton, particularly since the publication of "Nocturne", there has been much curiosity as to the life and habits of this English author. So the publishers of his books have compiled a booklet to satisfy the public's demands for information about Mr. Swinerton, which they will be glad to supply while the edition lasts. This is the second in an interesting series of booklets about authors, the first of the series being about Hugh Walpole, with an appreciation by Joseph Hergesheimer. Other of these little volumes are to follow.

The Swinerton booklet contains "personal sketches" by Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Grant Overton, together with notes and comments on the novels of Frank Swinerton. There is a frontispiece portrait from a drawing by R. J. Swan. From Arnold Bennett's account we learn that "Mr. Swinerton is in the business of

publishing, being one of the principal personages in the ancient and well-tried firm of Chatto and Windus, the English publishers of Swinburne and Mark Twain. He reads manuscripts, including his own—and including mine. He refuses manuscripts, though he did accept one of mine. He tells authors what they ought to do and ought not to do. He is marvelously and terribly particular and fussy about the format of the books issued by his firm. And misprints—especially when he has read the proofs himself—give him neuralgia and even worse afflictions. Indeed he is the ideal publisher for an author.

"Nevertheless, publishing is only a side-line of his. He still writes for himself in the evenings and at week-ends—the office never sees him on Saturdays. Among the chief literary events of nineteen seventeen was 'Nocturne', which he wrote in the evenings and at week-ends. It is a short book, but the time in which he wrote it was even shorter. He had scarcely begun it when it was finished."

Another descriptive essay in the booklet gives for the first time in print a very informing sketch of Mr. Swinerton's early life, with the little known fact that the author's story is one of "success wrung from poverty, serious ill health, and unpropitious circumstances. He owes much to the interest of the friends whom his quiet, rather baffling personality never failed to win for him; but more he owes to his own ordered will which would always concentrate on the good ahead, no matter how distressing the details of material existence might be."

Interesting thing: a number of poems (not available for THE BOOKMAN) written "To W. H. Hudson" have recently come to this magazine.

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

- Possessed, by Cleveland Moffett [McCann]. *A woman's emotional experience.*
 My Rest Cure, by George Robey [Stokes]. *A humorous narrative.*
 Peter Kindred, by Robert Nathan [Duffield]. *A youth's school life and marriage.*
 A Jewel in the Sand, by Alma Newton [Duffield]. *A girl's city experiences.*
 Evander, by Eden Phillpotts [Macmillan]. *A romance of ancient Rome.*
 The Strange Case of Mortimer Fenley, by Louis Tracy [Clode]. *A murder mystery.*
 "The Line's Busy", by Albert Edward Ullman [Stokes]. *A telephone girl's letters.*
 The Enchanted Golf Clubs, by Robert Marshall [Stokes]. *A golf romance.*
 Where Angels Fear to Tread, by E. M. Forster [Knopf]. *A story of misalliance.*
 In the Shadow of Great Peril, by Horace A. Wade [Reilly and Lee]. *A boy's adventure.*
 The Fortieth Door, by Mary Hastings Bradley [Appleton]. *An American-Turkish romance.*
 Deliverance, by E. L. Grant Watson [Knopf]. *The love story of two women and a man.*
 Wyndham's Pal, by Harold Bindloss [Stokes]. *Adventures in the Caribbean lagoons.*
 Sara Videbeck, by C. J. L. Almqvist; Neils Lyhne, by J. P. Jacobsen [Amer.-Scand. Foundation]. *Novels in the "Scandinavian Classics" series.*
 A Thin Ghost and Others, by Montague Rhodes James [Longmans]. *Five mystery stories.*
 The Splendid Outcast, by George Gibbs [Appleton]. *A tale of twin brothers.*
 The Mystery at the Blue Villa, by Melville Davison Post [Appleton]. *Seventeen tales.*
 Pirates of the Spring, by Forrest Reid [Houghton]. *A study of an Irish schoolboy.*
 Robin Linnet, by E. F. Benson [Doran]. *A novel of English society life.*
 Happily Married, by Corra Harris [Doran]. *A small-town story.*
 Fire of Youth, by Henry James Forman [Little]. *A youth's search for romance.*
 Sweethearts Unmet, by Bertha Ruck [Dodd, Mead]. *The story of a lonely girl and boy.*
 Cathy Rossiter, by Mrs. Victor Rickard [Doran]. *A story of English lunacy laws.*
 Sheila Intervenes, by Stephen McKenna [Doran]. *A spirited English girl's romance.*
 Happy House, by The Baroness von Hutten [Doran]. *A woman novelist's experience.*
 Villa Elsa, by Stuart Henry [Dutton]. *An American's observations of German life.*
 Poor Relations, by Compton Mackenzie [Harper]. *A successful playwright's romance.*
 Glamour, by W. B. Maxwell [Bobbs-Merrill]. *An English playwright's love affairs.*
 What Outfit Buddy? by T. Howard Kelly [Harper]. *A colloquial war narrative.*
 A Place in the World, by John Hastings Turner [Scribner]. *A Russian woman's English experiences.*

Poetry

- Ballads of Old New York, by Arthur Guiterman [Harper]. *Historic legends.*
 The Dark Wind, by W. J. Turner [Dutton]. *Imaginative poems.*
 There and Here, by Allen Tucker [Duffield]. *War impressions.*
 Arcades Ambo, by Lily Dougall and Gilbert Sheldon [Longmans]. *Lyrics and sketches.*
 The Foundations and Nature of Verse, by Cary F. Jacob [Columbia]. *A technique study.*
 Argonaut and Juggernaut, by Osbert Sitwell [Knopf]. *Impressions and fantasies.*
 The Golden Whites of California, by Vachel Lindsay [Macmillan]. *American impressions and others.*

Meredith Nicholson called on the Gossip Shop the other day. He wished to present to our Murray Hill the idea of an essay to be called "Snobs I Have Snubbed". He said he was fairly well.

The English literary invasion promises to continue. Among our visitors scheduled for this summer is Archibald Marshall. He writes his American publishers, however, that he prefers to come as "a private citizen" rather than as a lecturer, as he feels that in that way he can "get more at the heart of things" here.

Numerous characteristic whimsicalities appear in the recently published volume "Memories of George Meredith", by Lady Butcher, whom all good Meredithians will remember as Alice Brandreth of his letters. Follows the Meredith comment on motoring: "Three toots of a horn, and a harem of veiled ladies dashes by leaving a stench of petrol behind, that lasts for a quarter of an hour."

James Whitcomb Riley manuscripts are valuable. At a recent sale of autograph letters, manuscripts, etc., in Philadelphia, an autograph poem of his "Another Acrostic" brought \$13. At the same sale \$70 was paid for his typewritten manuscript of "The Name of Old Glory". Riley had made corrections in his own hand on the manuscript pages, and had signed his name, with a pen scratch through the signature. A number of original Riley manuscripts were displayed at the book Fair in Indianapolis recently. They were loaned by publishers.

Frank Bacon, author of "Lightnin'" and star of the production, has put the story of the play into a novel. "Light-

The Tempering, by Howard Buck [Yale]. *War poems and others.*
The Singing Caravan, by Robert Vansittart [Doran]. *A story of pilgrims.*

Biography

Days and Events, 1860-1866, by Thomas L. Livermore [Houghton]. *A Civil War journal.*
Foch, the Winner of the War, by Raymond Recouly [Scribner]. *A study of personality and methods.*
Some Personal Impressions, by Take Jonescu [Stokes]. *Records of Rumania's ex-Prime Minister.*
Life of Walter Quintin Gresham, by Matilda Gresham, 2 vols., [Rand McNally]. *A study of American politics from the 40's to the 90's.*
George von Lengerke Meyer, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe [Dodd, Mead]. *A biography from diary and letters.*
The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. [Scribner]. *A sister's story.*
Jacopone da Todi, by Evelyn Underhill [Dutton]. *A study of a 13th-century poet.*
Leonard Wood, Conservator of Americanism, by Eric Fisher Wood [Doran]. *A biography.*
Vanished Poms of Yesterday, by Lord Frederic Hamilton [Doran]. *A diplomat's recollections.*
The Soul of Abraham Lincoln, by William E. Barton [Doran]. *A religious study.*

Sociology and Economics

Patrons of Democracy, by Dallas Lore Sharp [Atlantic]. *A paper on American schools.*
The Young Man and Teaching, by Henry Parks Wright [Macmillan]. *Suggestions for the future teacher.*
Education for Democracy, by Alice Davis [Knickerbocker]. *An essay.*
Habits That Handicap, by Charles B. Towns [Funk and Wagnalls]. *Facts about drug evils.*
National Evolution, by George R. Davis [McClurg]. *A sociological interpretation.*
Housing and the Housing Problem, by Carol Aronovici [McClurg]. *Principles for a national program.*

War and Reconstruction

Fishermen in War Time, by Walter Wood [Stokes]. *Achievements of North Sea travelers.*
The Enemy Within, by Severance Johnson [McCann]. *Treasonous conspiracies in France.*
Raymond Robins' Own Story, by William Hard [Harper]. *Russian observations.*
Readjustment and Reconstruction Activities in the States [Gov. Print. Office]. *A report of the Council of National Defense.*
A Handbook to the League of Nations, by Sir Geoffrey Butler [Longmans]. *An historical survey.*
Paris Sees It Through, by H. Pearl Adam [Doran]. *A resident's diary.*
An Irishman Looks at His World, by G. A. Birmingham [Doran]. *A survey of conditions.*
British Campaigns in the Nearer East; British Campaigns in Africa and the Pacific, by Edmund Dane [Doran]. *Two volumes of records.*
Mons. Anzac, and Kut, by an M. P. [Longmans]. *An Intelligence Officers' diary.*
The Monroe Doctrine and the Great War, by Arnold Bennett Hall [McClurg]. *An account of origin and development.*
Ireland a Nation, by Robert Lynd [Dodd, Mead]. *A study of the Irish question.*

nin'” tells the story of old Lightnin' Bill Jones, so called because he was as slow as lightning is fast; how he ran his hotel, mostly for folks about to be divorced, on the border between California and Nevada.

Owing to the great expansion of their business recently, Harper and Brothers have taken seven floors of a loft building—near the Franklin Square Building in New York which they have occupied for more than half a century—to be used as a business annex. One entire floor will be used as a shipping room for the “Bubble Books”, which have become a business in themselves. The sale of these juveniles—known as “the books that sing”—each of which contains three Columbia records, now exceeds a million copies a year. The remaining floors of the new building will be used for stock rooms.

In the spring and summer of 1791 President Washington made a tour of the South, visiting the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia. This was perhaps the first presidential “swing around the circle”. Archibald Henderson, author of “The Conquest of the Old Southwest”, soon to be published, has just completed a detailed investigation of this trip. He retraced Washington's steps and reports that he unearthed a wealth of generally unknown and forgotten facts and incidents concerning his life. During these investigations Dr. Henderson made an interesting and valuable collection of old prints, rare engravings, portraits, and facsimiles of letters and documents.

A few days ago, Thomas A. Daly, whose books of dialect verse, “Madri-

gali”, “McAroni Ballads”, etc., have been recently collected in a uniform edition, received the following letter from a lady in Toledo:

TO T. A. DALY

For monny weeks I gotta weesh
To writa you, Signor.
Dose “McAroni Ballads” oh
Dey mak' me weesh for more.
Dey maka me lov' Angela,
Dey mak' me lov' Carlott,
An' Ireesh Padre Tommechkbride—
He's besta one you got!

But Meester Signor Tom Dalee,
No matta we'en I start
To read da pretta songs out loud,
A sigh, eet chok' my heart.
I can no say da funna words—
Like speak Eytalian,
An' so I'm sad, but prouda, too,
'Cause I'm good 'Merican.

Oh, Signor, eef you'd only do
Jus' like da gran' Carus'
(Wit voice so like a singin' bird)
It pleass' me like da deuce.
An 'eef you wanta breeng me joy,
An' mak' me sing an' laugh,
Oh, pleass' go hav' a record made
To play on fona graph!

A London publisher is about to re-issue a new edition of a novel originally published in 1854. Its title is “A Lost Love”, and the author Ashford Owen. It will be interesting to see how far the present-day public endorses the opinion of Browning and Swinburne and others of those who expressed enjoyment of this novel when first it was printed.

Under the title “O. Henry Memorial Stories, 1919, as chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences for the O. Henry Memorial Prize Award”, will be published the collection of stories from which the O. Henry award will be made.

This memorial to the distinguished American writer of short stories takes the form of two prizes, the first of \$500 and the other of \$250 to the best

Russia as an American Problem, by John Spargo [Harper]. *A survey of the situation.*
The Inside Story of the Peace Conference, by Edward J. Dillon [Harper]. *A story which aims at impartiality.*
The Paravane Adventure, by L. Cope Cornford [Doran]. *The story of an invention.*
Responsibilities of the League, by Lord Eustace Percy [Doran]. *An Anglo-American discussion.*
The Battle of Jutland, by Commander Bellairs [Doran]. *An historical survey.*

Drama

The Genius of the Marne, by John L. Balderston [Nicholas L. Brown]. *A study of Joffre's plan.*
Snow, by Stanislaw Przybyszewski [Nicholas L. Brown]. *A Polish drama of love.*
Three Plays, by J. Hartley Manners [Doran]. *War plays.*

Essays and Literary Studies

Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination, by Walter de la Mare [Harcourt]. *An essay.*
Ruskin Centenary Addresses, ed. by J. Howard Whitehouse [Oxford]. *Papers by Viscount Bryce and others.*
Modes and Morals, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould [Scribner]. *Reflections on present-day life.*
Flaubert and Maupassant: A Literary Relationship, by Agnes Rutherford Riddell [Univ. of Chicago]. *A study with bibliography.*
“Oh, Well, You Know How Women Are!” by Irvin S. Cobb; “Isn't That Just Like a Man!” by Mary Roberts Rinehart [Doran]. *Two complementary papers.*

History and Political Science

Papers on the Legal History of Government, by Melville M. Bigelow [Little]. *Five essays.*
The French Revolution, by Nesta H. Webster [Dutton]. *A new interpretation.*

Travel and Description

A Sportsman's Wanderings, by J. G. Millais [Houghton]. *An illustrated narrative.*
Old Junk, by H. M. Tomlinson [Knopf]. *Sketches of various lands.*

Art

Twenty Drawings by Kahlil Gibran [Knopf]. *Reproductions with introduction.*

Religion and Spiritualism

The Spirit of the New Philosophy, by John Herman Randall [Brentano]. *Sociological studies.*
Fear Not the Crossing, “written down” by Gail Williams [Clode]. *Spirit messages.*
The Road to Unity among the Christian Churches, by Charles W. Eliot [Beacon]. *An address.*
If Jesus Did Not Die Upon the Cross, by Ernest Brougham Docker [London: Robert Scott]. *An argument.*
The Army and Religion, with preface by The Bishop of Winchester [Association]. *A report based on questionnaires.*
Ghosts I Have Seen, by Violet Tweedale [Stokes]. *Psychic experiences.*
Our Unseen Guest, Anonymous [Harper]. *Communications from a dead soldier.*

The Social Evolution of Religion, by George Willis Cooke [Stratford]. *A survey.*
 The Solar Empyrean, by John M. Russell [Flynn]. *A study of science and theology.*
 The Case Against Spiritualism, by Jane T. Stoddart [Doran]. *An argument.*

Miscellaneous

"The World" Almanac and Encyclopædia: 1920 [N. Y. World]. *A compendium of facts.*
 Opportunities in Aviation, by Arthur Sweetser and Gordon Lamont [Harper]. *A forecast.*
 Wedding Customs Then and Now, by Carl Holiday [Stratford]. *An historical survey.*
 The Ground and Goal of Life, by Charles Gray Shaw [N. Y. Univ.]. *Individualism vs. socialization.*
 Every Step in Canning, by Grace Viall Gray [Forbes]. *Cold-pack methods.*
 Success with Hogs, by Charles Dawson [Forbes]. *A farmer's handbook.*
 The Woman of Forty, by Edith B. Lowry [Forbes]. *Suggested mental and physical hygiene.*
 Russian Fairy Tales, by A. Brylinska and P. Smith [Dutton]. *A Russian reader.*
 Food for the Sick and the Well, by Margaret J. Thompson [World Book Co.]. *Recipes.*
 The Book of the Damned, by Charles Fort [Bon]. *Data repudiated by science.*
 The Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson, ed. by Charles J. Herold [Brentano]. *Quotations.*
 French-English Practical Phrase-Book for English-Speaking Tourists, by Eugene F. Malouber [Brentano]. *A handbook.*
 Better Letters [Herbert S. Browne]. *A manual of business correspondence.*
 Animated Cartoons, by E. G. Lutz [Scribner]. *A history and exposition.*
 Birds in Town and Village, by W. H. Hudson [Dutton]. *Observations illustrated in color.*
 The American Credo, by George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken [Knopf]. *A study of national character.*
 Scientific Handwriting, by Charles T. Luthy [pub. at Peoria, Ill.]. *A manual.*
 Negro Year Book, 1918-1919, ed. by Monroe N. Work [Tuskegee]. *An almanac.*
 The Key of Destiny, by Harriette Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss [Dutton]. *The science of nos. 12-22.*
 Basket Ball and Indoor Baseball for Women, by Helen Frost and Charles Digby Wardlaw [Scribner]. *A handbook.*
 Marcotone, by Edward Maryon [Marcotone]. *An exposition of tone-color in music.*
 Terry's Short Cut to Spanish, by T. Philip Terry [Houghton]. *A grammar and phrase book.*
 List of References on Shipping and Shipbuilding, compiled by Herman H. B. Meyer [Gov. Print. Office]. *A bibliography.*

Juvenile

The Ragged Inlet Guards, by Dillon Wallace [Revell]. *Adventures in Labrador.*
 The Cockpit of Santiago Key, by David S. Greenberg [Bon]. *A Porto Rico tale.*
 Catty Atkins, by Clarence Budington Kelland [Harper]. *A boy tramp's regeneration.*
 The Child's Own Art Book, by Helen Strong and Maurice Le Cocq [Brentano]. *Reproductions explained.*
 The Three Mulla-Mulgars, by Walter de la Mare [Knopf]. *A story of monkeys.*
 First Steps in the Enjoyment of Pictures, by Maude I. G. Oliver [Holt]. *An illustrated study.*
 More Magic Pictures of the Long Ago, by Anna Curtis Chandler [Holt]. *Historical stories based on pictures.*
 Puppies and Kittens, by Carine Cadby [Dutton]. *Illustrated animal stories.*

and second best stories written by an American and published in America during the year 1919. The members of the Committee of Award are Blanche Colton Williams, Edward J. Wheeler, Robert Wilson Neal, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Merle St. Croix Wright. These are assisted by an advisory committee of twenty-three authors, editors of large publishing houses, and literary critics including Gertrude Atherton, James Branch Cabell, Hamlin Garland, Rupert Hughes, Stephen Leacock, Charles G. Norris, and William Allen White.

One of the best known short story writers who will be represented is Edna Ferber. "April the 25th as Usual" which will be published this spring in a book of her collected short stories, has been chosen as her best work. Margaret Prescott Montague's "England to America" will also be one of the number.

With the presidential campaign looming large, everyone who likes to follow politics intelligently, will be interested in the news of a book by Nicholas Murray Butler—"Is America Worth Saving?"—in which President Butler is said to discuss, among other things, progress in politics and the Republican party—its duty and opportunity.

In "Within My Horizon", Mrs. Helen Bartlett Bridgman gives the following appreciation of the human side of the late Admiral Peary:

I only wish the world could see Peary in his home; how soon then would the conception of him as forbidding, lacking all the gentler qualities, vanish. Dignity is his, of course, but a man of simpler tastes, of more frank, almost boyish, pleasure in all real things—the woods, the water, the sun, the storm, birds, animals, stones, flowers—never lived. Children love him and that alone is a sign, while he will feed a faithful beast before himself."

People of Literary Impulse

now offered a new and lucrative opportunity

The motion picture industry is faced with a grave dearth of good story plots. Producers and stars are searching the country for new, workable themes. They are paying from \$250 to \$2,000 for five-reel scripts and \$100 to \$500 for short comedies.

This serious situation presents a unique opportunity to people of literary impulse. In this new field of writing, literary genius is not a prime factor to success. Writing for the screen is entirely different from writing for magazines. For the short story is read in the magazines. The drama is seen and heard on the stage. But it must be SHOWN in moving pictures.

Book-lovers and those who appreciate the skillful handling of plots are usually people who have developed their imagination. They merely lack the ability to put on paper the literary development of plots that are in their minds. To these people and those who have been successful contributors to the literary world—professors, society people, authors, critics, poets, playwrights, instructors, etc.—this call, from the studios, for new stories should be investigated.

Advisory Council

The educational policy of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is directed by the following eminent authorities:



Cecil B. De Mille
 Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.



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Rob Wagner
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5000 GOOD MOTION PICTURE STORIES WANTED THIS YEAR

This famine of good photoplays has been brought about by the radical change in public taste. People no longer go to moving pictures for their novelty. They demand to see a real play. Plenty of manuscripts were submitted, but were unsuitable because writers did not know how to write in the peculiar language of the screen. More writers must be developed if the industry is to survive.

The Palmer Plan

The Palmer Plan of Photoplay-writing was devised to teach people with imagination how to write for the screen. It makes no extravagant claims. It merely points to the list of successful playwrights it has developed through correspondence in two short years. We have demonstrated that anyone with good story ideas can write photoplays, once he learns the fundamental principles.

The Palmer Plan is not theoretical. It is built on the experience of accredited experts in every phase of motion picture production. For Frederick Palmer (author of hundreds of successful scenarios and former staff writer for Keystone, Fox, Triangle, and Universal) assembled a corps of these experts to build the plan that is endorsed by leading producers and stars. Our members are immediately furnished with the Palmer Handbook with cross references to several stories, laid out exactly as used by the studios. It enables you to quickly and intelligently begin work on your first motion picture story. An Advisory Bureau consisting of experienced photoplaywrights gives you personal, constructive criticisms for one year. And our Marketing Bureau, headed by Kate Coberley (formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew) helps members to sell their stories.

When members so desire she submits their plays to Directors and Scenario Editors in person.

\$2000 a Story Not Uncommon

One of our students, formerly a minister, sold his first story for \$3,000. The recent success of Douglass Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred, were both written by Palmer students. James Kendrick, of Texas, has sold six stories since enrolling less than a year ago.

Many of our members have taken staff positions in studios, four in one studio alone.

Special Contributors

Included in the Palmer Course is a series of printed lectures prepared by twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry. They cover every technical phase of motion picture production.

You can judge their value from the fact that they are contributed by such notables as Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

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For those who are really interested in this new field of writing, we have published "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writings," which lays before you the Palmer Course and service in greater detail.

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G. Leroi Clarke
 After studying the Palmer Plan of Photoplay writing he sold his first story for \$3,000. Mr. Clarke was formerly a minister.



Dorothea Nourse
 Attributes her success as a motion picture writer to the Palmer Plan. She quickly sold "Daffodils and Diamonds" after enrolling.



Paul Schofield
 A year ago he was a rank outsider. He studied the Palmer Plan. To-day he is under a 2-year contract as staff writer with Thomas H. Ince Studios.



Mrs. Caroline Sayre
 Wrote the photoplay "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan, one of scores of new writers we are developing by correspondence instructions.

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

Jules Castier, the young Frenchman who beguiled nearly four years of captivity to the Hun by writing parodies on famous English authors, has under way a French translation of Kipling's "The Seven Seas" and "The Five Nations". Even the most facile style is taxed in translating Kipling. "It is no easy job," says Castier, "and I'm glad that Mr. Kipling approves of it."

General Grant's granddaughter, Julia Dent Grant, who married the Prince Cantacuzene and lived in Russia for more than twenty years, is back in America and has written a book "Russian People": making clear, it is said, the position of the great population outside the cities, the tenantry of the great estates, and the tillers of the soil.

A New Novel by the Author of *Nocturne*

SEPTEMBER

By FRANK SWINNERTON

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In an interesting chapter on the question of whether or not many species of birds pair for life, W. H. Hudson in his new book "Birds of Town and Village" tells a curious story of a pair of thrushes that were true to their first love. He quotes the incident from a bird observer of Winchester, England—Miss Ethel Williams:

She had among the bird pensioners in the garden of her house adjoining the Cathedral green a female thrush that grew tame enough to fly into the house and feed on the dining-room table. Her thrush paired and bred for several seasons in the garden, and the young too were tame and would follow their mother into the house to be fed. The male was wild and too shy ever to venture in. She noticed the first year that he had a wing-feather which stuck out, owing probably to a malformation of the socket. Each year after the breeding season the male vanished, the female remaining alone through the winter months, but in the spring the male came back—the same bird with the same unmistakable projecting wing-feather. Yet it was certain that this bird had gone quite away, otherwise he would have returned to the garden, where there was food in abundance during the spells of frosty weather. As he did not appear it is probable that he migrated each autumn to some warmer climate beyond the sea.

In that department of "The Book Monthly", of London, called Grub Street Gossip, a feature which corresponds somewhat to the Gossip Shop of THE BOOKMAN, there are, in the latest number of this magazine to reach us, fifty-five notes. Thirty-one of these relate to American literary matters.

Johan Bojer, the Norwegian author whose novels "The Great Hunger" and "The Face of the World" have gained him a considerable following in the United States, is now in London. The "Manchester Guardian" relates that:

He is the director of the new Norwegian journal "Atlantis", which has for one of its objects the enlargement of English culture in Norway. Norway, as everyone knows, strained her neutrality on the side of the Allies during

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the war, and her losses in seamen were more cruel than that of many of the actual belligerents. But German culture has always played a large part in Norway, mainly through proximity and nearness of language, and partly because no efforts were made by England to popularize her own literature and ideas there. Even today the field has been left largely to Germany and German sympathizers. Mr. Bojer told me today that he hoped to interest Norwegians through his magazine in the most living literature that has been produced in England.

The success of Johan Bojer's novel "The Great Hunger", which in less than a year has gone into ten editions, has persuaded the publishers of the book that two new translations of other novels by the popular Norwegian author, together with a biography, will be welcomed in this country. They therefore have just issued "Traacherous Ground" and "The Power of a Lie", with an introduction by Hall Caine. The latter has been dramatized and will be produced in New York this year. Karl Gad's biography of Johan Bojer will soon appear, translated from the Norwegian by Elizabeth Jelliffe Macintire. The lecture tour of Mr. Bojer promised for this year has been postponed until 1921.

"A Book of R. L. S.", by George E. Brown, recently published, lists in alphabetical order the names of the people and the places—mentioned in Stevenson's books and letters—that played a romantic part in his career, giving the important facts about each one.

Robert J. Roe, of Maricopa County, Arizona, sends, and the Gossip Shop is glad to print, the following letter:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:
Could you find space in THE BOOKMAN to lodge an idea that is perhaps better fitted for "Popular Mechanics", and sent to you only because it may be of great interest to persons who write a great deal on the typewriter?

A person composing directly on the typewriter has his flow of thought disturbed, if infinitesimally, by the constant necessity of putting a fresh sheet of paper in the machine. It seems to me that someone with a little me-

chanical ingenuity ought to come to the assistance of the struggling author with a roll of paper (such as is used in adding machines) manuscript width, and perforated to manuscript length. For first copy this would make a wonderful difference in the quality as well as quantity of material turned out.

For aught I know I may be telling you of something which you have already seen in practice; but it hasn't yet reached the Arizona desert.

For the first time in many years a novel makes its first appearance in paper covers. "Pollyooly Dances" by Edgar Jepson is announced for spring publication "in a most attractive paper cover of the old-fashioned kind". It remains to be seen whether the H. C. L. has hit the novel-reading public hard enough to make them give up the tradition of cloth bindings for light fiction, and accept this cheaper form. This is the love story of "Pollyooly", the girl about whom Mr. Jepson has already written a novel.

We bow and print following letter:
To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:
Don't you think it is time that "Jack" had a rest? Is it not time to suggest to writers of American fiction that Jack be left out of their list of names? Hasn't "Jack" been pulled and hauled, and putted and wax-worked until he is just about beside himself? Nearly every day some book comes out with Jack popping into the scenes again. There's Hamlin Garland, and Ralph Connor, and no end. What excuse is there for H. S. Harrison to use such names as Meacham and Plonny as important characters? I'm about resolved to avoid all such books. Why don't you say something?

The question of why Lincoln never joined a church is one which has been debated very frequently. Dr. William E. Barton, author of a study of the spiritual evolution of Lincoln, "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln", recently published, offers the following interpretation. He writes: "The best statement, and one that has been accepted as truly representative of Lincoln's feeling with regard to church membership, is one that comes to us on thoroughly good authority and from the period immediately following Lincoln's death.

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dignified Chinese mandarins is a mystery to visitors in China. There also seems to be strong preference among the men readers of China for American girls' books dealing with boarding-school life. It is not uncommon, according to missionaries stationed there, to see a stately citizen of Shanghai or Peking reading a Chinese translation of a Betty Wales book or a similar school novel, as he rides through the streets in his sedan chair.

A Christian Literature Commission made up of American women has been sent to the Orient by the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America in an effort to create a desire for wholesome literature for men, women, and children of the Far East. The findings are to be used by the Interchurch World Movement in the formulation of its world program.

The Commission plans to translate popular American books into Chinese and Japanese, and to train young girls of both countries for magazine writing. By introducing the best of our fiction into the Orient, missionaries hope to counteract the popularity of novels which are detrimental to the morals of the reading public, and at the same time offer inspiration to the writers of China and Nippon.

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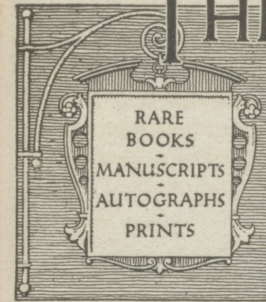
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"If I were to be asked in which of Mr. Conrad's writings his genius shows itself at its highest power, I should answer without hesitation, in this, the latest of them." Thus Sir Sidney Colvin on "The Arrow of Gold". He adds that we should thank "the master for a study of a woman's heart and mystery scarcely to be surpassed in literature".

George D. Smith, the most celebrated American dealer in rare books of our time, died in New York early in March shortly after his return from his triumphal visit to England where he earned the distinction of having paid the highest price ever given at auction for a single book. The purchase of the Britwell Court "Venus and Adonis" of 1599 for £15,100 has been the most-talked-about event of the year in book-collecting circles. A London editor declares that this price is preposterous, and only shows to what lengths American extravagance will carry one with a hobby. On the other hand, there are collectors who declare that the price is not excessive for this unique Shakespearian treasure, and that the only possible copy procurable of the immortal bard's first published work is worth any price. Dollars are relative, nowadays, while books have a value not to be determined in money. With the rate of exchange existing between England and the United States, however, Mr. Smith's purchase hardly reaches the price of \$75,500, although it still stands as the highest price ever paid at auction for any book or manuscript.

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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

FEBRUARY was an exceptional month in book-auction sales in this country. Many important books changed hands, but considerable of the material offered in the February sales had a familiar look to New York and Boston dealers and collectors. The most important sale of the month was that which occupied three sessions on February 17 at the American Art Galleries. The first sale, consisting of association books, was made up of books belonging to Francis W. Fabyan, a wealthy Boston bookbuyer, and selections from the stock of P. K. Foley, a Boston dealer who supplied Mr. Fabyan with many of his rarities. The second sale consisted of notable items of Americana which were all the property of Mr. Fabyan and which comprised no less than four unique Mather items. The third sale was of historical broadsides, books and tracts from the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Foley's stock and several other consignments. The Massachusetts Historical Society contribution was notable from the fact that of many of the broadsides offered, relating to Colonial matters and the Revolution, the only other known copies still remain in the possession of the Historical Society. As was to be expected, in view of the rarity of these items, they brought high prices.

Mr. DePuy, who has been a well-known New York collector for many years, has removed to Maryland and decided to put his special collections of books on the market rather than to remove them to his new home. Mr. DePuy was assiduous in gathering material relating to New York and the Indians of that state and Canada, and his work on early colonial treaties with the Indians is a standard. Unlike some other collectors, Mr. DePuy used his material in making contributions to history, and a bibliographical list of his own writings would be of respectable length. In the second of the DePuy sales, held at Anderson's in New York, appeared the most extensive collection of Jesuit Relations ever offered for sale, most of them being in the original vellum binding. Of one, the Avignon edition of 1636, the DePuy copy was probably the only perfect copy known. Of the forty-one years in which the Relations were issued, the DePuy collection contained thirty-seven, lacking only the excessively rare first, the twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth, and thirty-fifth. This collection was sold as one lot, and brought \$19,000, or an average of more than \$500 per lot, which is considerably above the average of the Relations when sold separately.

Mr. DePuy possessed the largest and finest collection of English colonial treaties with the Indians ever offered for sale, and these brought high prices. The rare Bradford im-

The dispersal of the Henry F. DePuy collection of Americana is one of the important events of the present book-auction season in this coun-

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print of 1721, the earliest treaty with the Five Nations in English, the only other copy of which is owned by Henry E. Huntington, was sold for \$2,050, and twenty-four other treaties brought a total of \$16,505. Mr. DePuy's copy of Hakluyt's "Divers Voyages", 1582, noted as "the first book in English on what is now the United States", was the only copy ever sold with a map. A perfect copy contains two maps, by Thorne and Lok. Only three of these are known. The DePuy copy had the Thorne map but lacked the other. Of the eleven copies known only six have any map. This important volume brought \$5,000.

The first edition of "Joe Miller's Jestes" now brings \$300. It was originally published in 1739 at the price of one shilling. Considering the use which has been made of the jests by comedians, it is fair to assume that most of the copies issued then have been worn out.

Whistler's "Nocturne", printed in brown by himself, was sold for \$2,900 at the Flanagan auction sale in December. Whistler appears as successful a printer as an etcher.

Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston is compiling a bibliography of the writings of Thomas W. Parsons, translator of the first ten cantos of Dante's "Inferno", published in 1843. Mr. Goodspeed says he knows of one other person besides himself who collects the writings of Parsons.

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The home offices of the Yale University Press have just accomplished a somewhat delayed occupation of their new quarters. The present building, made available through a gift from Mrs. Harriet Trumbull Williams in memory of her son, Lieutenant Earl Trumbull Williams, affords the Yale Press a much needed opportunity for expansion. The house, formerly the residence of Governor Charles R. Ingersoll, and overlooking the historic Green, has been remodeled but its colonial character is retained. A complete printing office is installed in the basement, and the Williams Memorial Room is maintained on the first floor as a reception and reading room for the convenience of guests.

A uniform edition of the works of Jack London and also a uniform edition of F. Marion Crawford's novels are being issued. The first volumes of the London series, which is called "The Sonoma Edition", are now ready and include "The Valley of the Moon", "The Sea Wolf", "South Sea Tales", "The Call of the Wild", "The Scarlet Plague", "Before Adam", "The Game", "The Faith of Men", "Tales of the Fish Patrol", "Children of the Frost", "The House of Pride", "The Turtles of Tasman", "Moon Face", "The Strength of the Strong", "The Red One", and "The Love of Life". The set will number twenty volumes. This publication will make available once more a number of Mr. London's books which have been out of print.

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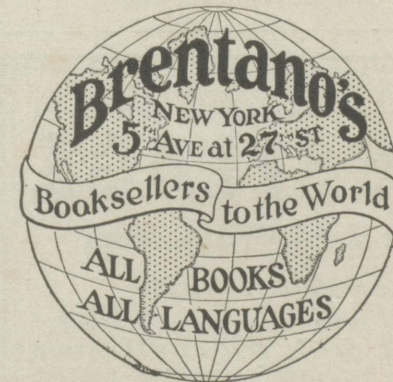
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A gentleman, writer of fiction by profession, whose name is a “household word” in every home in the land, and who lives not far from the most celebrated “soldiers’ monument” in the United States, writes the Gossip Shop as follows:

Who in the name of frenzy is Charles Fort? Author of “The Book of the Damned”. I'm just pulling up from influenza and this blamed book kept me all night when I certainly should have slept—and then, in the morning, what is a fevered head to do with assemblies of worlds, some shaped like wheels, some connected by streaming filaments, and one spindle shaped with an axis 100,000 miles long?

A clergyman, old brilliant friend of mine, “went insane” one summer—got over it when his wife came home from Europe but that summer he was gone. I remember when I caught him: he spent all of a hot afternoon telling me, at the University Club, about a secret society of the elect—adepts—who had since days immemorial welcomed (and kept hidden) messages from other planets. That's where this alleged Charles Fort shows his bulliest dementia—but he's “colossal”—a magnificent nut, with Poe and Blake and Cagliostro and St. John trailing way behind him. And with a gorgeous madman's humor! What do you know of him? And doesn't he deserve some BOOKMAN attention? (I never heard of the demoniac cuss.) People must turn to look at his head as he walks down the street; I think it's a head that would emit noises and explosions, with copper flames playing out from the ears.

The following letter is from Senator Lodge to Oliver Herford, author of “This Giddy Globe”:

Your little geographical work came to me last evening. I took it home, and having run over the table of contents and made sure there was nothing in it that concerned the League of Nations, I sat down and read it at once, of course with instruction, but also with a great deal of enjoyment and amusement. In past days your writings and drawings have given me a great deal of pleasure, for one always likes to be transported to the land of wit and humor, of laughter and smiles, and never more so than at this moment, when the world looks so chaotic and full of unknown perils. I am grateful to you, therefore, for some very pleasant moments and also for your kindness in sending me the book. I felt much flattered that you should have thought of me and have written your name in the volume.

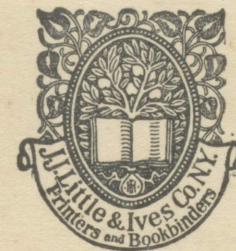
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